

THE ILIAD



HOMER

A Translation into English Prose with Index by

A. S. KLINE

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ABOUT THIS WORK



The Iliad, a major founding work of European literature, is usually dated to around the 8th century BC, and attributed to Homer. It is an epic poem, written in Ancient Greek but assumed to be derived from earlier oral sources, and tells much of the story of the legendary Trojan War between mainland Greece and the city of Troy in Asia Minor. The cultural background to the poem indicates a Bronze Age setting around 400 to 500 years before the Homeric literary period itself. The poem itself centres on the figure of Achilles the Greek warrior, his quarrel with King Agamemnon the Greek leader, the death of Achilles' friend Patroclus, and Achilles' ultimate defeat of the Trojan warrior Hector. In the course of relating this core story, the main events of the whole war are covered. The quality of the writing, the thoughtful treatment of warfare, and the thematic interest of the material have made the Iliad the most influential early work of Western literature, certainly from the time of the Renaissance onwards. Modern archaeological investigation has substantiated Homer's account of Troy's location and importance, and many of the details of the Bronze Age culture he describes, giving some historical credibility to the original legends he utilised.

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Il Metal pour son

BK I:1-21 INVOCATION AND INTRODUCTION



goddess, sing me the anger, of *Achilles* [p. 517], *Peleus'* [p. 688] son, that fatal anger that brought countless sorrows on the *Greeks* [p. 516], and sent many valiant souls of warriors down to *Hades* [p. 614], leaving their bodies as spoil for dogs and carrion birds: for thus was the will of *Zeus* [p. 739] brought to fulfilment. Sing of it from the moment when *Agamemnon* [p. 528], *Atreus'* [p. 561] son, that king of men, parted in wrath from noble Achilles.

Which of the gods set these two to quarrel? *Apollo* [p. 547], the son of *Leto* [p. 646] and Zeus, angered by the king, brought an evil plague on the army, so that the men were dying, for the son of Atreus had dishonoured *Chryses* [p. 577] the priest. He it was who came to the swift *Achaean* [p. 516] ships, to free his daughter, bringing a wealth of ransom, carrying a golden staff adorned with the ribbons of far-striking Apollo, and called out to the Achaeans, above all to the two leaders of armies, those sons of Atreus: 'Atreides, and all you bronze-greaved Achaeans, may the gods who live on Olympus grant you to sack *Priam's* [p. 706] city, and sail back home in safety; but take this ransom, and free my darling child; show reverence for Zeus's son, far-striking Apollo.'



‘Chryses begs Agamemnon for his daughter’

Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK I:22-52 CHRYSES INVOKES APOLLO



hen the rest of the Achaeans shouted in agreement, that the priest should be respected, and the fine ransom taken; but this troubled the heart of *Agamemnon* [p. 528], son of *Atreus* [p. 561], and he dismissed the priest harshly, and dealt with him sternly: ‘Old man, don’t let me catch you loitering by the hollow ships today, and don’t be back later, lest your staff and the god’s ribbons fail to protect you. Her, I shall not free; old age will claim her first, far from her own country, in *Argos* [p. 553], my home, where she can tend the loom, and share my bed. Away now; don’t provoke me if you’d leave safely.’

So he spoke, and the old man, seized by fear, obeyed. Silently, he walked the shore of the echoing sea; and when he was quite alone, the old man prayed deeply to Lord *Apollo* [p. 547], the son of bright-haired *Leto* [p. 646]: ‘Hear me, Silver Bow, protector of *Chryse* [p. 576] and holy *Cilla* [p. 577], high lord of *Tenedos* [p. 725]: if ever I built a shrine that pleased you, if ever I burned the fat thighs of a bull or goat for you, grant my wish: *Smintheus* [p. 720], with your arrows make the Greeks pay for my tears.’

So he prayed, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Down he came, in fury, from the heights of *Olympus* [p. 675], with his bow and inlaid quiver at his back. The arrows rattled at his shoulder as the god descended like the night, in anger. He set down by the ships, and fired a shaft, with a fearful twang of his silver bow. First he attacked the mules, and the swift hounds, then loosed his vicious darts at the men; so the dense pyres for the dead burned endlessly.



'Apollo' - Hendrick Goltzius, 1588

BK I:53-100 ACHILLES AND CALCHAS SPEAK



For nine days the god's arrows fell on the army, and on the tenth *Achilles* [p. 517], his heart stirred by the goddess, white-armed *Hera* [p. 624], called them to the Place of Assembly, she pitying the *Danaans* [p. 585], whose deaths she witnessed. And when they had assembled, and the gathering was complete, swift-footed Achilles rose and spoke: 'Son of *Atreus* [p. 561], if war and plague alike are fated to defeat us Greeks, I think we shall be driven to head for home: if, that is, we can indeed escape death. But why not consult some priest, some prophet, some interpreter of dreams, since dreams too come from *Zeus* [p. 739], one who can tell why Phoebus Apollo shows such anger to us, because of some broken vow perhaps, or some missed sacrifice; in hopes the god might accept succulent lambs or unmarked goats, and choose to avert our ruin.'

He sat down again when he had spoken, and *Calchas* [p. 569], son of *Thestor* [p. 729], rose to his feet, he, peerless among augurs, who knew all things past, all things to come, and all things present, who, through the gift of prophecy granted him by Phoebus Apollo, had guided the Greek fleet to *Ilium* [p. 637]. He, with virtuous intent, spoke to the gathering, saying: 'Achilles, god-beloved, you ask that I explain far-striking Apollo's anger. Well, I will, but take thought, and swear to me you'll be ready to defend me with strength and word; for I believe I'll anger the man who rules the *Argives* [p. 553] in his might, whom all the Achaeans obey. For a king in his anger crushes a lesser man. Even if he swallows anger for a while, he will nurse resentment till he chooses to repay. Consider then, if you can keep me safe.'

Swift-footed Achilles spoke in reply: ‘Courage, and say out what truth you know, for by god-beloved Apollo to whom you pray, whose utterances you grant to the Danaans, none shall lay hand on you beside the hollow ships, no Danaan while I live and see the earth, not even if it’s *Agamemnon* [p. 528] you mean, who counts himself the best of the Achaeans.’

Then the peerless seer took heart, and spoke to them, saying: ‘Not for a broken vow, or a missed sacrifice, does he blame us, but because of that priest whom Agamemnon offended, refusing the ransom, refusing to free his daughter. That is why the god, the far-striker, makes us suffer, and will do so, and will not rid the Danaans of loathsome plague, until we return the bright-eyed girl to her father, without his recompense or ransom, and send a sacred offering to *Chryse* [p. 576]; then we might persuade him to relent.’

BK I:101-147 THE ARGUMENT BEGINS



When he had finished speaking, *Calchas* [p. 569] sat down, and *Agamemnon* [p. 528], the warrior, royal son of *Atreus* [p. 561], leapt up in anger; his mind was filled with blind rage, and his eyes blazed like fire. First he rounded on Calchas, with a threatening look: ‘Baneful prophet, your utterance has never yet favoured me; you only ever love to augur evil, never a word of good is spoken or fulfilled! And now you prophesy to the *Danaan* [p. 585] assembly, claiming the far-striker troubles them because I refused fine ransom for a girl, *Chryses*’ [p. 577] daughter, and would rather take her home. Well I prefer her to my wife, *Chrytaemnestra* [p. 579], since she’s no less than her in form or stature, mind or skill. Yet, even so, I’d look to give her up, if that seems best; I’d rather you were safe, and free of plague. So ready a prize at once, for me, I’ll not be the only one with empty hands: that would be wrong: you see for yourselves, my prize now goes elsewhere.’

Then swift-footed Lord *Achilles* [p. 517] spoke in answer: ‘Great son of Atreus, covetous as ever, how can the brave *Achaeans* [p. 516] grant a prize? What wealth is there in common, now we have shared our plunder from the cities which cannot be reclaimed? Give up the girl, as the god demands, and we Achaeans will compensate you, three or four times over, if *Zeus* [p. 739] ever lets us sack high-walled *Troy* [p. 737].’

Then Lord Agamemnon answered him: ‘Brave you may be, godlike Achilles, but don’t try to trick me with your cleverness. You’ll not outwit me or cajole me. Do you think, since you demand I return her, that I’ll sit here without a prize while you keep yours? Let the great-hearted Achaeans find a prize, one that’s to my taste, so the exchange is equal. If not, then I myself will take yours, or seize and keep that of *Ajax* [p. 532] or *Odysseus* [p. 671]. Whoever it is, he’ll be angered. But we can ponder all of that later; for now, let us launch a black ship on the shining sea, crew her, and embark creatures for sacrifice and this fair-faced daughter of Chryses too. One of our counsellors can go as captain, Ajax, *Idomeneus* [p. 636], noble Odysseus or you, son of *Peleus* [p. 688], you the most redoubtable of men, and make sacrifice and appease far-striking *Apollo* [p. 547].’

BK I:148-187 AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES QUARREL



hen, with an angry look, swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] replied: Why, you shameless schemer, why should any *Achaeans* [p. 516] leap to obey your orders to march or wage war? No quarrel with *Trojan* [p. 737] spearmen brought me here to fight: they have done me no wrong. No horse or cow of mine have they stolen, nor have my crops been ravaged in deep-soiled *Phthia* [p. 698], nurturer of men, since the shadowy mountains and the echoing sea lie between us. No, for your pleasure, you shameless cur, we followed to try and win recompense, for you and *Menelaus* [p. 655], from the Trojans. And you neither see nor care; and even threaten to rob me of my prize, given by the sons of Achaea, reward for which I laboured. When

the Achaeans sack some rich Trojan city, it's not I who win the prize. My hands bear the brunt of the fiercest fight, but when the wealth is shared, yours is the greater, while I return, weary with battle, to the ships, with some small fraction for my own. So now I'm for Phthia, since it's better to lead my beaked ships home than stay here dishonoured piling up wealth and goods for you.'

Agamemnon, king of men, answered him then: 'Be off, if your heart demands it; I'll not beg your presence on my account. Others, who'll honour me, are with me: *Zeus* [p. 739], above all, the lord of counsel. Of all the god-beloved princes here you are most odious to me, since war, contention, strife are dear to you. If you are the greatest warrior, well, it was some god I think who granted it. Go home, with your ships and men, and lord it over the *Myrmidons* [p. 664]: I care naught for you, or your anger. And here's my threat: since Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] robs me of *Chryses*' [p. 577] daughter, a ship and crew of mine will return her, but I'll pay your quarters a visit myself, and take that prize of yours, fair-faced *Briseis* [p. 567], so that you know how my power exceeds yours, and so that others will think twice before claiming they're my peers, and comparing themselves to me, face to face.'

BK I:188-222 ATHENE COUNSELS ACHILLES



While *Agamemnon* [p. 528] spoke, the son of *Peleus* [p. 688] was gnawed by pain, and the heart in his shaggy breast was torn; whether to draw the sharp blade at his side, scatter the crowd, and kill the son of *Atreus* [p. 561], or curb his wrath and restrain his spirit. As he pondered this in his mind, his great sword half-unsheathed, *Athene* [p. 559] descended from the sky, sent by *Hera* [p. 624], the white-armed goddess, who loved and cared for both the lords alike. Athene, standing behind the son of Peleus, tugged at his golden hair, so that only he could see her, no one else. *Achilles* [p. 517], turning in surprise, knew Pallas Athene at once, so terrible were her flashing eyes. He spoke out, with winged words, saying: 'Why are you here,

daughter of aegis-bearing *Zeus* [p. 739]? Is it to witness Agamemnon's arrogance? I tell you and believe that this son of Atreus' will pay soon with his life for his insolent acts.'

The goddess, bright-eyed Athene, replied: 'I came from the heavens to quell your anger, if you'll but listen: I was sent by the goddess, white-armed Hera, who in her heart loves and cares for you both alike. Come, end this quarrel, and sheathe your sword. Taunt him with words of prophecy; for I say, and it shall come to pass, that three times as many glorious gifts shall be yours one day for this insult. Restrain yourself, now, and obey.'

Then swift-footed Achilles, in answer, said: 'Goddess, a man must attend to your word, no matter how great his heart's anger: that is right. Whoever obeys the gods will gain their hearing.'

So saying he checked his great hand on the silver hilt, and thrust the long sword back into its sheath, obeying the word of Athene; she meanwhile had left for *Olympus* [p. 675], for the palace of aegis-bearing Zeus, and rejoined the other gods.

BK I:223-284 NESTOR SPEAKS



ut, angered still, the son of *Peleus* [p. 688], once more turned on *Atreides* [p. 528] with bitter taunts: 'You drunkard with a cur's mask and the courage of a doe, you've never dare to take up arms and fight beside your men, or join the Achaean leaders in an ambush. You'd sooner die. You'd rather steal the prize from any *Achaean* [p. 516] in this great army who contradicts you. Devourer of your own people you are, because they are weak, or else you, *Atreides* would have perpetrated your last outrage. But I say true, and swear a solemn oath See this staff, that will never leaf or sprout again now it is severed from its mountain branch, doomed never to be green again, stripped by the bronze adze of its foliage and bark, now borne in their hands by the Achaean judges who defend the

laws of *Zeus* [p. 739]: I swear, on this, a solemn oath to you, that a day will surely come when the Achaeans, one and all, shall long for Achilles, a day when you, despite your grief, are powerless to help them, as they fall in swathes at the hands of man-killing *Hector* [p. 617]. Then you will feel a gnawing pang of remorse for failing to honour the best of the Achaeans.’

So spoke the son of Peleus, flung down the gold-studded staff, and resumed his seat; while, opposite, Atreides raged at him. But then soft-spoken *Nestor* [p. 667] rose, the clear-voiced orator of *Pylos* [p. 710], from whose tongue speech sweeter than honey flowed. He had already seen the passing of two mortal generations born and reared with him in holy Pylos, and now he ruled the third. He spoke to the assembly, then, with benevolent intent: ‘Well, here is grief indeed to plague Achaea. How *Priam* [p. 706] and his sons would rejoice, and the hearts of the Trojan throng be gladdened, if they could hear this tale of strife between you two, the greatest of *Danaans* [p. 585] in war and judgement. You are both younger than I, so listen, for I have fought beside warriors, better men than you, who ever showed me respect. I have never seen the like of them since, men such as *Peirithous* [p. 686], and *Dryas* [p. 594], the people’s Shepherd, *Caeneus* [p. 569], *Exadius* [p. 610], godlike *Polyphemus* [p. 704], and *Aegeus*’ [p. 523] son *Theseus* [p. 729], one of the immortals. They were the mightiest of earth-born men; the mightiest and struggled with the mightiest, the *Centaur*s [p. 573] that lair among the mountains, whom they utterly destroyed. They summoned me, and I joined them, travelling far from Pylos. I held my own among them, though against them no man on earth could fight. Yet they listened to my words, and followed my advice. You too should do the same, for that is wise. Great as you may be, Atreides, do not seek to rob him of the girl, leave him the prize that the Achaeans granted; and you *Achilles* [p. 517], son of Peleus, do not oppose the king blow for blow, since the kingly sceptre brings no little honour to those whom Zeus crowns with glory. You have your power, a goddess for a mother, yet he is greater, ruling over more. Agamemnon, quench your anger, relent towards Achilles, our mighty shield against war’s evils.’



‘Dispute between Achilles and Agamemnon’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart,

1710

BK I:285-317 NESTOR'S ADVICE IGNORED

“**Q**uold man, indeed you have spoken wisely”, replied *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. But this man wants to rule over others; to lord it, be king of all, and issue orders, though I know one who will flout him. What though the immortal gods made him a spearman; does that give him the right to utter such insults?”

Achilles [p. 517] then interrupted, saying: ‘A coward, and worthless, I’d be called, if I gave way every time to you no matter what you say. Command the rest if you wish, but give me no orders, I’ll no longer obey. And here’s another thing for you to think on: I’ll not raise a hand to fight for the girl, with you or any other, since you only take back what you gave. But you’ll take nothing else of mine by the swift black ships, against my will. Come, try, and let these men be witness: your blood will flow dark along my spear.’

When their war of words was over, they both rose, and so ended the gathering by the Achaean ships. Achilles left for his fine fleet and his huts, with *Patroclus* [p. 684], son of *Menoetius* [p. 657], and his men; while Agamemnon launched a swift ship in the waves, chose twenty oarsmen, and embarked an offering for the god, then sent the fair-faced daughter of *Chryses* [p. 577] aboard, with Odysseus, that man of resource, to take command.

While they embarked and set sail on the paths of the sea, Atrides ordered his men to purify themselves, and wash the dirt from their bodies in salt-water, and offer *Apollo* [p. 547] a sacrifice of unblemished bulls and goats, by the restless waves; and the savour went up to heaven with trails of smoke.

BK I:318-356 AGAMEMNON SEIZES BRISEIS



hough the camp was busy with all this, *Agamemnon* [p. 528] did not forget his quarrel with Achilles, or his threats, and he summoned his heralds and trusty attendants, *Talthybius* [p. 723] and *Eurybates* [p. 608], saying: ‘Go to *Achilles*’ [p. 517] hut, seize the fair-faced *Briseis* [p. 567] and bring her here. If he refuses to release her, I’ll go in force to fetch her, and so much the worse for him.’

With this stern command, he sent them on their way, and unwillingly the two made their way along the shore of the restless sea, till they came to the ships and huts of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664]. They found Achilles seated by his black ship, by his hut, and it gave him no pleasure to see them. Seized by fear and awe of the king, they stood silently; but he in his heart knew their unspoken request, and said: ‘Welcome, heralds, you ambassadors of *Zeus* [p. 739] and men, approach me. You bear no guilt, only Agamemnon, who sends you here for Briseis. Come, *Patroclus* [p. 684], divinely born, bring out the girl, and hand her to these men. If ever there is need of me to save the Greeks from disaster, let them bear witness to this before the blessed gods, mortal men and that shameless king. His mind raves destructively, indeed, and he fails to look behind him or foresee what might save his Achaeans in the coming fight beside the ships.’

At this, Patroclus obeyed his order, and leading fair-faced Briseis from the hut, handed her to the heralds, who returned beside the line of Achaean ships, with the unwilling girl. But Achilles withdrew from his men, weeping, and sat by the shore of the grey sea, gazing at the shadowy deep; and stretching out his arms, passionately, prayed to his dear *mother* [p. 730]: ‘Since you bore me to but a brief span of life, Mother, surely Olympian Zeus the Thunderer ought to grant me honour; but he grants me none at all. I am disgraced indeed, by that son of Atreus, imperious Agamemnon, who in his arrogance has seized and holds my prize.’

**BK I:357-427 ACHILLES COMPLAINS TO THETIS, HIS
MOTHER**

Tearfully, he spoke, and his lady mother heard him, in the sea's depths, where she sat beside her aged father. Cloaked in mist she rose swiftly from the grey brine, and sitting by her weeping son caressed him with her hand, and spoke to him calling him by name: 'Child, why these tears? What pain grieves your heart? Don't hide your thoughts; speak, so I may share them.'



'Thetis' - Hendrick Goltzius, 1588

Then swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] sighed heavily and spoke: ‘You must know; why need I tell the tale to you who know all? We sacked *Thebe* [p. 728], *Eetion’s* [p. 596] sacred city, and brought back all the spoils, which the Achaeans shared out fairly between them, choosing the fair-faced daughter of *Chryses* [p. 577] for Agamemnon. Then Chryses, the priest of far-striking *Apollo* [p. 547], came to the swift ships of the bronze-clad Greeks to free his daughter with a rich ransom, bearing far-striking Apollo’s ribbons on a golden staff, and begged her freedom of the Achaeans, chiefly the Atreidae, leaders of armies. The Greeks called out their wish, to respect the priest and accept the fine ransom, but this displeased *Agamemnon* [p. 528] who sent him packing, and with a stern warning. So, angrily, the old man returned, and Apollo, who loved him dearly, heard his prayer, and fired arrows of evil at the Argives. Then men died thick and fast and the god’s darts rained down on the broad camp. At last a seer with knowledge uttered the archer god’s true oracle. I was the first to urge them, there and then, to propitiate the god, but anger gripped that son of Atreus, swiftly he rose and threatened what now has come to pass. Bright-eyed Achaeans in a fast ship are bearing the girl to Chryse with offerings for the god; while heralds have taken from my hut another girl, *Briseis* [p. 567], my prize from the army, and led her away. If you have power, come now, to your son’s aid; ask help from Zeus on Olympus, if ever you warmed his heart by word or deed. Often I heard you, in my *father’s* [p. 688] halls, claim proudly that you alone of the immortals saved *Zeus* [p. 739], son of *Cronos* [p. 582], lord of the storm, from a vile fate when those other Olympians, *Hera* [p. 624], *Poseidon* [p. 705], and Pallas *Athene* [p. 559], planned to bind him fast. Goddess, you swiftly summoned, to high *Olympus* [p. 675], the hundred-handed monster whom gods call *Briareus* [p. 567], and men *Aegaeon* [p. 523], mightier than his father Poseidon; and you saved Zeus from those bonds. For Briareus seated himself, in his strength, beside that son of Cronos, and the sacred gods in fear left Zeus alone. Kneel beside Zeus, and clasp his knees, remind him of that, in hope he might now choose to help the Trojans, pin down the Achaeans among their ships, slaughter them on the shore, so they may reap their king’s reward, and imperious Agamemnon may realise his blindness (ate [p. 559]) in dishonouring the best of the Greeks.’

BK I:428-487 CHRYSSES' DAUGHTER IS RETURNED

‘Oh, my son,’ *Thetis* [p. 730] sadly replied, ‘is it for this I bore you, unlucky in my labour? Since your life is doomed to be brief, filling so short a span, if only it were your fate to stay by the ships, free of pain and sorrow; but you, more wretched than other men, must meet an early death; such is the painful destiny for which I brought you into this world. Yet I’ll go myself to snowy *Olympus* [p. 675], and tell the Thunder-bearer *Zeus* [p. 739] what you have said, hoping that he will hear me. Sit by your swift sea-going boats, meanwhile, nurse your anger against the Achaeans, hold back from the fight; for Zeus has left for *Ocean’s* [p. 670] stream, to banquet with the peerless *Ethiopians* [p. 605], and all the gods go with him; but twelve days hence he returns to Olympus, and then I’ll cross the bronze threshold of his palace, kneel at his feet, and I think persuade him.’ With this, she left him to his anger, caused by their seizing of that lovely girl, against his will.

Meanwhile *Odysseus* [p. 671] had touched at *Chryse* [p. 576], bearing the sacrifice. Entering the deep harbour, they furled the sail and stowed it in the black ship, dropped the mast by lowering the forestays, and rowed her to her berth. Then they cast out the anchor stones, made fast the hawsers, and leapt on shore. Next, the offering of cattle for far-striking *Apollo* [p. 547] was disembarked, and Chryses’ daughter landed from the sea-going boat. It was Odysseus, that man of resource, who led her to the altar, and handed her to her dear father, saying: ‘*Chryses* [p. 577], our leader *Agamemnon* [p. 528] commanded me to return your daughter, and make holy sacrifice to Phoebus for all the Greeks, and propitiate your lord Apollo, who has brought the Argives pain and mourning.’ With this, he handed her to her father who joyfully clasped her in his arms.

Swiftly now they tethered the offering of cattle around the well-built altar, rinsed their hands and took handfuls of sacrificial barley grains. Then Chryses raised his arms and prayed on their behalf: ‘Hear me, God of the Silver Bow, protector of Chryse and holy *Cilla* [p. 577], lord of *Tenedos* [p. 725]. Just as once before when I prayed to you, you honoured me and struck the Achaeans a fierce blow, so grant my new plea, and avert this dreadful scourge from the Danaans.’ So he prayed, and Apollo listened.

When they had offered their petition and scattered grains of barley, they drew back the victims’ heads, slit their throats and flayed them. Then they cut slices from the thighs, wrapped them in layers of fat, and laid raw meat on top. These the old man burnt on the fire, sprinkling over them a libation of red wine, while the young men stood by, five-pronged forks in their hands. When the thighs were burnt and they had tasted the inner meat, they carved the rest in small pieces, skewered and roasted them through, then drew them from the spits. Their work done and the meal prepared, they feasted and enjoyed the shared banquet, and when they had quenched their first hunger and thirst, the young men filled the mixing-bowls to the brim with wine and pouring a few drops first into each cup as a libation served the gathering. All that day the Achaeans made music to appease the god, singing the lovely paean, praising the god who strikes from afar; while he listened with delight.

And at sunset as darkness fell, they lay down to sleep by the ships’ cables, and when rosy-fingered *Dawn* [p. 600] appeared they sailed for the distant camp of the Achaeans. Then far-striking Apollo sent them a following wind, and they raised the mast and spread the white sail. The canvas bellied in the wind and the dark wave hissed at the stern, as the boat gathered way and sped through the flood, forging on its course. So they came to the broad camp of the Achaeans, dragged the black vessel high on shore, and propped her with lengths of timber, then dispersed among the huts and ships.

BK I:488-530 THETIS PLEADS WITH ZEUS



ut swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], heaven-born son of *Peleus* [p. 688], still nursed his anger beside the swift ships. He avoided the Assembly where men win renown, and kept from battle, eating his heart out where he was, longing for the noise of battle.

At dawn on the twelfth day, the company of immortal gods, led by *Zeus* [p. 739], returned to *Olympus* [p. 675]. *Thetis* [p. 730] had not forgotten her promise to her son, and at morning, emerging from the waves, she rose to the broad sky and Olympus. There she found Zeus, he of the far-thundering voice, sitting apart on the highest peak of ridged Olympus. She sank in front of him, clasped his knees with her left arm, raised her right hand to touch his chin, and so petitioned the son of *Cronos* [p. 582]: ‘Father Zeus, if ever I helped you by word or deed, grant me this wish, honour my son, who is doomed to die young. For *Agamemnon* [p. 528] the king shows disrespect, arrogantly seizing his rightful prize. Avenge my son, Olympian Zeus, lord of justice; enhance the Trojans’ power, till the Greeks honour and respect my son and make amends.’

Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, made no reply to her words, he sat there silently. But Thetis, still clasping his knees, clung to him and pleaded again: ‘Make me this promise faithfully, and nod your head, or else refuse, for I am powerless, then I shall know how little I am honoured here.’

Zeus, the cloud-lord, deeply troubled, said: ‘This is a sorry business, indeed, and you will force a quarrel with *Hera* [p. 624]. She will taunt and rile me. As it is, she scolds me endlessly before the other gods, claiming I aid the Trojans in battle. Go now, before she notices, while I think the matter through. Come, I will nod my head, to reassure you, since you immortals know this as my sure pledge; once I give the nod, my word can never be recalled, it proves true and is fulfilled.’

So spoke the son of Cronos, inclining his shadowed brow till the ambrosial locks, on the King's immortal head, stirred together, and high Olympus shook.

BK I:531-567 HERA OPPOSES ZEUS



So ended their meeting, and *Thetis* [p. 730] plunged from gleaming Olympus to the briny deep, while *Zeus* [p. 739] left for his palace. There the company of gods rose to their feet in deference to their father; none daring to stay seated at his entry, all standing as one. He took his royal place, but *Hera* [p. 624], watching, could not fail to know that silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Old Man of the Sea, had pleaded with him. At once she goaded Zeus, Cronos' son: 'What immortal has sought your counsel, arch-deceiver? It's ever your delight to work behind my back, and make all your decisions in secret. When did you ever openly discuss your plans with me?'

'Hera' replied the father of men and gods, 'do not expect to know all my thoughts: though you are my wife you would find it a burden. Whatever it is right for you to hear, no immortal, no human, shall know before you; but of what I plan without reference to the gods, make no question, do not ask.'

'Dread son of Cronos,' the ox-eyed queen replied, 'what is this? I have never questioned you, nor asked: you have ever peace to think on what you wish. But now my heart fears silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the Old Man of the Sea, has swayed you; for she knelt by you at dawn and clasped your knees. Dare I imagine that you bowed to her, gave her a firm pledge of support for *Achilles* [p. 517], and promised slaughter by the Greek ships?'



‘Hera’ – Hendrick Goltzius, 1588

Then cloud-gathering Zeus replied: ‘You’re obsessed, forever brooding. I can hide nothing from you, yet you’ll achieve nothing too, only estrange us, and so much the worse for you. If things are as you think, then is it not because I wish them so? Now sit there, quiet, and obey me; lest I set my all-powerful hands on you, and all the gods of Olympus lack the strength save you.’

BK I:568-611 HEPHAESTUS CALMS HIS MOTHER HERA



At this, the ox-eyed queen trembled, restrained herself and sat down silently. All the immortal gods there were troubled, and it was *Hephaestus* [p. 623], famed for his skill, who broke the silence, hoping to calm his mother, white-armed *Hera* [p. 624]: ‘This is a sorry business. It’s intolerable you two should quarrel over a mortal, and set the gods at odd with one another. What joy in a good banquet if animosity prevails? I advise my mother, who herself knows this is best, to make peace with our dear father, *Zeus* [p. 739], lest he reprimand her again and our feast be ruined. What if the Olympian lord of lightning, mightiest of us all by far, should choose to blast us where we sit! Mother, speak gentle words to him, and the Olympian will once more show us grace.’

So saying, he hurried to his dear mother, and placed a two-handled cup in her hands: Be patient, mother, and contain your anger, lest you who are dear to me are beaten while I look on. For all my pain, there’s no way I could help you, the Olympian is a tough antagonist to face. Once before, when I rushed to save you, he seized me by the foot and hurled me from heaven’s threshold; all day headlong I plunged, and fell, with the sun, half-dead, to *Lemnos*’ [p. 645] shore. There the *Sintians* [p. 720] ran to nurse me from my fall.’

The white-armed goddess, Hera, smiled at this, and took the cup from her son, still smiling. Then he served wine to all the other gods, starting on the left, pouring sweet nectar from the mixing-bowl. And immortal laughter rose from the bliss-filled gods, as they watched Hephaestus bustling about the hall.

So they banqueted all day till sunset, missing nothing of the shared feast, nor of the lovely lyre *Apollo* [p. 547] played, nor of the singing *Muses* [p. 662], who answered each other in sweet harmony.

But when the sun's bright light had faded, each went off to rest in their separate houses, built with rare skill by the god lamed in both feet, famous Hephaestus; and Olympian Zeus, the lord of lightning, ascended to his accustomed bed to find sweet sleep, with Hera of the golden throne beside him.

BOOK II - THE CATALOGUE OF SHIPS

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‘Agamemnon’s dream’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK II:1-47 AGAMEMNON'S DREAM



There was no sweet sleep for *Zeus* [p. 739], though the other gods and the warriors, those lords of the chariot, slept all night long, since he was wondering how to honour *Achilles* [p. 517] and bring death to the Achaeans beside their ships. And the plan he thought seemed best was to send a false dream to *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. So he spoke, summoning one with his winged words: ‘Go, evil dream, to the Achaean long-ships, and when you reach Agamemnon’s hut speak exactly as I wish. Say he must arm his long-haired Achaeans swiftly, for here is his chance to take the broad-paved city of *Troy* [p. 737]. Say we immortals who dwell on Olympus are no longer at odds on this matter, for *Hera* [p. 624] has swayed all minds with her pleas, and the Trojans are doomed to sorrow.’

So he commanded, and the dream came swiftly to the Achaean long-ships, to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, resting in his hut, lost in ambrosial slumber. It stood there by his head, in the guise of *Nestor* [p. 667], son of Neleus, the king’s most trusted friend, and in Nestor’s form the dream from heaven spoke: ‘Do you sleep, now, son of warlike Atreus, the horse-tamer? A man of counsel, charged with an army, on whom responsibility so rests, should not sleep! Listen closely now, I come as Zeus’ messenger, who cares for you, far off though he may be, and feels compassion. He would have you arm your long-haired Greeks speedily, for the broad-paved city of Troy lies open to you. The immortals that dwell on high Olympus are no longer at odds, since Hera has swayed all minds with her pleas, and the will of Zeus dooms the Trojans to sorrow. Hold fast to this, remember all, when honey-tongued sleep frees you.’



'Agamemnon's dream' - Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With this the dream departed, leaving the king to ponder as he woke on things that would not happen, the belief – fool that he was – that he might take *Priam's* [p. 706] city that very day. He little knew what Zeus had planned, the pain and sorrow he would bring to Greeks and Trojans in the mighty conflict. When he woke, the divine voice was still ringing in his ears. Seated on the bed, he donned his soft tunic, fresh and bright, and spreading his great cloak round him, bound fine sandals on his shining feet, and slung his silver-studded sword from his shoulder; then he took up his imperishable ancestral staff, and set off along the line of ships among the bronze-greaved Achaeans.

BK II:48-108 THE COUNCIL BY NESTOR'S SHIP



Now, as the goddess of the dawn reached high Olympus, announcing day to Zeus and the immortals, *Agamemnon* [p. 528] ordered his clear-voiced heralds to call the long-haired Achaeans to assembly. They cried their summons and the warriors swiftly gathered.

But first the king convened a council of brave elders by *Nestor's* [p. 667] ship, and when they were met laid out a subtle plan, saying: 'Listen, in ambrosial night a dream from heaven came to me, my friends, resembling noble Nestor in stature, looks and build. It stood by my head, and spoke, saying: "Do you sleep, now, son of warlike Atreus, the horse-tamer? A man of counsel, charged with an army, on whom responsibility so rests should not sleep! Listen closely now, I come as Zeus' messenger, who cares for you, far off though he may be, and feels compassion. He would have you arm your long-haired Greeks with speed, for the broad-paved city of Troy lies open to you. The immortals that dwell on high Olympus are no longer at odds, for Hera has swayed all minds with her pleas, and the will of Zeus dooms the Trojans to sorrow. Hold fast to this." So saying, he flew off, and sweet sleep freed me. Now, let us see if we can rouse the Achaeans to arms; first I will try them with words, as is the custom, inviting them to sail in the benched ships, while you must each urge them to stay.'

With this, he sat, and Nestor, king of sandy *Pylos* [p. 710], rose to his feet. Benign of purpose, he addressed the gathering: ‘My friends, leaders, rulers of the Argives, if it was not the best of the Achaeans who had told us of this dream, we might think it a lie and ignore it, but rather let us find a way to rouse the Achaeans to arms.’

So saying, he led them from the council, the other sceptred kings following their shepherd, while the troops massed from all sides. Like swarms of bees, endlessly renewed, issuing from some hollow rock, pouring in dense clouds to left and right through all the flowers of spring, so from the ships and huts on the level sands, the many tribes marched in companies to the assembly. And *Rumour* [p. 679], Zeus’ messenger, drove them on like wildfire, till all were gathered. Now the meeting-place was in turmoil, the ground shook beneath as they were seated, while through the din nine heralds shouted to subdue them, quiet them, and grant silence to their god-given kings. With difficulty the men were seated in their places, and settled there in quiet. Then Agamemnon rose, holding a sceptre *Hephaestus* [p. 623] himself had laboured over. He had given it to Zeus, son of Cronos, and he in turn to *Hermes* [p. 626], slayer of Argus. Hermes presented it to *Pelops* [p. 689], driver of horses, and he to *Atreus* [p. 561], shepherd of the people: on his death it was left to *Thyestes* [p. 733], rich in flocks, and Thyestes bequeathed it to Agamemnon to hold, as lord of Argos and the many isles.

BK II:109-154 AGAMEMNON SPEAKS TO THE ASSEMBLED GREEKS




eaning on his sceptre, *Agamemnon* [p. 528] addressed the Argives: ‘My friends; warriors of Greece, companions of *Ares* [p. 551], *Zeus* [p. 739], the mighty son of Cronos, has entangled me in sad delusion. The god is harsh, for he solemnly assured me that I’d sack high-walled *Ilium* [p. 637] before I headed home; but now, with so many men lost, he promises cruel deceit, bids me return in disgrace to *Argos* [p. 553]. Such, it seems, is almighty Zeus’ pleasure, he who has toppled many a city, and will raze others yet, so great his power. A shameful thing it is for the ears of men to come, to hear that the great and noble Achaean host waged pointless war in vain, and fought with a lesser foe, no end in sight. Lesser, I say, since were we to agree, Achaeans and Trojans both, to swear a solemn truce and count our numbers, the Trojans gathering their citizens, and us told off by tens, and we chose, each squad, a Trojan to pour the wine, many would lack a pourer. So do we Greeks outnumber these Trojans. Yet they have allies from many cities, spearmen who thwart us and against my wishes prevent my sacking populous Troy. Nine years great Zeus has watched, and now the timber of our ships is rotting, the rigging worn, our wives and children sit at home and wait, and yet the task we came for is not done. So do now as I say, all obey: fit out the ships and run for our native land; all hope of taking broad-paved Troy is gone.’



‘Agamemnon advises the Greeks’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

He spoke, and stirred the hearts in their breasts, all of that host who had not been in Council. And the whole Assembly was stirred, like long rollers in the *Icarian* [p. 634] Sea, driven by an Easterly or Southerly wind that blows from father Zeus' cloudy sky. Or as the West Wind at its onset rakes the fields with fierce blasts, bows the wheat ears low, so was the whole gathering roused. They rushed with a mighty roar towards the ships; and the dust beneath their feet rose high in the air. They called to each other to lay hold of the ships and drag them to the glittering sea, and clearing the runways, loosing the props from the hulls, raised their shouts to heaven, in their eagerness to sail.

BK II:155-187 ATHENE PROMPTS ODYSSEUS

hen the Argives would have sailed for home evading their destiny, had not *Hera* [p. 624] passed the word to *Athene* [p. 559]: 'See, *Atrytone* [p. 562], daughter of Zeus the aegis-bearer! Shall the Argives run, like this, for their native land, over the sea's broad back? And Argive *Helen* [p. 621], for whom so many Greeks have died, far from their home at Troy, is she to be left, a prize to boast of, for *Priam* [p. 706] and the Trojans? Pass through the ranks of the bronze-greaved Achaeans; restrain them with your gentle eloquence, don't let them launch their curved ships on the sea.'

The goddess, bright-eyed Athene, heard her and willingly obeyed. Down from the heights of Olympus she sped, and soon reached the swift ships of the Achaeans. There she found *Odysseus* [p. 671], Zeus' peer in wisdom, rooted to the spot. He'd laid not a hand on his black benched ship, so grieved was he in heart and mind; and bright-eyed Athene went to him, and spoke. 'Heaven-born son of *Laertes* [p. 642], wily Odysseus, will you Greeks tumble aboard your benched ships and run for home? And Argive Helen, for whom so many Greeks have died, far from home, at Troy, is she to be left, a prize to boast of, for Priam and the Trojans? Don't delay: pass

through the ranks of the Achaeans; restrain them with your gentle eloquence, don't let them launch their curved ships on the sea.'



'Athene' - Virgilius Solis (I), 1524 - 1562

At the sound of her voice he knew the goddess, and casting off his cloak for his Ithacan squire, *Eurybates* [p. 607], to gather, he set off at a run. To *Agamemnon* [p. 528] he went, Atreides, and borrowed from him the imperishable sceptre, symbol of his house, and, grasping it, went among the ships of the bronze-greaved Greeks.

BK II:188-210 ODYSSEUS RESTRAINS THE GREEKS



When he came upon men of birth or rank, he would try to halt them with gentle words, saying: 'It would be wrong to threaten you, sir, like some common coward, but be seated and make your followers do the same. You cannot see clear into *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] mind; he is testing us, but soon he will blast the sons of Achaea with his anger. Did you not hear what he said in council? Take care he does not harm the men, for kings are nurtured by *Zeus* [p. 739], and proud of heart; from Zeus their honour comes, and Zeus loves them, Zeus, the god of counsel.'

But when he came upon some common soldier shouting, he drove him back with the sceptre and rebuked him: 'Sit, man, and hear the words of better men than you; you are weak and lack courage, worthless in war or counsel. All cannot play the king, and a host of leaders is no wise thing. Let us have but the one leader, the one true king, to whom Zeus, the son of Cronos of wily counsel, gave sceptre and command, to rule his people wisely.'

So with his lordly ways he brought the ranks to heel, and they flocked back from their huts and ships to the Assembly, noisily, like a wave of the roaring sea when it thunders on the beach while the depths resound.

BK II:211-277 ODYSSEUS CHASTISES THERSITES



While the others were seated and packed in close, the endlessly talkative *Thersites* [p. 729] alone let his tongue run on, his mind filled with a store of unruly words, baiting the leaders wildly and recklessly, aiming to raise a laugh among the men. He was the ugliest of all who had come to Ilium, bandy-legged and lame of foot; rounded shoulders hunched over his chest; and above them a narrow head with a scant few hairs. He was loathed above all by *Odysseus* [p. 671] and *Achilles* [p. 517], his favourites for abuse; but now his shrill cry rose against noble *Agamemnon* [p. 528], despite the deep anger and indignation of the Achaeans. At the top of his voice he reviled the King: ‘Son of Atreus, what’s your problem now, what more do you need? Your huts are filled with bronze, crowded with women, the pick of the spoils we Achaeans grant you when we sack a city. Is it gold you want now, the ransom for his son some horse-taming Trojan shall bring you out of Ilium, the son that I or some other Achaean have bound and led away? Or a young girl to sleep with, one for you alone? Is it right for our leader to wrong us in this way? Fools, shameful weaklings, Achaean women, since you’re no longer men, home then with our ships, and leave this fellow here, at Troy, to contemplate his prizes, let him learn how much he depends on us, this man who insulted Achilles, a better man than he, by arrogantly snatching his prize. Surely Achilles has a heart free of anger, to accept it; or, son of Atreus, that insolent act would be your last.’

So Thersites railed at Agamemnon, leader of men, but noble Odysseus was soon at his side, and rage in his look, lashed him with harsh words: ‘Take care what you say, Thersites, so eloquent, so reckless, take care when you challenge princes, alone. None baser than you followed the Atreidae to Troy, so you least of all should sound a king’s name on your tongue, slandering our leaders, with your eye on home. No one knows how this thing will end, whether we Greeks will return in triumph or no. Go on

then, pour scorn on Agamemnon, our leader, the son of Atreus, for the gifts you yourselves gave him: make free with your mockery. But let me tell you this, and be sure: if I find you playing the fool like this again, then let my head be parted from my shoulders, and *Telemachus* [p. 725] be no son of mine, if I don't lay hands on you, strip you bare of cloak and tunic, all that hides your nakedness, drive you from here, and send you wailing to the swift ships, shamed by a hail of blows.'

So saying, Odysseus, struck with his staff at Thersites' back and shoulders, and the man cowered and shed a huge tear, as a bloody weal was raised behind by the golden staff. Then terrified, and in pain, he sat, helplessly wiping the tear from his eye. Then the Achaeans, despite their discontent, mocked him ruthlessly. 'There,' cried one to his neighbour, 'Odysseus is ever a one for fine deeds, clever in counsel, and strategy, but this is surely the best thing he's done for us Greeks, in shutting this scurrilous babbler's mouth. I think Thersites' proud spirit will shrink from ever again abusing kings with his foul words.'

BK II:278-332 ODYSSEUS REMINDS THE TROOPS OF CALCHAS' PROPHECY



Such was the general verdict and now *Odysseus* [p. 671], sacker of cities, arose, staff in hand, and by his side, disguised as a herald, bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] stood, calling the Assembly to order, so the nearest and farthest ranks of the Greeks might hear Odysseus' words and counsel. He, with their interests at heart, began his speech: 'King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], son of Atreus, it seems the Greeks intend to make you an object of contempt to all mortal men, breaking the oath they swore to you when they sailed from Argos, the horse-pasture, that they would only sail home again when Troy had been destroyed. They wail like children or widowed wives with their longing to return. Of course there is toil enough here to make a man disheartened. Doesn't a sailor in his benched ship fret,

when the winter gales and roaring seas keep him from wife and home for even a month; while we are still held here after nine long years? Small blame then to you Achaeans, impatient by your beaked ships, yet how shameful it would be after this to return empty-handed! My friends endure a little longer, so we may know the truth of *Calchas*'^[p. 569] prophecy. You all have it in mind; you were witness to it, all you whom death has spared. It seems but yesterday when our ships gathered at *Aulis* ^[p. 563], presaging woe for Priam and the Trojans, and we offered sacrifice to the immortals on their holy altar beside the spring: from under a fine plane tree that glittering water flowed. Then the portent: a fearsome serpent with blood-red scales on its back, that Zeus himself had sent to seek the light, slid from under the altar and sped to the tree. On the highest branch, covering beneath the leaves, were a sparrow's nestlings, eight in all, and their mother there too making nine. The snake caught and ate the nestlings as they cried piteously, while the mother fluttered round calling for her children, then he uncoiled and caught her by the wing as she screeched by. But when he had eaten them all, the god transformed him in the light; the son of Cronos of the Crooked Ways turned him to stone, while we stood by and marvelled. Calchas it was who swiftly prophesied, explaining the fatal portent that intruded on the rite. He addressed us, saying: "Long-haired Achaeans, why are you so silent? *Zeus*"^[p. 739] the Counsellor has shown us this great sign, late to arrive, late fulfilled will be our imperishable fame. Just as the snake ate the nestlings and the mother, eight in all and the mother made nine, so we will be at war as many years, but in the tenth we shall take the broad-streets of that city." So said Calchas, and now it comes to pass. Stand your ground, you bronze-greaved Achaeans, till Priam's great city falls.'

BK II:333-393 NESTOR ADVISES THE ASSEMBLY



he Greeks acclaimed these words from godlike Odysseus, and the ships around echoed loudly at their praise. Then *Nestor* [p. 667], the *Geranian* [p. 611] charioteer cried: ‘Now! You gather here like foolish lads who care not a jot for war. What has become of all our oaths and compacts? So much for the plans and stratagems of warriors, the offerings of pure wine, the clasped hands pledging trust. Here we are, bandying words in vain, and after it all we have solved nothing. Son of Atreus, hold firm to your purpose, and lead the Argives in mighty combat. As for those few who scheme behind our backs to run for Argos, before we know whether aegis-bearing Zeus’s promise holds, let them perish, they’ll do nothing. The all-powerful son of Cronos, I say, nodded and agreed, when we Argives took to our swift ships, that death was the Trojan’s fate; and sent lightning on the right, his sign of favour. So no scrambling for home till each has slept with a Trojan woman, as reward for the pain and toil *Helen* [p. 621] brings him. If any man proves anxious to be gone, let him lay hands on his black benched ship, and meet his fated death before the others.


Now, my prince, listen and take good advice from me; what I say should not be ignored. Sort the men by tribes and clans, *Agamemnon* [p. 528], so clan helps clan, and tribe aids tribe. Do this, and if the troops adhere to it, you’ll see which men, which leaders are cowards, and which are brave; since each clan fights then on its own behalf. And you will know whether it is heaven’s will that Troy remains untaken, or whether it is due to some men’s cowardice or lack of skill in war.’

‘Once more, my venerable lord, you surpass the sons of Achaea in eloquence’, Agamemnon replied. ‘By *Zeus* [p. 739], *Athene* [p. 559] and *Apollo* [p. 547], I wish I had ten such counsellors among the Greeks; then Priam’s city would soon bow its head, and be taken and destroyed at our hands. But

aegis-bearing Zeus, son of Cronos, brings me grief, entangling me in pointless strife and conflict. Now *Achilles* [p. 517] and I, with violent words, squabble over a girl, though I was first to quarrel; if ever he and I are at one again, there will be not a moment's reprieve for Troy.

Off to your food now, all of you, before the battle. Sharpen your spears and have your shields ready, feed the swift horses, and prepare your chariots, then think on war so we may wage the hateful fight all day long. There will be not a moment's rest till night parts the furious armies. The straps of his broad shield will be wet with sweat about many a man's chest, his arm will weary of the spear, his horse will lather straining at the shining chariot, and whomever I see hanging back beside the beaked ships, far from the fight, shall not escape the dogs and carrion birds.'

BK II:394-483 AGAMEMNON SACRIFICES TO THE GODS

t this, the Argives roared aloud, with a roar like the thunder of waves on a tall headland, when a southerly drives the sea against some jutting cape, that is never left unscathed whichever wind blows. They rose, and scattered quickly among the ships, lit fires in the huts and ate their meal. And each made sacrifice to the immortal gods, to whichever god they chose, praying they might escape death in the tumult of war. *Agamemnon* [p. 528], their leader, himself sacrificed a fat five-year old ox to almighty Zeus, inviting the elders, the chiefs of the Achaeans, to attend. *Nestor* [p. 667], first, and King *Idomeneus* [p. 636], then *Ajax* [p. 532] and his namesake [p. 534], and *Diomedes* [p. 590] son of *Tydeus* [p. 737], and *Odysseus* [p. 671], sixth, Zeus' equal in counsel. *Menelaus* [p. 655] of the loud war-cry had no need of summons, for he knew his brother's thoughts in the matter. They stood around the victim, and took up the sacred barley, and Agamemnon prayed: 'Sky-dwelling Zeus, great and glorious lord of the thunder clouds, let the sun not set nor darkness fall before I have razed Priam's smoke-blackened halls, torching his gates with greedy fire, ripping *Hector's* [p. 617] tunic from his

breast with the shredding bronze, toppling a host of his comrades round him, headlong in the dust to bite the earth.’ So he prayed, but Zeus would not yet grant his wish; accepting the offering, but prolonging the toils of war.

When they had offered their petition and scattered grains of barley, they drew back the victims’ heads, slit their throats and flayed them. Then they cut slices from the thighs, wrapped them in layers of fat, and laid raw meat on top. These they burned on billets of wood stripped of leaves, then spitted the innards and held them over the *Hephaestean* [p. 623] flames. When the thighs were burnt and they had tasted the inner meat, they carved the rest in small pieces, skewered and roasted them through, then drew them from the spits. Their work done and the meal prepared, they feasted and enjoyed the shared banquet, and when they had quenched immediate hunger and thirst, Nestor of *Gerania* [p. 611] spoke up, saying: ‘Agamemnon, leader of men, glorious son of Atreus, let us stay here no longer, nor delay the work the god directs us to. Come, let the heralds of the bronze-greaved Achaeans make their rounds of the ships and gather the men together, and let us as generals inspect the whole army, so as to swiftly rouse the spirit of *Ares* [p. 551] in them.’

Agamemnon, king of men, did not fail to follow his lead. At once, he ordered the clear-voiced heralds to summon the long-haired Greeks to battle. They cried their summons and the troops swiftly gathered. The heaven-born princes of the royal suite sped about, marshalling the army, and with them went bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559], wearing the priceless, ageless, deathless aegis, from which a hundred intricate golden tassels flutter, each worth a hundred head of oxen. Shining she passed through the ranks of the Greeks, urging them on; and every heart she inspired to fight and war on without cease. And suddenly battle was sweeter to them than sailing home in the hollow ships to their own native land.


As a raging fire lights the endless forest on a high mountain peak, and the glare is seen from afar, so, as they marched, the glittering light flashed from their gleaming bronze through the sky to heaven.

As the countless flocks of wild birds, the geese, the cranes, the long-necked swans, gathering by *Cayster's* [p. 572] streams in the Asian fields, wheel, glorying in the power of their wings, and settle again with loud cries while the earth resounds, so clan after clan poured from the ships and huts on *Scamander's* [p. 715] plain, and the ground hummed loud to the tread of men and horses, as they gathered, in the flowery river-meadows, innumerable as the leaves and the blossoms in their season.

Like the countless swarms of flies that buzz round the cowherd's yard in spring, when the pails are full of milk, as numerous were the long-haired Greeks drawn up on the plain, ready to fight the men of Troy and utterly destroy them.

And as goatherds swiftly sort the mingled flocks, scattered about the pastures, so their leaders ordered the ranks before the battle, King Agamemnon there among them, with head and gaze like *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer, with Ares' waist and *Poseidon's* [p. 705] chest. As a bull, pre-eminent among the grazing cattle, stands out as by far the finest, so Zeus made Agamemnon seem that day, first among many, chieftain among warriors.

BK II:484-580 THE CATALOGUE OF SHIPS – EASTERN GREECE

ell me now, *Muses* [p. 662], who live on *Olympus* [p. 675] – since you are goddesses, ever present and all-knowing, while we hearing rumour know nothing ourselves for sure – tell me who were the leaders and lords of the Danaans. For I could not count or name the multitude who came to Troy, though I had ten tongues and a tireless voice, and lungs of bronze as well, if you Olympian Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing *Zeus* [p. 739], brought them not to mind. Here let me tell of the captains, and their ships.

First the *Boeotians* [p. 566], led by *Peneleos* [p. 690], *Leitus* [p. 645], *Arcesilaus* [p. 550], *Prothoenor* [p. 708] and *Clonius* [p. 578]; they came from *Hyrie* [p. 632] and stony *Aulis* [p. 563], from *Schoenus* [p. 717], *Scolus* [p. 717] and high-ridged *Eteonus* [p. 605]; from *Thespeia* [p. 729] and *Graea* [p. 613], and spacious *Mycalessus* [p. 663]; from the villages of *Harma* [p. 616], *Eileisium* [p. 597] and *Erythrae* [p. 605]; from *Eleon* [p. 598], *Hyle* [p. 630], *Peteon* [p. 692], *Ocalea* [p. 670] and *Medeon's* [p. 653] stronghold; from *Copae* [p. 580], *Eutresis* [p. 609], and dove-haunted *Thisbe* [p. 730]; from *Coroneia* [p. 581] and grassy *Haliartus* [p. 615], *Plataea* [p. 700] and *Glisas* [p. 612], and the great citadel of *Thebes* [p. 728]; from sacred *Onchestus* [p. 675], *Poseidon's* [p. 705] bright grove; from vine-rich *Arne* [p. 554], *Mideia* [p. 660], holy *Nisa* [p. 669] and coastal *Anthedon* [p. 544]. They captained fifty ships, each with a hundred and twenty young men.

Next those from *Aspledon* [p. 557] and *Minyan* [p. 661] *Orchomenos* [p. 676], led by *Ascalaphus* [p. 555] and *Ialmenus* [p. 633], sons of *Ares* [p. 551] whom the fair maiden *Astyoche* [p. 558] bore to the mighty god, for he lay with her in secret, in her room in the house of *Actor* [p. 521], son of *Azgeus* [p. 564]. They brought thirty hollow ships.

Then the *Phocians* [p. 696], led by *Schedius* [p. 717] and *Epistrophus* [p. 603], sons of *Iphitus* [p. 639], great-heart, *Naubolus's* [p. 665] son, men who held *Cypris* [p. 584] and rocky *Pytho* [p. 711], holy *Crisa* [p. 582], *Daulis* [p. 586] and *Panopeus* [p. 682]; dwellers in *Anemoreia* [p. 543] and *Hyampolis* [p. 630]; those from *Lilaea* [p. 647] by the springs of noble *Cephisus* [p. 574], and those who lived along its banks. Forty black ships were their fleet, and the leaders ranked their Phocians beside the Boeotians on the left, and prepared to fight.

The *Locrians* [p. 648] followed *Oileus's* [p. 674] swift-footed son *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser: inferior to, and not to be compared with, *Telamonian* [p. 724] *Ajax* [p. 532]. He was short, wore a linen corslet, but was more skilful with the spear than any other *Hellene* [p. 622] or Achaean. His troops came from *Cynus* [p. 584], *Opoeis* [p. 676], *Calliarus* [p. 570], *Bessa* [p. 565], and *Scarphe* [p. 716], beautiful *Augeiae* [p. 562], *Tarphe* [p. 724] and *Thronium* [p. 733] and the banks of *Boagrius* [p. 566]. Forty black Locrian ships he led from the shores facing sacred *Euboea* [p. 606].

From there came the fire-breathing *Abantes* [p. 515], who held Euboea, out of *Chalcis* [p. 574], *Eretria* [p. 603], and *Histiatae* [p. 629] rich in vines, *Cerinthus* [p. 574] by the shore, and *Dion's* [p. 591] high citadel, lords too of *Carystus* [p. 571]

and *Styra* [p. 722], *Elephenor* [p. 598] led them, scion of *Ares* [p. 551], and son of *Chalcodon* [p. 574]; and his swift courageous Abantes, their hair worn long behind, were ready with outstretched spears of ash to tear the corslet from the enemy's chest. Forty black ships were his.

The *Athenians* [p. 561] came from their fine citadel in great-hearted *Erechtheus's* [p. 603] kingdom. he, the child of fruitful Earth; he whom *Athene* [p. 559], *Zeus's* [p. 739] daughter, nurtured. She gave him Athens, her own rich shrine, where each year the Athenian youths try to win favour with offerings of bulls and rams. Of these, *Menestheus* [p. 657], *Peteos's* [p. 692] son was leader. He had no earthly rival in handling chariots and shield-men, except for *Nestor* [p. 667], who was older. And with him came fifty black ships.

From *Salamis* [p. 713], *Ajax* [p. 532] led twelve ships, and ranged his men alongside the Athenians.

From *Argos* [p. 553], and *Tiryns* [p. 734] of the great walls, from *Hermione* [p. 627] and *Asine* [p. 556] that embrace a gulf of sea, from *Troezen* [p. 736], *Eionae* [p. 597], and vine-clad *Epidaurus* [p. 602], there came those whom, with the Achaean youth of *Aegina* [p. 524] and *Mases* [p. 652], *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the great war-cry led, and *Sthenelus* [p. 721], son of famous *Capaneus* [p. 570], and *Euryalus* [p. 607], godlike fighter, son of King *Mecisteus* [p. 653] *Talaus's* [p. 723] son, making three, but Diomedes of the great war-cry was over all. And eighty black ships brought them.

From the great citadel of *Mycenae* [p. 663], from rich *Corinth* [p. 580], from well-built *Cleonae* [p. 578], *Orneiae* [p. 678], sweet *Araethyrea* [p. 550] and *Sicyon* [p. 719], where *Adrastus* [p. 522] first was king, from *Hyperesia* [p. 631], steep *Gonoessa* [p. 612] and *Pellene* [p. 689], from all round *Aegium* [p. 524], all through *Aegialus* [p. 523], and *Helice's* [p. 622] broad lands came the followers of King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], Atreus' son, in a hundred ships. And they were the largest and the best contingent. Clad in gleaming bronze, a king in glory, he reigned over the armies, as the noblest leader of the greatest force.

BK II:581-644 THE CATALOGUE OF SHIPS – WESTERN GREECE



From the hollow lands and valleys of *Lacedaemon* [p. 641] they came, from *Pharis* [p. 693], *Sparta* [p. 721], and dove-haunted *Messe* [p. 660], from *Bryseiae* [p. 568] and lovely *Angeiae* [p. 562], from *Amyclae* [p. 541] and the sea fort, *Helos* [p. 623], from *Laas* [p. 641], and *Oetylus* [p. 674], in sixty ships commanded by *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] brother, *Menelaus* [p. 655] of the loud-war-cry, and took up separate station. He strode among them, confident and ardent, urging his men to battle; none more eager to avenge the toil and sorrow *Helen* [p. 621] had caused.

From *Pylos* [p. 710], and lovely *Arene* [p. 551]; from the ford of the *Alpheius* [p. 538] at *Thryum* [p. 733], from well-built *Aepy* [p. 525], from *Cyprisseeis* [p. 584], and *Amphigeneia* [p. 540], *Pteleos* [p. 709], *Helos* [p. 623], and *Dorium* [p. 593], where *Thamyris* [p. 727] the Thracian met the *Muses* [p. 662], as he came from *Eurytus's* [p. 609] house in *Oechalia* [p. 673], and they put an end to all his singing: he who had boasted he would win his contest with those aegis-bearing daughters of *Zeus* [p. 739], they blinding him in anger, robbing him of his sweet gift of song, so he forgot the cunning of his harp; in their fleet of ninety hollow ships the warriors came, led by *Nestor* [p. 667] the *Gerenian* [p. 611] charioteer.

From *Arcadia* [p. 550], beneath *Cyllene's* [p. 583] steep, by *Aepytus's* [p. 526] tomb, where warriors train to fight hand to hand; from *Pheneos* [p. 694] and *Orchomenus* [p. 676], rich in flocks, from *Rhipe* [p. 712] and *Stratia* [p. 722] and windswept *Enispe* [p. 599]; from *Tegea* [p. 724] and lovely *Mantineia* [p. 652], *Stymphalus* [p. 722] and *Parrhasia* [p. 683], led by prince *Agapenor* [p. 530], *Ancaeus's* [p. 542] son, they sailed in sixty ships, a fleet of battle-hardened warriors. For *Agamemnon* [p. 528] king of men had given them benched ships to cross the wine-dark wave, since the Arcadians knew nothing of the sea.

From *Buprasium* [p. 568], from that tract of *Elis* [p. 598] which *Hyrmine* [p. 632], *Myrsinus* [p. 665] by the shore, *Olen's* [p. 674] Rock, and *Alesium* [p. 537] enclose, came the *Epeians* [p. 601] in four squadrons of ten ships. Their four leaders were *Amphimachus* [p. 540] son of *Cteatus* [p. 583], *Thalpius* [p. 727], son of *Eurytus* [p. 609], these two of the House of *Actor* [p. 521], third *Amarynceus'* [p. 538] son, the brave *Diores* [p. 592], and fourth godlike *Polyxeinus* [p. 705], son of king *Agasthenes* [p. 530], son of *Angeias* [p. 562].

From *Dulichium* [p. 594], from the holy isles of *Echinae* [p. 596], that look towards *Elis* [p. 598], came forty black ships led by warlike *Mege's* [p. 654], son of *Phyleus* [p. 699], the Zeus-beloved horseman, who, quarrelling with his father, had settled in Dulichium long ago.

From *Ithaca* [p. 641] and the windswept forest slopes of *Neriton* [p. 666], *Odysseus* [p. 671] led the brave *Cephalenians* [p. 574]; from *Crocyleia* [p. 582] and rugged *Aegilips* [p. 523]; from *Same* [p. 713] and *Zacynthus* [p. 739] and the mainland opposite; Odysseus, Zeus' peer in counsel. And twelve ships with crimson prows he mustered.

From *Pleuron* [p. 700], *Olenus* [p. 674], and *Pylene* [p. 710], from *Chalcis* [p. 574] near the sea and rocky *Calydon* [p. 570], *Thoas* [p. 731], *Andraemon's* [p. 542] son led the *Aetolians* [p. 527]. Brave *Oeneus* [p. 673], his sons, and red-haired *Meleager* [p. 655] were no more, Thoas now had kingship over all, and forty black ships were his.

BK II:645-680 THE CATALOGUE OF SHIPS – CRETE AND THE ISLANDS



From *Crete* [p. 581], of a hundred populous cities, *Idomeneus* [p. 636] the famous spearman, led men of *Cnossos* [p. 579] and walled *Gortyn* [p. 613], of *Lyctus* [p. 649], *Miletus* [p. 661], chalky *Lycastos* [p. 648], *Phaestus* [p. 693] and *Rhytium* [p. 713]. And he shared the leadership with *Meriones* [p. 658], peer of Ares-*Enyalius* [p. 600], slayer of men. And they captained eighty black ships.

From *Rhodes* [p. 713], from its three cities of *Lindos* [p. 647], *Ialysus* [p. 633] and chalky *Cameirus* [p. 570], came nine shiploads of the noble Rhodians, led by *Tlepolemus* [p. 735], tall and powerful, the son of *Heracles* [p. 625]. Famed for his spearmanship, Tlepolemus; whom *Astyochaia* [p. 558] bore to Heracles; she whom he'd brought from *Ephyre* [p. 602] from the River *Selleis* [p. 718], where he sacked a host of cities held by warriors beloved of Zeus. Grown to manhood in the palace, Tlepolemus killed *Licymnius* [p. 647], his father's aged uncle, scion of *Ares* [p. 551]. Menaced by the rest of Heracles' sons and grandsons, he swiftly built a fleet, and gathering a host of men, fled across the sea. Rhodes it was he reached in his wanderings, suffering many hardships, where the three tribes of his people settled in diverse regions, and enjoyed the love of Zeus, king of gods and men, and that son of Cronos showered them with wealth.

Next, from *Syme* [p. 723], *Nireus* [p. 668] led three fine ships, he the son of King *Charopus* [p. 575] and *Aglaia* [p. 531], and the handsomest man next to peerless *Achilles* [p. 517] of all the Danaans at Troy. Yet he was weak, and his following was small.

And from *Nisyros* [p. 669], from *Carpathus* [p. 581], *Casus* [p. 572], *Cos* [p. 581], *Eurypylus*' [p. 609] stronghold, and the *Calydnian* [p. 570] Isles, came thirty hollow ships commanded by *Pheidippus* [p. 694] and *Antiphus* [p. 546], *Thessalus*' [p. 729] two sons, he himself the son of *Heracles* [p. 625].

BK II:681-759 THE CATALOGUE OF SHIPS – NORTHERN GREECE



From *Pelagian* [p. 688] *Argos* [p. 553] too they came, from *Alos* [p. 537], *Alope* [p. 537] and *Trachis* [p. 735], those who held *Phthia* [p. 698], and *Hellas* [p. 622], the land of lovely women; the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] were they, the Hellenes, and Achaeans; and *Achilles* [p. 517] commanded them and their fifty ships. Yet now bitter battle was far from their minds, lacking

leadership in the war, since noble Achilles, the swift of foot, rested idle among the ships, filled with his wrath because of fair *Briseis* [p. 567], whom he'd won by his exploits at *Lyrnessus* [p. 650], razing it and storming *Thebe's* [p. 728] wall, slaughtering *Mynes* [p. 664] and *Epistrophus* [p. 602], bold spearmen, warrior sons of King *Evenus* [p. 610], *Selepus's* [p. 718] son. Achilles grieved for her now, and would not fight, though fated to do so before long.

From *Phylace* [p. 698], and *Pyrasus* [p. 711], *Demeter's* [p. 588] flowery precinct; from *Iton* [p. 641], mother of flocks, and *Antron* [p. 546] near the sea, from grassy *Pteleos* [p. 709], warlike *Protesilaus* [p. 708], led men while he lived, though now indeed the black earth had claimed him, slain by a Trojan warrior, first of the Achaeans to leap ashore. His wife, her face scratched, wailed in their half-built house in Phylace. Now *Podarces* [p. 701], scion of Ares, son of *Iphichus* [p. 639], *Phylacus's* [p. 698] son, rich in flocks, commanded them. He was younger brother to brave Protesilaus, a noble warrior, the elder and the better man. So the army had its leader though they mourned the leader lost. And forty ships Podarces commanded.

From *Pherae* [p. 694] by Lake Boebeïs, from *Boebe* [p. 566], *Glaphyrae* [p. 611], and fair *Iolcus* [p. 638], led by *Eumelus* [p. 606], *Admetus's* [p. 521] son, whom *Alcestis* [p. 536], loveliest of women, fairest of *Pelias's* [p. 689] daughters bore, they sailed in eleven ships.

From *Methone* [p. 660], *Thaumacia* [p. 727], *Meliboea* [p. 655], and rugged *Olizon* [p. 674], seven ships, commanded by the mighty bowman *Philoctetes* [p. 695], were manned by fifty oarsmen skilled in archery. Now, King Philoctetes lay in agony on holy *Lemnos's* [p. 645] isle, where the Greeks had left him suffering a deadly water-snake's foul venom. There he lay, in pain, yet destined before long to occupy the thoughts of the Argives by their ships. Though longing for him, his men were not leaderless, since *Medon* [p. 653], the bastard son of *Oileus* [p. 674], commanded, whom *Rhene* [p. 712] had born to that sacker of cities.

From *Tricca* [p. 736], and *Ithome* [p. 641] of the crags, from *Oechalia* [p. 673] home of *Eurytus* [p. 609], came thirty hollow ships, commanded by *Asclepius's* [p. 556] two sons, the skilful healers *Podaleirius* [p. 701] and *Machaon* [p. 651].

From *Ormenius* [p. 677], and the springs of *Hypercia* [p. 631], *Asterium* [p. 557] and the white towers of *Titanus* [p. 734], forty black ships came, led by *Eurypylus* [p. 608], *Euaemon's* [p. 606] noble son.

From *Argissa* [p. 553], and *Gyrtone* [p. 614], *Orthe* [p. 679] and *Elone* [p. 598], and *Oloösson's* [p. 675] white city, came those led by *Polypoetes* [p. 704], dauntless son of *Peirithous* [p. 686], child of immortal Zeus, whom noble *Hippodameia* [p. 628] bore on the day when Peirithous wrought vengeance on the shaggy *Centaur*s [p. 573], and drove them from *Pelion* [p. 689] to the land of the *Aethives* [p. 527]. Polypoetes shared command of a further forty ships with *Leonteus* [p. 646], scion of Ares, the son of noble *Coronus* [p. 581], *Caeneus's* [p. 569] son.

From *Cyphus* [p. 584] twenty-two ships sailed, commanded by *Gouneus* [p. 613], and with him sailed those of the *Enienes* [p. 598] and the dauntless *Perrhaebi* [p. 690] whose homes encircled wintry *Dodona* [p. 592], and who tilled the fields beside the fair *Titaresus* [p. 734], that pours its swift stream into *Peneius* [p. 689], not mixing with those silver currents, but flowing over them like oil, a branch of the river *Syx* [p. 723], the dread flood by which oaths are sworn.

And from Peneius itself; from *Pelion's* [p. 689] tree-clothed slopes, in their forty black ships came the *Magnetes* [p. 652], led by *Prothous* [p. 709], son of *Tenthedron* [p. 725].

BK II:760-810 THE TROJAN ARMIES GATHER



Such were the lords and leaders of the Greeks. But tell me, *Muse* [p. 662], which were the finest horses and men of the Atreidae's host?

Best by far of the horses were those of *Admetus* [p. 521], *Pheres's* [p. 695] son: horses swift as birds, which his own son *Eumelus* [p. 606] drove. Mares, alike in age, their coats were alike, and their backs true as a level. *Apollo* [p. 547], lord of the silver bow, had reared them in *Pereia* [p. 690], to send panic through the ranks of the enemy.

With *Achilles* [p. 517] consumed by anger, Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532], was the finest fighting man among the rest, though Achilles, Peleus' peerless son, was mightier by far, he and his horses. But Achilles sulked among the beaked sea-going ships, nursing his quarrel with *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, while his men threw the discus and the javelin, and practiced archery on the shore, and their horses, un-harnessed, munched idly on cress and parsley from the marsh, the covered chariots housed in their masters' huts. Longing for their warlike leader, his warriors roamed their camp, out of the fight.

The Greeks marched on, like a fire sweeping the earth, and the ground shook beneath them, as when *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer in anger lashes the land of the *Arimoi* [p. 554], where they say *Typhoeus* [p. 737] has his bed. The earth echoed under their feet as they sped across the plain.

Meanwhile *Iris* [p. 640], Zeus' messenger, flew on the wind to the Trojans bearing the fateful news. The men were gathered, young and old, at *Priam's* [p. 706] Gate, when swift-footed Iris spoke to them in the voice of *Polites* [p. 701], Priam's son, whom the Trojans, trusting in his speed, had posted as lookout on the heights of old *Aesyetes'* [p. 526] mound, watching for the Greeks to sortie from their ships. Taking his likeness, swift Iris spoke to Priam.

'Interminable speech is as dear to you, my lord, as it was in peacetime; but endless war is upon us. I have been a party to many battles, but never have I seen so large and strong an army, innumerable as leaves or grains of sand they whirl over the plain to besiege the city. I charge you, *Hector* [p. 617], above all, to act. Priam has many allies in the city, and each speaks the language of their land. Let each leader give the word, and marshal his countrymen for battle.'

Hector knew the voice of the goddess, and immediately dismissed the assembly, in a rush to arm. They threw the gates wide, and out poured the army, infantry and chariots, with a mighty roar.

BK II:811-875 THE TROJAN LEADERS AND CONTINGENTS



Beyond the city, far off in the plain, stands a steep mound with clear ground on every side, that men call *Batieia* [p. 565] (Thorn Hill), but immortals the grave of dancing *Myrine* [p. 664]. There the Trojans formed battle array.

They were led by mighty *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helmet, *Priam's* [p. 706] son, and with him went the largest force of finest spearmen.

Aeneas [p. 524], *Anchises's* [p. 542] noble son led the *Dardanians* [p. 585]. *Aphrodite* [p. 546] conceived him, the goddess bedding his mortal father among the spurs of *Ida* [p. 634]. And he shared command with *Antenor's* [p. 543] two sons, *Archelochus* [p. 550] and *Acamas* [p. 516], skilled in all kinds of warfare.

Pandarus [p. 681], the noted son of *Lycaon* [p. 648], whose bow was gifted him by *Apollo* [p. 547], led men from *Zeleia* [p. 739], below *Ida's* [p. 634] lower slopes, prosperous men who drink from *Aesopus's* [p. 526] dark waters.

Adrastus [p. 522] and *Amphius* [p. 541], in linen corslet, sons of *Merops* [p. 659] of *Percote* [p. 690], led those from *Adrasteia* [p. 522] and the land of *Apasus* [p. 546], from *Pityeia* [p. 700] and the steep slopes of *Tereia* [p. 725]. Their father, the greatest of seers, forbade his sons to enter the maelstrom of war, but they were deaf to his words and dark death drew them to their fate.

Asius [p. 556], son of *Hyrtacus* [p. 632], led those from *Percote* [p. 690] and *Practius* [p. 706], *Sestus* [p. 719] and *Abydus* [p. 515] and sacred *Arisbe* [p. 554], the source of his horses, magnificent bays, reared by *Selleis's* [p. 718] stream.

Hippothous [p. 629] shared command of the *Pelasgi* [p. 688], fierce spearmen from deep-ploughed *Larisa* [p. 644], with *Pylaeus* [p. 710], scion of Ares: both were sons of *Lethus* [p. 646], *Teutamus's* [p. 726] son.



‘Hector of Troy’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

Acamas [p. 516] and warlike *Peirous* [p. 687] led the *Thracians* [p. 732], whose lands border *Hellespont's* [p. 622] strong currents: while *Euphemus* [p. 607] led the *Ciconian* [p. 577] spearmen, he the son of *Ceas'* [p. 573] son *Troezenus* [p. 736], Zeus-beloved.

Pyraechmes [p. 711] led the *Paeonians* [p. 680] with their curved bows, from distant *Amydon* [p. 541] and the banks of the *Axius* [p. 564], its waters the loveliest that flow on earth.

And dauntless *Pylaemenes* [p. 710] commanded the *Paphlagonians* [p. 682] from the land of the *Eneti* [p. 598], where they breed savage mules. They lived in *Cytorus* [p. 584], and around *Sesamus* [p. 718], and built their noble houses by the River *Parthenius* [p. 683], in *Cromna* [p. 582], *Aegialus* [p. 523] and high *Erythini* [p. 605].

Odius [p. 671] and *Epistrophus* [p. 602] led the *Halizones* [p. 616], from distant *Alybe* [p. 538], where silver is mined.

Chromis [p. 576] and *Ennomus* [p. 599], the augur, led the *Mysians* [p. 665], though he could not cheat dark fate, slain by Aeacus' grandson, swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], who choked the river-bed with dead Trojans and their allies.

Phorcys [p. 697] and great *Ascanius* [p. 556] led the battle-thirsty *Phrygians* [p. 697] from distant *Ascania* [p. 556], while *Mesthles* [p. 660] and *Antiphus* [p. 546], the sons of *Talaemenes* [p. 723], whose mother was the nymph of the *Gygaean* [p. 613] Lake, led the *Maeonians* [p. 651] whose cradle was the slopes of Mount *Tmolus* [p. 735].

Nastes [p. 665] lead the *Carians* [p. 571], who spoke a barbarous tongue, from *Miletus* [p. 660], from the slopes of *Phthires* [p. 698] cloaked in leaves, from *Maeander's* [p. 651] streams and *Mycale's* [p. 663] high steeps: *Nastes* and *Amphimachus* [p. 540], the noble sons of *Nomion* [p. 669]. And the latter came to fight decked like a girl with gold, though his gold could not save him from sad fate, slain in the river-bed by swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], who providently stripped him of his riches.

And *Sarpedon* [p. 714], and peerless *Glaucus* [p. 611], led the *Lycians* [p. 648], from their far lands, by *Xanthos's* [p. 738] swirling streams.

BOOK III - THE DUEL

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‘Paris of Troy’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK III:1-57 PARIS AND MENELAUS



marshalled together under their leaders, the Trojans advanced with cries and clamour, a clamour like birds, cranes in the sky, flying from winter's storm and unending rain, flowing towards the streams of Ocean, bringing the clamour of death and destruction to Pygmy tribes, bringing evil and strife at the break of day. The Achaeans, however, breathing fury, firm in resolve to aid each other, came on in silence.

As when a Southerly veils the mountain-tops in mist, a mist the shepherds hate, where a man can see less than a stone's throw ahead, but thieves hold it dearer than darkness, so thick clouds of dust rose under their feet as they sped over the plain.


And as they approached in their advance, godlike *Paris* [p. 682] stepped out from the Trojan ranks as their champion, a panther's skin on his back, a sword and a bow slung over his shoulders; flourishing twin bronze-tipped spears he challenged the best of the Greeks to meet him, face to face, in single combat.

When *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, saw him stride out from the host, he felt as the hungry lion does that finds the whole carcass of a wild goat, or an antlered stag, and tears it greedily, though nimble hounds and powerful huntsmen plague him: such was his pleasure when he saw godlike Paris, and primed for revenge on one who had wronged him he leapt down from his chariot in full armour.

But Paris was sick at heart when he saw who had met the challenge, and shying from death shrank back into the ranks. As a man in a steep ravine starts when he sees a snake; trembles in every limb, and retreats with pallid face, so godlike Paris, fearing Atrides, hid among the throng of Trojan warriors.

There *Hector* [p. 617] met him, and showered reproach on him: ‘Sinful Paris beautiful to look on, seducer and deceiver of women, I wish you had never been born, or had died before you wed. Such is my wish indeed, far better than disgrace us all, an object of men’s contempt. The long-haired Greeks must laugh out loud, and cry that our champion was chosen only for beauty, devoid of strength and courage. Was it not you who with your close comrades sailed the deep in your sea-going ships, mixed with foreigners and brought back a fair woman from a far-off land, the daughter of fierce spearmen, a source of woe to your father, city, nation; pleasing your enemies, shaming yourself? And dare you not face Menelaus, beloved of Ares, now? You would find what kind of man it is whose fair wife you stole. Your lyre will not help you, nor will those gifts of *Aphrodite* [p. 546], your looks and your flowing locks, when he lays you in the dust. But the Trojans lack spirit or you would have sunk beneath a shower of stones by now, given all your sinful ways.’

BK III:58-120 SINGLE COMBAT IS PROPOSED

odlike *Paris* [p. 682] replied: ‘*Hector* [p. 617] you only say what is right in rebuking me: as always your heart is true, like an axe that splits a beam in the hands of a shipwright working his skill more powerfully shaping the timber; your heart is just as unswerving, but do not blame me for the sweet gifts of golden *Aphrodite* [p. 546]. Great gifts of the gods are not to be despised: no man of his own free will chooses what they give. Well, if you want me to fight this duel, let the Trojans and Achaeans take their seats, and I will meet *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, before both armies, and fight for *Helen* [p. 621] and her riches. Whichever wins and shows himself the better man let him take both wealth and woman to his house. And the rest of you can sign a treaty under oath to live on Troy’s rich soil, while our enemies sail for Argos, the horse-pasture, and Achaea, the land of lovely women.’

Hector was delighted at his words, and grasping his spear by the middle pushed the men back, and forced them to be seated. But the long-haired Greeks fired arrows towards him, and pelted him with stones, till Lord *Agamemnon* [p. 528] shouted: 'Argives, hold: enough you Greeks, enough, Hector of the gleaming helm desires to speak.'

At once, they ceased their attack and fell silent, while Hector spoke to both the armies: 'Listen, you Trojans, and you bronze-greaved Greeks, these are the words of Paris, source of all this strife. He asks that both sides ground their sharp weapons while he and Menelaus, beloved of Ares, fight in single combat between the armies, for Helen and all her treasure. Whichever wins and shows himself the better man let him take both wealth and woman to his house, while the rest of us sign a treaty under oath.'

When he finished, silence reigned, till Menelaus of the loud war-cry spoke: 'Hear me, now. Mine is the heart that suffered most: I propose that Greeks and Trojans part in peace, for you have borne much pain through this quarrel of mine with Paris, though he began it. Whichever of us is fated to die: let him fall; the rest of you shall leave swiftly in peace. Bring two sheep, white ram and black ewe, to sacrifice to Earth and Sun, and we will bring another for Zeus, and let great *Priam* [p. 706] swear the oath himself, since his sons are reckless and break trust, lest some presumptuous action violate the oaths of Zeus. Fickle are the hearts of the young: but old men have regard to the future and the past, so the outcome of their actions may fall out best for both sides.'

The Greeks and Trojans thrilled to his words, seeing an end to the pain of war. The chariots were reined in along the lines, and the charioteers descended, and shed their battle gear in tightly-spaced piles on the ground. Meanwhile Hector sent two runners to the city to summon Priam and bring the sacrifice. Likewise King Agamemnon sent *Talthybius* [p. 723] to the hollow ships, telling him to return with a lamb. He straight obeyed.

BK III:121-180 IRIS VISITS HELEN



Meanwhile *Iris* [p. 640], disguised as *Helen's* [p. 621] sister-in-law, *Laodice* [p. 643], loveliest of *Priam's* [p. 706] daughters and wife of *Antenor's* [p. 543] son, *Helicaon* [p. 622], brought news to white-armed Helen. She found her in the palace, weaving a great double-width purple cloth, showing the many battles on her behalf between the horse-taming Trojans and the bronze-greaved Achaeans. Swift-footed Iris nearing her, said: 'Dear sister, come see how strangely Greeks and Trojans act. From threatening each other on the plain, hearts fixed on deadly warfare, they descend to sitting in silence, leaning on their shields, spears grounded, and no sign of conflict. But *Paris* [p. 682] it seems and *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, plan to fight for you with their long spears, and the winner will claim you as his wife.'

Her words filled Helen's heart with tender longing for her former husband, her parents and her homeland. She veiled herself in white linen, and, weeping large tears, she left her room accompanied by her handmaids, *Aethra* [p. 527] daughter of *Pittheus* [p. 700], and ox-eyed *Chymene* [p. 579]. Swiftly they reached the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate.


There Priam sat with the city Elders, *Panthous* [p. 682], *Thymoetes* [p. 734], *Lampus* [p. 642], *Chytius* [p. 579], *Hicetaon* [p. 627], scion of Ares, and the wise men *Antenor* [p. 543] and *Ucalegon* [p. 738]. Too old to fight, they were nevertheless fine speakers, perched on the wall like cicadas on a tree that pour out sound. Seeing Helen ascend the ramparts, they spoke soft winged words to each other: 'Small wonder that Trojans and bronze-greaved Greeks have suffered for such a woman, she is so like an immortal goddess. Yet lovely as she is, let her sail home, not stay to be a bane to us and our children.'

But Priam called Helen to his side: 'Come, dear child, and sit with me. See there, your former husband, your kin and your dear friends. You are

not guilty in my eyes. Surely the gods must be to blame, who brought these fateful Greeks against me. Tell me who that great warrior is, that tall and powerful Achaean. There are others taller, true, but I have never seen so handsome or so regal a man, every inch a king.’

‘I respect and reverence you, dear father-in-law,’ the lovely Helen replied: ‘I wish I had chosen death rather than following your son, leaving behind my bridal chamber, my beloved daughter, my dear childhood friends and my kin. But I did not, and I pine away in sorrow. But let me answer what you ask. That is imperial *Agamemnon* [p. 528], Atreus’ son, a great king and mighty spearman. He was brother-in-law to this shameless creature here, unless it was all a dream.’

BK III:181-244 HELEN NAMES THE GREEK LEADERS

he old man viewed Agamemnon with wonder: ‘Ah, happy son of Atreus, fortune’s child, blessed by the gods! All these Achaeans, then, are your subjects. I journeyed to vine-rich *Phrygia* [p. 697] once, and saw the host of warriors, masters of gleaming horses, men of *Otreus*’ [p. 679] army and godlike *Mygdon*’s [p. 664] too, camped by the banks of the River *Sangarius* [p. 714]. Their ally, I was with them when the Amazon women attacked and fought like men. But that force would be outnumbered by these bright-eyed Achaeans.’

Then he saw *Odysseus* [p. 671] and asked: ‘Who is he, dear child? Tell me of that man shorter than Agamemnon, but broader in the chest and shoulders. He heaps his armour on the ground and ranges the ranks like the leader of the flock, the fleecy ram that roams among white ewes.’

‘That’, replied *Helen* [p. 621], daughter of Zeus, ‘is wily Odysseus, Laertes’ son, reared in *Ithaca* [p. 641] that rocky isle, master of tricks and clever devices.’

‘True, indeed, lady’ added wise *Antenor* [p. 543]. ‘He has been here before with *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, on an embassy regarding you. They were guests in my house, and I know their looks and stature and all their guile. When they stood among our assembled Trojans, Menelaus was the taller, but, seated, broad-shouldered Odysseus was more regal. And when they began to weave their web of cunning speech, Menelaus, it is true, spoke fluently and clearly, but briefly, since though the younger he was a man of few and concise words. But when wily Odysseus rose to speak, he stood with his gaze fixed on the ground, his staff gripped tight and motionless, as if he were a man of little experience. Yet when that great voice issued from his chest, with words like flakes of winter snow, no mortal man could rival him; and we were no longer fooled by his appearance.’

Ajax [p. 532] was the third warrior the old king noticed: ‘Who is that other tall and mighty Greek, head and shoulders above the rest?’

‘That is great Ajax, shield of the Achaeans,’ answered the lovely long-robed Helen, ‘and godlike *Idomeneus* [p. 636] stands among his Cretans on the other side, with his generals gathered round. Whenever he came from *Crete* [p. 581], Menelaus, beloved of Ares, would entertain him in our house. Though I see all the rest of the bright-eyed Greeks whom I know and could name, I see no sign of my two brothers, *Castor* [p. 572] the horse-tamer, and the boxer *Polydeuces* [p. 703]. Either they failed to join the fleet when it left fair *Lacedaemon* [p. 641], or having reached here in their sea-going craft they choose not to mingle with these warriors for fear of the scorn and insults poured on me.’

She spoke, not knowing the rich soil already covered them, in Lacedaemon, their sweet native land.

BK III:245-309 A SACRIFICE TO THE GODS



he heralds, meanwhile, were bringing the sacrificial offerings from the city, two lambs, and a goatskin bottle full of heart-refreshing wine, the fruit of the earth. *Idaeus* [p. 635] was one of them, and he carried a gleaming bowl and golden cups; he came to the old king's side and stirred him to action, saying: 'Up, son of *Laomedon* [p. 643], for the leaders of the Trojans, the horse-tamers, and of the Greeks, the bronze-clad Achaeans, summon you to the plain to swear a truce. *Paris* [p. 682] and *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, will fight with long spears for the woman; and whichever shall win shall have her and her wealth, and the rest of us sign a treaty under oath to live on Troy's rich soil, while our enemies sail for Argos, the horse-pasture, and Achaea, the land of lovely women.'

Hearing his words, the old man shuddered, but told his men to harness the horses, which they did and quickly. Then *Priam* [p. 706] mounted his fine chariot and took the reins, and with *Antenor* [p. 543] at his side drove his swift horses through the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate into the plain.

When they reached the opposing armies, they stepped down from the chariots onto the rich dust and entered the space between them. Then *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, and wily *Odysseus* [p. 671] stood forth, and the noble heralds brought the sacrificial offerings, mixed wine in the bowl, and laved the royal hands. And Atreides drew the knife that ever hung next the great scabbard of his sword, and cut wool from the heads of the lambs, which the heralds shared among the Greek and Trojan leaders. Now Agamemnon raised his arms and prayed aloud: 'Father *Zeus* [p. 739], great and glorious, you who reign on *Ida* [p. 634], and you all-seeing and all-knowing Sun, and you rivers, and you earth, and you beneath that take vengeance on the dead for their oath-breaking: be witness to what we solemnly swear. If Paris kills Menelaus, *Helen* [p. 621] and all her treasure are his to keep; and we depart in our sea-going ships. But if red-haired Menelaus kills Paris, the

Trojans must yield Helen and her riches, and pay the Greeks proper recompense, on a scale men shall remember. And if Priam and his sons choose not to pay though Paris falls, then we fight on to win our claim, however long it takes to make an end to war.’

So saying, he slit the lambs’ throats with the merciless bronze, and loosed them to the earth as they gasped for breath, the knife robbing them of their powers. Then wine from the bowl was poured into the cups, and oaths sworn to the immortal gods. This was the Greek and Trojan plea: ‘Great and glorious Zeus, and all you deathless gods, may the brains of whatever race first wreaks harm in defiance of this treaty be poured out, like this wine, on the ground, theirs and their children’s too; and their wives be taken in servitude.’

That was their prayer, but Zeus would yet thwart their hopes. Dardanian Priam spoke then, saying: ‘Hear me, Greeks and Trojans. I will return now to windy *Ilium* [p. 637], since I cannot bear to watch my beloved son fight Menelaus, beloved of Ares. I think Zeus and the immortal gods already know which of them is fated to die.’

BK III:310-394 THE DUEL



With these words the godlike king set the lambs in his fine chariot and took the reins, and with *Antenor* [p. 543] by his side drove back to Troy. Meanwhile *Hector* [p. 617], *Priam’s* [p. 706] son, and noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] marked out the ground, and then cast lots in a bronze helmet to decide who should first let fly his spear. The warriors of both armies raised their arms in prayer, and this was the Greek and Trojan plea: ‘Father *Zeus* [p. 739], great and glorious, who reigns on *Ida* [p. 634], whichever man brought these sorrows on both nations, let him die and descend to *Hades* [p. 614], but let solemn oaths bring friendship between us.’

They prayed, while Hector of the gleaming helm cast lots, head turned away; and instantly out leapt that of *Paris* [p. 682]. Then the warriors seated themselves in rows, by their high-stepping horses and their piles of inlaid gear. Now, noble Paris, blonde Helen's husband, donned his fine armour. First he clasped the greaves about his legs, splendid ones with silver clips; next fitted his brother *Lycæon's* [p. 648] cuirass over his chest, adjusting it himself; from his shoulder he slung his bronze sword with silver studs, then his thick and sturdy shield; on his firm head he set a well-made helm with horse-hair crest, grimly the plume nodded from its crown, and grasped a brave spear tailored to his grip. Likewise warlike *Menelaus* [p. 655] donned his battle gear.

When they had armed themselves on either side, they strode to the space between the hosts, glaring so terribly the watching throng were spellbound, both the horse-tamers of Troy and the bronze-clad Achaeans. They met on the ground marked out, brandishing their spears at each other in anger. First Paris hurled his long-shadowed spear, striking Menelaus' firm round shield; the bronze point failing to pierce its thickness. Then Atreides ran forward with his weapon in turn, raising a prayer to Father Zeus: 'Lord, let me gain revenge on noble Paris who wronged me, let my hand strike him down, so that future generations shall shudder at harming a host who shows them friendship.'

So saying, he lifted his long-shadowed spear, and hurled it, striking the son of Priam's firm round shield. Right through the gleaming shield the mighty weapon flew, forcing its way on through the rich cuirass, ripping the tunic along his flank, yet Paris swerved aside and dodged dark death. Now Atreides drew his silver-studded sword, and brought it down on his enemy's helm, shattering the blade in four, which flew from his hand. Then Menelaus glanced to the wide sky with a bitter groan: 'No god is harsher than you, Father Zeus. Surely I thought to take revenge on Priam's son, for all the evil he has done, yet now my sword breaks in my hand, my spear, launched from my hand in vain, fails to strike him.'



'The duel between Menelaus and Paris' - Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With this he threw himself on Paris, seizing him by his helm's thick horsehair crest, whirled him round and dragged him towards the Achaean lines. Paris was choked by the richly inlaid strap of his helm, drawn tight beneath his chin, pressing on his soft throat. And Menelaus would have hauled him off and won endless glory, had not Zeus' daughter *Aphrodite* [p. 546], swift to see it, broken the ox-hide strap, so the empty helm was left in Menelaus' strong grip. He tossed it away into the Greek ranks, where his comrades gathered it, then sprang again to the attack, his bronze spear eager for the kill. But Aphrodite cloaked Paris in mist and, with a goddess's power, whisked him away, and set him down in his own high sweet-scented room, while she sped off to summon *Helen* [p. 621].

She found her on the rampart, with a throng of Trojan women round her. So the goddess stretched out her hand to pluck at Helen's perfumed robes, and spoke to her, disguised as an old and dearly loved wool-carder, who combed the fine wool for Helen when she lived in *Lacedaemon* [p. 641]. 'Come,' cried the goddess, 'Paris calls for you. He lies on his inlaid bed in his room, radiant with beauty in his fine garments. You would never guess he had come from a fight: rather that he was off to the dance or resting after dancing.'

BK III:395-461 PARIS AND HELEN



Helen [p. 621] was roused by her words then struck with wonder, as the goddess revealed her lovely neck and shoulders, and her bright eyes. She addressed her, saying: 'Goddess, why choose to deceive me so? Now *Menelaus* [p. 655] has beaten noble *Paris*; [p. 682], and wants to drag his shameful wife home, would you have me follow you to some great city in *Phrygia* [p. 697] or sweet *Maeonia* [p. 651], destined for some other man dear to you? Is that why you come here full of guile? Go yourself, and sit beside him, forget your deity, abandon Olympus, fret over him and pamper him, be his wife then, or at least his slave. I shall not run, for

shame, to share his bed again; the Trojan women would scorn me if I did, and anyway my heart is full of sorrow.'

Fair *Aphrodite* [p. 546] turned on her, in anger: 'Obstinate woman, provoke me to fury and I'll desert you, and hate you as deeply as I still love you yet, and bring on you the fierce enmity of Trojan and Greek alike; then indeed would your fate be evil.'

Zeus-begotten Helen was gripped by fear, as she spoke, and wrapping herself in her bright shining mantle, followed the goddess without a word, escaping the notice of the Trojan women.

When they reached Paris' fine house, her handmaids returned swiftly to their tasks, but the fair lady went to her high-roofed chamber. There laughter-loving Aphrodite placed a chair for her, facing Paris, and Helen, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, sat with averted gaze berating her lover, saying: 'So you have left the field: I wish you had died there, at the hands of that great soldier who was once my husband. You used to boast you were a better man than Menelaus, beloved of Ares, a finer spearman, and with a stronger arm. Go back, then, and challenge him, man to man. But my advice would be to stay here, not fight hand to hand with red-haired Menelaus, nor taunt him rashly, lest his spear conquers you.'

'Lady, restrain your harsh abusive words of reproach. Athene helped Menelaus win this time, but I will conquer him the next; there are gods to aid us too. Come to bed, and know the joy of love, for I have never desired you more than now, for love and sweet desire seize me, not even when I first took you from *Lacedaemon* [p. 641] aboard my sea-going ship, and slept with you on *Cranae's* [p. 581] isle.' So saying, he drew his wife to the bed, and they lay down together.



‘Paris declares his love to Helen’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

Meanwhile Atreides ranged like a wild beast through the ranks, trying to catch a glimpse of Paris. But none of the Trojans or their allies could point him out to Menelaus, beloved of Ares, though they hated Paris like death, and nothing would have tempted them to hide him. It was left to Agamemnon to speak out: 'Hear me, Trojans, Dardanians, and your allies. Victory clearly rests with Menelaus; yield Argive Helen and her riches now, and pay us proper recompense, on a scale men shall remember.'

So the son of Atreus spoke, and all the Greeks shouted their assent.

BOOK IV - THE TRUCE BROKEN

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‘Hera in conversation with Zeus’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK IV:1-67 HERA PROLONGS THE WAR



he gods, meanwhile, were gathered with Zeus on the golden council-floor, drinking toasts of nectar from gleaming cups that lovely *Hebe* [p. 616] filled while they gazed down on Troy.

Cronos' son was swift to taunt *Hera* [p. 624] with mocking words, and said slyly: '*Menelaus* [p. 655] has two goddesses to aid him, Hera of Argos and *Alalcomenean* [p. 535] *Athene* [p. 559]. But while they sit here only looking on, laughter-loving *Aphrodite* [p. 546] stands by him and shields him from fate. Now she saves him when he thought to die. Yet surely Menelaus, beloved of Ares, won the duel, so let us decide what to do; whether to stir harsh war and wake the noise of battle, or seal a pact of friendship between these foes. If that were good and pleasing to all, king Priam's city might stand and Menelaus take back Argive *Helen* [p. 621].'

Athene and Hera murmured at his words, where they sat together plotting disaster for Troy. Athene, it's true, bit her tongue, and despite the fierce fury gripping her, and anger at Father *Zeus* [p. 739], stayed silent, but Hera could not contain herself: 'What's this you say, dread son of Cronos? Will you render my efforts null and void, all the toil and sweat I've suffered, wearing out my horses, gathering an army to defeat Priam and his sons? Do as you will, but be clear the rest of us disagree.'

Zeus, the Cloud-Gatherer was troubled: 'My Queen, how have Priam and his sons harmed you that you work so fervently to sack the high citadel of Ilium? Will nothing sate your anger but to shatter the gates and the great walls, and consume King Priam, his sons, and nation? Well then, do as you wish, so it ceases to be a source of strife between us. But I tell you this, and keep it well in mind, whenever I choose in my zeal to sack some city dear to you, keep clear of my wrath, and let me have my way, as I agree now to

yield to you, though my heart wills otherwise. For of all the cities beneath the sun and stars, that mortal men have made to dwell in, sacred Troy is dearest to me, as are Priam and his people of the strong ashen spear. Never at their feasts did my altar lack its share of wine and burnt flesh, those offerings that are the gods' privilege.'

And Hera, the ox-eyed heavenly queen replied: 'There are three cities dearest to me; *Argos* [p. 553], *Sparta* [p. 721] and broad-paved *Mycenae* [p. 663]; if they rouse your hatred, ruin them. I'll not shield them, nor hold a grudge. And if I did, you are the stronger: I would achieve nothing by trying. Yet my efforts must not be mocked, for I too am divine and born of the same stock as you, since Cronos, crooked in counsel, begot me, the most honoured of all his daughters, twice so being the eldest and your wife, you who are king of all the gods. Yet let us bow to each other in this, I to you, and you to me, and all the other deathless gods will follow. Command Athene to visit the Greek and Trojan battle lines, and make sure the Trojans are first to break the truce by attacking the triumphant Greeks.'

BK IV:68-126 ATHENE STIRS PANDARUS TO ACTION



At this, the father of men and gods obeyed, swiftly repeating her words, rousing the eager *Athene* [p. 559], who darted from the peak of Olympus, like a glistening meteor shedding the sparks that Zeus sends as a warning to sailors or to some great army. She flew to Earth, and landed in their midst, awing those who saw, both the bronze-greaved Greeks and the Trojans, the horse-tamers; so that men turned to each other saying: 'Does Zeus mean harsh war and the call to battle, or a pact of friendship between foes, for he dispenses peace and war.'

While they murmured, she entered the Trojan ranks, disguised as the mighty spearman *Laodocus* [p. 643], *Antenor's* [p. 543] son, searching for godlike *Pandarus* [p. 681]. She found that great and peerless son of *Lycaon* [p. 648], where

he stood surrounded by the strong force of warriors who had followed him from the banks of *Aeseopus* [p. 526]. Approaching, she spoke her winged words: 'Would you hear my advice, warlike son of Lycaon? Aim a swift arrow at *Menelaus* [p. 655], win glory and renown among the Trojans, and please Prince *Paris* [p. 682] most of all. He would be first to load you with fine gifts if he saw Menelaus, Atreus' brave son, felled by your shaft and laid on the funeral pyre. Come, shoot at glorious Menelaus, and vow to *Lycian* [p. 648] *Apollo* [p. 547], lord of the bow, a great sacrifice of firstling lambs when you are home again in holy *Zeleia* [p. 739].'

So she spoke, and swayed his foolish heart. Swiftly he took his bow made from the polished horns of a wild ibex, shot beneath the chest as it came from behind a rock where he lay in wait, so that it tumbled backward into a cleft. The horns of sixteen hands the artisan had skilfully joined together, carefully smoothing the bow and tipping it with gold. Now he set it firmly against the ground, and strung it, while his noble friends hid him with their shields, lest the Greeks should rise to their feet before Menelaus could be hit. Then he opened his quiver and took a new-feathered arrow, darkly freighted with pain, swiftly fitted the bitter shaft to the string, and vowed to Lycian Apollo, lord of the bow, a great sacrifice of firstling lambs once he was home again in holy Zeleia. Gripping the notched arrow and the ox-gut string he drew it back to his chest till the iron point was against the bow, and bending the great bow in a curve, it twanged, the string sang out, and the keen arrow leapt, eager to wing its way towards the foe.

BK IV:127-197 MENELAUS IS WOUNDED



But the blessed and deathless gods did not forget you, *Menelaus* [p. 655], *Athene* [p. 559], above all, Zeus' warrior daughter, shielded you, warding off the bitter dart, turning it aside at the last moment, as a mother brushes a fly away from her sweetly sleeping child. She deflected it to where your belt's golden buckles met, where the double

corselet overlapped. The sharp arrow drove through the embossed belt, on through the elaborate corselet, and the armoured apron protecting the flesh, a last and main defence against missiles; piercing that too. So the dart cut the skin, and instantly dark blood poured from the wound.

As a woman of *Maeonia* [p. 651] or *Caria* [p. 571] stains a slice of ivory, scarlet, to make a cheek-piece for a horse, an ornament to be kept in a treasure chamber, coveted by many riders, destined for a king's delight and doubly so, to adorn his steed, and as a badge of honour; so your thighs, Menelaus, were stained with blood, your fine thighs, and legs, right down to your ankles.

Then *Agamemnon* [p. 528], lord of men, shuddered, seeing the dark blood flow from the wound, and Menelaus, beloved of Ares, blanched likewise, but finding the arrow-head and its binding had failed to penetrate, his heart grew calm. Nevertheless the king grasped his hand, and groaning heavily among his groaning companions, said: 'Was it your death, then, I caused by swearing this truce, sending you out alone to fight the Trojans, who in wounding you have trampled their solemn oaths underfoot? Yet an oath over clasped hands, with the blood of lambs, and offerings of pure wine, is a thing not so easily annulled. Though Zeus delays punishment, he will punish fully in the end: the oath-breakers will pay with their lives, and their wives and children too. My heart and mind know well, that holy Troy will be razed, in time; and Priam, and his people of the strong ash spear, brought low; and the sky-dwelling son of Cronos, enthroned on high, will wave his dark aegis over them in anger at this deceit. It shall come to pass. But Menelaus if you died, if that was your present fate: what dreadful sorrow would be mine. With what shame I would sail for parched *Argos* [p. 553], since the Greeks would instantly yearn for home, while Argive *Helen* [p. 621] would remain for Priam and the Trojans to boast of. Your bones would rot in Trojan ground, with your task undone, and braggarts stamp on the tomb of great Menelaus, crying: 'May all Agamemnon's quarrels end like this, a fruitless campaign, a swift return to his homeland empty-handed, while the noble Menelaus here is left behind.' That's what they'd say, and on that day may earth open and swallow me.'

But red-haired Menelaus comforted him: 'Be calm, and say nothing to worry to men. The bright arrow missed my vital parts, stopped by the metal belt, my corselet and the apron fashioned by coppersmiths.' 'Let us hope so, dear Menelaus' Agamemnon replied. 'But our physician must see the wound and treat it with herbs to ease the sharp pain.'

With that he called his noble herald, *Talthybius* [p. 723]: 'Go quick as you can, Talthybius, and bring *Machaon* [p. 651], son of that great healer *Asclepius* [p. 556]. He must attend to brave Menelaus. Some Trojan or Lycian, expert with the bow, has struck him with a dart, to their glory and our sorrow.'

BK IV:198-249 AGAMEMNON ROUSES THE GENERALS



he herald diligently obeyed his words, and made his way among the bronze-clad Achaean warriors, searching for *Machaon* [p. 651]. He saw him surrounded by the mighty ranks of shield-bearers, the men who had followed him from *Tricca* [p. 736], the horse pasture. Reaching him he spoke these winged words: 'Come, son of *Asclepius* [p. 556], King *Agamemnon* [p. 528] calls you to tend to our great leader *Menelaus* [p. 655], for some Trojan or Lycian, expert with the bow, has struck him with a dart, to their glory and our sorrow.'

His summons roused the healer, and they threaded the serried ranks of the Greeks till they came where red-headed Menelaus lay, with the generals gathered round him. Godlike Machaon knelt in the centre, and swiftly extracted the shaft from the tightly-clasped belt, breaking the sharp barbs. Then he loosed the gleaming belt, the corselet and the apron fashioned by coppersmiths. When he had found the place the sharp arrow had pierced, he sucked the blood and skilfully applied soothing herbs, which kindly *Cheiron* [p. 575] had once given to his father.

While he was tending to Menelaus of the loud war-cry, the ranks of Trojan warriors advanced, and the Greeks donned their battle gear and turned to thoughts of battle.

Noble Agamemnon showed no reluctance, no cowardice or hesitation, only eagerness for the fight where men win glory. He eschewed his bronze-inlaid chariot and its snorting team, which his squire, *Eurymedon* [p. 608], son of *Peiraeus*' [p. 686] son *Ptolemy* [p. 709], restrained, though the king commanded him to have them near at hand lest he wearied as he did his rounds, and ranged on foot through the ranks giving out his orders. Whichever of the Greeks he saw, with their swift horses, eager to do battle, he went to and encouraged, crying: 'Argives, stoke your fiery courage, Father *Zeus* [p. 739] never aids the oath-breaker. Those who first turned to violence in breach of the truce, the vultures will tear their tender flesh, and we will sail away with their dear wives and children, when we have razed their citadel.' But those he saw hanging back from the bitter fight, he rebuked fiercely with angry words: 'You Greeks, brave only with the bow, aren't you ashamed? Like deer that scatter over the plain then wearied halt, drained of spirit, you stand there dazed, far from the battle. Will you wait till the Trojans threaten your long-stemmed ships by the grey seashore, hoping that Zeus will extend his arm to defend you?'

BK IV:250-325 AGAMEMNON MEETS IDOMENEUS, THE AIANTES, AND NESTOR



o he ranged through the ranks giving his orders, and as he did so he reached the *Cretan* [p. 581] warriors, gathered round warlike *Idomeneus* [p. 636], arming for the fight. Idomeneus, brave as a wild boar, was at the front, while *Meriones* [p. 658] urged on the rear. *Agamemnon* [p. 528] rejoiced at the sight of them, and spoke courtly words to Idomeneus: 'Above all the Greek horsemen, my lord, I honour you, on and off the field, as I do at the feast when the Argive generals drink the elders' deep-red wine. Though the rest of the long-haired Achaeans drink their given portion, your cup, like mine, is ever-brimming for you to drain at will. Now rouse yourself to battle, and prove again the warrior you say that you once were.'

‘Son of Atreus,’ the Cretan leader answered: ‘I shall stand a friend to you, as I promised at the outset, when I gave you my pledge; go, urge all the long-haired Achaeans to prompt action, for the Trojans have broken the truce. Doom and woe shall be their fate, since they first turned to violence in breach of their oaths.’

Atreides passed on, gladdened by his words, and among the throng found *Ajax* [p. 532] the great and *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser arming for the fight, with a host of warriors round them. Just as when a goatherd from some high point sees a cloud driven by a west wind looming over the sea, black as pitch in the distance and bringing a mighty storm, such that he shudders at the sight and herds his flock into a cave; so the dense dark battalion of young warriors, beloved of Zeus, bristling with shields and spears, readied themselves for war. King Agamemnon rejoiced at the sight, and spoke to them winged words: ‘Aiantes, you generals of the bronze-clad Argives need no urging, and no orders, since of your own account you drive your men fiercely to battle. By Father Zeus, and Athene and Apollo, I would such courage as yours were in each man’s heart, then Priam’s city would soon be humbled, captured and sacked at our hands.’

With this, he left them there, and passed on to *Nestor* [p. 667], the clear-voiced orator of *Pylos* [p. 710], marshalling his forces there, and rousing them to fight behind mighty *Pelagon* [p. 688], *Alastor* [p. 535], *Chromius* [p. 576], Prince *Haemon* [p. 615], and *Bias* [p. 566] leader of men. He ranked the charioteers, their chariots and horses, in front, and the bulk of brave infantry behind to act as a bulwark, while the lesser men he set in the centre, so even the shirkers would be forced to fight. His first orders were to the charioteers whom he ordered to curb their teams and not get involved with the masses: ‘Let no man be over-eager, trusting in courage and skill to break ranks and challenge the Trojans alone, but let him not lag behind either, since that weakens the force. But no man can do wrong who lays his chariot alongside that of a foe, and tries for a spear-thrust. Such was the courage and will of the men of old who stormed walls and laid waste cities.’

So the old warrior, with his experience of ancient battles, urged them on, and Agamemnon rejoiced at the sight of him, and spoke these winged

words: ‘I trust that your limbs obey your heart, and your strength holds firm, my aged lord, but time’s evils weigh on you. I wish that some other warrior might bear your years, and you take your place among the youth.’

‘Son of Atreus,’ Nestor the *Gerenian* [p. 611] horseman answered, ‘I too would wish to be the man I was when I once slew brave *Ereuthalion* [p. 603]. But the gods do not grant men all their gifts at once. I was a young man then, and now the years weigh on me. Yet even so I will be amongst the charioteers, urging them on with words and counsel, since that is the privilege of age, Let men younger than I wield their spears, who in their youthfulness are certain of their strength.’

BK IV:326-421 AGAMEMNON MEETS MENESTHEUS, ODYSSEUS AND DIOMEDES



Agamemnon [p. 528] left, gladdened by his words, and passed on to *Menestheus* [p. 657], tamer of horses, the son of *Peteos* [p. 692], who stood among the Athenians, famed for their battle-cry. Nimble-witted *Odysseus* [p. 671], with his mighty *Cephalenians* [p. 574], stood nearby at ease, since they had not yet heard the call to battle, the Greek and Trojan regiments being scarcely on the move, and waited to fight when some other battalion of the Achaeans began the advance. Seeing this, the king rebuked them: ‘Why do you cower there, waiting on others, Menestheus, son of a royal father beloved of Zeus, and you who excel in guile, Odysseus, master of the cunning stratagem? You should take your stand by rights at the forefront of fierce battle. You are ready enough to respond to my call for a feast, when we Achaeans celebrate the generals, happy enough to swallow meat and swill the honeyed wine all night. Yet now you’d watch while ten battalions of Greeks wield the pitiless bronze.’

Wily Odysseus replied with a dark look: ‘What’s that you say, Atreides? Is it we who hold back from the fight when Greeks and Trojans meet? If

you care to watch, you'll see dear *Telemachus*' [p. 725] father challenge the foremost ranks of these horse-taming Trojans. Your speech meanwhile is empty as the wind.'

King Agamemnon, hearing his anger, spoke winningly in apology: 'Zeus-born son of *Laertes*' [p. 642], wily Odysseus, you'll hear no more rebukes, and no commands from me, since I know that inwardly your thoughts accord with mine. Come, I'll make good later any harsh words I've said, and may the gods erase them.'

So saying he left them there and passed on to great-hearted *Diomedes* [p. 590], *Tydeus*' [p. 737] son, standing by his well-made chariot, with *Sthenelus* [p. 721], *Capaneus*' [p. 570] son, at his side. Seeing this, the king rebuked them too: 'What the son of fierce Tydeus, the horse-tamer, hesitating here, watching the sway of battle? Your father never wavered, that's for certain: all those who saw him in the thick of war say he was ever in the vanguard. I never met him nor was witness, but they say he was superb. He came to *Mycenae* [p. 663] once, no enemy but our guest, with noble *Polyneices* [p. 704], raising an army to lay siege the sacred walls of *Thebes* [p. 728], and they begged us to ally ourselves, win glory. Mycenae was minded to agree, and was on the point of doing so, when Zeus granted inauspicious omens. Leaving, they reached the grassy banks of *Asopus* [p. 557], dense with reeds, where the Achaeans sent Tydeus forward on a mission to Thebes. There he found a host of *Cadmeians* [p. 569] feasting in mighty *Eteocles*' [p. 605] palace. Though he was a stranger and alone among the Cadmeian throng, Tydeus the horse-tamer was unafraid. He challenged them to trials of strength and, with *Athene's* [p. 559] aid, won every bout with ease. But, angered, the horse-driving Cadmeians, set an ambush as he returned – fifty men led by *Maeon* [p. 651], godlike *Haemon's* [p. 615] son, and *Polyphontes* [p. 704], son of the steadfast *Autophonus* [p. 564]. Tydeus though dealt them a fateful blow, killing all but one, whom he sent on his way. That was *Aetolian* [p. 527] Tydeus, yet his son's not his equal in battle, however fine he may seem in the assembly.'

Great Diomedes, accepting this rebuke from the king he revered, said not a word, but noble Capaneus' son, was quick to reply: 'Atreides, no untruths now, since you know what true speech is. We consider ourselves

far better men than our sires. We captured seven-gated Thebes, with less of a force against stronger defences, trusting in Zeus and the gods' omens, while our sires came to grief through their own presumption. So don't raise our fathers to the same level as us.'

BK IV:422-472 THE DEATH OF ECHEPOLUS

‘**H**ush, my friend, pay heed to what I say,’ *Diomedes* [p. 590] intervened, with an angry glance at *Sthenelus* [p. 721], ‘I’ll not fault *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, for urging the bronze-greaved Greeks on to battle. Glory will be his if the Achaeans win, and raze sacred Ilium, but his will be the pain if we Achaeans lose. Let us, rather, turn our thoughts to acts of conspicuous bravery.’

So saying, fully-armoured, he leapt down from his chariot, and the bronze at his breast rang so loud even the stoutest heart might well have trembled.

Now, as the sea-swell beats on the sounding shore, wave on wave driven before the westerly gale, each crest rising out of the depths to break thundering on the beach or rearing its head to lap the headland and spew out briny foam, so the Danaan ranks advanced, battalion on battalion, remorselessly into battle, while the captains’ voices rose in command as the men marched on in silence, as if that moving mass lacked tongues to speak, mute as they were, fearful of their generals, while on every man the inlaid armour glittered. But the Trojan clamour rang out from their ranks, like the endless bleating of countless ewes in a rich man’s yard, there to yield their white milk, when they hear the cries of their lambs, for the Trojan army, gathered from many lands, lacked a common language, speaking a myriad tongues.



‘Battle between the Greeks and the Trojans’

Hans Sebald Beham, 1510 – 1550

Ares [p. 551] urged on the Trojans, bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] the Greeks, and *Terror* [p. 587], *Panic* [p. 696], and *Strife* [p. 604] were there, Strife the sister and ally to man-killer Ares, she whose anger never ceases, who barely raises her head at first, but later lifts it to the high heavens though her feet still trample the earth. Now she brought the evil of war among them, as she sped through the ranks, filling the air with the groans of dying men.

So they met in fury with a mighty crash, with the clash of spears, shields-bosses, bronze-clad warriors, till the last moans of the fallen mingled with the victory cries of their killers, and the earth ran red with blood. Like the sound a shepherd deep in the mountains hears; the mighty clash of two wintry torrents that pour down from high sources to their valleys' meeting place in a deep ravine; such was the tumult raised by those armies toiling together in battle.

Of the Trojans, noble *Echepolos* [p. 595], son of *Thalysius* [p. 727], was first to die, fighting in the vanguard, downed in his armour by *Antilochus* [p. 544]. The spear struck the ridge of his horse-hair crested helmet, and the point drove through the skin of his forehead into the bone. Darkness filled his eyes, and he dropped like a fallen tower on the field. Once downed, *Elephenor* [p. 598], son of *Chalcodon* [p. 574], prince of the fierce *Abantes* [p. 515], seizing him by the feet, tried to drag his body out of range, ready to strip it swiftly of armour; yet not for long, for brave *Agenor* [p. 531] saw him drag the corpse aside, and with a thrust of his bronze-tipped spear, striking him in the flank exposed by his shield as he stooped, loosened all his limbs. His spirit fled, and the Greeks and Trojans struggled grimly over the corpse. They leapt at one another like wolves, and staggered locked in each other's fierce embrace.

BK IV:473-544 THE THICK OF BATTLE



Now *Telamonian* [p. 724] *Ajax* [p. 532] felled *Simoeisius* [p. 719], *Anthemion's* [p. 544] strong young son, who took his name from the River *Simois* [p. 719], beside which he was born as his mother returned from Mount *Ida* [p. 634], where she had gone with her parents to tend sheep. He failed to repay his parents for all their loving care, brief was his span of life, slain by great *Ajax's* spear. As he marched in the vanguard the point pierced his right nipple, exiting through the shoulder. He toppled to the ground, like a smooth poplar with arching branches flourishing in the water-meadows, that a wheelwright fells with his bright axe to craft fine rims for chariot wheels, and leaves to season by the river bank. So did noble *Ajax* slay *Simoeisius Anthemion's* son.

Then *Priam's* [p. 706] son, *Antiphus* [p. 545] of the glittering cuirass, replied with a spear-throw from the ranks. He missed *Ajax*, but struck *Odysseus's* [p. 671] loyal comrade *Leucus* [p. 647] in the groin as he was hauling *Simoeisius* away. As he fell, the body slipped from his grasp landing beneath him. *Odysseus* was enraged by his death, and rushed from the ranks towards the enemy, clad in his burnished bronze. There, after an appraising glance, he hurled his bright spear, so that the Trojans shrank back from his onset. His shaft was not cast in vain, striking *Democoon* [p. 588], *Priam's* natural son, who had rallied to the cause from his stud-farm and swift-hoofed mares at *Abydus* [p. 515]. The spear, hurled in anger at a comrade's death, struck him on one temple, the bronze point exiting through the other so that darkness dimmed his eyes, and he fell with a thudding clang of armour. Great *Hector* [p. 617] and the Trojan front gave ground, while the Greeks, shouting in triumph, dragged the bodies clear and advanced.

Indignation filled *Apollo* [p. 547], gazing down from *Pergamus* [p. 690]. He called to the Trojans: 'Drive on horse-tamers, win back your ground; these Greeks are not made of stone or iron: their flesh too will bleed if the sharp

bronze strikes. And *Achilles* [p. 517], blonde-haired *Thetis*' [p. 730] son, he's out of the fight, away by the Argive ships nursing his bitter anger.' So the dire god shouted from their citadel, yet the Greeks were urged on by Zeus' daughter, *Athene* [p. 559] *Tritogeneia* [p. 736], who strengthened the ranks wherever they looked like giving way.

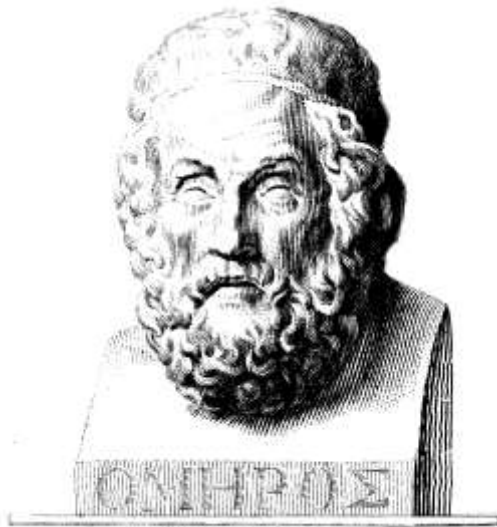
Now, *Diores* [p. 592], *Amarynceus*' [p. 538] son, was caught in the net of fate, struck on the right ankle by a jagged stone. *Peiros* [p. 687] of *Aenus* [p. 525] *Imbrasmus*' [p. 638] son threw it, leader of the *Thracians* [p. 732], and the relentless missile crushed the bones and sinews. Stretching his arms out to his friends, *Diores* fell backward in the dust, gasping away his life, while *Peiros* followed up his throw by skewering him with a spear near the navel, till his entrails spilled out on the ground, and darkness filled his eyes.

Yet as *Peiros* sprang away, *Aetolian* [p. 527] *Thoas* [p. 731] speared him in the chest above the nipple, so the bronze point fixed in his lung, then closing, dragging the great spear from the flesh, drawing a sharp blade he struck him in the belly to end his life. Still he was denied the armour. *Peiros*' comrades, *Thracians* sporting topknots, grasped their long spears tightly and though he was tall, strong and threatening, thrust him back till he staggered and gave ground.

So, in the dirt they lay beside each other, among the host of dead, *Peiros* the Thracian general, and *Diores* leader of the bronze-clad Epeians. That was no skirmish to make light of, as some unwounded warrior might whom *Pallas Athene* led into battle, shielding him from the hail of missiles and all the sharp sword-thrusts, for a host of Greeks and Trojans lay there on that day, stretched out side by side, their faces in the dust.

BOOK V - DIOMEDES FIGHTS THE GODS

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Il Metal pour son

BK V:1-83 DIOMEDES LEADS THE ASSAULT



Now Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] gave *Diomedes* [p. 590], *Tydeus'* [p. 737] son, strength and courage to prove himself the finest of the Argives and win glory and renown. She made his helm and shield burn with unwavering flame, like that of Sirius the star of harvest, who when he has bathed in the Ocean depths rises to shine brightest of all. Such was the fire that streamed from his head and shoulders, as she thrust him into the heart of the fight where the enemy were strongest.

Now, there was a rich and peerless Trojan named *Dares* [p. 586], priest of *Hephaestus* [p. 623], who had two sons *Phegeus* [p. 694] and *Idaeus* [p. 635], trained in all manner of warfare. These two detached themselves from the ranks and advanced in their chariot to meet Diomedes, while he charged forward on foot. When they were within range, Phegeus first let fly his long-shadowed spear, whose point flew over *Tydeus'* shoulder without touching him. *Tydeus* replied, and the bronze-tipped shaft sped from his hand, striking his enemy in the chest, and knocking him from the chariot. *Idaeus* leapt backwards out from the rear, not daring to defend his brother's corpse. He indeed escaped black fate only because *Hephaestus* shielded him, spiriting him away cloaked in darkness, so his aged priestly father might not be destroyed by grief. But bold Diomedes freed the horses, and had his comrades drive them off to the hollow ships.

The hearts of the brave Trojans sank seeing one son of *Dares* dead and the other fleeing, while bright-eyed *Athene* grasped *Ares'* [p. 551] hand crying: 'Ares, bane of the living, blood-drenched sacker of cities, should we not let the Greeks and Trojans fight it out, so father Zeus can grant victory to whichever side he chooses? Let us two leave the field, not risk his wrath.'

So saying she drew him away from the battle, and sat him down on the sand beside *Scamander* [p. 715], while the Greeks pushed back the Trojan line. Each of their leaders killed his man. First *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, toppled the great *Odius* [p. 671], leader of the *Halizones* [p. 616], from his chariot as he wheeled to flee, striking him with his spear between the shoulders, and out through the chest, so he fell with a thud and a crash of armour.

Then *Idomeneus* [p. 636] killed *Phaestus* [p. 693], the son of *Maeonian* [p. 651] *Borus* [p. 567], from fertile *Tarne* [p. 724]. The famous spearman transfixed his shoulder, as he mounted his chariot, with a thrust of the long spear, and hateful darkness took him. Idomeneus' men stripped him of his armour.

Then *Menelaus* [p. 655] with his sharp spear slew *Scamandrius* [p. 716], the skilful hunter, son of *Strophius* [p. 722]. He was a master of the chase, taught by *Artemis* [p. 555] herself to kill all the wild creatures of the mountain forest. Yet Artemis, Mistress of the Bow, was no help now, nor all his former skill in archery. For Menelaus, the great spearman, lanced him in the back as he fled, and drove the point between his shoulders, through the chest. Scamandrius fell face downwards with a crash.

Then *Meriones* [p. 658] killed *Phereclus* [p. 695], son of *Tecton* [p. 724], *Harmon's* [p. 616] son, who was skilled in fashioning every kind of clever work, loved greatly as he was by Pallas Athene. He built for *Paris* [p. 682] those fine ships that proved a source of evil, and a bane to all the Trojans and himself, being ignorant of the gods' intentions. Meriones chased him down, and when he caught him speared him through the right buttock, beneath the bone and into the bladder, so that he slumped to his knees with a groan, and death enveloped him.

Then *Meges* [p. 654] killed *Pedaeus* [p. 686], a bastard son of *Antenor's* [p. 543], whom Lady *Theano* [p. 727] had raised with care as if he were her own, to please her husband. Meges the mighty spearman, *Phyleus'* [p. 699] son, caught him and struck him in the neck-joint with his sharp spear, so the bronze blade severed his tongue at the root and exited between his teeth.

And *Eurypylos* [p. 608], *Euaemon's* [p. 606] son, killed noble *Hypsenor* [p. 632], the son of proud *Dolopion* [p. 593], priest of Scamander, whom the people

honoured like a god. Mighty Eurypylus chased him as he fled, and striking him on the shoulder with his sword, lopped off his mighty arm, which tumbled to the ground in a shower of blood. Implacable fate, dark death, enveloped his eyes.

BK V:84-165 PANDARUS WOUNDS DIOMEDES



Such was the furious combat. As for *Diomedes* [p. 590], none could have said which army Greek or Trojan he fought for, since he stormed over the plain like a raging winter torrent that sweeps away the dykes in its swift flood. Close-built embankments and the walls of fertile vineyards fail to hold its onset driven by Zeus' storm and before it the proud works of men all tumble to ruin: so the dense ranks of the Trojans were routed by Tydeus' son, giving way to him despite their numbers.

Yet when glorious *Pandarus* [p. 681], Lycaon's son, saw Diomedes rage across the plain, routing the army ahead, he swiftly bent his curved bow, and aimed at him, striking him firmly, as he ran, on the right shoulder-plate of his cuirass, so the sharp arrow pierced clean through, and the armour ran with blood. Pandarus cried aloud in triumph: 'On now, brave Trojans, you horse-prickers! The best of the Greeks is hurt, and that arrow means he's done for, if Lord *Apollo* [p. 547], born of Zeus, truly blessed my journey here from *Lycia* [p. 648].'

So he boasted, but the swift shaft failed to down Diomedes, who drew back to the shadow of his chariot, where he called to *Sthenelus* [p. 721], *Capaneus*' [p. 570] son: 'Quick, my lad, down here, and pull this bitter dart from my flesh.'

Leaping from the chariot, as he spoke, Sthenelus touched ground beside him and pulled the sharp arrow from his shoulder, so the blood soaked through the woven tunic. Then, Diomedes of the loud war-cry

prayed to *Athene* [p. 559]: ‘*Atrytone* [p. 562], hear me, aegis-bearing child of Zeus! If ever with kindly thought you stood by my father in the heat of battle, so now once more, Athene, show your love. Let me kill this man, bring him in range of my spear, who wounded me without warning, boasts of it, and shouts I am not long for the bright light of day.’

He prayed so that Pallas Athene heard, lightening his limbs, his feet and hands, and speaking her winged words in his ear: ‘Courage, Diomedes, I have filled your arteries with your father’s strength, that indomitable strength of *Tydeus* [p. 737], shield-wielding horseman. I have driven the mist that veiled them from your eyes what’s more, so you may know both men and gods. Now, if an immortal comes here to test you, among those deathless ones strike only at Aphrodite, Zeus’ daughter, if it be she who risks the battle: since her you may wound with a thrust of your keen blade.’

Bright-eyed Athene departed with those words, and Diomedes once more took his place at the front. Eager though he had been to fight before, his courage now was tripled, like a lion wounded but not killed, as it leaps the fence, by a shepherd as he guards his sheep. He angers it, but now cannot aid them, and has to hide behind walls, while the helpless flock is scattered, downed in heaps together, till the furious creature leaps from the fold. In such a fury great Diomedes attacked the Trojans.

Astynous [p. 558] and General *Hypeiron* [p. 631] he killed, striking one above the nipple with a throw of his bronze-tipped spear, the other with his long sword on the collarbone, shearing the shoulder from the neck and spine. Leaving them lying there, he chased down *Abas* [p. 515] and *Polyidus* [p. 703], sons of old *Eurydamas* [p. 608], interpreter of dreams. They came not back again, whom great Diomedes slew, for their father to tell their dreams. Then he pursued *Xanthus* [p. 738] and *Thoön* [p. 731], *Phaenops*’ [p. 693] dear sons: an old man too weighed down with age to get himself fresh heirs. Diomedes killed both, leaving their sorrowing father to weep when they failed to return, and his surviving kin to inherit.



‘The fight resumes’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

Two sons of Dardanian *Priam* [p. 706], *Echemmon* [p. 595] and *Chromius* [p. 576] were next, as they rode the same chariot. As a lion launches itself on a herd grazing some wooded pasture, and breaks the neck of a heifer or two, so Diomedes dragged those men roughly from their chariot, stripping them of their armour, telling his comrades to drive their horses down to the ships.

BK V:166-238 AENEAS JOINS PANDARUS IN ATTACKING DIOMEDES



Seeing *Diomedes* [p. 590] wreak carnage among the warriors, Prince *Aeneas* [p. 524] set out amid the conflict, through a hail of missiles, in search of noble *Pandarus* [p. 681]. He found that mighty peerless son of *Lycaon* [p. 648], and reaching him spoke in his ear: ‘Pandarus, where is your famous bow with its winged arrows? You are our finest archer, better than any in all *Lycia* [p. 648], come, raise your arms in prayer to Zeus, and aim at that hero, whoever he may be, who is wreaking havoc on us Trojans, loosing the limbs of many a warrior. Take care only lest it is some god, angered with our rites and resentful towards us: for a god’s wrath weighs heavy on us mortals.’

Lycaon’s glorious son replied: ‘Aeneas, wise counsellor to the bronze-clad Trojans: it is indeed the very likeness of brave Tydeus’s son. I’d know him by his shield and helmet-crest, and by his team of horses, yet still it may be a god. And even if it is mortal Diomedes, a god supports him in his rage: one of the immortals, wrapped in mist, stands by him, turning aside my arrows as they reach him. Even now I left fly a shaft that pierced his right shoulder, clean through the armour plate, enough I thought to send him down to *Hades* [p. 535], yet I failed. Surely some god is angry.

I am without chariot or horse to ride, yet in my father Lycaon’s halls, I know there stand eleven fine chariots, newly made and fitted out, cloths spread on them and by each a pair of horses feeding on white barley and on

rye. Indeed when I left, Lycaon, as a soldier, gave me strict instructions, advised me to lead my Trojans into the thick of combat with horse and chariot. But I, being I, paid scant attention, though it would have profited me to do so. I spared my glossy horses, thinking fodder would be scarce amongst such a multitude. So I left them there, and came on foot to Troy, trusting to my bow, though to no avail it seems. Twice I have aimed a shaft at their generals, at *Menelaus* [p. 655] and Diomedes, and hit them and drawn blood, yet it only spurred them on. It was an evil day when I took my curved bow from its stand, when I brought my Trojans to Ilium as a favour to noble *Hector* [p. 617]. If I have sight again of my native land and the roof of my great hall, and reach my home and wife once more, then may the next stranger take my head if I fail to shatter this bow with my own hands and feed it to the flames, given all the good it's done me.'

The Trojan general Aeneas replied: 'Say not so: the way to change this for the better is for us two to face him and test him with our weapons. Climb aboard my chariot, and see what the horses of *Tros* [p. 736] are made of, that cover the ground swiftly in pursuit or in flight. They will carry us back to the city in safety if Zeus gives Diomedes the edge once more. Take up the reins and whip, while I dismount to fight, or you stand your ground while I look to the horses.'

Noble Pandarus answered: 'Take the reins yourself Aeneas, handle your own horses. They'll work better for the master they know, if we're forced to run. For want of your voice to guide them they might startle, and jib at carrying us from the field, leaving fierce Diomedes to close in for the kill. He'd have them then, so drive the team and your own chariot now, while my sharp spear waits to receive him.'

BK V:239-296 THE DEATH OF PANDARUS



At this, they mounted the ornate chariot and drove the swift team eagerly towards *Diomedes* [p. 590]. *Sthenelus* [p. 721] saw them approach, the son of noble Capaneus, and quickly warned Tydeus' son: 'Diomedes, dear friend, here come two warriors, strong beyond measure, to fight you. One is the archer, *Pandarus* [p. 681], who boasts he is son of Lycaon: the other, *Aeneas* [p. 524], claims *Anchises* [p. 542] for a father, *Aphrodite* [p. 546] as his mother. Wheel the chariot and give ground, I beg you, lest you lose your life in the fury of attack.'

Mighty Diomedes with an angry glance replied: 'Don't talk to me of flight, that won't deter me. It is not in my blood to cower away and shirk the fight: my strength's as great as ever. I'll not mount the chariot, but face them on foot, as I am. Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] allows no fear. As for those two the swiftest horses will not let them escape. Now, another thing, take careful note, if Athene in her wisdom grants me the power to kill both, leave our own fine horses here, tie the reins to the chariot rail, run to Aeneas' team and drive them from the Trojan lines to ours. They are of that breed, the best of all horses under the risen sun, from which Zeus chose a gift for *Tros* [p. 736], for taking *Ganymedes* [p. 610] his son. Lord Anchises later stole the breed, putting his mares to them, unknown to *Laomedon* [p. 643]. Six mares foaled in the stables, four he kept for himself rearing them in his stalls, giving the other two to Aeneas, for warhorses. If we could capture those, we would win great glory.'

While they spoke the two arrived at the gallop, and Pandarus called out: 'Diomedes, the brave and bloody, though my swift bitter shaft failed to fell you, let me try once more with the spear.' With that he took his stance and hurled the long-shadowed javelin, and the bronze tip struck Diomedes on the shield, piercing it through and reaching his corselet. Pandarus shouted in triumph: 'A hit, right in the belly. That should finish you, but add to my glory.'

Mighty Diomedes, without a tremor, replied: ‘You’ve failed, not succeeded, but before you two are done one of you must die, and sate with his blood Ares, god of the shield’s tough hide. With that, Diomedes hurled his spear whose bronze blade Athene guided to the face beside the eye, shattering Pandarus’ white teeth, shearing his tongue at the root, and exiting through the chin. He tumbled from the chariot with a clang of bright burnished armour, the swift horses swerved, and there his strength failed, his spirit was loosed.

BK V:297-351 DIOMEDES WOUNDS APHRODITE



Aeneas [p. 524], grasping his shield and long spear, leapt down after him, fearful the Achaeans might rob him of the corpse. He bestrode it like a lion confident in his strength, covering himself with his round shield, ready to slay with his spear any man who would seize the corpse, raising his mighty war-cry. But *Diomedes* [p. 590] hefted a rock, heavier than any two men of our time might carry, lifting it easily on his own. With it he struck Aeneas on the hip where the thigh turns in the hip-joint, the cup-bone men call it. It crushed the bone, sheared the sinews, and jaggedly ripped the skin away. Aeneas fell to his knees, and pressed the ground with one great hand, while darkness shrouded his sight.

Now Aeneas would have died, had not *Aphrodite* [p. 546], Zeus’ daughter, been quick to notice, the mother who bore him to *Anchises* [p. 542] while he tended the herd. She flung her white arms about her beloved son, and spread a fold of her shining robe to shelter him from weapons, lest a bronze spear hurled from a swift Danaan chariot might pierce his breast and end his life.



‘The combat between Aeneas and Diomedes’

Crispian van de Passe (I), 1613



‘Aeneas attempts to save the body of Pandarus’

Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

While she was bearing her son from the field, *Sthenelus* [p. 721] obeyed the command of Diomedes of the loud war-cry, and kept his team from the fight, tying their reins to the chariot rim, and running towards Aeneas' long-maned pair. He drove them out of the Trojan ranks towards the Greeks, and entrusted them to *Deipylus* [p. 588], his close comrade, whom he honoured most among all the friends of his youth, because they were kindred spirits. He told him to lead them down to the hollow ships. Then he mounted his chariot, seized the gleaming reins, and urged his powerful horses in ready pursuit of Diomedes.

That son of Tydeus meanwhile, with pitiless spear, was chasing after Cyprian Aphrodite, knowing she was a gentle goddess, not one of those who control the flow of battle, no *Athene* [p. 559], or *Enyo* [p. 600], sacker of cities. So, when he reached her after his chase through the ranks, fierce Diomedes lunged at her with his sharp spear, piercing the divine robe the *Graces* [p. 613] had laboured to make for her, and wounding the flesh of her wrist near the palm. Out streamed the deathless goddess' blood, the ichor that flows in ambrosial veins, for the gods do not eat mortal bread or drink mortal wine, but lacking our blood are called immortals. With a piercing cry she let fall her son, whom Phoebus Apollo clasped in his arms, wrapped in a dark blue cloud, lest a bronze spear hurled from a swift Danaan chariot might pierce his breast and end his life.

Over her Diomedes of the loud war-cry raised a great shout of triumph: 'Daughter of Zeus, leave battle and strife to others. Isn't it enough that you snare feeble women? Rejoin the fight and you'll learn to shudder at the name of war!'

BK V:352-430 APHRODITE RETURNS TO OLYMPUS



As he spoke, *Iris* [p. 640], swift-footed as the wind, led *Aphrodite* [p. 546] from the conflict, her lovely flesh stained with blood, and she distraught with pain, and suffering grievously. They found fierce *Ares* [p. 551], on the left flank, his two war-horses, with their golden harness, close by, his spear leaning on a cloud. Sinking to her knees, she begged the loan of her dear brother's steeds: 'Save me, brother dear, lend me your team, to reach *Olympus* [p. 675], my home among the immortals. I am sorely hurt by this wound, dealt by a mortal, son of Tydeus, who would challenge Father *Zeus* [p. 739] himself.'

At this, Ares lent her his horses with the golden harness, and sick at heart she mounted the chariot with *Iris* beside her, who took up the reins, and whipped up the team, which eagerly galloped away. Swiftly they reached the heights of Olympus, home of the gods, and there swift-footed *Iris* reined in the horses, unyoked them, and threw them ambrosial fodder, while lovely *Aphrodite* ran to kneel at her mother *Dione's* [p. 591] feet. Taking her daughter in her arms, *Dione* soothed her, saying: Which of the heavenly ones has hurt you so spitefully, dear child, as if you deserved punishment?

Laughter-loving *Aphrodite* said: 'Reckless *Diomedes* [p. 590], Tydeus' son, it was who wounded me, as I rescued my dear son *Aeneas*, dearest of all to me, from the field. This fierce feud's no longer one between Greeks and Trojans: now the Danaans are at war with the gods themselves.'

The lovely goddess, *Dione*, replied: 'Courage my child, and bear your pain well. Many of us who dwell on Olympus have suffered at the hands of men, attempting to injure one another. So *Ares*, when *Otus* [p. 679] and the mighty *Ephialtes* [p. 601], the sons of *Aloeus* [p. 537], bound him cruelly, trapped for thirteen months in a bronze jar. That would have been the end of *Ares* the warmonger, if *Eriboea* [p. 596] the sons' lovely stepmother had not told

Hermes [p. 626], who spirited away the suffering Ares, almost at the end of his tether. *Hera* [p. 624], too felt the agony, when the mighty *Heracles* [p. 625], son of *Amphitryon* [p. 540], pierced her right breast with his triple-barbed arrow. And even great Hades himself was stricken by a swift shaft, when that same hero, aegis-bearing Zeus' son, wounded him at the Gate of Hell, at *Pylos* [p. 710], among the dead, leaving him in agony. Hades fled to the house of Zeus, to high Olympus, shaken to the core and in great pain, for the arrow had pierced his mighty shoulder, and his heart was labouring. There *Paeon* [p. 680] the Healer spread soothing herbs on the wound, and cured Hades, one not made as mortals are. A harsh and violent man Heracles, and careless of doing evil: who even troubled the Olympians with his bow. And now a goddess, bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559], sets this man Diomedes against you, a fool unconscious how brief life is for those who war with the gods. There'll be no homecoming for him, from the horrors of battle: no more will his children prattle at his knee. Let him take care, mighty horse-tamer that he is, lest he meets with a greater force than you and one day his noble wife *Aegialeia* [p. 523], wise daughter of *Adrastus* [p. 522], wakes her close servants from their sleep with her long lament, wailing for the best of the Achaeans.' So saying, with both hands she wiped the ichor from her daughter's arm. The wound was healed and the pain was eased.

Athene and Hera, who were watching, tried to provoke Zeus with mocking words. Bright-eyed Athene was the first to speak: 'Father Zeus, I hope you won't be angry at what I say. It seems your Cyprian daughter has been at work luring some Greek girl to chase after those Trojans she loves so deeply, and while fondling this girl and her golden brooch, scratched her own delicate hand.'

This only drew a smile from the Father of men and gods. Calling golden Aphrodite to his side, he said: 'War is not for you, my child, tend to the loving deeds of wedlock, and leave the fighting to Ares the swift and to Athene.'

BK V:431-518 APOLLO INTERVENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD



As they spoke, *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry flung himself at *Aeneas* [p. 524] once more, whom he well knew Apollo protected, caring nothing for that great god, and eager to kill Aeneas and strip him of his shining armour. Three times he leapt at him threateningly three times *Apollo* [p. 547] beat away his gleaming shield. But when like a demon he rushed at him a fourth time, far-striking Apollo gave a terrible cry: ‘Take thought, son of Tydeus, and give way! Don’t think yourself equal to the gods: the immortals are of a different race than those who walk the earth.’

Diomedes, at this, gave ground a little, before far-striking Apollo’s anger, while the god bore Aeneas far from the field to his temple on sacred *Pergamus* [p. 690]. There in the great sanctuary *Leto* [p. 646], and *Artemis* [p. 555] the Huntress, healed him and made him more glorious still, while Apollo, Lord of the Silver Bow, formed a phantom in Aeneas’ likeness, armed like him, round which the Trojans and noble Greeks hacked at the bull’s hide shields protecting each other’s breasts, the great round shields and lighter bucklers. Then Phoebus Apollo called to *Ares* [p. 551]: ‘You, destroyer of men and bloody sacker of cities, Ares, enter the fray and drive this son of Tydeus off, who would fight Father Zeus himself. He wounded Aphrodite’s wrist, then lunged at me like a demon!’

While Apollo took to the heights of Pergamus, lethal Ares joined the Trojan ranks, masked as *Acamas* [p. 516] the dashing Thracian leader. He called to the Zeus-blessed sons of Priam: ‘How long will you watch our men fall to the Greeks? Are they free to storm our very gates? Aeneas has fallen, Anchises’ son, whom we honour as much as *Hector* [p. 617]. Come, save our brave comrade from the din of battle.’

So saying, he roused their fighting spirit, while *Sarpedon* [p. 714] dealt noble Hector a stern rebuke: ‘Where is the courage you used to show, Hector? Did you think to hold the city without allied troops, relying only on your brothers and brothers-in-law? And where are they? I see nary a one. They cower like dogs before a lion, while we who are simply allies do the fighting. And a long journey it was here. In far off *Lycia* [p. 648], by eddying *Xanthus* [p. 738], I left my darling wife and infant son, and great possessions too that any man would envy. Yet I urge on my Lycians, ready to fight myself, though there is nothing here of mine for the Greeks to carry off or drive away; while you stand there, not even bidding your men hold and defend their women. Beware lest you and they are snared in the net and fall an easy prey to your foes. They will soon lay waste to your proud city. This should be your care, day and night: and you should beg the leaders of your noble allies to be firm and resolute, if you wish to avoid blame.’

Hector was deeply stung by his words. At once, he leapt fully-armed from his chariot, and brandishing two sharp spears, went through the ranks urging them to fight, rousing their martial spirit. They turned about then to face the Greeks, who closed ranks awaiting them, refusing to retreat. As the breeze blows chaff across the sacred threshing-floor, when golden-haired *Demeter* [p. 588] sends drafts of air to winnow the grain, whitening the chaff-heaps, so now the Greeks were whitened by the dust that settled on head and shoulders as the fight was joined and the chariots wheeled round, dust thrown to a copper-coloured sky by the horses’ hooves. They met the shock, while fierce Ares, ranging everywhere, threw a dark veil round the fight, to aid the Trojans, fulfilling Apollo of the Golden Sword’s command. Phoebus had asked him to rouse the Trojans’ spirits, when he saw Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] withdraw from aiding the Greeks. And Apollo sent Aeneas forth from the great sanctuary, and filled the general with courage. He took his place in the ranks, and his friends rejoiced to see him alive and whole, and brimming with valour. Not that they had time to question him, since Apollo of the Silver Bow, Ares destroyer of men, and *Strife* [p. 604] in her ceaseless rage, drove them on to battle.

BK V:519-589 THE GREEKS PREVAIL



On their side *Odysseus* [p. 671], *Diomedes* [p. 590] and the two *Aiantes* [p. 532], urged on the Greeks who, fearless of the violent Trojan onslaught, stood their ground, unmoving as the mist with which Zeus caps the mountain tops in calm weather, when angry Boreas and the other winds are sleeping, with all their fierce gusts that send the dark clouds fleeing. So did the Greeks stand firm against the Trojans and held their place. *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] commanding voice echoed through the ranks: 'Be men, my friends, take heart, fear nothing but dishonour in other's eyes. When men shun shame, more survive than not, in flight there is no glory, no salvation.'


So saying, he swiftly hurled his spear striking a comrade of brave *Aeneas* [p. 524], *Deicoön* [p. 587] son of *Pegasus* [p. 691], whom the Trojans honoured like a son of Priam, for his readiness to fight in the vanguard. The spear struck his shield, and meeting little resistance passed straight through, past his belt and into the lower belly. He fell with a thud, and a crash of armour.

Aeneas in reply killed two Danaan champions, *Crethon* [p. 582] and *Orsilochus* [p. 678] sons of *Diocles* [p. 589], whose father lived in noble *Pherae* [p. 694]. A man of substance, his line began with the river-god *Alpheus* [p. 538], whose broad stream flows through *Pylian* [p. 710] lands, and whose son was the great King *Orsilochus* [p. 678]. He begat Diocles in turn, whose sons these were, skilled in warfare. Reaching manhood, they followed the Argives to horse-breeding Troy in the black ships, to win compensation for the Atreidae. Now their voyage ended there in death. Like a pair of lions reared in a mountain-thicket that prey on the farmers' fine sheep and cattle till they themselves fall to the bronze blade, so these two at the hands of Aeneas were toppled like tall firs.

Menelaus [p. 655], dear to Ares, pitied their fate, and strode through the foremost ranks, in red-bronze armour, shaking his spear; yet Ares breathed power into him, seeking his death also at the hands of Aeneas. But *Antilochus* [p. 544], brave *Nestor's* [p. 667] son, fearing for Menelaus, and the frustration of all their efforts, followed him through the ranks. He found Aeneas and Menelaus threatening each other with spears, ready to fight, and Aeneas, seeing them joined against him, retreated while they, dragging their dead towards the Greek line, relinquished the sad corpses to their comrades and turned again to fight in the vanguard.

Then the pair killed warlike *Pylaemenes* [p. 710], leader of the brave *Paphlagonian* [p. 682] fighters. The great spearman Menelaus struck him with a spear where he stood shattering the collarbone, while Antilochus dealt with his squire the charioteer *Mydon* [p. 663], noble son of *Atymnius* [p. 562], who was wheeling the horses round, and struck him with a stone on the elbow. The reins, with their ivory trappings, fell from his hand to the ground. Antilochus ran in and sank his sword in his temple, so he fell sprawling with a gasp and buried his head and shoulders in the dust. It was deep sand where he fell and he hung there for a moment, till his flailing horses knocked him prone. Then Antilochus touched his whip to them, and drove them off into the Greek lines.

BK V:590-702 THE WOUNDING OF SARPEDON

ut *Hector* [p. 617] had spied them through the ranks, and rushed towards them with a cry, the serried ranks of the Trojans behind him. *Ares* [p. 551] led them on with the goddess *Enyo* [p. 600], war's merciless clamour in her train, Ares brandishing a huge spear, ranged now in front of Hector now behind him.

Diomedes [p. 590] of the loud war-cry, dismayed at the sight of Ares, turned round, like a traveller crossing a wide plain who halts thwarted by a

swift sea-bound river seething with foam, and called to his men: ‘My friends, no wonder noble Hector, the spearman and daring warrior, fills us with wonder, for a god is always by his side to save him from ruin. Ares is there, now, masked as a mortal. Retreat but keep your faces to the enemy, and show no eagerness to fight the gods.’

As he spoke, the Trojans were upon them, and Hector killed two veteran warriors riding the one chariot, *Menesthes* [p. 657] and *Anchialus* [p. 542]. Telemonian *Ajax* [p. 532] felt pity at their fall and, taking his stand nearby, with a cast of his glittering javelin struck *Amphius* [p. 541], son of *Selagus* [p. 717], a rich farmer of *Paesus* [p. 680], owner of many fields, whom fate had led to serve as an ally to Priam and his sons. Telamonian Ajax struck Amphius on the belt, such that the long spear pierced the lower belly, and he toppled with a thud. But when the mighty Ajax ran in to strip him of his armour, the Trojans unleashed a volley of glittering javelins, a host of which he caught on his shield. Yet he planted his foot on the corpse, and dragged the bronze spear from the wound, failing only to strip it of its fine armour, due to a shower of missiles. Moreover he feared the brave Trojans stout defence, who faced him in ample numbers, spear in hand. Tall, powerful, and dauntless though he was they forced him back till he staggered and gave ground.

So they struggled in mighty combat. Meanwhile *Tlepolemus* [p. 735], the tall strong son of *Heracles* [p. 625], was roused by overriding fate to fight godlike *Sarpedon* [p. 714]. When these two, a son and a grandson of Zeus the Cloud-maker, were within range Tlepolemus cried: ‘Sarpedon, Counsellor of the *Lycians* [p. 648], and a man ignorant of war, why are you skulking here? It can’t be true you’re a son of aegis-bearing Zeus, inferior as you are to the warriors he engendered in ancient times. Men say great Heracles, my father, was of another make, staunch in the fight, and with a lion’s heart. He came here for *Laomedon*’s [p. 643] mares, bringing a smaller army and only six ships, yet he sacked Ilium and razed its streets. Yours though is a coward’s heart, and your numbers are waning. Strong though you think you are, your journey from Lycia to bolster Troy is doomed, since you will fall to my hand and pass through *Hades*’ [p. 614] gate.’

Sarpedon of the Lycians replied: 'It's true, Tlepolemus, that Heracles your father razed holy Ilium, because of proud Laomedon's foolishness, who repaid his efforts with insults, and denied him the mares he had journeyed far to win. But here only death and dark fate await you, at my hands. Downed by my spear you will yield me the glory, and Hades the Horse Lord your spirit.'

As Sarpedon finished, Tlepolemus raised his ash spear high, and the long shafts leapt from both men's hands in an instant. Sarpedon's struck square on the neck, and the deadly point sliced clean through, so the darkness of night shrouded Tlepolemus' sight. His own spear, striking Sarpedon on the left thigh, had passed on furiously, grazing the bone, though the Father saved the son from death.

His loyal followers bore godlike Sarpedon from the field, while, in their haste and the effort it cost them, not one of them had time to pull the ashen spear from his wound so he might stand, and the javelin dragged on his flesh as it trailed along.

Meanwhile the bronze-greaved Achaeans carried Tlepolemus out of battle, watched by the great *Odysseus* [p. 671], steadfast of heart, whose spirit raged within him. He debated in his mind whether to pursue Sarpedon, Zeus the Thunderer's son, or wreak more havoc among the Lycians. Yet Fate did not wish that mighty son of Zeus to die by Odysseus' sword, and so on the Lycian host *Athene* [p. 559] turned his fury. He killed *Coeranus* [p. 580], *Chromius* [p. 576], *Alastor* [p. 535] and *Halius* [p. 615], *Alcandrus* [p. 535], *Noemon* [p. 669] and *Prytanis* [p. 709]. More of the Lycians would have died at noble Odysseus' hands, but for Hector's quick eye, he of the glittering helm, who strode to the front in his red-bronze armour, filling the Greeks with terror. Sarpedon, Zeus' son, joyed at his coming, and called to him in distress: 'Son of Priam, save me: don't leave me a prey to the Danaans, and if I must die, and never see my own home again, nor in returning bring joy to my wife and child, let me at least die in your city.'

Hector of the glittering helm gave no answer to his words, but sped by swiftly, eager to stall the Greeks and kill them en masse. But godlike Sarpedon was seated by loyal friends under a fine oak-tree sacred to aegis-

bearing Zeus, and *Pelagon* [p. 687] his close comrade drew the ash spear from his thigh. His breath failed, and mist shrouded his eyes, but he breathed again as the North Wind blew across him, bringing him new life when he had fairly loosed his spirit.

Meanwhile the Greeks, seeing Ares at war for the Trojans, threatened by him and bronze-clad Hector, unable to stand the onslaught, but refusing to flee for the black ships, fell back steadily.

BK V:703-766 HERA AND ATHENE JOIN THE BATTLE



Who were the first and last to be slain by *Hector* [p. 617], Priam's son, and bronze-clad *Ares* [p. 551]? Godlike *Teuthras* [p. 726], next horse-tamer *Orestes* [p. 677], then *Trechus* [p. 735] Aetolian spearman, *Oenemaus* [p. 673], and *Helenus* [p. 621], son of *Oenops* [p. 674], last *Oresbius* [p. 677] of the glittering belt, from *Hyle* [p. 630] on the shores of Lake Cephisis where he garnered riches among the *Boeotians* [p. 566] in that fertile land.

And when the goddess, white-armed *Hera* [p. 624] saw the slaughter of Argives in mortal combat, she swiftly spoke winged words to *Athene* [p. 559]: 'Oh, child of aegis-bearing Zeus, *Atrytone* [p. 562], if we let savage Ares rage like this, what use our pledge to Menelaus that he'd raze the high walls of Troy before returning home? Come let us too think of wild bravery.'

Bright-eyed Athene hastened to obey her words. Hera, the great goddess, daughter of *Cronos* [p. 582], ran to harness her steeds with gold, while *Hebe* [p. 616] swiftly fitted the eight-spoked wheels of bronze on the chariot's iron axle. The felloes of these are imperishable gold: the tires are bronze, a wonder to see; while the whirling hubs are silver. The platform is woven with straps of silver and gold, with a double rail, and a long silver pole to which she fastened the golden yoke and breast-straps. Then Hera, eager for war's alarms, led her swift horses under the yoke.

Meanwhile Athene, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, shed her soft richly embroidered robe the work of her own two hands, at her Father's threshold, dressed herself in the tunic of Zeus the Cloud-Driver, and donned her armour ready for sad war. She threw the dreadful tasselled aegis about her shoulders, crowned at every point with terror, violence and strife within, adorned with the monstrous image of the Gorgon's head, grim and awful emblem of aegis-bearing Zeus. She set on her head the golden helmet with its four cones and double-crest, adorned with warriors of a hundred cities. Then she set foot on the fiery chariot, grasped her huge, strong, weighty spear, with which this daughter of a mighty Father shatters the ranks in anger.

At once, Hera whipped up the horses, and Heaven's Gates of themselves groaned open on their hinges, gates that the Hours guard, the wardens of wide heaven and Olympus, to veil or reveal as they see fit. Through the gates they drove their steady horses, and found the Son of Cronos sitting alone on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. There white-armed Hera reined in the horses, and questioned lofty *Zeus* [p. 739]: 'Father are you not seething with indignation at Ares for this violence that has laid a vast army of noble Achaeans low, with reckless abandon, to my great sorrow? Cyprian *Aphrodite* [p. 546], and *Apollo* [p. 547], Lord of the Silver Bow, are delighted at loosing this lawless savage. Will you be angry, Father Zeus, if I smite Ares hard and drive him from the field?'

'Then rouse Athene, ever first to chase the spoils, and let her face him,' Zeus the Cloud-Gatherer replied. 'She, above all, is wont to cause him pain.'

BK V:767-845 ATHENE FIGHTS ALONGSIDE DIOMEDES



he goddess, white-armed *Hera* [p. 624], sped to obey his order, flicking the horses with her whip, and the willing pair set a course between earth and the starry heavens. Those thundering horses of the gods cover the distance at one bound that a man can see through the distant haze, gazing from a watchtower over the wine-dark deep. They soon reached Troy, land of the two rivers, and there at the meeting of *Simois* [p. 719] and *Scamander* [p. 715], the white-armed goddess Hera reined in her horses, and loosed them from the yoke. With a deep mist she veiled them, while *Simois* made ambrosia spring up for them to graze. Then the two goddesses strutted forward, like bold pigeons, in their eagerness to aid the Argive army.

When they had reached the place where a picked force of Achaeans, ranged like ravenous lions or formidable wild boars, had gathered round mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590], tamer of horses, the goddess, white-armed Hera halted and called aloud, imitating bronze-voiced *Stentor's* [p. 721] great shout louder than fifty men: ‘Shame on you, Greeks, fine to view, but contemptible within! When noble Achilles led the fight no Trojan dared to leave the Dardanian Gates, they feared his great spear so much, but now far from their city they fight by your hollow ships.’

With these words she roused the courage and daring in every man. Meanwhile bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] seeing ‘Tydeus’ son, beside his horses and chariot, airing the arrow-wound *Pandarus* [p. 681] dealt, ran swiftly to his side. Beneath the broad shoulder-strap of his round shield the sweat was irking him, and he lifted the strap to wipe away the dark blood beneath his weakened arm. The goddess laid her hand on the chariot yoke saying: ‘Tydeus’ son is hardly like his father. Small though he was he was a fighter. Even when I wanted him not to fight or make a row, when he strode alone into the crowd of *Cadmeians* [p. 569] at *Thebes* [p. 728], bearing them a message,

even when I'd told him to sit and banquet quietly in their hall, he with his great heart had to challenge the Cadmeian youth, and beat them easily, as ever, though with my help. But you, I stand by your side, I shield you from harm, ready to urge you on against the Trojans, yet you seem too weary to attack again, or are robbed of your strength by fear. If that is so, then you are no child of *Tydeus* [p. 737], *Oeneus*' [p. 673] warlike son!

'I know you, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus,' answered mighty Diomedes, 'so I will speak freely hiding nothing. Neither blind fear nor weariness possess me, I am merely obeying your command not to fight with the gods face to face, unless *Aphrodite* [p. 546] daughter of Zeus enters the fray, when I might wound her with my keen blade. It is *Ares* [p. 551] I see controlling the field of war, so I have retreated and told the rest of the Argives to gather here round me.'

'Dearest Diomedes, true son of Tydeus,' bright-eyed Athene replied, 'have no fear of Ares now or any of the immortals, and I will be here beside you to defend you. Drive your swift steeds towards him, and strike him at close range. Be not in awe of Ares raging in his fury, treacherous plague that he is, who promised Hera and I just now he would aid the Greeks against the Trojans, but now forgets what he swore and fights for Troy.'

She reached out, as she spoke, and grasping *Sthenelus* [p. 721] hustled him from the chariot, he being quick to go, she mounting beside Diomedes, eager herself for battle. The beech-wood axle groaned beneath its burden, weighed down by the mighty warrior and the fearsome goddess. Pallas Athene grasped the reins, and whipped the swift horses towards Ares, as he stripped the armour from vast *Periphas* [p. 691], noble son of *Ochesius* [p. 671], and pride of the *Aetolians* [p. 527]. Spattered with blood he despoiled the corpse, while Athene donned *Hades*' [p. 614] helmet of invisibility, to hide her identity from the mighty god.

BK V:846-909 DIOMEDES WOUNDS ARES



ut the moment *Ares* [p. 551], bane of the living, glimpsed *Diomedes* [p. 590], he left vast *Periphas* [p. 691] where he had killed him, and headed straight for the horse-tamer. When they were at close quarters, Ares thrust with his bronze spear over the reins and yoke, at Diomedes, eager to strike him dead: but bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] caught the spear in her hand, and drove it above the chariot to spend its force in the air. Now, Diomedes, of the loud war-cry, drove his bronze-spear at Ares, and Pallas Athene drove it home into the lower belly, where he wore a defensive apron. There the thrust landed, tearing the flesh, and Diomedes wrenched it free again. Then brazen Ares bellowed as loud as ten thousand warriors shout in battle, when they meet in the war-god's shadow. The Greeks and Trojans trembled with fear at insatiable Ares' cry.

Like the dark column that whirls from the cloud when a tornado forms in heated air, so brazen Ares seemed to Diomedes, as he sped through the sky to high heaven. Swiftly he reached the gods' home on steep Olympus, and sat down at *Zeus'* [p. 739] side, in anguish. Ares showed Zeus the divine ichor flowing from the wound, and spoke in a plaintive voice: 'Father Zeus, does it not stir your indignation to see all this violence? We gods always suffer cruelly at each other's hands when we show mortals favour. We are all at odds with you because you cursed the world with that mad daughter of yours who is ever bent on lawlessness. The rest of us Olympians obey you and bow to you, but you say and do nothing to stop her antics, you condone them rather, simply because this girl who wreaks havoc is yours. Now she spurs on foolhardy Diomedes to vent his anger on us immortals. First in a close encounter he wounded *Aphrodite* [p. 546] on the wrist then he ran at me like a very demon. Quick on my feet, I sprang away, or I would have suffered there for ages among the grisly dead, or been crippled by his spear-blows.

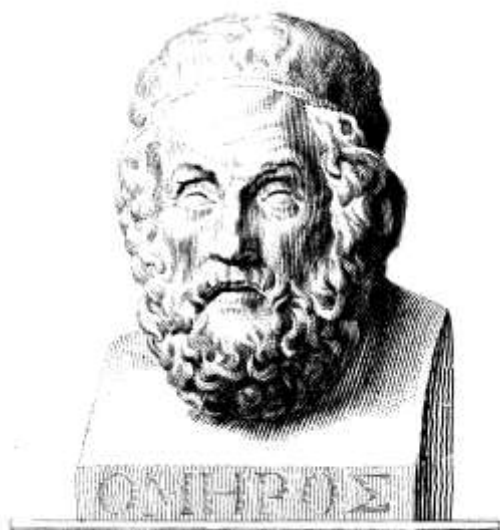
Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer, turned on him angrily: ‘Don’t come here to whine, you backslider. Strife, conflict, and war are all you care for, so much so that I loathe you more than all the other Olympians. You share your mother *Hera’s* [p. 624] intolerable, headstrong spirit; she too will scarcely obey my word. I suspect she prompted this and caused your wound. Yet as my offspring I’ll not let you suffer, since it was to me she bore you, though if any other god had fathered so violent a son, you’d have been ranked below the sons of Uranus, long ago.’

So saying, he ordered *Paeon* [p. 680] to heal him, by spreading soothing ointment on the wound, for Ares was no mortal. He healed the fierce god as swiftly as fig-juice thickens milk that curdles when stirred. Then *Hebe* [p. 616] bathed him, and dressed him in fine clothes, and he sat down again by Zeus’ side, in all his former glory.

Meanwhile Hera of Argos and *Alalcomenean* [p. 535] Athene returned to great Zeus’ palace, having forced Ares, bane of the living, to end his murderous progress.

BOOK VI - HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

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Il Metal pour son

BK VI:I-71 AGAMEMNON KILLS ADRASTUS



o the Greeks and Trojans were left to their grim conflict, and the battle, in a hail of bronze-tipped spears, surged this way and that over the plain, between *Simois* [p. 719] and the streams of *Xanthus* [p. 738].

Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532], bulwark of the Achaeans, was the first to shatter a Trojan company and give his comrades hope, felling the best of the *Thracian* [p. 732] warriors, *Acamas* [p. 516], tall and powerful son of *Eussorus* [p. 609]. He struck him first on the ridge of his horsehair-crested helmet, and drove the bronze spear-point into the bone, so darkness filled his eyes.

Then *Diomedes* [p. 590], of the loud war-cry, killed *Axylus* [p. 564], son of *Teuthras* [p. 726]. He was a rich man from fine *Arisbe* [p. 554], loved for the hospitality shown at his roadside home. But none of his friends were there that day to face the enemy and save him from his sad fate; for Diomedes killed both him and his charioteer *Calesius* [p. 569], and they went down under the earth.

And *Euryalus* [p. 607] killed *Dresus* [p. 594] and *Opheltius* [p. 676] then chased down *Aesepeus* [p. 526] and *Pedasus* [p. 686], whom the water-nymph *Abarbarea* [p. 515] bore to peerless *Bucolion* [p. 568]. He was the eldest bastard son of noble *Laomedon* [p. 643], who lay with the nymph while shepherding his flock. She bore him twins, and now Euryalus, son of *Mecisteus* [p. 653], loosed their noble limbs, they in their prime, stripping the armour from their breasts.

Now rugged *Polypoetes* [p. 704] killed *Astyalus* [p. 558], while *Odysseus* [p. 671] slew *Pidytes* [p. 699] of *Percote* [p. 690] with his bronze spear, and *Teucer* [p. 725] noble *Aretaon* [p. 552]. Then *Antilochus* [p. 544], *Nestor's* [p. 667] son, with his shining spear downed *Ablerus* [p. 515], and *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, felled *Elatus* [p. 597], who lived in hilly *Pedasus* [p. 686] by the banks of sweet-flowing *Satniois* [p. 714].

As *Phylacus* [p. 699] fled before him, *Leitus* [p. 645] slew him there, while in turn *Eurypylus* [p. 608] laid *Melanthius* [p. 655] low.

But *Menelaus* [p. 655], of the loud war-cry, took *Adrastus* [p. 522] alive, for the man's horses bolting across the plain in terror tangled with a tamarisk bough and, snapping the shaft where it met the chariot, fled towards the city caught up in the general rout: but Adrastus was flung from the chariot and landed face down in the dust beside a wheel. Menelaus, son of Atreus, was soon before him, grasping a long-shadowed spear. Then Adrastus clasped him by the knees and begged: 'Take me alive, son of Atreus, and win a noble ransom; there are great treasures of iron, bronze, and gold finely-worked in my rich father's house. He would pay you a mighty ransom if he heard I'd been taken alive to a Greek ship.'

So he tried to soften the other's heart, and Menelaus, it is true, was about to send him off with a squire to the swift Achaean ships, when Agamemnon arrived at the run, calling out: 'Dear Menelaus, why such compassion? Were these Trojans kind to you back home? Let none escape death at our hands, not even the child in the womb; let not a one survive, let all *Ilium* [p. 637] die: leave none behind as witnesses to mourn.'

His brother's mind was changed by his words of wisdom; and Menelaus thrust Adrastus away for the king to spear him in the side. Backward he fell and the son of Atreus, planting his foot on his chest, drew forth the ashen spear.

Meanwhile *Nestor* [p. 667] was shouting loudly, calling out to the Greeks: 'My friends, you sons of Ares, Danaan warriors, no lingering here in your eagerness to loot, so you might scurry back to the ships carrying the best spoils. Let us kill these men; then you may strip the corpses on the field at your ease.'

BK VI:72-118 HELENUS ASKS HECTOR TO URGE THE CITY TO PRAY




is words filled every man with fresh strength and courage. The Trojans would have been driven back to Ilium, defeated and disheartened by the Greek attack, if *Helennus* [p. 621], *Priam's* [p. 706] son, the greatest augur in Troy, had not found *Hector* [p. 617] and *Aeneas* [p. 524]: 'You two above all command the Trojan and *Lycian* [p. 648] effort, since you are the finest in war and counsel in every way. Gather the troops, and make a stand before the gates, lest they end by throwing themselves into their women's arms and our enemies rejoice. When you have rallied every company, we'll hold our ground and fight the Greeks here, weary as we are, since fate demands it. Then go to the city, Hector, and speak to our mother, *Hecabe* [p. 616]. Let her gather the older women on the Acropolis, at bright-eyed *Athene's* [p. 559] shrine: unlock the doors of the sacred temple, and lay on the knees of shining-haired Athene, the largest and loveliest robe from the palace, the one she prizes most. Then let her make a vow to sacrifice a dozen yearling heifers, unused to the goad, in her temple, so that she may take pity on Troy, and the Trojan women and children, and keep that savage warrior *Diomedes* [p. 590] from Ilium, that great panic-maker, who I say has proved the mightiest of the Greeks. Not even Achilles, prince of men, is as feared, and he they say is son of a goddess. This son of Tydeus, in his merciless rage, is unrivalled in his power.'

Hector promptly obeyed, and fully-armed leapt down from his chariot. Brandishing two sharp spears he went everywhere among the men, urging them on, and stirring the hum of battle. They wheeled about and turned to face the Greeks, who then gave ground and stopped their slaughter, thinking some god had come from the starry heavens to assist the Trojans, they rallied now so strongly. Hector cried aloud to the army: 'Brave Trojans, and glorious allies, my friends, be men and think on furious valour,

while I enter Ilium and tell our wives and Elders to pray to the gods and promise sacrifice.’

With this, Hector of the gleaming helm, departed, and as he went the black leather rim that ran round the outermost edge of his bossed shield tapped at his ankles and his neck.

BK VI:119-211 GLAUCUS MEETS DIOMEDES AND TELLS HIS LINEAGE

ow *Diomedes* [p. 590] and *Glaucus* [p. 611], son of *Hippolochus* [p. 628], met in the space between the armies, eager for the fight. When they had come within range, the son of Tydeus, he of the loud war-cry, called: ‘What mighty man are you, among mortals? I have never seen you on the field of honour before today, yet facing my long-shadowed spear, you show greater daring than all the rest. Unhappy are those whose sons meet my fury. But if you be one of the gods from heaven, I will not fight with the immortals. Not even mighty *Lycurgus* [p. 650], son of *Dryas* [p. 594], survived his war with the gods for long. He chased the nymphs, who nursed frenzied *Dionysus* [p. 592], through the sacred hills of *Nysa* [p. 670], and struck by the murderous man’s ox-goad their holy wands fell from their hands. But Dionysus fleeing, plunged beneath the waves, trembling and terrified by the man’s loud cries, and *Thetis* [p. 730] took him to her breast. Then the gods who take their ease were angered by Lycurgus, and *Zeus* [p. 739] blinded him. So that, hated by the immortals, he soon died. No way then would I wish to oppose the blessed gods. But if you are mortal, and eat the food men grow, come on, and meet the toils of fate the sooner.’

‘Brave Diomedes’, Hippolochus’ son replied, ‘why ask my lineage? Like the generations of leaves are those of men. The wind blows and one year’s leaves are scattered on the ground, but the trees bud and fresh leaves open when spring comes again. So a generation of men is born as another

passes away. Still if you wish to know my lineage, listen well to what others know already. There's a town called *Ephyre* [p. 601] in a corner of *Argos* [p. 553], the horse-pasture, and a man lived there called *Sisyphus* [p. 720], the craftiest of men, a son of *Aeolus* [p. 525]. He had a son called *Glaucus* [p. 611], and Glaucus was father of peerless *Bellerophon* [p. 565], to whom the gods gave beauty and every manly grace. But Zeus made him subject to King *Proetus* [p. 708], who was stronger and plotted against him, and drove him from Argive lands. Now Proetus' wife, the fair *Anteia* [p. 543], longed madly for Bellerephon, and begged him to lie with her in secret, but wise Bellerephon was a righteous man and could not be persuaded. So she wove a web of deceit, and said to King Proetus: 'Kill this Bellerephon, who tried to take me by force, or die in the doing of it.' The king was angered by her words. He would not kill Bellerephon, as his heart shrank from murder, but he packed him off to *Lycia* [p. 648], and scratching many deadly signs on a folded tablet, gave him that fatal token, and told him to hand it to the Lycian king, his father-in-law, so to engineer his death. Bellerephon went to Lycia escorted by peerless gods, and when he reached the streams of *Xanthus* [p. 738] the king of great Lycia welcomed him with honour, entertaining him for nine days, and sacrificing nine oxen. But when rosy-fingered Dawn lit the tenth day his host questioned him, and asked what token he brought him from his son-in-law Proetus.

On first deciphering the fatal message, he ordered Bellerephon to kill the monstrous *Chimaera* [p. 575], spawned by gods and not men, that had a lion's head, goat's body and serpent's tail, and breathed out deadly blasts of scorching fire. But Bellerephon slew her, guided by the gods. Next he was sent against the notorious *Solyoi* [p. 720], and fought, he said, the mightiest battle he ever fought. Then thirdly he slaughtered the *Amazons* [p. 539], women the equal of men. The king planned a deadly ruse for his return, staging an ambush by the pick of the Lycian warriors. But not one of them returned: the peerless Bellerephon killed them all. The king then realised he was a true son of the gods, and offered him his daughter and half of his kingdom, to stay. The Lycians moreover marked out for him an estate of the first rank, with tracts of orchards and plough-land for his delight.

The lady bore Bellerephon, that warlike man, three children, *Isander* [p. 640], Hippolochus and *Laodameia* [p. 642]. Zeus the Counsellor slept with Laodameia and she bore godlike *Sarpedon* [p. 714], now a bronze-clad warrior. But the time came when Bellerephon too was loathed by the gods, and wandered off alone over the *Aleian* [p. 537] plain, eating his heart away and shunning the ways of men. Ares, unwearied by war, killed his son Isander, battling with the glorious Solymi; and Laodameia was slain in anger by *Artemis* [p. 555] of the Golden Reins. Hippolochus remained and fathered me, and from him I claim descent. He sent me here to Troy and charged me earnestly to be the best and bravest, and not bring shame on my ancestors the best men in Ephyre and all broad Lycia. Such is my lineage, from that blood am I sprung.’

Diomedes, of the loud war-cry rejoiced at these words. Planting his spear in the fertile earth, he spoke to the Lycian general courteously: ‘You are, then, a friend of long-standing to my father’s house, since noble *Oeneus* [p. 673] once entertained peerless Bellerephon in his palace, and kept him there twenty days. Moreover they exchanged fine friendship gifts. Oeneus gave him a bright scarlet belt, and Bellerephon replied with a two-handled gold cup, which was there in the palace when I came away. But Tydeus my father I scarce remember, since I was a little child when he left, when the Achaean warriors died at *Thebes* [p. 728]. So I will be your good friend at home in Argos, and you will be mine in Lycia, should I come to visit. Let us avoid each other’s spear in the battle, there are plenty more Trojans and their worthy allies for me to slay, if a god lets my feet overtake them, and many Greeks for you to kill, if you can. Let us exchange our armour then, that those around may know that our grandfather’s friendship makes us two friends.’

At this, the two leapt down from their chariots, and clasped each other’s hands as a pledge of their good faith. But Zeus, the son of *Cronos* [p. 582], robbed Glaucus of his wits, for he gave Diomedes, son of Tydeus, golden armour for bronze, a hundred oxen’s worth for that of nine.

BK VI:237-311 HECABE PRAYS TO ATHENE



Now when *Hector* [p. 617] reached the oak tree by the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate, he was besieged by the Trojan wives and daughters asking after their sons and husbands, brothers and friends. He ordered them to pray to the gods, and sorrow hung about many.

Then he came to *Priam's* [p. 706] lovely palace, fronted by marble colonnades, and enclosing fifty chambers of polished stone, adjoining one another, where Priam's sons slept beside their wives and opposite within the court twelve well-roofed closely-adjoining chambers of polished stone for his noble daughters and his sons-in-law. There his gracious *mother* [p. 616] met him, with *Laodice* [p. 643] fairest of her daughters. 'My son,' she cried, clasping his hand, 'why are you here and not in the midst of dreadful battle? Those vile Achaeans must be closing in on the city that you come to the Acropolis to pray to Zeus. Wait till I fetch you some sweet honeyed wine, first to pour a libation to Zeus and the other gods, and then for your relief if you will drink. Wine fortifies a man wearied by toil, as you must be wearied defending us.'

Mighty Hector of the gleaming helm replied: 'No honeyed wine for me, my lady mother, lest you weaken me and I lose strength and courage. Nor should I dare to pour Zeus a libation of bright wine with unwashed hands, nor pray to the son of Cronos, lord of the thunder clouds, spattered with blood and filth. You though must gather the older women, and take burnt offerings to the temple of *Athene* [p. 559] ever first to chase the spoils, and take her the best and largest robe in your palace, the one you love the most, and lay it on her knees. Vow to golden-haired Athene that you'll sacrifice at her shrine a dozen yearling heifers, unused to the goad, and beg her to have pity on holy Ilium, and on the Trojan women and children, and bar *Diomedes* [p. 590] from the city, that savage spearmen, and panic-maker. Go now, to the shrine of Athene the Warrior, while I find *Paris* [p. 682] and rouse

him, if he will listen. Better the earth swallow him now. Zeus made him a great bane to the Trojans, to great Priam and his sons. If I saw him bound for *Hades*' [p. 614] palace, then would my heart, I say, be free of grief.'

At this, his mother went to the palace, calling for her maids, and they gathered the older women of the city. Meanwhile she went down to the vaulted treasure chamber where she kept her richly-worked robes, embroidered by Sidonian women, whom princely Paris had brought himself from *Sidon* [p. 719], when he sailed the seas on that voyage that brought him high-born Helen. From these *Hecabe* [p. 616] chose the largest and most richly embroidered that had lain beneath the rest, and now gleamed like a star. Then she set out, with the throng of older women hurrying after.

At the shrine of Athene on the Acropolis, lovely *Theano* [p. 727] flung open the doors. She, whom Troy had appointed priestess of Athene, was daughter to *Cisseus* [p. 578], and wife to *Antenor* [p. 543], the horse-tamer. They lifted their hands to Athene, with ecstatic cries, while lovely Theano took the robe, laid it on golden-haired Athene's knees, then prayed to the daughter of Zeus. 'Lady Athene, fairest of goddesses, protectress of the city, shatter Diomedes' spear. Topple him headlong before the Scaean Gate, and we will sacrifice in your shrine twelve yearling heifers, unused to the goad. Take pity on the city, the Trojan women and their little ones.' So Theano prayed, but Pallas Athene denied the prayer.



‘Hector asks his mother and his sisters to make an offering to Athene’

Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK VI:312-368 HECTOR ROUSES PARIS



While they prayed to Almighty Zeus' daughter, *Hector*^[p. 617] went to *Paris*'^[p. 682] fine home, built by the best workmen in the fertile land of Troy. They had fashioned court, hall and sleeping-chambers close to Priam's palace and Hector's own house on the citadel. There, Zeus-beloved Hector entered, his long spear in his hand, the spear-blade glittering before him, its socket made of gold.

He found Paris in his rooms busy with his splendid weapons, the shield and cuirass, and handling his curved bow. Argive *Helen*^[p. 621] sat there too, among her ladies, superintending their fine handiwork. Catching sight of Paris, Hector rebuked him with scornful words: 'It is wrong to be so perverse, nursing anger in your heart, while your friends die at the gates of the city and high on the battlements, yet you are the reason the sounds of war echo through Troy. You yourself would reproach those you found shirking the field of battle, so rouse yourself, before flames consume the city!'

Paris replied: 'Hector, since you are right and just in your rebuke, I will explain. Listen and reflect. I don't take to my room through anger against the Trojans, or indignation, but rather in sorrow. Indeed but now my wife sought to change my mind with gentle words, urging me to fight: and I myself agree it might be best, since victory shifts from one man to another. So wait a moment while I don my gear, or you go on ahead and I'll follow, and overtake you.'

To this Hector of the gleaming helm made no answer, but Helen spoke to him in gentle tones: 'Brother, I am indeed that wicked she-dog whom all abhor. I wish that on the day of my birth, some vile blast of wind had blown me to the mountains, or into the waves of the echoing sea, where the waters would have drowned me, and none of this would have

come about. But since the gods ordained this fate, I wish that I had a better man for husband, who felt the reproaches and contempt of his fellow men. But this man of mine is fickle, and ever will be so, and will reap the harvest of it hereafter. But enter, now and be seated, my brother, since you are the most troubled in mind of all, through my shamelessness and Paris' folly. Zeus has brought an evil fate upon us, and in days to come we shall be a song for those yet unborn.'

'No, I shall not sit here, Helen,' Hector of the gleaming helm replied: 'kind though you are, you'll not persuade me. Already my heart burns to aid our Trojans who miss me greatly when I'm gone. But urge your man to follow swiftly, so he overtakes me in the city. I go now to see my wife, my little boy, my people, not knowing if I shall see them again, or whether the gods have doomed me to die at Achaean hands.'

BK VI:369-439 HECTOR SPEAKS WITH ANDROMACHE



With this, *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm departed for his fine house, but failed to find white-armed *Andromache* [p. 543] at home. She had gone with her son and a fair companion, to the battlements, where she stood in tears and sorrow. Failing to find his peerless wife, Hector stood at the threshold and spoke to her servants: 'Tell me, you maids, where is white-armed Andromache? Is she visiting one of my sisters, or my noble brothers' fair wives, or has she gone to *Athene's* [p. 559] shrine, where the rest of Troy's noble women seek to influence the dread goddess?'

'Hector,' a busy housemaid replied, 'if you wish to know the truth, she has done none of those things, but hearing our men were hard pressed, and the Greeks had won a great victory, she rushed to the battlements, in great distress, and the nurse followed carrying your son.'

At this, Hector sped from the house and retraced his path through the broad streets. When, after crossing the city, he reached the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate by which he intended to leave, his wife came running to meet him. Richly-dowered, Andromache was the daughter of brave *Eëtion* [p. 596], who lived in *Thebe* [p. 728] below wooded *Placus* [p. 700], and ruled the *Cilicians* [p. 577]. Now she ran to her bronze-clad husband, and the nurse was with her, holding a little boy in her arms, a baby son, Hector's bright star. Hector called him *Scamandrius* [p. 716], but the rest *Astyanax* [p. 558], since, to them, Hector alone protected Ilium. Hector smiled, and gazed at his son in silence, but Andromache crept weeping to his side, and clasped his hand, saying: 'Husband, this courage of yours dooms you. You show no pity for your little son or your wretched wife, whom you'll soon make a widow. The Achaeans must soon join arms against you, and destroy you. If I lose you I were better dead, for should you meet your fate, there will be no more joy for me only sorrow. I have no royal father or mother. Achilles killed my noble father when he sacked Cilician Thebe, that many-peopled city with its high gates. But he shrank from despoiling Eëtion though he slew him, sending him to the pyre in his ornate armour, and heaping a mound above him, round which the mountain-nymphs, daughters of aegis-bearing Zeus, planted elm trees. And seven brothers of mine, swift-footed mighty *Achilles* [p. 517] sent to Hades, all on a day, killing them there among their shambling-gaited cattle and white fleecy sheep. My mother, queen below wooded Placus, he dragged here with the rest of his spoils, but freed her for a princely ransom, only for *Artemis* [p. 555] of the bow to slay her in her father's house. Hector you are parent, brother, husband to me. Take pity on me now, and stay here on the battlements, don't make your son an orphan your wife a widow. Station your men above the fig-tree there, where the wall's most easily scaled, and the city lies then wide open. Thrice their best men led by the two *Aiantes* [p. 532], great *Idomeneus* [p. 636], the *Atreidae* [p. 528], and brave *Diomedes* [p. 590], have tested the wall there. Someone skilled in divining has told them, or maybe their own experience urges them to try.'



‘Hector bids farewell to Andromache’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

BK VI:440-493 HECTOR TAKES LEAVE OF HIS WIFE AND SON

‘L’ady,’ said *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm, ‘I too am concerned, but if I hid from the fighting like a coward, I would be shamed before all the Trojans and their wives in their trailing robes. Nor is it my instinct, since I have striven ever to excel always in the vanguard of the battle, seeking to win great glory for my father and myself. And deep in my heart I know the day is coming when sacred *Ilium* [p. 637] will fall, *Priam* [p. 706], and his people of the ashen spear. But the thought of the sad fate to come, not even *Hecabe’s* [p. 616] or Priam’s, nor my many noble brothers’ who will bite the dust at the hands of their foes, not even that sorrow moves me as does the thought of your grief when some bronze-clad Greek drags you away weeping, robbing you of your freedom. Perhaps in Argos you’ll toil at the loom at some other woman’s whim, or bear water all unwillingly from some spring, *Messeis* [p. 660] or *Hyperia* [p. 631], bowed down by the yoke of necessity. Seeing your tears, they will say: ‘There goes the wife of Hector, foremost of all the horse-taming Trojans, when the battle raged at Troy.’ And you will sorrow afresh at those words, lacking a man like me to save you from bondage. May I be dead, and the earth piled above me, before I hear your cries as they drag you away.’

With this, glorious Hector held out his arms to take his *son* [p. 558], but the child, alarmed at sight of his father, shrank back with a cry on his fair nurse’s breast, fearing the helmet’s bronze and the horsehair crest nodding darkly at him. His father and mother smiled, and glorious Hector doffed the shining helmet at once and laid it on the ground. Then he kissed his beloved son, dandled him in his arms, and prayed aloud: ‘Zeus, and all you gods, grant that this boy like me may be foremost among the Trojans, as mighty in strength, and a powerful leader of Ilium. And some day may they say of him, as he returns from war, “He’s a better man than his father”, and

may he bear home the blood-stained armour of those he has slain, so his mother's heart may rejoice.'

With this he placed the child in his dear wife's arms, and she took him to her fragrant breast, smiling through her tears. Her husband was touched with pity at this, and stroked her with his hand, saying: '*Andromache* [p. 543], dear wife, don't grieve for me too deeply yet. None will send me to Hades before my time: though no man, noble or humble, once born can escape his fate. Go home, and attend to your tasks, the loom and spindle, and see the maids work hard. War is a man's concern, the business of every man in Ilium, and mine above all.'

BK VI:494-529 HECTOR AND PARIS GO TO FIGHT



So saying, glorious *Hector* [p. 617] took up his helmet with its horse-hair crest, while his wife returned home, weeping profusely with many a backward glance. *She* [p. 543] soon came to man-killing Hector's fine palace, gathered her crowd of women, and roused them to lamentation. Thus they mourned for Hector while he still lived, believing he could not escape an Achaean attack in strength, and return alive from the battlefield.

Paris [p. 682] meanwhile did not linger long in his high house, but donned his fine armour with bronze trappings, and fleet of foot sped surely through the city. Like a stable-fed stallion, who has had his fill, and breaks the halter and gallops over the fields in triumph, to bathe in the lovely river as is his wont, tossing his head while his mane streams over his shoulders, glorying in his power as his strong legs carry him to the pastures, the haunts of mares; so Paris, son of Priam, strode swiftly down from *Pergamus* [p. 690], glittering in his armour like the shining sun, and filled with joy.

He soon overtook his brother, noble Hector, about to leave the place where he'd talked with his wife. Godlike Paris was first to speak: 'Brother, I fear my long delay has kept you waiting; I failed to arrive as you requested.'

Hector of the gleaming helm answered him: 'Perverse man, no one with reason would decry your martial efforts, since you have courage; but you malingers when it suits, and shun the fight. It grieves me when I hear reproaches against you on Trojan lips, you who caused them all this trouble. Go on, we will be reconciled later, if Zeus grants that we drive the bronze-greaved Greeks from the soil of Troy, and we make a free libation in the palace, to the heavenly gods who live forever.'

BOOK VII - AJAX AGAINST HECTOR

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Il Metal pour son

BK VII:1-53 APOLLO AND ATHENE DEBATE THE BATTLE

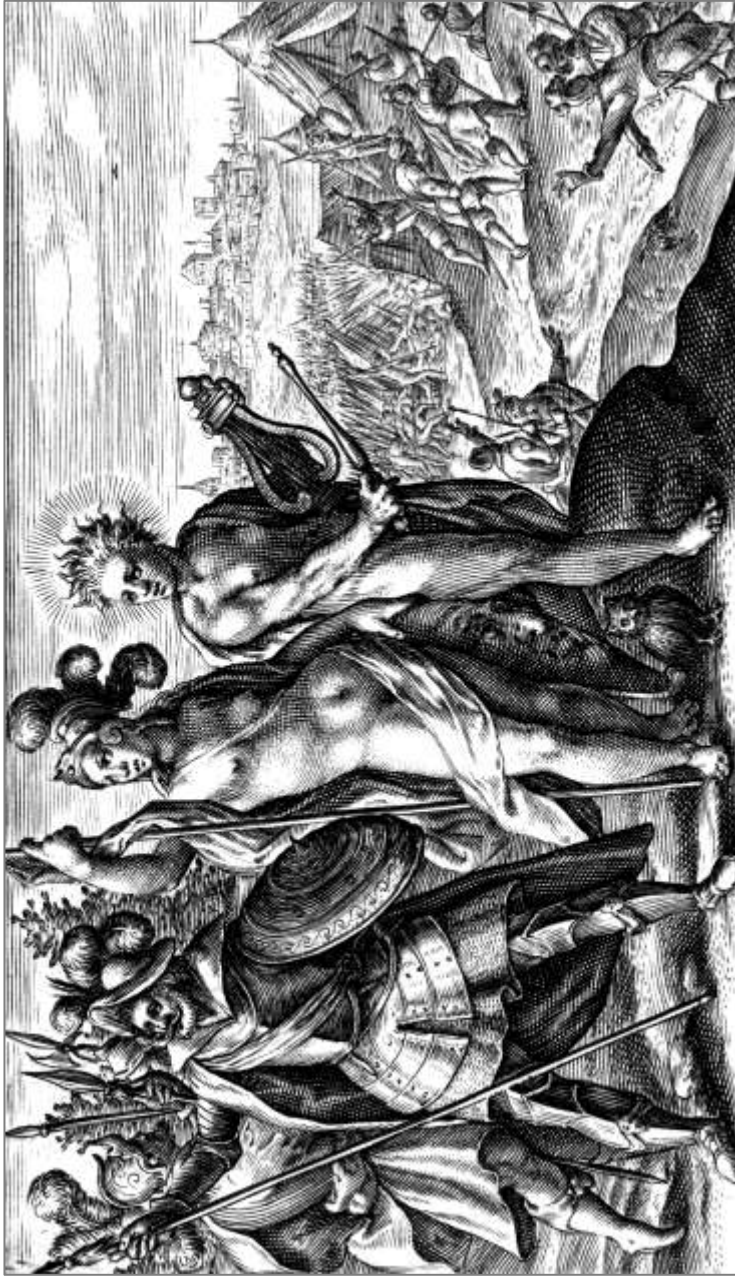


With this, glorious *Hector* [p. 617] sallied from the gate, alongside his brother *Paris* [p. 682], both eager for war and strife. Like a fair breeze from heaven to sailors whose limbs are weary from driving their smooth pine oar-blades through the waves, so these two seemed to the waiting Trojans.

Paris at once slew *Menesthius* [p. 657] of *Arne* [p. 554], the son of the club-wielding King *Areithous* [p. 551] and ox-eyed *Phylomedusa* [p. 699], while Hector struck *Eioneus* [p. 597] on the neck with his sharp spear-blade below the fine helmet of bronze, and his limbs were loosened. Meanwhile, in the skirmish, *Glaucus* [p. 611], *Hippolochus*' [p. 628] son, the *Lycian* [p. 648] general, cast a spear at *Iphinous* [p. 639], *Dexius*' [p. 589] son, as he mounted his chariot behind his swift mares, striking him on the shoulder, and he toppled to the ground, and his limbs too were loosened.

Now when bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] saw the Greeks being slaughtered in this fierce encounter, she darted down from Olympian heights to holy Ilium. And *Apollo* [p. 547], seeing her from *Pergamus* [p. 690] sped towards her, eager to grant the Trojans victory. So they met at the oak-tree, and kingly Apollo son of Zeus, spoke first: 'Where are you rushing so eagerly from Olympus, now, daughter of mighty Zeus, and with what deep motive? Is it to turn the tide of battle and grant the Danaans victory, since you show no pity for the Trojan dead? If you will take my advice it would be best by far to end this day of strife and conflict. Let them fight another day with Ilium at issue since it delights the hearts of you undying goddesses to destroy this city.'

Bright-eyed Athene answered: 'So be it, god that kills from afar; with that same thought I came here from Olympus. But how do you plan to stop these warriors fighting?'



‘Athene and Apollo tempted to fight Hector’

Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

Princely Apollo, son of Zeus, replied: ‘Let us rouse the mighty spirit of horse-taming *Hector* [p. 617], and let him challenge one of the Greeks to meet him in mortal combat. The bronze-clad Achaeans, being provoked, will raise a champion to fight him.’

That was his idea, and bright-eyed Athene instantly obeyed. For *Helenu*s [p. 621], beloved son of *Priam* [p. 706], divined in his mind this plan, in which the immortals had concurred. He went straight to Hector’s side, saying: ‘Son of Priam, equal to Zeus in wisdom, will you be guided by your brother? Ask the Greeks and Trojans to be seated then challenge the Achaeans to produce a champion, to meet you man to man in mortal combat. For it is not your fate to die, your time has not yet come: so say the voices of the deathless ones I hear within me.’

BK VII:54-119 HECTOR ISSUES A CHALLENGE



Hector [p. 617] was joyful at these words, and with a level spear-shaft held back the Trojan lines. They sat down, and *Agamemnon* [p. 528] made the bronze-greaved Achaeans do likewise. Then *Athene* [p. 559] and *Apollo* [p. 547] of the silver bow in the guise of vultures perched on aegis-bearing *Zeus*’ [p. 739] tall oak-tree, and enjoyed the sight of those warriors in serried ranks, bristling with spears, glittering with helmets and shields. Like a darkened arm of sea, when a fresh westerly ripples the surface, so the seated Greek and Trojan armies covered the plain.

Then standing between the two, Hector spoke: ‘Bronze-greaved Greeks, and you Trojans, hear what my heart tells me. Almighty Zeus has not preserved our truce, but with cruel intent makes us fight on till you Greeks conquer Troy’s high walls, or are slain yourselves beside your sailing ships. The finest men of Achaea lead your army. Let the man whose heart prompts him to challenge me step forward from your ranks, as your champion against this noble Hector. I say, and may Zeus bear witness: if

your man slays me with his sharpened blade, let him strip me of my armour and bear it to the hollow ships, but leave my body to the Trojans to bear home, that they and their wives may give my corpse to the flames. But if I kill him, and Apollo grants me glory, I'll take his armour to holy Ilium and hang it in Apollo the far-darter's shrine, and give his corpse back to the benched ships so the long-haired Greeks may give him burial, heaping a mound for him by the broad *Hellespont* [p. 622], that future voyagers sailing by, in their benched ships over the wine-dark sea, shall say: This is the mound of a warrior long ago, whom glorious Hector slew in his prime. So shall they speak, and to my undying glory.'

At this, a silence fell among the Greeks, ashamed to refuse but fearful of his challenge. Finally *Menelaus* [p. 655], with reluctance, rose to his feet and reproached them bitterly: 'Ah, you braggarts, you women of Achaea, no longer men! What a dark and dreadful thing, if not one Greek should stand to challenge Hector. Sit there and rot, turn to dust and slime, you cowardly crew. I will arm myself against him, though victory lies with the gods in heaven.'

So saying, he donned his fine armour. And Menelaus that would have signalled your death at the hands of Hector, the greater warrior, had not the Greek king leapt up to restrain you. Atreides himself, imperial Agamemnon, seized you by the right hand, saying: 'Zeus-nurtured Menelaus you are mad! Such foolishness is not needed. Restrain yourself, however painful it might be, and think not of rivalling a greater warrior, Hector son of Priam, dreaded by all. Even *Achilles* [p. 517] shudders to confront this man on the field of glory, one who's your superior by far. Be seated again with your comrades. We Greeks will find some other champion to fight him. Brave he may be, and filled with battle-lust, but he will be glad to kneel and rest if he survives this fatal combat and war's fury.'

BK VII:120-160 NESTOR SPEAKS



With this wise counsel he swayed his brother's mind, and *Menelaus* [p. 655] gave way. As his attendants gladly removed the armour from his shoulders, *Nestor* [p. 667] rose to address the Argives: 'Now, this is enough to make Achaea weep! How that old horseman, *Peleus* [p. 688], the noble orator, and leader still of the Myrmidons, would groan: he who once so enjoyed questioning me on the birth and lineage of every Argive: if he could hear of how those same men all cower now before *Hector* [p. 617]. He would raise his arms to the heavens, and pray that his spirit might leave his body and plunge to Hades!

Oh, Father Zeus, Athene and Apollo, if only I were young again and our *Pylia* [p. 710] host still fighting the Arcadian spearmen by swift-running *Celadon* [p. 573], under *Pheia's* [p. 694] walls, at the streams of *Iardanus* [p. 634]. *Ereuthalion* [p. 603] was their champion. Like a god he was, clad in the armour of noble King *Areithous* [p. 551] whom men and fair women called the Mace-man, because he ignored long-spear or bow, and shattered the lines with his iron mace. *Lycurgus* [p. 650] killed him, and not by strength but guile, in a narrow defile where his iron mace was useless to protect him. Lycurgus caught him unawares, pierced him through the belly with his spear, and threw him backwards on the ground. Then he stripped him of his armour, a gift from Brazen Ares, and wore it later in battle. But as an aged king, Lycurgus gave it to his dear friend, Ereuthalion, to wear, so Ereuthalion challenged our champions in *Areithous'* armour. And for fear and trembling none dared accept. Though the youngest there, in my boldness my doughty heart spurred me to fight him, and *Athene* [p. 559] granted me glory. He was the tallest and strongest I ever slew: yet he lay sprawling there in all his mighty breadth and height. I wish I were young again and in my strength! Then Hector of the gleaming helm would swiftly meet his match. Yet though you are the pick of this Achaean army, not one of you has the nerve to run and meet him.'

BK VII:161-232 AJAX THE GREATER IS CHOSEN BY LOT TO FIGHT HECTOR

Nine men leapt to their feet at this rebuke. The first by far was King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], then mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590] *Tydeus*' [p. 737] son, next the *Aiantes* [p. 532], full of martial spirit, *Idomeneus* [p. 636] then and his comrade *Meriones* [p. 658], peer of *Enyalios* [p. 600], divine slayer of men. *Eurypylus* [p. 608] followed, *Euaemon*'s [p. 606] famous son, while up sprang *Thoas* [p. 731], son of *Andraemon* [p. 542], and noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] too: all were ready to fight with prince *Hector* [p. 617]. The Gerenian horseman, *Nestor* [p. 667], then spoke again: 'Cast lots now, each of you, that one might be chosen. He will serve the Achaean cause well, and himself too, if he survives this fatal combat and war's fury.'

At this, each of the nine marked his lot and threw it into Agamemnon's helmet, while the soldiers lifted their arms to the heavens, and prayed to Zeus for the lot to fall on Ajax, or else Diomedes, or the king of golden *Mycenae* [p. 663] himself.'

Then Nestor of Gerenia shook the helmet, and out leapt the lot all desired: that of Ajax. A herald carried the lot round the circle of warriors from left to right, and each as he failed to recognise his mark denied it. But when he reached the one, who had marked and cast it into the helm, great Ajax himself, he placed the lot in his hand, and Ajax recognising his mark was filled with joy. He threw the lot on the ground at his feet, and shouted: 'Friends, the lot is mine: my heart is overjoyed, for I foresee I shall conquer noble Hector. Now, while I don my battle gear, pray silently to almighty Zeus, the son of Cronos, so the Trojans cannot hear – or rather, no, pray openly, since we fear none. No man's will shall put me to flight, against my own will, nor yet his skill; I was not born and raised in *Salamis* [p. 713] without skills of my own.'

At this, they prayed to almighty Zeus, the son of Cronos: ‘Father Zeus, who reigns from Ida, glorious and great, grant Ajax the victory and glorious renown: but, if you love Hector too and care for him, then grant equal strength and glory to both.’

As they prayed, Ajax donned the gleaming bronze. When his body was all armoured, he rushed to the fight like giant *Ares* [p. 551] entering the fray, among warriors Zeus has joined in war’s soul-destroying conflict. So, mighty Ajax, shield of Achaea, ran on with a smile on his grim face, covering the ground with long strides, shaking his long-shadowed spear. The Argives rejoiced to see him, but the Trojans trembled with fear in every limb, and even Hector’s heart beat faster. But, as challenger, it was too late for him to turn tail and slink back to the ranks. Now Ajax drew close, behind his tower-like shield of bronze, with its sevenfold layers of leather that *Tychius* [p. 737] of *Hyle* [p. 630] the master-currer had worked. He had overlaid hides of seven great bulls, fronted by an eighth layer of bronze. Protecting his chest, Telamonian Ajax halted near Hector and challenged him: ‘Now, Hector you’ll see, face to face, what we Greek generals are made of, even though *Achilles* [p. 517] lion-heart, breaker of men, waits idly among the beaked sea-vessels, angered by King Agamemnon. Many of us, still, dare face you. So let battle and mayhem commence.’

BK VII:233-312 AJAX AND HECTOR FIGHT



o this, great *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm replied: ‘Prince *Ajax* [p. 532], heaven-born son of Telamon, don’t try to frighten me, like some feeble child or a woman ignorant of war. I know all there is to know of conflict and killing. I know how to swing my shield of seasoned hide to left and right, and how to use it sturdily in a fight. I know how to dash among the charging chariots drawn by the swiftest mares, and I know how to tread the measure of angry *Ares* in close encounter. Yet I’d not strike secretly at a man like you, but openly, and hope to hit you.’

With this, he balanced his long-shadowed spear, and threw. He struck Ajax's fearful shield of seven-layered bull's hide on its eighth layer, the covering of bronze. It pierced six layers but the seventh stopped it. Then heaven-born Ajax hurled his long-shadowed spear in turn, and struck Hector's well-balanced shield. The great spear pierced the gleaming disc, forced its way through the ornate corselet, and tore the tunic on his flank. Yet Hector swerved and escaped dark death.

Then each together pulled back their long spears with both hands, and fell on one another like hungry lions, or strong wild boars. Hector with a thrust of his spear, struck Ajax's shield square on, but the bronze point was turned and failed to pierce it. Ajax leapt on him and his spear went right through Hector's shield, cutting his neck, so he reeled, and the dark blood flowed. Yet Hector of the gleaming helm fought on, giving ground to grasp a black stone, huge and jagged, from the dust. He caught Ajax's fearful sevenfold bull's hide shield on the boss, so the bronze covering rang. Then Ajax lifted a far larger rock, like a millstone, and hurled it, in turn, with measureless strength, bursting Hector's shield and beating him to his knees, so he lay back on the ground, curled beneath the shield.

But Apollo swiftly brought him to his feet. Now they would have closed and thrust with their swords, if the heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, had failed to intervene, *Talthybius* [p. 723] the Greek, and *Idaeus* [p. 635] the Trojan, both prudent men. They raised their herald's staves between the two, and then Idaeus, skilled in wise counsel, cried: 'Cease to fight, dear sons: break off the combat. You are both loved by Cloud-Gathering Zeus, fine spearmen both; as all now can see. Moreover night is falling, and must be obeyed.'

'Idaeus,' answered Telamonian Ajax, 'Hector must say the word since he it was who challenged the best of us to fight. If he speaks out, I will consent gladly.'



‘Combat between Ajax and Hector’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

Then Hector of the gleaming helm addressed him: ‘Ajax, a god granted you power and stature, wisdom too, and pre-eminence with the spear beyond all the other Greeks. Let us cease from combat for the day. Later we’ll fight and may a god judge between us, granting victory to one man or the other. But night falls now, and it is best to obey. Your presence will gladden the hearts of the Greeks beside your ships, your kith and kin above all, while mine will please the Trojans and their long-robed wives, through all great Priam’s city, who will meet to offer thankful prayers to the gods. But let us now exchange noble gifts, so that Greeks and Trojans alike may say: “Rivals, they fought in soul-devouring conflict, but then were reconciled and parted friends.”’

So saying, he handed Ajax his silver-studded sword, with its scabbard and trim baldric; while Ajax gave him his bright scarlet belt. So they parted, Ajax back to Achaean lines, Hector to the throng of Trojans, who rejoiced to see him there alive and whole, safe from Ajax’s strength and his unconquered arms. They brought him back home to the city scarce believing he’d survived. The bronze-greaved Greeks, for their part, led Ajax back to noble *Agamemnon* [p. 528], elated by his deeds.

BK VII:313-378 BOTH SIDES TAKE COUNSEL



On reaching the royal huts, King *Agamemnon* [p. 528] sacrificed a five-year-old bull to almighty Zeus. They flayed, cut and dressed the carcass, slicing the meat skilfully, spitting and roasting it carefully, then drawing it from the spits. The work done, and the meal prepared, contentedly they shared the feast. Imperial Agamemnon, the warrior son of Atreus, granted *Ajax* [p. 532] the honour of receiving the long chine. Then when hunger and thirst were sated, aged *Nestor* [p. 667] whose counsel had often proved so potent offered his thoughts. He addressed the gathering, with benign intent, saying: ‘King Agamemnon, and all you leaders of the Greeks, many long-haired Achaeans have died, their dark


blood spilled by fierce *Ares* [p. 551] on the banks of sweet-flowing *Scamander* [p. 715], their souls all gone down to *Hades* [p. 614]. Let us declare a truce at dawn so as to gather the corpses and bring them back here on carts behind oxen and mule. We will burn them not far from the ships, so that each man who returns home may carry the remains of his friends to their children. Let us pile up earth over the pyre in a single mound, and build a high wall from there to protect the ships and ourselves, with strong gates wide enough for our chariots to pass, and a deep trench in front to hold back enemy chariots and soldiers, in case the Trojan attack presses us hard.’ So Nestor spoke, and all the leaders agreed.

Meanwhile the Trojans likewise gathered together in a crowd at the door of Priam’s palace on the citadel, Ilium: but a noisy and angry one. *Antenor* [p. 543] the wise spoke first: ‘Trojans, Dardanians, allies, hear the prompting of my heart. Now, let us give Argive *Helen* [p. 621] and all she owns back to the Atreidae. In fighting on, we break our solemn oath, and nothing will do us good unless we comply.’

As he finished, and was seated again, noble *Paris* [p. 682], fair Helen’s husband, replied with winged words: ‘Antenor, what you have to say on this occasion displeases me. You can speak wiser words than these. If you mean them though, the gods have surely addled your wits. In this assembly of horse-taming Trojans I too speak out and say at once: I will never give up the woman, though the treasure I brought from *Argos* [p. 553], that I am ready to grant them, with a gift from my own store.’

With this he too sat down, and *Priam* [p. 706], scion of *Dardanus* [p. 586], rose, wise as the gods in counsel. Benevolently, he spoke to all the assembly: ‘Trojans, Dardanians, and allies, hear the prompting of my heart. Take your supper in the town as usual, for now, but be wakeful and take care to mount a watch. Then, at dawn, let *Idaens* [p. 635] go to the hollow ships, and tell the Atreidae, Agamemnon and *Menelaus* [p. 655], of this offer Paris makes, who began the quarrel. And let him suggest to them as well that they cease hostilities till we have burned our dead. We can renew the war later, and then we may fight till some god judges between us, and grants victory to one side or the other.’

**BK VII:379-432 THE TROJAN OFFER IS REJECTED: THE
FUNERAL PYRES**

he Trojans listened, and readily obeyed, taking their supper in their separate companies, and at dawn *Idaeus* [p. 635] went to the hollow ships, where he found the Danaan war-lords in conference by the stern of *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] ship. He joined their circle and spoke in the clear tones of a herald: 'My lord, Atreides, and you other leaders of the Achaean host, *Priam* [p. 706] and the lords of Troy have ordered me to declare an offer from *Paris* [p. 682], the cause of all our quarrel, in hope of your acceptance. The treasure he brought to Troy in his hollow ships, and would he had perished first, he is willing to return with gifts of his own, but he will not yield great *Menelaus's* [p. 655] wife, though the Trojans urged it. Further they ordered me to make this request too, in hope of your acceptance, that you cease hostilities till we have burned our dead. We can renew the war later, and then we may fight till some god judges between us, and grants victory to one side or the other.'

A silence fell at his words, but finally *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry spoke: 'Let no one dream of accepting Paris' gifts, not even if Helen were offered, since even a fool can see the coils of fate are wound about the Trojans.'

The Achaeans shouted their acclamation, cheering the words of Diomedes the horse-tamer, and Agamemnon now addressed the herald: 'Idaeus, you hear the Achaean reply, which is mine too. As for the dead, however, I do not begrudge your burning their corpses. They should not be deprived of a speedy end among the flames. A truce then, and let *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer, *Hera's* [p. 624] lord, be witness to it.' With this he raised his sceptre to the heavens, and Idaeus left for holy Ilium.

There the Trojans and Dardanians both were seated in conference, waiting together for Idaeus. He stood before them and gave the Greeks' reply. Then they swiftly went to their twofold task, to fetch the wood and bring in the dead. And the Greeks for their part ran from their benched ships to do the same.

Now the *Sun* [p. 622] rising from the calm, deep-flowing streams of *Ocean* [p. 670] climbed the sky to light the field, as the two parties met. Yet it was hard to recognise the dead, till they had washed the blood-clots from them. Shedding hot tears they loaded them on wagons, but since great Priam had forbidden loud lament, the Trojans, grieving inwardly, heaped the corpses on the pyre in silence, and when the flames had died, returned to holy Ilium. The bronze-greaved Achaeans likewise wept within, and fed their corpses to the fire, and when the flames had died, went down to the hollow ships.

BK VII:433-482 ZEUS ORDERS THE GREEK DEFENCES DESTROYED



In the half-light of next dawn, a picked troop of Achaeans gathered round their pyre, and over it raised a single mound of earth dug from the plain, and built a wall stretching from it with high ramparts, to guard the ships and themselves, with strong gates wide enough for chariots to pass, and a trench broad and deep in front, planted with stakes.

The long-haired Greeks toiled, and the gods seated by *Zeus* [p. 739], the Lord of Lightning, watched the great work of those bronze-clad Greeks with amazement. *Poseidon* [p. 705], the Earth-shaker, spoke first: 'Father Zeus is there a mortal left in the whole wide world who still shares his thoughts and plans with us? Have you seen how the long-haired Greeks are again behaving, building a wall to guard the ships, with a ditch around it, and not

a single sacrifice to the gods? Surely its fame will reach to the ends of dawn, and men will forget the wall that I and Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] toiled to build for that warrior *Laomedon* [p. 643].?

Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer was troubled, and said: 'Well now, imperial Earth-shaker, what is this! Some other god weaker in strength of arm than you might share that fear, but rest assured your fame it is that will reach to the ends of dawn. And when the long-haired Greeks have sailed in their ships to their beloved land, shatter the wall, wash it to the sea, and cover the long beach again with sand. So let the work of these Achaeans perish.'

While they spoke together, the sun set, and the Achaeans completed their task. Then they slaughtered oxen by their huts and ate their supper. There were many ships carrying wine brought from *Lemnos* [p. 645], sent by *Euneos* [p. 607], *Jason's* [p. 634] son, whom *Hypsipyle* [p. 632] bore to that leader of men. And he sent an extra thousand measures too, as a special gift to the Atreidae. The long-haired Greeks bought wine from these vessels, in exchange for bronze, glittering iron, cattle, hides, or slaves. All night the long-haired Achaeans feasted richly, as did the Trojans and their allies in the city, while through the dark hours Zeus took counsel, plotting evil against them, with ominous peals of thunder. At that sound, they paled with fear, and poured wine on the earth, not daring to drink till they had made libation to Zeus almighty. Then they lay down, and enjoyed the gift of sleep.

BOOK VIII THE TROJANS AT THE WALL

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Il Metal pour être

BK VIII:1-52 ZEUS WARNS THE GODS NOT TO JOIN IN THE BATTLE



s *Dawn* [p. 600] prepared to spread her saffron mantle over the land, *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer gathered the gods to the highest peak of many-ridged Olympus, and spoke to them while all listened: ‘Hear me, gods and goddesses, while I say what my heart prompts. Let none of you try to defy me: all must assent, so I may swiftly achieve my aim. Whomever I find inclined to help the Greeks or Trojans, shall suffer the lightning stroke and be sent back ignominiously to Olympus, or be seized and hurled into dark *Tartarus* [p. 724], into the furthest, deepest gulf beneath the earth, with iron gates and threshold of bronze, as far below *Hades* [p. 614] as earth is from heaven. Then you will see how much mightier I am than you immortals. Go on: attempt it, and see. If you tied a chain of gold to the sky, and all of you, gods and goddesses, took hold, you could not drag Zeus the High Counsellor to earth with all your efforts. But if I determined to pull with a will, I could haul up land and sea then loop the chain round a peak of Olympus, and leave them dangling in space. By that much am I greater than gods and men.’

They all fell silent as he spoke, astonished by the force of his words. But at last a goddess, bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559], answered: ‘Our Father, son of Cronos, Lord over all, we all know your irresistible power, yet none the less we pity the Greek spearmen, doomed to die and fulfil their sad fate. We will hold back from battle, as you order; but we will still offer them our good advice, so they may not all suffer your wrath.’

Then Zeus the Cloud-gatherer smiled and said: ‘*Tritogeneia* [p. 736], dear child, be reassured. I did not mean to threaten you, I shall be kind.’



'The Gods gather' - Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With this, he harnessed his bronze-hoofed horses to his chariot, swift of flight they were with flowing manes of gold, and clothed in gold himself he grasped a fine golden whip, mounted the chariot, and started the team with a flick of his whip. The willing pair flew off on a course midway between earth and the starry heavens. To *Ida* [p. 634] he came with her many springs, mother of wild creatures, and to *Gargarus* [p. 610] the peak, site of his precinct and its fragrant altar. There the father of men and gods reined in his horses, loosed them, and cloaked them with deep mist, then seated himself on the heights, exulting in his glory, looking down on the city of Troy and the Greek ships.

BK VIII:53-111 NESTOR DEFENDS THE GREEKS



Meanwhile the long-haired Achaeans ate a hasty meal in their huts then armed themselves. So, the Trojans armed themselves in their city: they being fewer, yet driven to fight, to defend their wives and children. Their gates were all thrown open, and with a great din the soldiers and chariots poured out.

So the two armies converged, with a clash of shields and spears, and bronze-clad warriors, the shield-bosses striking each other, and a great roar rose. Then the groans of the slain and the slayers' cries of triumph sounded together, and the earth ran with blood.

All morning, while the sacred light of day grew stronger, volleys of missiles from either side reached their mark, and warriors died. But when the sun had reached the zenith, the *Father* [p. 739] took his golden scales, and placing mortal fates in either pan, one for the horse-taming Trojans, one for the bronze-clad Greeks, grasping the balance, raised it by the middle. Down it sank on the Achaean side, spelling doom for them. Their pan settled on the fertile earth, while the Trojans' rose towards the wide heavens. Then Zeus himself thundered aloud from *Ida* [p. 634], and sent a lightning bolt

through the Greek army. Seeing it, they were dumbfounded, and terror seized them all.

Then none dared linger there, not *Idomeneus* [p. 636] nor *Agamemnon* [p. 528], nor the two warrior *Aiantes* [p. 532], only Gerenian *Nestor* [p. 667], defender of the Greeks, and he not willingly, but because his horse was wounded. Fair Helen's husband, noble Paris, had struck it with an arrow on the crown of the skull from which the mane springs: the deadliest spot. As the arrow pierced its brain the horse reared up in agony, writhing at the blow, throwing the chariot and team into confusion. The old man leapt down and was slashing at the traces, when *Hector's* [p. 617] swift team sped towards him through the turmoil, bearing that brave charioteer. And now old Nestor would have lost his life, had not *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry seen them, He called to *Odysseus* [p. 671], with a dreadful cry, to urge him forward: 'Wily Odysseus, Zeus-born son of *Laertes* [p. 642], where are you off to with your shield at your back, like a coward in the crowd? Mind no one plants a spear in your back as you run. Now hold your ground, so we may keep this wild man from old Nestor.'

He called, but noble long-enduring Odysseus failed to hear, as he ran for the hollow ships of the Achaeans. Then Diomedes, though alone, drove to the front, and standing before old Nestor's horses, called to *Neleus'* [p. 665] son with winged words: 'It seems, my lord, these young warriors prove too much for you; your strength's lessened by sad old age that weighs on you. Your squire is too weak; your horses are too slow. Come, mount my chariot, and see what the horses of *Tros* [p. 736] can do, bred to cover the ground quickly in flight or in pursuit. I took them from *Aeneas* [p. 524], these causers of havoc. Let our two squires take your horses, while you and I drive my pair against the horse-taming Trojans, so Hector too can see my spear quivering in my hands.'

BK VIII:112-156 NESTOR AND DIOMEDES FIGHT ALONGSIDE



estor the Gerenian horseman was quick to agree. So the two squires, brave *Sthenelus* [p. 721] and gentle *Eurymedon* [p. 608], took over *Nestor's* [p. 667] mares, while he and *Diomedes* [p. 590] mounted the latter's chariot. Nestor grasped the gleaming reins, and whipped on the horses. They soon were within range of *Hector* [p. 617], and Diomedes let fly at him as he charged towards them, striking instead his charioteer *Eniopeus* [p. 599], son of brave *Thebaeus* [p. 727], as he gripped the reins, in his chest beside the nipple. He fell from the chariot, forcing the galloping horses to swerve, his strength faded, and his spirit was loosed.

Hector's mind was darkened by dreadful sorrow for his comrade's death. Yet he left him there, despite his grief, and sought another brave charioteer; nor was his team long lacking a master, since he soon found bold *Archeptolemus* [p. 550], *Iphitus*' [p. 639] son, and having him mount behind the swift-footed pair, threw him the reins.

Now irrevocable ruin faced the Trojans, and they would have been penned like sheep in Ilium, had not the father of gods and men soon noticed. With a clap of thunder, he let fly a dazzling lightning bolt, and guided it to earth in front of Diomedes' team. A dreadful reek and flame of burning sulphur rose, and the pair, seized with terror, shied against the chariot. Then the gleaming reins fell from Nestor's hands, and seized with terror he turned to Diomedes: 'Turn back now, son of Tydeus, wheel your team in flight. Do you not see that Zeus denies you victory? Today the son of Cronos grants this man glory, later he will grant it us, if he so wills. But no man, however brave, can run counter to the will of almighty Zeus.'

'Indeed, my aged lord, you speak true,' said Diomedes of the loud war-cry in answer, 'but it grieves my heart and mind to think of Hector, saying

one day, in their gathering of Trojans: “Diomedes fled before me, and was first to reach the ships.” So he will brag one day, and on that day let the gaping earth swallow me.’

Geranian Nestor replied: ‘What now, son of fierce Tydeus, what is this? Let Hector call you coward and weakling; the Trojans, the Dardanians will not believe it; for certain the proud Trojan shields-men’s wives will not, whose strong husbands you’ve left in the dust.’

BK VIII:157-211 HERA AND POSEIDON DEBATE THE BATTLE



So saying, he wheeled the horses and turned back through the rout, while Hector and the Trojans, with a roar, followed them with a hail of deadly missiles. Behind them, great *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm raised a cry of triumph: ‘*Diomedes* [p. 590], those Danaan horsemen who gave you the seat of honour at their feasts, the best cuts, and endless wine, will scorn you now. You prove a woman after all, it seems. Away with you, pale puppet! No weakness here will open our wall for you, to carry away our women in your ships: you’ll see Hades first.’

At his taunt, Diomedes had half a mind to turn again, and fight him face to face. Three times his mind wavered, while from Mount *Ida* [p. 634] three times *Zeus* [p. 739] the Counsellor thundered, as a sign to the Trojans to press home their triumph. Hector too shouted aloud, calling to his Trojans: ‘Trojans, Lycians, Dardanians who love close combat, be men, my friends, and rouse your furious valour. I hear the son of Cronos willingly grant me victory and great glory, and death to the Danaans. They made this flimsy useless wall that will fall to us, and this ditch our horses can easily leap. Once we reach the hollow ships bring fire to burn their fleet, and in the smoke and panic kill the Greeks beside it.’

With this, he called to his horses: ‘*Xanthus* [p. 738], and you *Podargus* [p. 701], *Aetbon* [p. 527], *Lampus* [p. 642] the noble, repay me now for the honeyed wheat and the wine mixed for your pleasure, that *Andromache* [p. 543], daughter of brave *Eëtion* [p. 596], lavished on you, before she thought to serve me, though she is my loving wife. After them, at the gallop, let us win the shield of *Nestor* [p. 667], lauded to the skies for its solid gold, shield-bars and shield itself; and tear the ornate breastplate *Hephaestus* [p. 623] made from the shoulders of that horse-tamer Diomedes. Once I have those in my hands, I’d hope to make the Greeks take to their ships this very night.’

So he boasted, and royal *Hera* [p. 624], enthroned on high Olympus, filled with such indignation her convulsions made the mountain quake. She called to mighty *Poseidon* [p. 705]: ‘Your rule is wide Earthshaker, yet not even you have pity in your heart for these doomed Danaans. Yet they ever make pleasing sacrifice to you at *Helice* [p. 622], and at *Aegae* [p. 523] too, in your honour. You once wished victory for them, and if we chose, all we who back the Greeks, to restrain far-echoing Zeus and push the Trojans back, then he alone would grieve there on Ida.’

But the Earthshaker, deeply troubled in his mind, replied: ‘Wild words, Hera, ever reckless in your speech! I’d wish none of us to quarrel with Zeus, the son of Cronos, mightiest of us by far.’

BK VIII:212-272 HERA WARNS THE GREEKS AND THEY RALLY



While they talked, the whole space, between the ships and the wall and ditch, filled up with chariots and armed men, penned in by *Hector* [p. 617], Priam’s son, peer of Ares, to whom Zeus gave the glory. He would have put the fine ships to the torch had not Queen *Hera* [p. 624] planted the thought in *Agamemnon’s* [p. 528] mind to rally the Greeks promptly. Gripping his purple cloak with one great hand, he strode past the

ships and huts of the Achaeans, and halted by the huge hull of *Odysseus*' [p. 671] black vessel, in the midst of the line so a shout would carry to either end, to the huts of *Ajax* [p. 532], Telamon's son, and to those of *Achilles* [p. 517]. They had beached their fine ships on the flanks, trusting their own strength and bravery. There he gave a ringing call, shouting aloud to the Danaans: 'Greeks, for shame, wretched creatures only fit for parade! What now of our boasts that we are bravest, the empty boasts you shouted loud in *Lemnos* [p. 645], gorging yourself on the beef from straight-horned cattle, downing the brimming bowls of wine, that every one of you was match for a hundred or more Trojans! Now we're not even match for one, Hector there, who will torch our fleet next. Was there ever a mighty king before, Father Zeus, whom you deceived like this and robbed of greater glory? Yet I swear that on my ill-fated journey to this place, in my benched ship, I never passed one of your fine altars without burning the thighs and fat of bullocks, eager to lay waste high-walled Troy. Zeus, grant me this at least: let us escape with our lives: let Trojans not triumph over Greeks like this.'

The Father was moved by his sorrowful prayer, and signified that the army should be saved and not destroyed, sending an eagle, greatest of winged omens, gripping a fawn, the offspring of some swift doe, in its talons. It dropped the fawn by the glorious altar of Zeus, where the Greeks offered sacrifice to him from whom all omens come. Knowing the bird was sent by Zeus, they ran at the Trojans with a better will, their minds filled with thoughts of battle.

None of the Greeks could boast, then, that he was swifter than *Diomedes* [p. 590] to guide his horses across the ditch, and fight face to face. He was the first by far to kill an armoured Trojan, *Agelaus* [p. 531], *Phradmon's* [p. 697] son, who had turned his team to flee. Diomedes caught him in the back, with a spear between the shoulders, as he turned, that drove on through his chest. He fell from his chariot with a crash of armour.

The Atreidae, Agamemnon, and *Menelaus* [p. 655], came on behind; the *Aiantes* [p. 534] followed, full of furious courage; *Idomeneus* [p. 636], and his comrade *Meriones* [p. 658], peer of *Enyalios* [p. 600], killer of men; and *Eurypylus* [p. 608], noble son of *Euaemon* [p. 606]. *Teucer* [p. 725] came ninth, flexing his curved

bow, taking his place behind the shield, of Ajax, Telamon's son. Ajax would slide his shield aside, and Teucer would spy his chance. Sending an arrow flying through the ranks, his target would fall down dead where he stood. Then Teucer would scurry back, like a child to its mother, taking shelter again behind Ajax's shining shield.

BK VIII:273-334 HECTOR WOUNDS TEUCER



Which of the Trojans did peerless *Teucer* [p. 725] kill first? *Orsilochus* [p. 678], then *Ormenus* [p. 678], *Ophelestes* [p. 675], *Daetor* [p. 585], *Chromius* [p. 576], godlike *Lycophontes* [p. 649], *Amopaon* [p. 539], son of *Polyaemon* [p. 702], and *Melanippus* [p. 654]. All, one after the other, he laid low on the fertile earth. And King *Agamemnon* [p. 528] rejoiced, watching the mighty bow slice through the Trojan ranks; and he ran to his side, saying: 'Lord Teucer, *Telamon's* [p. 724] son, dear friend, shoot on like that and prove a salvation to the Greeks, and a credit to your father, who reared you, his bastard child, in his own house: distant though he is, bring him honour. Moreover, I swear to you, that if aegis-bearing *Zeus* [p. 739], and *Athene* [p. 559], let me sack the fine citadel of Ilium, I will hand you, first after myself, an honourable prize, a tripod, a chariot with its team of horses, or a woman for your bed.'

'My noble lord, Atreides,' incomparable Teucer replied: 'no need to urge one who is already willing. I have worked with all my might and never rested, from the moment we drove them back towards Ilium. I have watched and waited, killing them with my bow. Eight long-headed arrows I have let fly, and each has found its mark in the body of some young warrior. But here is the mad dog I cannot reach.'


With this he shot another arrow from the bow, aiming for *Hector* [p. 617], eager to strike him. Hector he missed, but struck peerless *Gorythion* [p. 612] in the chest, *Priam's* [p. 706] mighty son, born of lovely *Castianeira* [p. 572] of *Aesyme* [p. 526], goddess-like in form, whom Priam once married. His head, weighed

down by the helmet, fell to one side, like a garden poppy heavy with seed and spring rain.

Then Teucer fired again at Hector, eager once more to strike him, but again he missed, *Apollo* [p. 547] making his arrow swerve. Yet he struck *Archeptolemus* [p. 550], Hector's brave charioteer, on the chest by the nipple. He fell from the chariot, forcing the galloping horses to swerve, his strength faded, and his spirit was loosed.

Hector's mind was darkened by dreadful sorrow for his comrade's death. Yet he left him there, despite his grief, and called *Cebriones* [p. 573] his brother, who was nearby, to take the reins, and he instantly obeyed. Hector himself leapt from his shining chariot with a dreadful cry, and grasping a rock in his hand ran at Teucer, his heart urging him on to the kill. Now Teucer had drawn a sharp bolt from his quiver, and laid it to the string but, as he drew, Hector of the gleaming helm struck him with the jagged stone by the shoulder where the collarbone joins the neck and chest, a fatal spot. It caught Teucer as he aimed in his eagerness, breaking the string. The hand and wrist were numbed; he sank to his knees, and remained there the bow falling from his hand. But Ajax saw his brother fall, and ran to bestride him, and protect him with his shield. Then two of their loyal comrades, *Mecisteus* [p. 653], *Echius*' [p. 596] son, and noble *Alastor* [p. 535], lifted him and carried him, groaning deeply, to the hollow ships.

BK VIII:335-396 HERA AND ATHENE ARM FOR BATTLE

ow Olympian *Zeus* [p. 739] gave the Trojans fresh heart, and with *Hector* [p. 617] at their head, exulting in his strength, they drove the Achaeans straight towards the deep ditch. Like a hound in full cry chasing lion or wild boar, snapping at flank and buttock, intent on every move, so Hector pressed the long-haired Achaeans, killing the stragglers as they fled in rout. When the Greeks had passed the ditch and palisade,

leaving many dead at the Trojans' hands, they halted by the ships, calling to one another, lifting their arms to the gods, and praying fervently. But there rode Hector, his eyes like those of some *Gorgon* [p. 612] or of *Ares* [p. 551], bane of mortals, wheeling his long-maned horses to and fro.


White-armed *Hera* [p. 624] felt pity at the sight, and spoke at once to *Athene* [p. 559]: 'Ah, child of aegis-bearing Zeus, shall we not make one last effort to save the Greeks from destruction? They fill the cup of fate with their blood, falling before a single man's onslaught, this Hector, son of Priam, who deals great harm, raging beyond my endurance.'

Bright-eyed *Athene* answered: 'I too wish to see him, strength and courage drained, slain by the Argives on his native soil, but my father's mind is full of evil: harsh and perverse as ever, he thwarts my desires. He forgets how I rescued *Heracles* [p. 625], his son, foiled time and again by the tasks *Eurystheus* [p. 609] set him. He had only to moan to Heaven, and Zeus would send me to his aid. If my heart in its wisdom had foreseen this, when *Eurystheus* sent him down to the House of *Hades* [p. 614], Closer of the Gate, to fetch the Hound of Hell from *Erebus* [p. 603], *Heracles* would never have re-passed the falls of *Styx* [p. 723]. But now Zeus slights me, and fulfils *Thetis*' [p. 730] wish. She kissed his knees, and brushed his chin with her fingers, and begged him to honour *Achilles* [p. 517], sacker of cities. One day he will again call me his bright-eyed darling, but ready the horses for now, while I go to his palace and don my armour. Let us see if Priam's son, Hector of the gleaming helm, is as gleeful when he sees us join the ranks. Many a Trojan now will die by the Greek ships, and glut the dogs and carrion birds, fat and flesh.'

White-armed *Hera*, the great goddess, daughter of mighty *Cronos*, promptly complied, readying her team with their golden harness; while *Athene*, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, let her soft embroidered robe, adorned by her own two hands, fall to the palace floor and donned the tunic and armour of Cloud-gathering Zeus for the sad work of war. Then she mounted the fiery chariot, gripping the long, stout, heavy spear, with which she breaks the warrior ranks, when that daughter of the mighty Father is angered. *Hera* now flicked the horses with her whip, and of their

own accord the Gates of Heaven groaned open on their hinges, those gates the *Hours* [p. 630] keep, the Guardians of the Heavens and Olympus, who roll the heavy cloud across them or away. Through the gates, the goddesses then drove their willing team.

BK VIII:397-437 ZEUS TURNS BACK THE GODDESSES

ut Father *Zeus* [p. 739], watching them from *Ida* [p. 634], enraged, sent *Iris* [p. 640] the golden-winged to take them a message: ‘Away, and swiftly, *Iris*; turn them back, and keep them far from me, a confrontation will do them no good. Tell them what I say, and would surely do. I’d hamstring the horses that pull their chariot, hurl them from it, and shatter it to pieces. Not in ten years’ circuit would they be healed of the wounds my thunderbolt deals. That would show the bright-eyed goddess what a fight with her father means! I’ve less words of wrath or indignation to waste on *Hera* [p. 624]: she habitually defies my decrees.’

At this, *Iris*, swift as the storm, sped on her way, from the peak of *Ida* to high Olympus, where she met them at the very gates of that many-ridged mountain, and gave them *Zeus*’ message: ‘Where are you rushing to, your hearts pounding in your breasts? *Zeus* forbids you to help the Argives. He threatens you, and he fulfils his threats. He’d hamstring the horses that pull your chariot, hurl you from it, and shatter it to pieces. Not in ten years’ circuit would you be healed of the wounds his thunderbolt deals. That would show you, bright-eyed goddess, what a fight with your father means! He has less words of wrath or indignation to waste on *Hera*: who habitually defies his decrees. But you’d be dreadful in your brazen impudence, if you truly dared to raise your great spear against *Zeus*.’




‘Zeus turns back the goddesses’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

With these words, fleet-footed Iris took her divine way, while Hera turned to *Athene* [p. 559] in alarm: ‘Well now, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, I cannot sanction us waging war on Zeus for these mortals. Let events decide who lives and who dies. Zeus must decide between the Greeks and Trojans, as is only right.’

So saying, she wheeled her team and returned. Then the Hours unyoked the long-maned horses, and tethered them by their ambrosial mangers, and leaned the chariot against the bright entrance-wall, while the two anxious goddesses sat down, with the other gods, on golden chairs.

BK VIII:438-488 ZEUS PROPHESES THE COURSE OF THE WAR

eanwhile Father *Zeus* [p. 739] drove his fine chariot and team from Ida to Olympus, to the concourse of the gods. *Poseidon* [p. 705], the Earth-shaker, unyoked his horses and rolled the chariot onto its stand, and covered it with a cloth. Then far-sounding Zeus sat down on his golden throne, and Olympus shook, under his feet.

Athene [p. 559] and *Hera* [p. 624] alone sat far from Zeus, and said not a word, asked no question of him. But he knew their thoughts, and said: ‘Why so troubled, you two? Tired already of destroying Trojans on the field of glory, those Trojans you resent so deeply? Such is the strength in my unconquerable hands, that all the gods of Olympus could not turn me, come what may, while trembling seized your lovely limbs before you even saw the battlefield and its terrors. But I tell you, and this is sure, that struck by my thunderbolt you would have needed someone else’s chariot to get back to Olympus, where we immortals dwell!’

While he spoke, Athene and Hera sat muttering and planning evil to the Trojans. Though Athene kept quiet and held her tongue, furious as she was, consumed by anger at Father Zeus, Hera burst out in rage: ‘Dread son

of Cronos what are you saying? We know your strength is that of no weakling, yet we cannot but pity the Danaan spearmen who are doomed to die a wretched death. We will hold back from battle, if you so order; but we will still offer them our good advice, so they may not all suffer your wrath.’

To this Zeus the Cloud-gatherer replied: ‘Look at dawn, if you wish, my ox-eyed Queen, and see this almighty son of Cronos wreak worse destruction on the vast Argive force; for mighty *Hector* [p. 617] will not retreat until fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], son of *Peleus* [p. 688], is roused from his hut to action, on the day when the Greeks, in desperate straits, fight at their ships’ sterns for the body of *Patroclus* [p. 684]. So it is decreed. I care nothing for your anger. Travel the bottomless depths of earth and sea, plumb deep *Tartarus* [p. 724], view *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Iapetus* [p. 633] sitting there, deprived of *Hyperion’s* [p. 631] sunny beams, without even a breeze. Wherever you go I care nothing for your fury, you, most shameless of all.’

At this, white-armed Hera fell silent. And now the bright flame of the sun fell into *Ocean* [p. 670], and cloaked the face of fertile earth with night’s blackness. The Trojans were unwilling to see day end, but three times prayed for and welcome was dark night to the Greeks.

BK VIII:489-565 THE TROJANS CAMP IN THE PLAIN

Then glorious *Hector* [p. 617] gathered the Trojans together, leading them from the ships to a stretch of open ground, clear of dead, beside the eddying river. They leapt from their chariots to hear what Zeus-beloved Hector had to say. He held a long spear in his hand, its bronze point gleaming, and the shaft at the top ringed with gold. Leaning on the spear he addressed the troops: ‘Trojans, Dardanians, and our allies, listen: I thought to destroy the Achaeans and their ships, before ever I saw windy Troy again; but darkness fell too soon, saving the Greeks and their stranded ships. Now we must yield to night’s blackness, and eat. Loose

your long-maned horses from the chariots, and give them fodder. Then bring cattle and fine sheep from the city, bread and honeyed wine from your houses, and gather wood in plenty, so we may keep fires burning all night till early dawn, lighting the whole sky, lest the long-haired Greeks, despite the dark, make a dash for safety on the open sea. They must not take ship without a fight; if they do, give as many as you can a wound as they board, from some arrow or sharp spear, to ponder on back home, so others may think twice before they make grievous war on horse-taming Trojans. And in the city let the heralds, beloved of Zeus, call out the youths and grey-haired older men to man our battlements built by the gods, while the women keep a great fire burning in each house. And mount close watch, lest the enemy penetrate the city in our absence.

Perform this, brave Trojans, as I order. It is good sound counsel, enough for now. I will speak to you, horse-tamers, again at dawn. I pray to Zeus and all the gods, with high hopes that I'll drive away these dogs brought here on their black ships by the Fates. Guard yourselves tonight, and at dawn we'll arm and mount a fierce attack on the hollow ships. Let us see whether mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590], Tydeus' son, can drive me back from their ships to the wall, or whether I shall slay him with my bronze blade, and carry away the blood-stained spoils. In the morning he'll find if he is brave enough to face my spear. I hope to see him lying dead in the front rank among his comrades, struck by a spear at sunrise. I wish that ageless immortality and honour, such as Athene and Apollo share, were as certain for me as that this day will bring ruin on the Greeks.'

The Trojans acclaimed his speech with shouts. Each unyoked their team, and tethered the horses with leather thongs. They soon brought cattle and fine sheep from the city, bread and honeyed wine from their homes, and gathered ample wood. Then the savour of roast meat wafted from earth to heaven.

So, with spirits high, all night long they sat in their lines of war, beside the many fires. And just as the stars shine bright in windless air, about the gleaming moon, and every mountain peak and glade and high headland stands out clear, and the skies reveal their infinite depths, displaying all the

stars to gladden the shepherd's heart; so, between the ships and *Xanthus'* [p. 715] streams, the fires the Trojans lit before Troy shone in their multitude. A thousand fires were glowing in the plain, and fifty men by each in the light of its blaze, their horses feeding on white barley and rye, waited for Dawn to mount her golden throne.

BOOK IX - ACHILLES IS UNMOVED

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BK IX:1-78 THE GREEKS MEET IN ASSEMBLY



So, the Trojans kept watch while the Greeks were gripped by panic that accompanies freezing fear, and all their leaders despaired. Like the teeming sea in turmoil when Northerlies and Westerlies that blow from *Thrace* [p. 732] suddenly rise, piling the dark waves swiftly in crests; hurling seaweed on the shore, so the hearts of the Greeks were in turmoil in their breasts.

Agamemnon [p. 528], stricken and in great distress, ordered the clear-voiced heralds to summon every man by name, and with little noise, and laboured at the same task himself. So they assembled and sat there deeply troubled, and Agamemnon rose to address them, groaning heavily, while tears ran down his face like dark spring-water streaking a sheer cliff: ‘My friends, you leaders and counsellors of the Greeks, *Zeus* [p. 739], the mighty son of Cronos, has entangled me in sad delusion. The god is harsh, for he solemnly assured me I’d sack high-walled *Ilium* [p. 637] before I headed home; but now, with so many men lost, he reveals his cruel deceit, bidding me return disgraced to *Argos* [p. 553]. Such, it seems, is almighty Zeus’ pleasure, he who has toppled many a city, and will raze others yet, so great his power. So do now as I say, and all obey: fit out the ships and run for our native land; all hope of taking broad-paved Troy is gone.’

At his words, they all fell silent. They sat there speechless, a long time, deeply troubled, till at last *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry spoke: ‘Son of Atreus, I have the right, in this assembly, to oppose your royal folly: so refrain from anger. You decried my courage, first, to the Greeks, saying I was a coward and no warrior: the Achaeans heard it, both young and old. Yet while Zeus, the son of cunning Cronos, endowed you with the sceptre, so you might be honoured above all, he withheld his second gift, of

courage, which is the greater source of power. Perverse king, do you truly think the Greeks such cowards and weaklings as you claim? If in your own heart you seek home, go, since the way is clear, your ships are on the shore, the whole fleet that followed you from *Mycenae* [p. 663]. But we other long-haired Achaeans will remain, till we sack Troy. Or let the rest of you run for your native land, yet *Sthenelus* [p. 721] and I, we two, will fight on till we conquer Ilium, for a god brought us here.’

At this, a great shout rose from the Achaeans, acclaiming the speech of Diomedes, horse-tamer. But *Nestor* [p. 667], the charioteer, then stood to speak: ‘Son of Tydeus, you are mightiest in a fight, and best of your generation in debate. Not one of us dare ignore or contradict you, yet there is more to say. Young you may be, enough to be my youngest son, yet you are right, and your advice to the Argive kings is wise. Let me, who am so much older, speak the rest; and none must scorn my words, not even lord Agamemnon. For a lawless man, without hearth or clan, is he who would stir up bitter strife among his own people. Now we must yield to night’s darkness, and eat. Post groups of sentries along the ditch by the wall. That is the young men’s task. Agamemnon, our king, take the lead in holding a banquet for the most senior; that would be right and fitting. Your huts are full of the wine jars Achaean ships bring you, day after day, from Thrace. As king over all, hospitality is in your hands. And when all are gathered together, you must follow whoever gives the best advice. And we Greeks need the best and wisest counsel, with the enemy fires burning near our ships. Who could delight in that? What we do this night will save the army, or destroy it utterly.’

BK IX:79-161 NESTOR PROPOSES A RECONCILIATION



hey listened readily to his words, and obeyed. Armed sentries left, at the double, led by *Nestor's* [p. 667] son *Thrasymedes* [p. 732]; by *Ascalaphus* [p. 555] and *Ialmenus* [p. 633], sons of *Ares* [p. 551]; by *Meriones* [p. 658], *Aphareus* [p. 546], *Deipyros* [p. 588], and noble *Lycomedes* [p. 649], son of *Creon* [p. 581]. These were the seven leaders, and each had a hundred men with long spears. They took up position midway between the ditch and wall, and there lit fires, and every man sat down to prepare his supper.

Meanwhile *Agamemnon* [p. 528] led the Greek counsellors to his hut, and had a heart-warming banquet served. They sat down to the good things served before them, and when they had satisfied hunger and thirst, aged Nestor whose advice had seemed most sound, began to expound his thoughts. With their interests at heart, he addressed the gathering: ‘Glorious Agamemnon, son of Atreus, king of men, with you my speech will start and end. You are lord of many, and *Zeus* [p. 739] has placed the sceptre in your hands and the rule of law, so you may advise your people. It is for you, above all others, to listen and then speak, and endorse whatever any may say that will profit us, since its execution depends on you. Let me say what I deem right, and I think there can be no better course than this, which I’ve long considered and still consider best, since the day when you, Zeus-born king, angered *Achilles* [p. 517] and took the girl *Briseis* [p. 567] from his hut, against our inclination. I tried earnestly to dissuade you, but you were swayed by your proud heart, and showed dishonour to a great man, whom the gods themselves esteem, by taking and keeping his prize. Even at this late hour let us reflect on how we might make amends, and placate him with generous gifts and pleasing words.’

‘Aged sire,’ Agamemnon, king of men, replied: ‘you are not wrong in showing me my blindness, and blind I was, I cannot deny. The man Zeus loves in his heart is worth an army: see how he honours Hector now and

crushes us Greeks. And since I yielded blindly to a wretched passion, I am willing to make amends and compensate Achilles handsomely. Before you all, let me name the glorious gifts I'll grant him: seven tripods, unmarked by the flames; ten talents of gold; twenty gleaming cauldrons, and twelve strong horses, prize-winners for their speed. A man with the wealth they have won for me would not lack gold and riches. And I will gift him seven women, skilled in fine needle-craft, whom I chose as spoil for their surpassing beauty, on the day when Achilles took *Lesbos* [p. 646]. And one shall be her whom I took from him, that daughter of *Briseus* [p. 568]. I shall give him my solemn oath that I never took her to bed, never slept with her, as men are wont to do with women. All these things shall straight away be his; and if the gods grant we sack this great city of Priam, let him enter when we Greeks divide the spoils, and load his ship with gold and bronze, and pick the twenty loveliest women after Argive *Helen* [p. 621]. And if we return to Achaean *Argos* [p. 553], finest of lands, he shall be a son to me, and I'll honour him like my dear son *Orestes* [p. 677], who is reared there among its riches. Three daughters I have too, in my noble palace, *Chrysothemis* [p. 577], *Laodice* [p. 643], and *Iphianassa* [p. 639]. Let him lead whichever he wishes to *Peleus*' [p. 688] house, without bride-price, and I will add a dowry, greater than any man yet gave with a daughter. Seven well-populated cities he shall have: *Cardamyle* [p. 571], *Enope* [p. 599], and grassy *Hire* [p. 629]; holy *Pherae* [p. 694] and *Antheia* [p. 544] with its deep meadows; lovely *Aepeia* [p. 525], and vine-rich *Pedasus* [p. 686]. They are all near the sea, on our far border with sandy *Pylos* [p. 710], and the men there own great flocks and herds. They will honour him with gifts like a god, acknowledging his sceptre, and will ensure his plans prosper. All this I will do, if he forgoes his anger. Let him give way and submit to me – of all the gods is not *Hades* [p. 614], hard and unyielding, hated most by mortals for being so – for I claim sovereignty and seniority over him.'

BK IX:162-221 THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES



*N*estor^[p. 667], the Gerenian horseman, replied: ‘*Agamemnon*^[p. 528], king of men, most glorious son of Atreus: the gifts you offer prince *Achilles*^[p. 517] are fine indeed. Let us send a swift deputation now to his hut. Let those I choose, be ready. *Phoenix*^[p. 696], beloved of Zeus, shall take the lead, followed by mighty *Ajax*^[p. 532] and noble *Odysseus*^[p. 671]: the heralds *Odius*^[p. 671] and *Eurybates*^[p. 607] shall go with them. But first bring water for our hands and call for holy silence, so we may pray to Zeus, the son of Cronos, and beseech his pity.’


All there were satisfied with his words. Heralds came to pour water over their hands, while squires, tipping the first few drops into each cup for libation, filled brimming bowls of wine for them all. When they had poured libations and sated their thirst, the envoys left Agamemnon’s hut, Gerenian Nestor gazing at each, though at Odysseus mainly, while issuing copious instructions on how to sway *Peleus*^[p. 688] peerless son.

So Ajax and Odysseus walked beside the echoing sea, with many a heartfelt prayer to the god, who surrounds the land and shakes it, that softening the proud heart of *Aeacus*^[p. 522] grandson might prove an easy task. And reaching the *Myrmidons*^[p. 664] huts and ships, they found him delighting in the clear-toned lyre, playing a finely ornamented instrument bridged with silver, part of the spoils when he razed *Eetion’s*^[p. 596] city. He was singing with joy of the deeds of mighty warriors, while *Patroclus*^[p. 684], seated opposite, heard his song through in silence. The two envoys arrived, Odysseus leading, and Achilles leapt to his feet in surprise, lyre in hand, while Patroclus too quitted his seat when he saw them. Achilles greeted them, saying: ‘Welcome, dear friends indeed – your coming here speaks of some great need – angry I may be, but you two Greeks I love more than most.’

With this, noble Achilles led them to his hut and seated them on chairs with purple coverings, then turned to Patroclus, saying: 'Bring a larger bowl, son of *Menoetius* [p. 657], mix a stronger drink, and give them both wine, these men I love dearly, who are here now under my roof.'

Patroclus hastened to obey his dear comrade. He set out a great wooden board in the firelight, laying out a sheep's carcass and a goat's, and the chine of a great hog, rich with fat. *Automedon* [p. 563] held them, while Achilles jointed them, then cut and spitted the joints. Meanwhile godlike Patroclus stoked the fire. When it burnt down, and the flames retreated, he raked the embers, and set the spits above them resting on andirons, after sprinkling the meat with sacred salt. When it was roasted, he heaped it on platters, Patroclus bringing bread set it out on the table in fine baskets, while Achilles served each portion. Then he took a seat by the wall, opposite godlike Odysseus, and asked Patroclus, his friend, to sacrifice to the gods. Then, when burnt offerings had been thrown into the fire, they helped themselves to the good things set before them.

BK IX:222-306 THE OFFER TO ACHILLES

hen they were sated, *Ajax* [p. 532] let *Phoenix* [p. 696] know, and noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] seeing his nod, filled his cup with wine and drank to *Achilles* [p. 517]: 'Your health, Achilles, there's plenty of good food for us here to warm our hearts, as much as in Agamemnon's hut. But feasting is not what occupies us, ward of Zeus, since we foresee sorrow and feel great fear. I doubt we can save the benched ships from destruction, unless you arm yourself with your great valour. The brave Trojans and their famed allies are bivouacked close to the ships and wall, around their many fires, and say they are strong enough to swoop on our black ships. And *Zeus* [p. 739], Son of Cronos, shows them good omens, with lightning on the right, while *Hector* [p. 617] exulting in his strength, and filled with frenzy, fears neither man nor god, but trusts in that same Zeus, and rages wildly. He


prays for the swift coming of bright dawn, so he can hew the ships' ensigns from their tall sterns, and consume their hulls with fire, smoking us out, and slaughtering all the Greeks beside them. My mind is full of fear, lest the gods fulfil his threat, and we are fated to die at Troy far from the horse-pastures of *Argos* [p. 553].

But up, if you will, even now, and save the sons of *Achaea* [p. 516], whose strength the Trojan war-noise saps. Or regret it ever after, since harm once done can never be retrieved. Before too late, think how to ward this evil from the Greeks. Good friend, did not *Peleus* [p. 688], your father, warn you, on the day he sent you from *Phthia* [p. 698] to join Agamemnon: “*Athene* [p. 559] and *Hera* [p. 624] will empower you, my son, if they so wish. You, set a curb on your proud spirit, a gentle heart is best; avoid the quarrels that sow mischief, and the Greeks both young and old will honour you the more.” Did he not say those words that you forget? Even now it is not too late to quell this bitter anger. Should you relent *Agamemnon* [p. 528] offers you noble gifts. Listen and I will say what Agamemnon promises: seven tripods, unmarked by the flames; ten talents of gold; twenty gleaming cauldrons, and twelve strong horses, prize-winners for their speed. A man with the wealth they have won for him would not lack gold and riches. And he will give seven women, skilled in fine needle-craft, whom he chose as spoil for their surpassing beauty, on the day when Achilles took *Lesbos* [p. 646]. And one shall be her whom he took from you, that daughter of *Briseus* [p. 568]. He shall give you his solemn oath that he never took her to bed, never slept with her, as men are wont, great prince, to do with women. All these things shall straight away be yours; and if the gods grant we sack this great city of Priam, enter when we Greeks divide the spoils, and load your ship with gold and bronze, and pick the twenty loveliest women after Argive *Helen* [p. 621]. And if we return to Achaean Argos, finest of lands, you shall be a son to him, and he'll honour you like his dear son *Orestes* [p. 677], who is reared there among its riches. Three daughters he has too, in his noble palace, *Chrysothemis* [p. 577], *Laodice* [p. 643], and *Iphianassa* [p. 639]. You shall lead whichever you wish to Peleus' house, without bride-price, and he will add a dowry, greater than any man yet gave with a daughter. Seven well-populated cities you shall have; *Cardamyle* [p. 571], *Enope* [p. 599], and grassy *Hire* [p. 629]; holy

Pherae [p. 694] and *Anthēia* [p. 544] with its deep meadows; lovely *Aepeia* [p. 525], and vine-rich *Pedasus* [p. 686]. They are all near the sea, on his far border with sandy *Pylos* [p. 710], and the men there own great flocks and herds. They will honour you with gifts like a god, acknowledging your sceptre, and will ensure your plans prosper.

He will do all this for you, if you lay aside your anger. But if your hatred of him and his gifts is too great, yet take pity at least on the army of weary Greeks, who will honour you like a god, for the great glory you must surely win in their eyes. You could kill Hector now, as he came upon you in his wild rage: he claims there is none like him among we *Danaans* [p. 585] who sailed here.⁷

BK IX:307-429 ACHILLES' ANSWER

hen fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] gave his answer: '*Odysseus* [p. 671] of the nimble wits, royal son of *Laertes* [p. 642], I will tell you straight out how I feel, and how things must be, to save you sitting there beside me, dealing in endless talk. Hateful as *Hades*' [p. 614] Gate, to me, is the man who thinks one thing and says another. So here is my decision. Neither *Agamemnon* [p. 528] nor any other Greek will change my mind, for it seems there is no gratitude for ceaseless battle with our enemies. He who fights his best and he who stays away earn the same reward, the coward and the brave man win like honour, death comes alike to the idler and to him who toils. No profit to me from my sufferings, endlessly risking my life in war. I am like the bird that brings every morsel she finds to her unfledged chicks, and goes hungry herself. I watched through many a sleepless night, and fought through many a blood-stained day, battling warriors for the sake of their women. Twelve island cities I captured by sea, and eleven throughout Troy's fertile land, and took much fine treasure from each. All I gave to this Agamemnon, son of Atreus. He stayed behind by his swift ships, yet kept the lion's share and gave out some tiny portion. What he

gave as prizes to princes and generals they hold still, yet he takes mine from me alone of all the Greeks, he steals my woman, my heart's darling. He can lie by her side and take his pleasure. Yet why do the Argives war with Troy? Why did Atreides gather an army and bring it here? Was it not because of fair-haired *Helen* [p. 621]? Are the sons of Atreus the only men on earth who love their women? Every sane and decent man loves his own and cherishes her, as I loved her with all my heart, though but a captive of my spear. Since he stole the prize from my hands, and cheats me, let him not try to win me now with his offers; he'll not sway me, I know him too well.

Let him look to you, Odysseus, and the rest, if he wants to save the fleet from a fiery death. In my absence I see he has done much, built a wall and dug a fine broad stake-filled trench, yet still he can't keep out man-killing *Hector* [p. 617]. As long as I fought with the Achaeans, Hector stayed close to the wall, not far from the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate and the oak tree. He waited to fight me there in single combat, and barely escaped alive. But now, I do not wish to do battle with noble Hector. Tomorrow I sacrifice to Zeus and the other gods, then load and launch my ships. At break of dawn, if it interests you, you will see my fleet sail the teeming Hellespont, my crews straining at the oars. Then if the mighty Earth-shaker grants me a fair voyage, in three days I will reach *Phthia's* [p. 698] deep soil. I left great wealth behind on this ill-starred voyage, I will take back even more, gold, and red bronze, grey iron and fair women, all that was mine by lot, all except my prize that Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stole in his arrogance.

Tell him openly all that I say, so the rest can take umbrage when he tries to cheat some other Greek, shameless as he is. Yet not shameless enough to look me in the face! I shall neither help by my advice or effort, so utterly has he cheated me and wronged me. He will not fool me with his words again, So much for him. Let him go swiftly to perdition, since Zeus the counsellor robs him of his wits.




‘Achilles refuses the gifts of Agamemnon’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

As for his gifts they are hateful in my eyes, and not worth a hair. Even if he gave ten or twenty times what he has, and raised levies elsewhere, though it were all the wealth that flows to *Orchomenus* [p. 676], or Egyptian *Thebes* [p. 728], where the very houses are filled with treasure, and two hundred warriors with horse and chariot sally out from its hundred gates, not if he gave me as many gifts as the grains of sand or motes of dust, could he persuade me. First he must pay me fully in kind for this shame that stings my heart.

Nor will I wed his daughter, though as lovely as golden *Aphrodite* [p. 546], as skilled in handiwork as bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559], not even then. Let him choose another Greek, more princely than me, who suits him better. If the gods protect me and I reach home, *Peleus* [p. 688] himself will find me a wife. There are plenty of Greek girls in Phthia and *Hellas* [p. 622], daughters of leaders, the defenders of cities: from those I can choose a loving wife. Often my warm heart longed to wed a girl there, some fitting bride, and enjoy what aged Peleus has won. For, all the fabled peacetime wealth of populous *Ilium* [p. 637], before we Greeks arrived, and all the treasure in rocky *Pytho* [p. 711], beyond Apollo's marble threshold, is not worth life itself. Cattle and fine sheep may be taken; tripods and chestnut steeds won, but neither taking nor winning can recall a man's spirit once the breath has left his lips. My mother, divine silver-footed *Thetis* [p. 730], spoke the alternative fates open to me on my way to death. Remain here and fight at the siege of Troy, forgo all home-coming, yet win endless renown; or sail home to my native land, lose fame and glory, but live a long life, and be spared an early end.

I advise you too to sail home. There is no hope of you conquering lofty Ilium, for far-echoing Zeus holds it carefully in his hand, and its people are full of courage. Now go and, as privileged elders, give my reply to the leaders of the Greeks, so they can think out some better way to save the ships and the army with them, since the depth of my anger forces this refusal. Let *Phoenix* [p. 696] though remain, and spend the night here. Then, he can sail home with me and my fleet in the morning: if he wishes to that is, I shall not force him.'

BK IX:430-526 PHOENIX TELLS HIS HISTORY

hey were all silent at his words, stunned by his stern refusal. Finally the old charioteer *Phoenix* [p. 696], fearing as he did for the Greek fleet, spoke tearfully: 'If you do intend to sail, great *Achilles* [p. 517], so great the anger that possesses you, and refuse to save the ships from a fiery end, how can I stay alone, dear child, without you? *Peleus* [p. 688], that aged horseman, sent me with you, that day you went from *Phthia* [p. 698] to join *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. A child you were, ignorant of war's evils and the assembly where men find fame. That was why he made me your guardian, to teach you how to speak and act. So I could not bear to stay here without you, not though a god should take away my years and give me that strength of youth I had when I left *Hellas* [p. 622], land of lovely women, fleeing a quarrel with my father, *Amyntor* [p. 541], son of *Ormenus* [p. 678]. He loved his fair-haired mistress, and neglected my mother his wife, who begged me to seduce her and turn her against the old man. I consented and did so, but my father soon knew, and cursed me, called on the avenging *Furies* [p. 604] to make sure he'd never take any son of mine on his lap. And the deathless ones, *Hades* [p. 614], the Zeus of the Underworld, and dread *Persephone* [p. 692], fulfilled his curse. Enraged I sought to put my father to the sword, but some god restrained me, filling me with fear of public shame, of being reviled as a parricide among Greeks. Still, I could not bear to live in my hostile father's house, though friends and kin gathered round and begged me to stay, slaughtering fine sheep and sleek shambling cattle, roasting fat hogs over the flames, and pouring wine in plenty from the old man's jars. Nine nights they kept watch, in turn, stoking the fires, one lit beneath the colonnade of the walled court, one in the porch in front of my bedroom doors. But in the tenth night's darkness, I levered open the doors of my room, and leapt the courtyard fence, unseen by maids or guards. Then I fled far through wide *Hellas*, reaching fertile *Phthia*, mother of flocks,

where King Peleus welcomed me, and showed me the love a father shows his beloved only son and heir, granting me wealth and a subject people, as King of the *Dolopes* [p. 593] on Phthia's far border.

And, loving you with all my heart, I formed you as you are, divine Achilles: you would refuse to feast in the hall or eat till I set you on my knee, filling your mouth with savoury titbits, touching the cup to your lips. And, child that you were, you would spatter my chest with wine and soak my tunic. But I suffered much for you and took great trouble, believing the gods would no longer send me a son of my own. I treated you as my son, divine Achilles, in hope that you might save me from some wretched fate.

So, conquer your proud spirit, Achilles, and don't be so hard-hearted. The gods themselves may be swayed, despite their greater power, excellence and honour. The erring and sinful man in supplication may turn them from their path of anger, with incense, blessed vows, libations and the smoke of sacrifice. Prayers are the daughters of almighty *Zeus* [p. 739], wrinkled and halting they are, with downcast eyes, following in the steps of wilful Pride. But Pride is swift-footed and strong, and soon outruns them all, and scours before them over the earth bringing men down. Prayers follow on behind trying to heal the hurt. He who respects those daughters of Zeus as they pass by, they hear his prayers and bless him. But he who is stubborn and rebuffs them, they beg Zeus, son of Cronos, to overtake with Pride, so he is brought down, and made to pay in full. So, Achilles, see that you honour the daughters of Zeus, who sway all men of noble mind. If Agamemnon failed to offer you gifts or promise more, but persisted in his furious anger, I would not tell you to swallow your pride and help the Greeks, however great their need. But now he promptly offers many gifts, and promises others later, and sends these warriors, the pick of the army, dearest to you of all the Greeks, to persuade you. Do not scorn their embassy here, or their words, though none can blame you for feeling anger. For have we not heard of men of old, warriors of great renown, who were swayed by gifts and persuaded by words, when a like fury gripped them?

BK IX:527-605 THE STORY OF MELEAGER'S ANGER



Let me tell you, my friends, of one I recall, and of deeds of the past, the distant past. Once, the *Curetes* [p. 583] were fighting the stubborn *Aetolians* [p. 527], with heavy losses on either side. The Aetolians were defending *Calydon's* [p. 570] lovely city, the Curetes eager to capture and sack it, all because *Artemis* [p. 555] of the Golden Throne, angered that King *Oeneus* [p. 673] had failed to offer her first fruits of his rich orchards, brought evil to Calydon. Perhaps he forgot, and failed to notice, but, fatally blind, he sacrificed to the other gods and neglected that great daughter of Zeus alone. So, in her wrath, the child of Zeus and goddess of the hunt sent a fierce white-tusked wild boar against him, to waste his orchards, far and wide. It uprooted the trees and leveled them, branch and blossom.

It was Meleager who gathered huntsmen and hounds from a host of cities and killed the boar, so huge that it needed a mighty force to hunt it down, and not before many a man met his end. Yet even then the goddess stirred a quarrel over the shaggy carcass, between the Curetes, his uncles, and the brave Aetolians, regarding the head and hide.

As long as Meleager, beloved of Ares, was in the field, so long the Curetes suffered, and though they came in force were driven back from the walls. But when the anger that clouds the mind of men, even the wise, filled Meleager, a deep anger caused by his beloved mother, *Althaea* [p. 538], he lay at home idle beside his wife. She was the lovely *Cleopatra* [p. 578], child of slim-ankled *Marpessa* [p. 652], *Evenus'* [p. 610] child, and of *Idas* [p. 636], the mightiest man on the face of the earth in those days, who raised his bow against Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] to keep Marpessa for his own. Her father and mother called Cleopatra, Alcione, because the mother had mourned like the kingfisher with its plaintive call, when far-darting Apollo had snatched her child. Meleager lay there, nursing his anger, embittered by his mother's curse. For he had killed an uncle, her brother, and she had knelt and beat

on the fertile earth with her fists, and drowned her breast with tears, and called on *Hades* [p. 614] and dread *Persephone* [p. 692] to destroy her son. And the *Fury* [p. 604] that walks in the darkness of *Erebus* [p. 603] heard her, she of the pitiless heart.

The noise of the enemy soon reached the city gates. They were battering at the walls. So the Aetolian Elders sent their leading priests to beg Meleager's help, promising him a mighty gift, the choice of fifty acres, half vineyard and half open farmland, from the fertile heart of the fair Calydonian plain. And the aged charioteer, King Oeneus, standing at the threshold of Meleager's tall chamber, rattling the solid doors, beseeched his son, as his mother and sisters did too, though their strong pleas annoyed Meleager even more. Not even his dearest, most loyal friends could sway his heart. At last, when the Curetes were scaling the walls and setting fire to the great city, and his very room was under siege, his lovely wife beseeched him in tears, picturing all the suffering that comes to those whose city falls; the slaughter of the men, the houses wasted by fire, the fair women and children taken by strangers. Her list of evils stirred his heart, and he ran to don his shining armour. So, yielding to his conscience, he saved the Aetolians from disaster, though they gave him none of the gifts they had offered, despite their being saved.

Dear child, don't be like-minded, or be led astray by a god. It will be harder work saving the ships once they are in flames. Stir yourself while gifts may be had and the Greeks will honour you like a god. Re-enter the war when the offer is gone, and though you may turn the tide of battle, they will show you far less honour.'

BK IX:606-655 ACHILLES REMAINS ADAMANT



wift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] replied: ‘*Phoenix* [p. 696], my father, my aged lord, beloved of Zeus, I have no need of such honour. I am honoured by what Zeus ordains for me, to stay by the beaked ships while there is breath in my body, and life in my limbs. And I tell you this, and take it to heart: do not try to sway my mind with shows of grief, on behalf of that warrior son of Atreus. Take care not to love him, and so incur my hatred, I who love you: better for me if you anger him who angers me. Share my kingdom and my honour, and let these men carry my answer, while you rest here on a soft bed. At dawn we will decide whether to go or stay.’

With this he signaled to *Patroclus* [p. 684], with a nod of his head, to spread a comfortable bed for Phoenix, so the others might take the hint and leave the hut. *Ajax* [p. 532], godlike son of Telamon, then spoke: ‘*Odysseus* [p. 671] of many wiles, Zeus-born son of Laertes, we should go, since we achieve nothing by staying here. We must hasten to give the news to the Greeks, who no doubt await us, bad though it is. Achilles’ proud heart has raised him to such a pitch of fury he forgets, harsh man that he is, his comrades’ love, with which we in the fleet honoured him above all others. He shows no pity! Yet a man accepts blood-money even from his brother’s or his son’s killer, and the killer is not expelled from the land if he pays the price to the next of kin, whose pride and feelings are appeased by such compensation. Achilles, the gods have hardened and poisoned your heart, all because of a girl, while we offer you seven, the best there are by far, and a host of gifts besides. So be gracious and show respect for your house, since we represent the Danaans here, and are keen to remain your closest and dearest friends of all the Achaeans.’

Swift-footed Achilles quickly replied: ‘Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon, what you last said my own heart echoes, yet it swells with anger when I recall how the son of Atreus shamed me before the Argives, as though I were some wanderer without rights. You must go and give my answer. I will think no more of war and bloodshed, till noble *Hector* [p. 667], Priam’s warrior son, comes here slaughtering Greeks and setting the fleet aflame, and reaches the huts and ships of my *Myrmidons* [p. 664]. Only here, by my hut, by my black ship, will Hector be stopped, however inspired he is in battle.’

BK IX:656-713 THE EMBASSY RETURNS



At this, each guest took a two-handed cup and offered a libation then *Odysseus* [p. 671] led the way back along the lines. But *Patroclus* [p. 684] told his men and maidservants to spread a soft bed for *Phoenix* [p. 696], swiftly, which they did, covering it with fleeces and rug and linen sheets. There the old man lay and waited for morning light. But *Achilles* [p. 517] slept in the innermost part of the sturdy hut, with a woman he brought from *Lesbos* [p. 646] at his side, lovely *Diomedes* [p. 589], daughter of *Phorbas* [p. 697]. And Patroclus lay opposite, with fair *Iphis* [p. 639], whom noble Achilles assigned to him at the taking of lofty *Scyros* [p. 717], city of *Enyeus* [p. 600].

Now, when the envoys returned to *Agamemnon’s* [p. 528] hut, the Achaean lords sprang to their feet and drank a toast to them from golden cups, then fired questions at them. The king was foremost: ‘Praiseworthy Odysseus, glory of the Greeks: tell me quickly. Does he choose to defend the ships from fire, or does he refuse, his heart still filled with anger?’

Then noble long-suffering Odysseus replied: ‘Glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, the man has no thought of relenting, but fuels his anger, and wishes no part in you or your gifts. He suggests you take

counsel with us Argives on how to save the Greek fleet and the army, while he threatens to launch his curved well-benched ships at dawn. He says he advises the rest to sail home, since you have no hope of conquering lofty Ilium, that far-echoing Zeus holds carefully in his hands, and whose people are full of courage. Those were his words, and *Ajax* [p. 532] here and these two heralds, both sober men, can confirm them. But we left old Phoenix resting there, as Achilles commanded, to travel home to his dear land at dawn, though only if he wishes, since Achilles will not force him.'

At his words, all fell silent, dismayed by his forceful speech, and a gloomy silence followed, until at length *Diomedes* [p. 590] spoke, he of the loud war-cry: 'Glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, I wish now you had not deigned to plead with that peerless son of *Peleus* [p. 688], nor offered him a host of gifts. He is never anything but proud, and now you encourage his pride. But we must let him be, whether he goes or stays. He will fight when his own conscience demands it, and a god rouses him. But listen and do as I say. Let us go and sleep, when our hunger and thirst are sated, since food and drink nurture strength and courage: but when rosy-fingered *Dawn* [p. 600] glows fair, swiftly deploy the chariots and men in front of the ships, then urge them forward, fighting yourself with the foremost.'

All the leaders expressed their approval of his words, thrilled by Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then they poured libations and each went to his hut, to lie down there and enjoy the gifts of sleep.

BOOK X - THE NIGHT RAID

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Il Metal pour être

BK X:1-71 AGAMEMNON AND MENELAUS MEET



Now, while all the rest of the Greek leaders were resting beside their ships, overcome by gentle sleep, Agamemnon, son of Atreus, king of men, was restless, his mind lost in thought. Just as when Zeus, fair Hera's lord, thunders when he brews a storm of heavy rain or hail, or a blizzard to veil the fields with snow, or opens the jaws of rabid war, so Agamemnon groaned from the depths of his being, and his heart quaked within him. When he looked towards the Trojan plain, he was dazzled by the host of fires burning before Ilium, by the din of flutes and pipes, and human voices. Then gazing towards the ships and his own army, he plucked his hair out by the roots so that Zeus above might see, grieved at heart. Finally it seemed best to seek out Nestor, Neleus' son, in hopes of devising with him some unique way of warding off a Greek defeat. So he rose and donned his tunic, bound a fine pair of sandals on his gleaming feet, slung a tawny lion skin over his shoulders, a large and glossy pelt that reached his feet, and clasped his spear.


Meanwhile Menelaus was gripped by like forebodings, fearful for the Argives who, filled with visions of war, had sailed with him to Troy over the wide seas: and sleep would not come to his weary eyelids. Throwing a spotted leopard skin over his broad shoulders, and setting his bronze helmet on his head, he also grasped a spear in his strong hand. Then he went to rouse his brother, great king of the Argives, whom the people honoured as a god. He found him by his ships' stern, slinging his great shield over his shoulder, and the king was overjoyed to see him. Menelaus of the loud war-cry spoke first: 'Why are you arming, brother? And have you thought of sending someone to spy on the Trojans? Though I doubt you'll find a man eager for the task, willing to go alone and spy on the enemy in the depth of night: it would need a bold spirit.'

‘Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus’ Agamemnon answered, ‘we need some clever plan to save us Greeks and protect the ships, now Zeus has turned against us. It seems in his heart he prefers Hector’s offerings to ours. I have never known, or heard in the tales, of one man doing as much harm to the Greeks in a single day, as Hector, so dear to Zeus, has, and yet not be the beloved son of some god or goddess. He has done things we shall feel to our sorrow for many a long day, such damage has he inflicted. Go, hurry along the line of ships, and summon Ajax and Idomeneus, while I rouse noble Nestor, hoping he will go with me and visit the outposts, and exhort the watch. They will respond to him, since his own son leads the guard, he and Meriones squire to Idomeneus. They hold that command.’

‘What are your orders, then?’ asked Menelaus of the loud war-cry, ‘should I wait with them there till you come, or hasten back when I’ve told them?’

‘Stay there,’ the king replied, ‘lest we miss each other on the many paths through the camp. But as you go, rouse the army, and call the men by their name and lineage, humbly honouring each. We must toil, in accord with the weight of sorrow Zeus loaded us with at birth.’

BK X:72-130 AGAMEMNON ROUSES NESTOR

aving charged his brother with this, he sent him on his way, himself setting out in search of *Nestor* [p. 667], shepherd of the people, whom he found lying on a soft bed beside the hut and his black ship. His ornate armour was near him, shield, twin spears, and helmet, and the gleaming belt the old man wore when he went into bloody battle, leading his troops in defiance of his great age. Now he raised himself on his elbow, lifted his head, and challenged *Atreides* [p. 528]: ‘Who are you, wandering alone by the ships in the dead of night, when other men sleep sound? Do you seek a friend, or a stray mule? Stand and speak, what business have you here!’

King Agamemnon answered: ‘Nestor, son of Neleus, glory of the Greeks, surely you know me, Atreides, that Agamemnon whom Zeus has singled out for endless toil, while there is breath in my body or strength in my limbs. I wander abroad because sweet sleep evades my eyelids, troubled by this war and our plight. I fear for our people, and my mind is in turmoil, my heart beats in my breast and my limbs tremble. If you too are wakeful, and want employment, let us look to the sentries, lest they are sleeping, overcome by fatigue and their watch, oblivious to their duty. The enemy are camped so close, and, who knows, they may be willing to mount an attack by night.’

The charioteer, Gerenian Nestor, replied: ‘Agamemnon, king of men, noble son of Atreus, Zeus the Counsellor will prevent Hector realising all those hopes I imagine he now may nurture: rather he will know troubles greater than ours, if ever Achilles forsakes his bitter anger. I will gladly come with you, but let us rouse others too, the spearman *Diomedes* [p. 590], swift *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser, and brave *Meges* [p. 654], *Phyleus*’ [p. 699] son. It would make sense to send a summons too to Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532], and *Idomeneus* [p. 636] the king, since their ships are farthest off of all. Yet I bear a reproach for *Menelaus* [p. 655], loved and respected though he is, and I must speak though I anger you, if he sleeps while you toil alone. He should be working on the leaders, begging their help, in this hour of desperate need.’

‘Aged sire,’ replied Agamemnon, king of men: ‘at other times I might even reproach him myself, for he often holds back, disinclined to toil, not through laziness or lack of care, but because he looks to me for his orders. Yet this time he was first to wake and come for me, and I sent him on to rouse those two you spoke of last. Let us go seek them among the sentries at the gates, where I told them to gather.’

‘In that case,’ Gerenian Nestor answered, ‘no one will blame, no one will disobey him, when he takes command and urges the men on.’

BK X:131-193 NESTOR ROUSES ODYSSEUS AND DIOMEDES



So saying, he donned his tunic, bound fine sandals on his shining feet, and wrapped a broad purple double-cloak of thick wool around him. Then grasping a sturdy spear with a sharp bronze blade he set off along the line of Achaean ships. He roused *Odysseus* [p. 671] first, peer of Zeus in counsel, his piercing call waking the sleeper, who left his hut saying: ‘Why are you wandering about like this in the dead of night? What great need demands it?’

Nestor answered: ‘Nimble-witted Odysseus, refrain from indignation for we Greeks are greatly troubled. Follow us and help rouse the others who also must decide whether to fight or flee.’

At this, wily Odysseus entered his hut, slung his ornate shield on his back then followed. Next they found *Diomedes* [p. 590], Tydeus’ son, sleeping outside his hut his weapons nearby, his men around him heads resting on their shields, their spears driven into the ground by the butts, and the bronze tips shining out afar like Father Zeus’ lightning. The hero slept on an ox-hide, a bright rug under his head. Nestor woke him with a nudge of the heel in his side, and rebuked him as he woke. ‘Son of Tydeus, awake: do you need a whole night’s rest? The Trojans, you’ll see, are camped by the ships on rising ground and barely a stone’s throw distant!’

Diomedes leapt up swiftly and answered with winged words: ‘You are a tough old man, my lord and never rest. Are there no younger men to do the rounds and summon the leaders? You are insatiable.’


‘Indeed, my friend, it’s true,’ Gerenian Nestor replied: ‘I do have peerless sons and men a-plenty, any one of whom might summon up the others. But we are in dire need: our fate is balanced on a razor’s edge, the survival or utter ruin of the army. Since you are younger, show your pity for me, go rouse swift *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser, and *Meges* [p. 654], son of Phyleus.’

At this, Diomedes flung about his shoulders the great tawny lion-skin that reached to his feet, grasped his spear, and set out. He roused the warriors named and brought them back with him.

When they reached the knot of sentries they found them wide awake, weapons in their hands. As hounds set to keep uneasy watch over a sheepfold cannot sleep if they hear some savage and aggressive creature roaming the wooded hills, rousing the cry of men and dogs, so the sentries had no sleep as they watched through the perilous night, facing the plain to catch the sound of Trojan attack.

Old *Nestor* [p. 667] rejoiced at the sight, and spoke words of encouragement: ‘Keep watching as you are, dear lads, and no one fall asleep, lest we give joy to our enemies.’

BK X:194-253 DIOMEDES CHOOSES ODYSSEUS TO MAKE A FORAY

 With this, he hurried off along the ditch, followed by the Argive leaders summoned to the council. *Meriones* [p. 658] and Nestor’s noble son went too, since they had also been chosen to attend. Leaving the ditch they sat down in an open space, clear of the dead, the place where mighty *Hector* [p. 617] had turned back at nightfall. There they took counsel and Gerenian Nestor was first to speak: ‘My friends, is there one of us who trusts enough in his own daring to enter the Trojan camp in hopes of cutting out some straggler, or gaining some inkling of their plans? Do they mean to stay here far from the city, or retreat again after their victory? If he learnt the answer to that and returned unharmed, he would be celebrated by us all, and well rewarded. Let every leader among the fleet grant him a black ewe with a suckling lamb, a gift beyond compare, and welcome him to all our feasts and banquets.’


All were silent at his words, except *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry: ‘Nestor, my pride and courage prompt me to try this Trojan camp, but I’d feel greater security and ease if we were two. With two men, one may see an opportunity the other might miss. A man on his own sees less, and possesses less resource.’

Many of them clamoured to go with him: the two warrior *Aiantes* [p. 532], Meriones and Nestor’s son, and the great spearman *Menelaus* [p. 655]. Doughty *Odysseus* [p. 671] too, always full of boldness, was more than eager to infiltrate the Trojan camp. Then *Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, addressed Diomedes: ‘Son of Tydeus, dear to me, yourself select the comrade you desire, the best of those who offer, since many men are eager. Don’t let undue respect for birth, or royalty, cause you to choose the worse, and leave the better man behind.’

He spoke these words fearing for the safety of red-haired Menelaus his brother. But Diomedes of the loud war-cry replied: ‘If I am free to choose, I cannot ignore godlike Odysseus whose brave spirit is eager for every adventure. Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] loves him. Together we might go through blazing fire and return: his is the shrewdest mind of all.’

Noble long-enduring Odysseus then spoke: ‘Be sparing of your praise, Diomedes, and your blame too, since these Greeks all know me. Let us go, since night advances and dawn draws near; the stars have journeyed two thirds of their course, one third alone is left us.’

BK X:254-298 DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS SET OUT

hen the formidable pair armed themselves. The staunch *Thrasymedes* [p. 732] passed *Diomedes* [p. 590] a shield and a double-edged sword, in place of the one he had left by the ship. On his head he placed an ox-hide skullcap, without peak or crest, the type young bloods wear to defend them. Meanwhile *Meriones* [p. 658] gave *Odysseus* [p. 671]


quiver, bow and sword, then set a leather helmet on his head, stiffened inside with straps over a cap of felt, cunningly and densely set outside with gleaming white boar-tusks. *Autolykus* [p. 563] stole the thing from *Eleon* [p. 598], when he robbed *Amyntor's* [p. 541] house, and gave it to *Amphidamas* [p. 539] of *Cythera* [p. 584] to take to *Scandeia* [p. 716]. He in turn gifted it to *Molus* [p. 662], his guest, who passed it then to his son Meriones to wear, and now it was Odysseus' head it guarded.

Formidably armed they left the group of leaders and set off. And *Athene* [p. 559] sent an omen, a heron close by on the right, unseen by them in the gloomy night, but apparent by its cry. Odysseus rejoiced, and prayed to Pallas Athene: 'Hear me, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, you who are with me in all my adventures, protecting me wherever I go. Show me your love, Athene, now, more than ever, and grant we return to the ships having won renown, with some brave act that will grieve the Trojans greatly.'

And Diomedes of the loud war-cry followed him in prayer: 'Hear me also, *Atrytone* [p. 562], daughter of Zeus. Be with me as you were with my father *Tydeus* [p. 737] in *Thebes* [p. 728], when he went there as ambassador for the bronze-greaved Achaeans, camped there by the *Asopus* [p. 557]. A friendly offer was what he made them, but on his way back he was forced to take deadly reprisal for their ambush, and you fair goddess, readily stood by him. Stand by me now, and watch over me, and in return I will offer a broad-browed yearling heifer, unused to the yoke. I will tip her horns with gold and sacrifice her to you.'

These were the prayers, and Pallas Athene heard. Their praying done, they set out, like a pair of lions through the dark, through the remnants of slaughter, the corpses and the weapons darkly stained with blood.

BK X:299-348 HECTOR SENDS DOLON OUT TO SPY

he brave Trojans too had little time for sleep, since *Hector* [p. 617] summoned the noblest leaders and counsellors. When they were gathered he proposed a shrewd tactic: ‘Who will volunteer to do a deed, and win a rich reward? I guarantee a chariot and a pair of stallions with high arched necks, the best the Greeks have tethered by the ships, to whoever makes a foray towards their camp, and finds if their swift fleet is guarded as before, or whether defeat has them preparing flight, and a fatal weariness leads them to slacken watch.’

Silence fell at his words but, among the Trojans, was *Dolon* [p. 592], son of the sacred herald *Eumedes* [p. 606], and a man rich in gold and bronze, ugly to look at but a swift runner, brother of five sisters. He now stepped forward to address Hector and the gathered Trojans: ‘My heart prompts me, my spirit of adventure too, to reconnoitre the ships and report. But first raise the staff high, and swear to me you will grant me the chariot inlaid with bronze, and the horses, of that peerless son of *Peleus* [p. 688]. For, I will not fail or dash your hopes. I will steal through their camp to *Agamemnon’s* [p. 528] ship where the leaders must be, debating whether to fight or flee.’

At this, Hector lifted the staff in his hands and swore the oath: ‘Let *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer himself, *Hera’s* [p. 624] lord, be witness. No other man shall mount behind those horses but you, yours to enjoy forever.’

His oath proved without force, but it satisfied Dolon, who quickly slung his curved bow on his shoulder, threw a grey wolf’s pelt over it, placed a ferret-skin cap on his head, and grasping a sharp javelin set off towards the ships. Once he had left the camp, crowded with men and horses, he went eagerly on his way, though fated not to return again with news for Hector.

Noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] soon spotted him, and said: ‘*Diomedes* [p. 590], someone comes from the enemy camp, perhaps as a spy or to strip the corpses. Let him go past us a little way then we can rush him and take him captive. If he is quick enough to outrun us, threaten him with your spear and drive him towards the ships and away from his camp, lest he makes a run for the city.’

BK X:349- 411 ODYSSEUS QUESTIONS DOLON



With this, they lay down, off the path, among the corpses, while *Dolon* [p. 592] unknowingly ran past them. When he was as far as the width of land a mule-team plough in a day, mules being better at ploughing deep fallow than oxen, the pair gave chase. Hearing the sound behind him he thought they were friends from the Trojan ranks coming to call him back, and that Hector had changed his mind. But when they were no more than a spear-cast distant, he knew they were enemies and took to his heels, while they tore after him. Like two sharp-fanged hunting dogs pursuing a doe or a screaming hare through the woods, so *Diomedes* [p. 590] and *Odysseus* [p. 671], sacker of cities, relentlessly chased him down, cutting him off from his camp. As he ran towards the ships, about to reach the outposts, *Athene* [p. 559] spurred Diomedes on, so that no bronze-clad Achaean could boast of striking Dolon before him. Running upon him, spear raised, the mighty warrior shouted: ‘Stop or I strike you down: you’ll be doomed to die at my hand.’

So saying, he hurled the spear, missing the man on purpose, the tip of the gleaming spear passing over the right shoulder, and fixing itself in the ground. Dolon halted, gripped by terror, pale with fear and teeth chattering. As his pursuers, panting for breath, reached him and grasped his arms, he stammered: ‘Take me alive, I will pay the ransom. I have gold, bronze and wrought iron, and my father will give a small fortune to hear I was taken alive by you Greeks.’

‘Take heart,’ replied wily Odysseus, ‘keep death far from your mind, and answer truly. Where are you off to at dead of night, while other men sleep? Are you out to strip the bodies of the dead, did *Hector* [p. 617] send you to spy on the hollow ships, or perhaps it was your own idea?’

His limbs trembling, Dolon answered: ‘Hector seduced my mind with vain hopes, promising me noble *Achilles*’ [p. 517] chariot inlaid with fine bronze, and his team of horses. He told me to use the dark of night to infiltrate your camp, and find if your swift fleet was guarded as before, or whether defeat had you preparing flight, and a fatal weariness forced you to slacken watch.’

Cunning Odysseus smiled as he replied: ‘Your heart was set on a fine prize indeed, Achilles’ horses: hard for a mortal man to handle and control, save the warrior grandson of Aeacus, with a *goddess* [p. 730] for a mother. Now tell me this, and tell true, where was Hector, leader of men, when you left him? Where are his horses and his battle gear? What are the Trojan dispositions, what watch do they keep, and what do they plan themselves? Do they mean to stay here far from the city, or retreat again after their victory over us?’

BK X:412-464 DIOMEDES KILLS DOLON



Dolon [p. 592], son of *Eumedes* [p. 606], replied: ‘To tell true, Hector and the councillors meet by the tomb of noble *Ilus* [p. 637], away from the noise. As for the guards, there is no special watch. Round the Trojan fires those on duty stay wakeful and keep each other alert. As for the foreign allies, since they are far from wives and children, they sleep and leave the Trojans to keep a lookout.’

Wily *Odysseus* [p. 671] still questioned: ‘How disposed? Do the allies sleep among the horse-taming Trojans or apart? Be clear, I need to know.’

‘I will tell you that truly, too,’ Dolon answered, ‘The *Carians* [p. 571], *Paeonians* [p. 680] of the curved bow, *Leleges* [p. 645], *Caucones* [p. 572] and noble *Pelasgi* [p. 688], are camped towards the coast. While the *Lycians* [p. 648], lordly *Mysians* [p. 665], *Phrygian* [p. 697] horsemen and *Maonian* [p. 651] charioteers are camped towards *Thymbre* [p. 734]. Why are you asking all this? If you are keen to raid the camp, the Thracians there are latecomers, and furthest out. *Rhesus* [p. 712], son of *Eioneus* [p. 597], is their royal leader. He has the tallest, finest horses I ever saw, whiter than snow and fast as the wind. His chariot is finely worked in gold and silver, and he brought his gold armour with him, huge and wondrous to look on. It is armour fit for a deathless god, not a mere mortal. So, take me to your swift ship, or bind me as tight as you wish and leave me here, then you can quickly prove whether I tell true or no.’

But mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590] turned on him in anger: ‘You can forget all thought of escape, now you’ve told us what we needed to know. Release you now, and you live to return to our ships and fight, or spy on us once more. Meet death now, at my hands, and never again be a danger to the Argives.’

As he spoke, Dolon raised his large hand, though only to touch Diomedes’ chin to beg for mercy. But Diomedes sprang at him with his sword striking him square on the neck. The blade sheared through the sinews, and Dolon’s head fell in the dust even as he tried to speak.

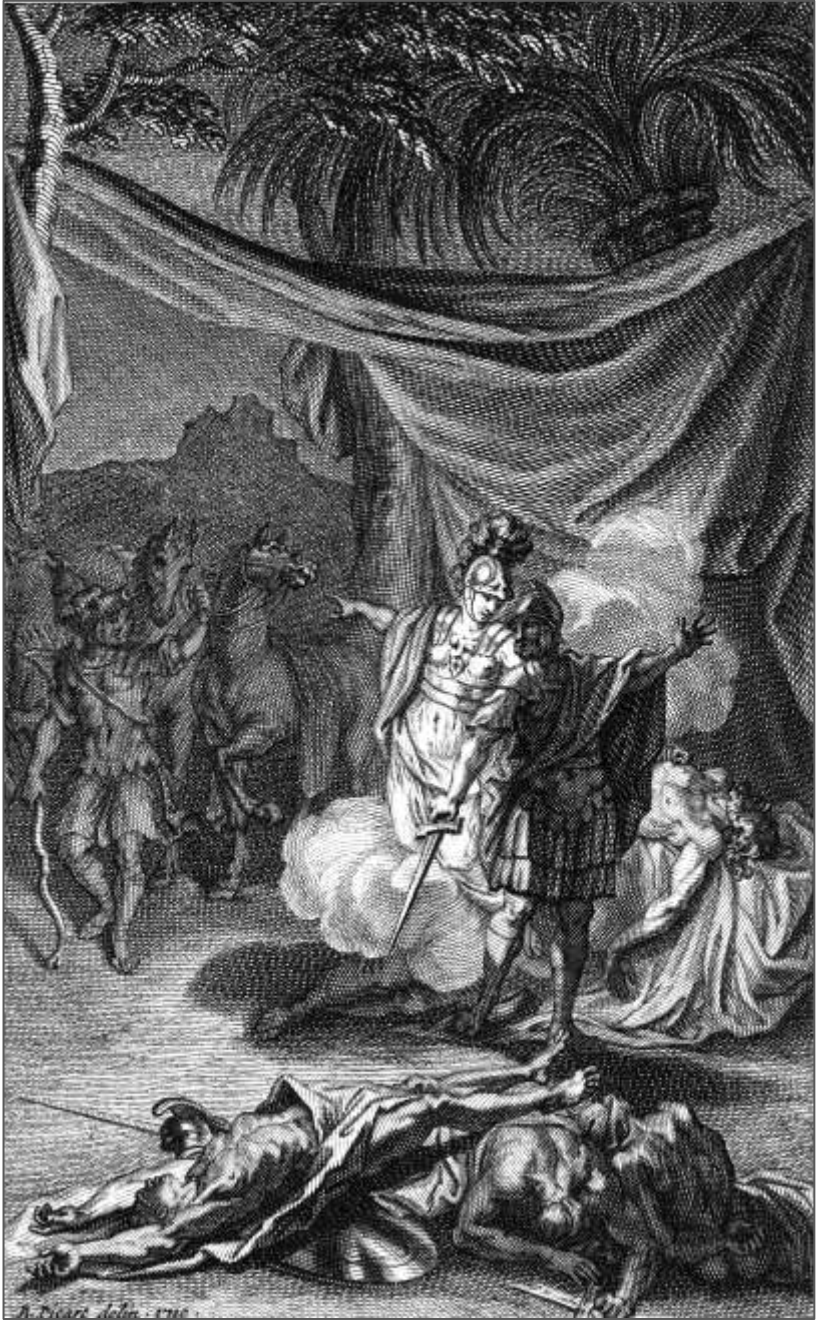
Then they took his wolf’s hide and ferret-skin cap, curving bow and long spear. And noble Odysseus lifted them high in his hands for *Athene* [p. 559], the goddess of spoils, to see, and prayed: ‘Take pleasure in these, goddess, you whom we call on first of all the immortals, and help us again as we raid the Thracian camp and take their horses.’

BK X:465-514 DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS CAPTURE THE HORSES OF RHESUS



With this, he pushed the spoils into a tamarisk bush, and marked the place with a heap of reeds and thick tamarisk branches, so as not to miss it when returning swiftly through the dark night. Then they both picked their way among bloodstained weapons, and soon reached the Thracian camp. The enemy were fast asleep wearied by their efforts with their fine battle gear on the ground beside them, in three neat rows. Every man slept by his horses, with *Rhesus* [p. 712] at their centre, his own swift horses tethered to the chariot rail by their reins. *Odysseus* [p. 671] saw him first and showed him to *Diomedes* [p. 590]: ‘There is our man, and there are those horses *Dolon* [p. 592] spoke of before he died. Now exert all your strength, let not our weapons be idle, and loose the horses too; or rather you kill the men, and I’ll handle the horses.’

At this, *Diomedes*, into whom bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] breathed new fury, set about killing those right and left, while hideous groans rose from the dying, and the earth ran red with their blood. Like a lion that finds an undefended flock of sheep or goats, and springs on them with slaughter in its heart, so the son of *Tydeus* [p. 737] despatched twelve Thracian warriors one by one. And as *Diomedes* killed each man, wily *Odysseus* seized the body by the feet from behind, and dragged it aside leaving the way clear for the long-maned horses, who might take fright if they trod on the fresh corpses of their masters. When *Diomedes* reached the king, who was breathing heavily in his dreams, for sent by *Athene*, a malign phantom of that grandson of *Oeneus* [p. 673] already hovered over his head: then the thirteenth victim was robbed of honey-sweet life. And stalwart *Odysseus* loosed the horses, tied their reins together, and drove them clear of the scene, with a touch or two of his bow, neglecting to take the gleaming whip from the ornate chariot. Then he whistled, as a sign to *Diomedes*.



'Diomedes kills Rhesus' – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710




‘Diomedes kills Rhesus’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

But Diomedes lingered, debating what he might risk, whether to lift and carry, or drag away, the chariot and all its inlaid battle gear, or whether to go on killing Thracians. He was still debating, when Athene came to warn the noble warrior: ‘Son of brave Tydeus, better head for the hollow ships now, or perhaps some other god will rouse the Trojans, and you will be forced to flee.’

Knowing the voice of the goddess, he heeded her words and ran swiftly to a horse. Odysseus flicked his bow once more, and off they sped towards the Achaean fleet.

BK X:515-579 DIOMEDES AND ODYSSEUS RETURN IN TRIUMPH

ut *Apollo* [p. 547] of the Silver Bow was not blind to *Athene's* [p. 559] aid to *Diomedes* [p. 590]. Enraged by her actions, he descended on the great Trojan army, and roused a Thracian leader, *Hippocoön* [p. 628], *Rhesus's* [p. 712] noble kinsman. The man leapt up from sleep, and seeing the horsemen drenched in blood, gasping out their lives, and the empty spaces where their horses had been tethered, he groaned aloud and called out his dear kinsman's name. This brought the Trojans running, with vast noise and confusion, to gaze at what the two Greeks had done before they had headed for the ships.

They, meanwhile, had reined in the swift horses at the spot where Diomedes had killed *Hector's* [p. 617] spy, and there Diomedes leapt down, handed up the bloodstained spoils to *Odysseus* [p. 671], and then re-mounted. They urged the horses on with a will, eager to reach the hollow ships again.

Nestor [p. 667] was first to hear them coming: ‘My friends, you leaders and counsellors of the Argives, am I wrong, or is it true, what my heart prompts me to utter? I hear the sound of galloping horses. I hope it's Odysseus and Diomedes, bringing us fine Trojan steeds, yet I fear lest it's

the sound of Trojan cavalry spelling disaster to those two, the best of us Greeks.’

The words were barely out of his mouth when they both arrived. They leapt to the ground, and were welcomed joyously with clasped hands and noble words. Gerenian Nestor was first with the questions: ‘Inestimable Odysseus, glory of Greece: tell me how on earth you found those horses? Did you raid the Trojan camp, or more likely some god met you on the way, and gave you them as a gift. They gleam like rays of light. I meet the Trojans in battle all the time: old I may be, but I never miss a fight, yet I have never seen nor imagined they had such horses. Yes, you met with a deathless one, and they are a gift: for Zeus the Cloud-gatherer loves you, and his daughter who bears the aegis does so too, bright-eyed Athene.’

‘Nestor son of Neleus, flower of Greek chivalry,’ Odysseus of the many wiles replied ‘the immortals are mightier than us by far, and could easily grant us better horses than these, though they, my lord, are fresh from Thrace. Brave Diomedes killed their master and twelve of the best men in his camp as well. And we caught and killed a man near the ships, and that makes fourteen, whom Hector and the rest of the proud Trojans sent to spy on our camp.’

With that he drove the horses across the trench, in triumph, and the rest of the joyous Greeks followed. When they reached Diomedes’ well-built hut, they tethered the horses with fine leather thongs to the manger where Diomedes’ own team were feeding on honey-sweet barley. And Odysseus placed Dolon’s bloodstained gear in the stern of his ship, till he was ready to offer them formally to Athene. Then the two warriors went down to the sea, and washed the sweat from their bodies, head to foot. When the waves had cleared the sweat, and they were refreshed, they went to gleaming baths to bathe further. And after bathing and rubbing themselves with oil, they sat down to eat and draw honeyed wine from the full mixing bowl, to pour libations to Athene.

BOOK XI - THE ACHAEANS ROUTED

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BK XI:1-83 THE ARMIES JOIN BATTLE



s *Dawn* [p. 600] rose from her bed beside lordly *Tithonus* [p. 735], bringing light to gods and mortals, Zeus sent grim *Strife* [p. 604] to the Achaean fleet, bearing a war-banner in her hands. She stood by Odysseus' huge-hulled black ship, placed in the midst of the line so a shout would carry from end to end and reach Telamonian *Ajax*' [p. 532] huts and those of *Achilles* [p. 517], those two having beached their swift ships at either end trusting in their own courage and strength. Standing there, the goddess gave a terrible call, her shrill war-cry, rousing in every Greek heart the strength to fight on in conflict without end. And war was straight away sweeter to them than sailing home in the hollow ships to their own dear land.

Atreides [p. 528] called out his command to the Greeks to ready themselves for battle, and he himself donned his armour of gleaming bronze. First he fitted about his legs ornate greaves with silver anklets; then he strapped round his chest his cuirass, a guest-gift from *Cinyras* [p. 578]. When news had reached *Cyprus* [p. 584] of the Greek voyage to Troy, Cinyras sent this breastplate as a sign of his support. It was banded with ten strips of blue enamel, twelve of gold, and twenty of tin; and on either side three serpents writhed up towards the neck, their glittering enamel like Zeus' rainbow in the sky, an omen for mortal men. From his shoulder he slung a sword, its gleaming hilt studded with gold, the scabbard silver, hanging by golden chains. Then he took up his richly figured war-shield, big enough to hide a man, with its ten bronze circles and twenty gleaming bosses of white tin, with one of blue enamel in the centre. The *Gorgon's* [p. 612] head, grim and glaring fiercely, was depicted at the top, with Terror and Rout on either side. The shield hung by a silver chain, round which a snake of blue enamel writhed, its three heads, twined in different directions, sprung from a single

neck. On his head he set his double-ridged four-plated helmet with horse-hair crest, its plume nodding savagely. Then he grasped two sharp and sturdy bronze-tipped spears, glittering so under the heavens that *Athene* [p. 559] and *Hera* [p. 624] thundered in response, honouring golden *Mycenae's* [p. 663] king.

Then the warriors told their charioteers to draw the teams up at the trench in good order, while they themselves, armed and on foot, ran swiftly forward, their loud cries rising to meet the dawn sky. They reached the trench before the charioteers, who quickly followed. Zeus stirred sombre noise around them, and sent bloody drops of dew down from the heights of heaven, as he prepared to send many a brave soul to Hades.

The Trojans faced them on rising ground, gathering round mighty *Hector* [p. 617]: peerless *Polydamas* [p. 702], *Aeneas* [p. 524] honoured by the people like a god, and *Antenor's* [p. 543] three sons, *Polybus* [p. 702], noble *Agenor* [p. 531], and young godlike *Acamas* [p. 516]. Hector, with his weighted round-shield, stood out among the leaders, now in the front rank, now in the rear to reinforce his orders, like a baleful star gleaming through shadowy clouds, then veiled behind them. Clad in bronze he gleamed, like the lightning sent by aegis-bearing Father Zeus.

Then like opposed lines of reapers cutting swathes through some rich man's field, armfuls of wheat or barley falling thick and fast, so the Greeks and Trojans set about each other murderously, no thought of flight, raging like wolves with equal force. And Strife, the grief-maker, rejoiced to see them. She was the only immortal with them in battle: the rest took their ease at home, in the fine houses built for them among the folds of *Olympus* [p. 675]. All blamed Zeus, son of Cronos, lord of the storm-clouds, for seeking to grant the Trojans victory. But he ignored them, sitting apart from all, exulting in his power, gazing down on the city of Troy and the Greek fleet, on the glittering bronze, the slayers and the slain.

BK XI:84-162 AGAMEMNON CUTS DOWN THE TROJANS



ll morning, as the sun rose higher, the missiles found their mark and warriors fell, but at the hour when a forester, weary of felling tall trees, tired and hungry, sits down to eat in some mountain glade, the Danaans rallying their comrades through the ranks, showed their valour, and the enemy battalions broke. *Agamemnon* [p. 528] led the charge, killing the Trojan general, *Bienor* [p. 566], and then *Oileus* [p. 674] his charioteer. Oileus had leapt from the chariot to face him, but as he ran towards him Agamemnon pierced his brow with his sharp spear, which passed through the heavy bronze helmet and the bone, so the brains splattered within. Thus the king slew him. Then Agamemnon, lord of men, stripping them of their tunics, left them there, their naked chests gleaming in the light, and went to kill *Isus* [p. 640] and *Antiphus* [p. 545], sons of *Priam* [p. 706], one illegitimate the other a legitimate son, who shared a chariot. Noble Antiphus, the legitimate son, stood up to fight, while Isus took the reins. *Achilles* [p. 517] had once captured the pair and bound them with willow-shoots as they herded sheep on the slopes of Ida, then set them free for a ransom. But now, imperial Agamemnon, son of Atreus, struck Isus on the breast with his spear just above the nipple, while his sword pierced Antiphus beside the ear and knocked him from the chariot. Quickly he stripped away their shining armour, recognising them from the day when fleet-footed Achilles had brought them down from Ida to the swift ships. As a doe, though she is nearby, fails to defend her fawns when a lion forces her lair, seizes them in his mighty jaws, and robs them of tender life, trembling instead with fear and running sweat-drenched through dense undergrowth, fleeing from her powerful enemy's attack, so the Trojans failed to save these two from death, driven themselves to flight by the Greeks.

Then the king slew *Peisander* [p. 687] and steadfast *Hippolochus* [p. 628], sons of shrewd *Antimachus* [p. 545], who hoping for glorious gifts and gold as a bribe from *Paris* [p. 682], was loudest to oppose restoring *Helen* [p. 621] to yellow-haired *Menelaus* [p. 655]. Now, it was his two sons whom Agamemnon captured, as they shared a chariot. They tried to contain the powerful horses, but the gleaming reins slipped from their grasp, and the team ran wild. Atreides sprang on them like a lion, while the pair begged for mercy: ‘Take us alive, son of Atreus, and win a noble ransom. Much treasure is heaped in our father’s house, gold, bronze and iron, finely wrought. Antimachus will grant you a princely ransom if you keep us alive by the Greek ships.’

Placatory were their tearful words to the king, but implacable his reply: ‘If you are truly the offspring of that shrewd wretch Antimachus, who when Menelaus came as ambassador, with godlike *Odysseus* [p. 671], to address the Trojan council, suggested they should not let him return, but should kill him on the spot, then you must pay the price now for his vile words then.’

So saying he struck Peisander in the chest with his spear sending him flying backwards from the chariot to the earth. Though Hippolochus leapt down, he killed him on the ground, and culling his limbs and head with his sword sent him rolling through the ranks like a rounded boulder.

Then he left them dead behind him, and ran to where the enemy battalions fled in rout, supported by his bronze-clad Achaeans. Foot-soldiers killed others as they ran; horsemen put horsemen to the sword, while a cloud of dust rose from the ground at their feet, stirred by the thundering hooves. And King Agamemnon, racing after, shouting aloud to his Argives, never ceased from slaying. As a dense wood bows to consuming fire borne on the whirling wind, and uprooted trees collapse in the rush of flame, so the fleeing Trojans fell before Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and many a team of spirited horses dragged an empty chariot rattling through the lines, bereft of its peerless charioteers, while they lay in the dust, to the vultures’ joy and their own wives’ sorrow.

BK XI:163-217 ZEUS SENDS A MESSAGE TO HECTOR



Zeus [p. 739] drew *Hector* [p. 617] away from the missiles and slaughter, the blood, dirt and turmoil, while *Atreides* [p. 528] followed, calling fiercely to his Danaans. Past the ancient tomb of *Ilus* [p. 637], scion of *Dardanus* [p. 586], over the heart of the plain, past the wild fig tree the Trojans fled, desperate to reach the city, and ever the son of Atreus followed, his war-cry loud, his all-conquering hands spattered with blood. But when they came to the *Scæan* [p. 715] Gate and the oak, they rallied and turned to meet the foe. Some were still flying in fear over the plain, like cattle some lion has routed at dead of night, when sudden death comes to a heifer whose neck it breaks with its powerful jaws, devouring the blood and entrails. So *Agamemnon* [p. 528], Atreus' son, chased the Trojans, killing the stragglers, as they fled in rout. And at his hands many a charioteer fell from his chariot, prone or on his back, as *Atreides* ranged round him with his spear.

They were nearing the high city wall, when the Father of gods and men came down from the skies, and seated himself on the summit of *Ida* [p. 634], that mountain flowing with streams, grasping the thunder-bolt in his hands. Then he sent golden-winged *Iris* [p. 640] to bear a message: 'Go, now, swift *Iris*, say this to *Hector*: as long as he sees *Agamemnon*, king of men, raging ahead in his anger, culling the Trojan ranks, he should hold back from the heat of battle, and let his men engage the foe. But if *Agamemnon* is wounded by arrow or spear, and takes to his chariot, then I grant *Hector* the power to kill and kill, till he reaches the benched ships, till the sun sets and sacred darkness falls.'



‘Zeus sends Iris to Hector’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With this, Iris, swift as the wind, flew down from the heights of Ida to holy *Ilium* [p. 637]. She found noble Hector, wise Priam’ son, mounted in his well-turned chariot, and addressing him courteously delivered Zeus’ message. When she had gone, Hector leapt down from his chariot, and brandishing two sharp spears, ranged through the Trojan ranks, rousing his men, and raising the din of battle. Now, they turned and rallied, facing the Achaeans, while in turn the Greeks strengthened their lines. So the stage was set, and the armies faced each other, Agamemnon in advance, eager to take the fight to the foe.

BK XI:218-298 CÖON WOUNDS AGAMEMNON



ell me now, *Muses* [p. 662], that dwell on *Olympus* [p. 675], who of the Trojans or their noble allies first faced *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. *Iphidamas* [p. 639], it was, tall and powerful son of *Antenor* [p. 543], who was reared in fertile *Thrace* [p. 732], the mother of flocks. His maternal grandfather *Cissus* [p. 578], father of lovely *Theano* [p. 727], reared him from an infant in his palace. When he reached glorious youth, Cissus offered him his daughter in marriage to hold Iphidamas there, but newly-wed he abandoned his bride when news of the Greek expedition broke. He sailed with twelve beaked ships, left those fine vessels at *Percote* [p. 690], and reached Ilium on foot. And now he faced Agamemnon, Atreus’ son.

When they had come to close quarters, Atreides first spear-thrust was turned aside, while Iphidamas in turn struck Agamemnon’s belt below the breastplate. Yet though he put his full weight behind it, trusting in his strength, it failed to pierce the silver belt, and the spear-point bent like lead. Imperial Agamemnon grasped the shaft in his hand and pulling it towards him, furious as a lion, tore it from Iphidamas’ grasp, struck him on the neck with his sword, and loosened his limbs. There he fell, and slept the sleep of bronze. Unlucky youth, he died for the land of his birth, far from his bride of whom he had little joy, though he had given much to win her, a hundred

head of cattle, with a thousand sheep and goats promised from his countless flocks. Now Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stripped the corpse and turned to carry the fine armour off through the Greek ranks.

When *Cöon* [p. 580], Antenor's eldest son, a great warrior, saw this, his eyes clouded in grief for his brother's death, and blind-siding noble Agamemnon stabbed him mid-arm below the elbow, the point of his gleaming spear passing clean through. Then the king of men shuddered, but far from retreating carried the fight to Cöon, brandishing his wind-toughened spear. Meanwhile, Cöon calling on all the bravest men to help dragged Iphadamas his brother away by the feet. But as he dragged him into the throng, so Agamemnon struck him under his bossed shield, with a thrust of his bronze-tipped spear, and loosened his limbs in death. Then he ran to strike off his head, as he still leaned over Iphadamas. So the sons of Antenor met their fate at Agamemnon's hands, and went down to the halls of Hades.

As long as the blood still welled hot from the wound, Agamemnon harried the enemy ranks, with spear and sword and huge stones, but when the blood congealed, that mighty son of Atreus felt the hurt, sharp as the pangs that strike a woman in labour, piercing darts from the *Eileithyiae* [p. 597], sent by those divine daughters of *Hera* [p. 624], who command the pains of childbirth. In agony, he mounted his chariot, and ordered his charioteers to head for the hollow ships. As he went he gave a loud call to the Greeks: 'My friends, you generals and leaders of the Argives, it is you must save our fleet from the turmoil of war, since Zeus in his wisdom prevents me from fighting on this day.'

With this, the charioteer whipped on the long-maned horses, and eagerly the pair flew off to the hollow ships. Their chests were flecked with foam, and their bellies stained with dust, as they bore the wounded king from the field.

Now when *Hector* [p. 617] saw Agamemnon's retreat, he shouted aloud to his men: 'You Trojans, Dardanians, *Lycians* [p. 648] all who delight in combat, be men, my friends, and rouse your martial valour. Our greatest enemy has gone: and now Zeus grants me the glory. Drive you horses on, straight at the fierce Greeks, and win more honour still.'

With this he stirred the heart in every breast, and as a huntsman sets his snarling hounds on a wild boar or a lion, so Hector, son of Priam, peer of that man-killer Ares, whipped on the brave Trojans, while he himself, his heart high, led the front rank, and fell on the foe like an angry storm from the sky that lashes the violet waters to fury.

BK XI:299-348 ODYSSEUS AND DIOMEDES STAND AGAINST THE TROJANS



Who then were the first and last to be killed by *Hector* [p. 617], son of Priam, now that Zeus gave him glory? First *Asaens* [p. 555] died then *Antonous* [p. 564]; *Opites* [p. 676], *Dolops* [p. 593] *Clytius*' [p. 579] son, *Opheltius* [p. 676], *Agelaus* [p. 531], *Aesyminus* [p. 527], *Orrus* [p. 679], and steadfast *Hipponous* [p. 629]. He slew those Danaan leaders then attacked the masses, and as many heads fell to Hector as swelling waves rise and fall, their spray flung high by the gusts of errant wind, when a westerly scatters the south wind's white cloud and strikes the sea in a violent squall.

Then disaster would have fallen on the Greeks, who would have fled in panic to their ships, if *Odysseus* [p. 671] had not called to *Diomedes* [p. 590]: 'Son of Tydeus, are we in such confusion we forget our native courage? Come, dear friend, and stand by me. What shame if Hector of the gleaming helm destroyed our fleet!'


Mighty Diomedes answered: 'Yes, I will stay and endure, but the profit will be short-lived, since *Zeus* [p. 739] the Cloud-gatherer plainly wills victory for the Trojans, not for us.'

So saying, he toppled *Thymbraeus* [p. 733] from his chariot with a spear-thrust to the left side of his chest, while Odysseus killed *Molion* [p. 661], that prince's noble squire. Taking their lives they left them there, and ranged through the ranks dealing havoc. Like two mettlesome wild boars that savage the hounds they turned on the Trojans, slaughtering, giving the Greeks respite as they fled from noble Hector.

Next Diomedes slew two chieftains, leaders of their race, the sons of *Merops* [p. 659] of *Percote* [p. 690], most skilful of soothsayers, who forbade his sons to deal in war, that destroyer of men, though they paid scant attention, for their fate, black Death, beckoned. These two Diomedes, the famous spearman, robbed of spirit and life, and took their glorious armour, while Odysseus killed *Hippodamus* [p. 628] and *Hypeirochus* [p. 631].

Zeus, gazing down from Ida, evened up the numbers, as both sides maintained their mutual slaughter. Diomedes wounded *Agastrophus* [p. 530], *Paeon's* [p. 680] warrior son, with a spear-thrust to the hip. The man could not escape, because rashly his squire was holding his horses at a distance while he laid about him in the front rank till death picked him out. But Hector now saw Odysseus and Diomedes through the lines, and with a shout rushed at them, while the Trojan companies followed. Seeing him, even Diomedes of the loud war-cry shuddered, and quickly turned to Odysseus nearby: 'Destruction rolls towards us, in the form of mighty Hector, but come, stand fast and we'll drive him off.'

BK XI:349-400 PARIS WOUNDS DIOMEDES

o saying, *Diomedes* [p. 590] raised and hurled his long-shadowed spear which, well-aimed, struck *Hector* [p. 617] on the top of his helm, but bronze deflected bronze and his flesh was spared, the spear-point stopped by the triple-crested helmet given him by Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547]. Nevertheless Hector retreated into the ranks, fell on his knees, and stayed there, his strong hand resting on the earth, while darkness veiled his sight. So he revived while Diomedes chased down his spear, far through the front rank where he had seen it fall, and mounting his chariot again Hector drove through the crowd and escaped black fate. But mighty Diomedes, pursuing him now with his spear, cried out: 'You dog, you escape once more, though truly death came near you. Phoebus Apollo rescues you again. It must be him you pray to when you venture near our

spears. Next time we meet, I promise to make an end of you, if only a god helps me likewise. As for now, I'll see who else I can catch.'

So saying, he began to strip the armour from the spearman, *Paeon's* [p. 680] son. But now *Paris* [p. 682], blonde *Helen's* [p. 621] husband, fired an arrow at him from the cover of a pillar, high on the mound raised by men of old for *Ilus* [p. 637] their chieftain, scion of *Dardanus* [p. 586]. Diomedes was still busy stripping brave *Agastrophus* [p. 530] of his shining breastplate, the shield from his shoulder, and his heavy helmet, when Paris drew back the string and let fly. The shaft did not leave his bow in vain, striking Diomedes on the flat of his right foot, passing clean through and fixing itself in the earth. Paris laughingly leapt from his shelter, and gloated: 'A hit, and my arrow has not proved wasted, though I wish it had pierced your guts and finished you. Then the Trojans who quake before you like bleating goats before a lion would find some respite.'

Mighty Diomedes, unperturbed, replied: 'Braggart, vainly boasting because you grazed my foot! Ah, pretty archer with curling hair and an eye for the girls. Face me man to man with real weapons and your bow and quiver will help you nothing. I no more note this scratch than if a woman, or a careless child had struck me. A weakling's shaft, a nonentity's proves blunt, while the spear from my hand, it if merely touches, bears witness to its sharpness, and floors its man. Then his wife's cheeks are scarred by grief, and his children are fatherless, while he, staining the earth with blood, rots with vultures not pretty girls at his side.'

As he spoke, *Odysseus* [p. 671] the spearman stepped up to give him cover. Then Diomedes sat to the rear and agony shot through him, as he pulled the arrowhead from his foot. Mounting his chariot then, in pain, he ordered his charioteer to head for the hollow ships.

BK XI:401-488 MENELAUS AND AJAX RESCUE ODYSSEUS



Now *Odysseus* [p. 671] the fine spearman was alone, abandoned by the panic-stricken Argives. Perturbed yet proud, he asked himself: ‘What now? Shame if I flee in fear of enemy numbers but worse to be cut off, since Zeus has routed the rest of the Danaans. But why think of that? Only cowards run from battle, a true warrior stands his ground, to kill or die.’

Meanwhile, as he reflected, the ranks of the shield-bearing Trojans overran him, bringing ruin on themselves. As hounds and lively huntsmen hem in a wild boar, that whetting its white tusks in its curving jaws launches itself from a deep thicket, and fearful though it seems, are quick to face it and charge at it from every side, till jaws clash, so the Trojans harried Odysseus, dear to Zeus. But he retaliated, lunging at peerless *Dēiōpites* [p. 587], striking him on the shoulder from above. He killed *Thoön* [p. 731] and *Ennomus* [p. 599] too, then *Chersidamas* [p. 575] as he leapt from his chariot, stabbing him in the navel with his spear below the bossed shield. The warrior fell in the dust, clutching the earth. Turning from them, Odysseus with a spear-thrust killed *Charops* [p. 575], son of *Hippasus* [p. 627], brother to noble and wealthy *Socus* [p. 720], who confronted the Greek: ‘Odysseus, famed for your tirelessness and cunning, today you’ll either boast of killing both Hippasus’ sons and robbing them of their armour, or be struck by my spear and killed yourself.’


With this, he struck at the gleaming circle of Odysseus’ well-balanced shield. The spear passed through shield and ornate cuirass, tearing the skin from his side, though Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] prevented it piercing deeper. Odysseus knew it had missed the vital spot, and drawing back he spoke to Socus: ‘Wretched man, fate here overtakes you. Though the wound you gave me drives me from the field, now dark destiny brings death to you. Felled by my spear, you’ll yield your shade to *Hades* [p. 614] Horse Lord, while you yield the glory to me.’

Socus turned, at this, and began to run, but Odysseus caught him in the back with his spear as he wheeled about, driving the point between the shoulder blades and out through the chest. The warrior fell with a thud, while noble Odysseus triumphed: ‘Socus, son of Hippasus the stalwart charioteer, mortal fate was swift to catch you, and death you could not flee. Your eyes, poor wretch, will not be closed in death by your royal parents, but, flocking about you with flapping wings, the carrion birds will tear your corpse and feast on your dead flesh, while if I die, my noble Greeks will bury me.’

With this, he pulled Socus’ heavy spear from the bossed shield and his wound, so the blood poured out, troubling him. The fearsome Trojans who saw the blood, shouted to each other across the lines and ran at him as one. But giving ground he called to his friends thrice, uttering his loudest call, and *Menelaus* [p. 655], beloved of Ares, hearing the triple cry, called swiftly to *Ajax* [p. 532]: ‘Lord Ajax, scion of Zeus, Telamon’s son, I hear the great-hearted Odysseus shouting, as if he were cut off by the Trojans, and well nigh overpowered. Let’s cut our way through the ranks, it’s best to assume the worst. Powerful though he is I fear for him, alone among the Trojans, lest he be lost to Greece.’

He led, and godlike Ajax followed, till they reached Odysseus, dear to Zeus, surrounded by Trojans like a pack of red jackals round a wounded stag in the hills. The antlered creature, shot by an arrow, escapes in swift flight as long as the warm blood flows and his legs have strength, but when at last the wound saps him the jackals tear at his flanks in some twilit clearing in the woods: until some god sends a fierce lion, to scatter the jackals and seize the prey. So the Trojans, brave in numbers, harried the wise and wily Odysseus, while that warrior lunged with his spear keeping merciless death at bay, till Ajax arrived to stand beside him, bearing a shield like a city wall, and while the Trojans scattered in flight in all directions, warlike Menelaus, grasping Odysseus by the arm, shepherded him through the ranks, till they reached his own chariot, brought there by his squire.

BK XI:489-542 AJAX AND NESTOR IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHTING

ow *Ajax* [p. 532] attacked the Trojans, killing *Doryclus* [p. 593] *Priam's* [p. 706] illegitimate son, then with spear-thrusts struck down *Pandocus* [p. 681], *Lysander* [p. 650], *Pyrasus* [p. 711] and *Pylartes* [p. 710]. Like a mountain torrent, swollen by winter rain, that floods across the plain, bearing dead oaks and pines to the sea, so Ajax in his glory stormed tumultuously over the field that day, slaughtering men and horses.

Yet *Hector* [p. 617] knew nothing of this, since he was engaged on the left, by the banks of *Scamander* [p. 715], where the death-toll was highest and the war-cries rose about great *Nestor* [p. 667] and battling *Idomeneus* [p. 636]. Hector was there, performing fierce deeds with chariot and spear, mowing down the Achaean youths. Yet the noble Greeks would only give ground when *Paris* [p. 682], the husband of blonde *Helen* [p. 621], stopped *Machaon* [p. 651], leader of men, in full flow, with a triple-barbed shaft in the right shoulder. Then the furious Greeks were filled with dread lest he were killed if the attack stalled. Idomeneus quickly shouted to noble Nestor: 'Son of *Neleus* [p. 665], glory of Greece: take Machaon into your chariot, and race for the hollow ships. A healer like him, who can cut out an arrow and heal the wound with his herbs, is worth a regiment.'

Gerenian Nestor responded swiftly to his words, mounting the Chariot with Machaon, son of *Asclepius* [p. 556] the great physician, and flicking the team with his whip, so the horses eagerly flew to the hollow ships.

Now *Cebriones* [p. 573], standing beside Hector, as his charioteer, saw the Trojans elsewhere driven in rout, and cried: 'Hector, why are we here on the furthest edge of this mortal battle, while the other wing are driven in flight, horses and men? Ajax, son of Telamon, is the cause: I know his great

shield well. We should be in the thick of the fight where infantry and charioteers, in fierce and bloody competition, kill one another in the din of battle.’

So saying, he flicked the long-maned horses with his whistling lash, and they, hearing the whip, swiftly carried the chariot into the mass of Greeks and Trojans, trampling shields and corpses, till the axle-tree and the chariot rails were sprinkled with blood from the wheels and hooves. Yet though Hector was eager to leap in and break through the throng of attackers, rousing turmoil among the Greeks, tirelessly working his spear, he avoided Telamonian Ajax, and ranged elsewhere, attacking with sword, and javelin, and even lumps of stone.

BK XI:543-595 EURYPYLUS IS WOUNDED HELPING AJAX



It was Father *Zeus* [p. 739], from his high summit, who forced *Ajax's* [p. 532] retreat. He came to a halt confused and, with an anxious glance towards the foe, gave ground like a wild creature, swinging his seven-layered bull's hide shield across his back, withdrawing step by step and constantly looking back. Like a tawny lion driven from the cattle-yard by dogs and farm-hands, who have watched all night to prevent him seizing the best of the herd and, when he charges in his hunger for meat, vainly meet him with showers of darts and blazing sticks from daring hands, which he shrinks from despite his appetite, turning tail at dawn disappointed; so Ajax retreated before the Trojans, unwillingly and discontented, in his deep-seated anxiety for the Greek ships' safety. And like boys that beat an obstinate ass with sticks, that passing a cornfield ignores their cries and, used to blows, turns in to crop the standing corn until despite their lack of strength they drive him off with difficulty, having eaten his fill; so the proud Trojans and their many allies hung on Ajax's heels, their spears thudding against his shield, while he at times in fury would bravely turn on them, holding the knot of horse-taming Trojans at

bay then retreating again. So he blocked their path to the swift ships, and holding ground between Greeks and Trojans, resisted furiously, as the spears hurled by stalwart arms quivered upright in the ground, well short of tasting the flesh they craved, or lodged in his mighty shield as they arced downward.

When noble *Eurypylus* [p. 608], *Euaemon's* [p. 606] son, saw Ajax fending off showers of missiles, he ran to support him, and hurling his gleaming spear struck a general, *Apisaon* [p. 547], *Phausius's* [p. 693] son, in the liver under the midriff, bringing him down. Then standing over him he started to strip the armour from his body. But *Paris* [p. 682], seeing him, quickly fired his bow, and his arrow struck Eurypylus in the right thigh. Hampered by the broken shaft, Eurypylus cheated death by taking cover among his comrades. But he still shouted aloud to the Danaans: 'Friends, Counsellors and Leaders of the Argives, turn and stand, save Ajax from a hail of missiles and a dreadful day of doom. He is trapped, lest you rally to great Telamon's son.'

At this, the Greeks gathered round the wounded Eurypylus, crouched behind sloping shields, with outstretched lances, while Ajax retreated towards them, and when he reached their ranks, turned and faced his enemies once more.

BK XI:596-654 ACHILLES SENDS PATROCLUS FOR NEWS

They fought on, in the heat of battle, but *Nelus's* [p. 665] mares, bathed in sweat, carried *Nestor* [p. 667] and noble *Machaon* [p. 651] from the conflict. *Achilles* [p. 517], who was watching the dread effort and sad rout, from the stern of his huge ship, saw them return. He quickly called to *Patroclus* [p. 684] from above who, on hearing, left the hut, clad like *Ares* [p. 551] god of war, and that was his first step on the path of doom.

He was first to speak: 'Why do you call, what is your wish, Achilles? And swift-footed Achilles replied: 'Noble son of *Menoetius* [p. 657], dear heart,

I think the Achaeans, in desperate need, will soon be kneeling at my feet. Patroclus, Zeus-beloved, go and ask Nestor what wounded warrior he has saved. From the back, it looked like Machaon, *Asclepius*' [p. 556] son, but the horses galloped past in their onward rush, and I did not see his face.'

Patroclus hurried to obey, running the length of the beach, past the huts and ships of the Greeks.

Meanwhile at Nestor's hut, as he and Machaon trod firm ground once more, *Eurymedon* [p. 608], his squire, loosed Nestor's team from the chariot. The warriors stood by the shore in the sea-breeze, drying the sweat from their tunics, then entered the hut and sat down. Long-haired *Hecamede* [p. 617] prepared refreshment for them. She was the daughter of proud *Arsinous* [p. 555] whom old Nestor had brought from *Tenedos* [p. 725] when Achilles sacked it. The Greeks had picked her out for him, being their ablest counsellor. First she drew up a fine polished table with blue-enamelled feet. On it she placed a bronze dish of onion, pale honey and sacred barley-meal, as a relish. Beside it she set an ornate vessel Nestor had brought from Greece, studded with gold, with four handles, each handle mounted on two supports and adorned above with two pecking doves. Nestor could lift it easily, though others could hardly lift the cup when full. In this vessel Hecamede, lovely as a goddess, mixed Pramnian wine, then grated into it goat's-milk cheese using a bronze grater, and sprinkled the surface with white barley meal. When all was ready she urged them to drink.

After they had quenched their parching thirst, they fell to talking, when Patroclus appeared in the doorway, suddenly, like a god. Seeing him, the old man rose from his gleaming chair, took his hand and drew him in, telling him to be seated. But Patroclus in turn demurred, saying: 'I must not sit, my venerable lord, you cannot persuade me: I have too much awe and respect for Achilles, who sent me here to discover who you had brought back wounded. Now I see it is Machaon, leader of men, I must speed back to Achilles with the news. You know well enough, venerable lord, beloved of Zeus, how demanding he is and quick to blame even the blameless.'

BK XI:655-761 NESTOR REMINISCES



Cyprian *Nestor* [p. 667] replied: ‘Why is it only now Achilles shows such interest in the wounded, he who failed to notice the whole army’s suffering? For the best warriors, pierced by arrows or struck by spears, lie here among the ships. Mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590], son of Tydeus, was wounded; *Odysseus* [p. 671] the famous spearman felt the thrust of a spear; *Agamemnon* [p. 528] is hurt; *Eurypylus* [p. 608] took an arrow in the thigh, and I have brought this warrior here back from the fight, caught by another dart. Yet *Achilles* [p. 517], that great nobleman, neither cares nor pities the Greeks. Is he waiting till fire consumes the swift ships on the shore, despite the Argives’ efforts, until we die one by one? My strength is not as it once was; my limbs no longer supple. I wish I were young again, strong as I was when we and the *Eleans* [p. 598] fought over cattle-rustling, when I killed *Itymoneus* [p. 641], *Hypeirochus* [p. 631] of Elis’ mighty son, and we seized his herds in reprisal. As he led the fight for his stock I struck him with my spear, and when he fell his rustics ran in terror. What a haul we drove from the plain, fifty herds of cattle; as many flocks of sheep, droves of pigs, and herds of scattered goats; and a hundred and fifty chestnut mares with foals beside them. Off to *Pylos* [p. 710] by night we drove them, and *Neleus* [p. 665] was delighted that a novice such as me should win so much. At dawn the heralds summoned all who were owed reparation by noble Elis, and the Pylian leaders gathered to share out the spoils, since we in Pylos were oppressed and few in number and most were owed reparation by the Epeians. All our finest were killed when great *Heracles* [p. 625] attacked us long ago. Of the twelve peerless sons of Neleus, only I survived, and the arrogant bronze-clad Epeians were reckless in their insults. Now old Neleus took for himself a herd of cattle, and chose a great flock of three hundred sheep and their herdsman, since noble Elis owed him as much. He had sent a chariot and four prize-winning horses to race for the tripod there at the

games, but King *Augeas* [p. 562] kept them, sending back their driver saddened by the loss. Neleus was angered by the action and the insult, and helped himself now to proper recompense, leaving the rest to be shared fairly among the people.

We finished dividing the spoils and on the third day were offering sacrifice to the gods throughout the city, when the Epeians gathered in strength, men and horses, and marched swiftly on us, the two *Moliones* [p. 661] with them, young and inexperienced in true combat though they were.


Now there is a city *Thryoessa* [p. 733], perched on a steep cliff, overlooking the *Alpheus* [p. 538], on the far border of sandy Pylos, and there they camped, aiming to destroy it, and overran the plain. But, at night, *Athene* [p. 559] flew swiftly from Olympus and warned us to arm, rallying the Pylians all eager for war. Neleus hid my horses, and forbade me to go, thinking I knew little of the arts of war. Yet all the same I went on foot, and Athene so ordered things that I outshone the rest.

A river, *Minyeius* [p. 661], meets the sea near *Arene* [p. 551], and there the chariots waited for the dawn, while the infantry arrived. From that point, travelling armed and at speed, by noon we reached Alpheus' holy stream. There we sacrificed fine victims to mighty Zeus, bulls to Alpheus and *Poseidon* [p. 705], and a heifer to bright-eyed Athene. Then each company ate supper, and we slept in battle-gear on the bank.

The Epeians meanwhile were ranged around the city, ready to attack, but the ensuing battle forestalled them, for when the bright sun rose we met together, calling out to Zeus and Athene. I was the first to kill my man when the armies clashed, the spearman *Mulius* [p. 662], and took his horses. He was a son-in-law of Augeas, husband of the eldest daughter, long-haired *Agamede* [p. 528], she being expert in all the herbs the wide world yields. I struck him as he came at me, with my bronze-tipped spear, and down in the dust he went. Then I mounted his chariot, joining the charioteers in the front rank, only to find the noble Epeians scattering in flight at the fall of their great warrior, their captain of horse. I fell on them like a fierce storm, and a pair of warriors bit the dust beside every one of the fifty chariots I took, conquered by my spear. I would have killed the Moliones, the sons of

Actor [p. 521], too, if their real father, *Poseidon* [p. 705], the mighty Earth-Shaker, had not veiled them in mist and saved them. Zeus gave strength to the men of Pylos, as we swept the wide plain, slaughtering men and stripping their rich armour, till we reached *Buprasium* [p. 568], wheat-country, the *Olenian* [p. 674] Rock and *Alesium* [p. 537] Hill, where Athene stayed the army. There I killed my last man, and left him, and back from Buprasium to Pylos we drove the swift horses, the Achaeans honouring Zeus among gods, and Nestor among men.’

BK XI:762-803 NESTOR TELLS PATROCLUS TO SPUR ACHILLES INTO ACTION

uch was I, as sure as I live, among the warriors. Yet *Achilles* [p. 517] alone it seems will profit from his courage, though he too will grieve I think, when the army is destroyed. Ah, my friend, recall what *Menoetius* [p. 657] told you when he sent you from *Phthia* [p. 698] to join *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. Noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] and I were there and heard it all. We were recruiting for the army through Achaia’s lovely land, and came to *Peleus*’ [p. 688] royal house, where we found Menoetius, Achilles and you. That old horseman, Peleus, was in the courtyard offering fat ox-thighs to *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer, with a golden cup in his hand from which to pour red wine on the burnt sacrifice. You were there too, cutting up meat, when Odysseus and I appeared in the doorway. Achilles rose in surprise and clasped our hands and led us in, telling us to be seated. Then he offered us all the hospitality due to strangers. When we had quenched our hunger and thirst, I spoke and urged you to come with us. You were both eager to go and your fathers gave you their fond advice. Old Peleus urged Achilles his son to be bravest and finest of all, but this is what Menoetius said to you: ‘Son, Achilles is the nobler born, but you are the elder, though he may be stronger. Use your wisdom, give sound advice, and he will follow your lead, to his benefit.’ That’s what your father said if you recall. Well now is the

time to speak to fierce Achilles, in hope that he might listen. Some god might help you convince him with your words. It is good to sway a friend. If in fact he is deterred by some prophecy, some message from Zeus his divine *mother* [p. 730] brought him, he can still let you lead the *Myrmidons* [p. 664], and you may prove a light of salvation to the Greeks. Let him lend you his own fine armour, so the Trojans are confused and they break off the fight. Then the warrior sons of Greece can breathe again in their exhaustion, there are few such chances in war. You being fresh might drive the weary Trojans from the ships and back towards their city.’

BK XI:804-848 PATROCLUS TENDS EURYPYLUS’ WOUND



Patroclus [p. 684], stirred by his words, set off running along the line of ships to rejoin *Achilles* [p. 517]. But as he passed noble *Odysseus*’ [p. 671] ship, a place of assembly and judgement, and site of the Greek altars to the gods, he met *Eurypylus* [p. 608], Zeus-born son of *Euaemon* [p. 606], limping from the field with an arrow-wound in the thigh. Sweat was pouring from his head and shoulders, and dark blood ran from the vicious wound, but his mind was still clear. Brave Patroclus felt pity at the sight, and cried out, sorrowfully: ‘Oh, unhappy warriors, leaders and counsellors of the Danaans, are you destined to glut the fierce dogs of Troy with your white flesh, far from your native land and your dear ones? Eurypylus, nurtured by Zeus, say: can we Achaeans halt mighty *Hector* [p. 617], or are we to die conquered by his spear?’

The wounded Eurypylus replied: ‘Zeus-born Patroclus, there is no defence, and we Greeks must fall back to the black ships. All our best fighting-men are here already, wounded by spears, or pierced by arrows. The Trojans, hourly, increase in strength. But help me to my black ship, and cut out the arrow-head, and wash the dark blood from my thigh with warm water, and sprinkle soothing herbs with power to heal on my wound, whose use men say you learned from Achilles, whom the noble Centaur,

Cheiron [p. 575], taught. Of our other healers, *Machaon* [p. 651] and *Podaleirius* [p. 701], the former is here at the ships, wounded and in need of healing himself, while the latter is still warring with the Trojans in the plain.’

‘How has it come to this?’ Patroclus replied, ‘Eurypylus, we must do something. Even now I am on my way to warlike Achilles to give him Gerenian *Nestor’s* [p. 667] message. But I will not abandon you in your suffering.’

So saying, he put his arm round the warrior’s waist, and helped him to his hut. When Eurypylus’ squire saw them, he spread ox-hides on the floor, and Patroclus lowered the wounded man to the ground, and cut the sharp arrow-head from his thigh. Next he washed the dark blood from the place with warm water, and rubbing a bitter pain-killing herb between his hands sprinkled it on the flesh to numb the agony. Then the blood began to clot, and ceased to flow.



‘Patroclus tends Eurypylus’ wound’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BOOK XII - HECTOR STORMS THE WALL

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Il Metal pour son

BK XII:1-79 THE TROJANS PLAN TO CROSS THE TRENCH



While brave *Patroclus* [p. 684] was tending wounded *Eurypylus* [p. 608] in his hut, the Greeks and Trojans milled together fighting, and it seemed the Danaans' trench and the thick wall behind it would not long protect them. They had built the wall and dug the moat to defend the ships and their vast spoils, but had failed in ritual sacrifice to the gods. Built in violation of immortal will, it could not stand for long. In fact while *Hector* [p. 617] lived, and *Achilles* [p. 517] nursed his anger, and *Priam's* [p. 706] city remained intact, the Achaeans' mighty wall remained. But when the best of the Trojans were dead, and many Greeks too though some survived, and Troy had fallen in the tenth year, and the Greeks in their ships had sailed for their native land, *Poseidon* [p. 705] and *Apollo* [p. 547] would agree to destroy it, channelling the force of all the rivers against it, those that flow from *Ida* [p. 634] to the sea.

Rhesus [p. 712], *Heptaporus* [p. 624], *Caresus* [p. 571], *Rhodius* [p. 713], *Granicus* [p. 613], *Aesepus* [p. 526], fair *Scamander* [p. 715] and *Simois* [p. 719], by whose banks lay many an ox-hide shield, many a helmet, many a warrior of that well-nigh immortal generation: all these rivers Phoebus Apollo would merge together, and for nine days turn their flood against the wall, while Zeus poured down continual rain the quicker to wash it to the sea. Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, the trident in his hands, would further the destruction, sweeping its foundations, all the stones and beams, into the waves, all that the Greeks had laboured so hard to establish; would turn the rivers back into their channels confining their fair streams; cover the long beach again with sand, and make all smooth again by *Hellespont* [p. 622].

All this Apollo and Poseidon would perform, but now war with its confusion raged about the well-built wall, till the wooden towers rang with the blows of missiles. The Greeks, under Zeus' lash, were penned by the

hollow ships, held there by fear of Hector, the mighty maker of rout, who scoured among them like a whirlwind. A lion or a wild boar, revelling in its strength, whirls this way and that among the hounds and huntsmen, till the men close ranks and make a wall against it, hurling showers of darts. Then its great heart, free of fear, never quails, though its very courage condemns it, as it wheels about to test the ring of men again and again, forcing the huntsmen to retreat before its charge. So Hector ranged to and fro, while urging his men to cross the trench. The swift horses, neighing loudly in fear, balked at the steep brink of the wide moat, which was hard to overleap or cross, bordered as it was by hanging banks, planted above by the Greeks with thick and close-set sharpened stakes, to foil the foe. No chariot team could pass across with ease, though the infantry were eager to attempt it.

So *Polydamas* [p. 702] approached brave Hector, saying: ‘Hector, and all you other leaders of the Trojans and allies, it would be foolish to set our fine horses at the trench. They would fail to dodge the sharpened stakes, while the space between the moat and the wall is too narrow for charioteers to fight even on foot, but wide enough to cause our ruin. If Zeus the Thunderer aids us Trojans in anger, and wills the enemy’s destruction, then I too would gladly see the Achaeans fall, far from Argos and forgotten, but if they round on us and drive us from the ships back against the moat they dug, not one of us will escape to carry the news to Troy. Why not do as I suggest? Let the charioteers restrain the horses by the moat, while we fully-armed follow Hector on foot. If their fate is already sealed, the Greeks cannot withstand us.’

BK XII:80-174 THE TROJANS ATTACK THE GREEK WALL



Hector [p. 617] approved of *Polydamas*’ [p. 702] prudent advice, and leapt from his chariot fully armed. The rest of the Trojans, seeing him on foot, abandoned their chariots and swiftly followed. They left their charioteers to marshal the chariots by the moat, while they formed five companies and fell in behind their leaders.

The largest company with the finest warriors followed Hector and peerless Polydamas, eager to breach the wall and attack the hollow ships. *Cebriones* [p. 573] went with them, Hector leaving a squire with the horses. *Paris* [p. 682], *Alcathous* [p. 536] and *Agenor* [p. 531] led the second company. *Helenus* [p. 621] and noble *Deiphobus* [p. 587], sons of *Priam* [p. 706], led the third, with *Asius* [p. 556], son of *Hyrtacus* [p. 632], proud of his great bay steeds that brought him from *Arisbe* [p. 554] by the banks of *Selleis* [p. 718]. The fourth company had *Aeneas* [p. 524] for a leader, the mighty son of *Anchises* [p. 542], and with him *Antenor's* [p. 543] sons, *Arhelocus* [p. 550] and *Acamas* [p. 516], veterans in war. *Sarpedon* [p. 714] led the rest, Troy's noble allies, choosing *Glaucus* [p. 611] and fierce *Asteropaus* [p. 557], the finest among them after himself, as his subordinates. Forming a wall of ox-hide shields, they advanced eagerly on the Greeks, sure of breaking through and reaching the black ships.

All the leaders of the Trojans and their famed allies followed peerless Polydamas' advice, except for Asius, son of Hyrtacus, who refused to leave his chariot, his horses, and squire behind, and took a path to the swift ships, foolishly, for he would not evade black fate, or return again in glory with chariot and horses to windy Troy. Dark destiny awaited him, the sharp spear of *Idomeneus* [p. 636], great son of *Deucalion* [p. 589]. Asius, heading left of the ships on a route the Achaeans took when their chariots returned from the plain, found the gates manned but unbarred and standing open, to leave access for warriors fleeing from the field. He took his course directly towards them, his men following with loud cries, thinking, in their folly, to pass through and reach the black ships. But there at the gates they met two fine spearmen, brave sons of the *Lapith* [p. 644] race, one the mighty *Polypoetes* [p. 704], son of *Peirithous* [p. 686], the other *Leonteus* [p. 646] peer of Ares the man-slayer.

The two stood firm before the tall gates, like high-crowned mountain oaks that day after day withstand the wind and rain, anchored by long deep roots: and trusting in their strength of arms they held their ground awaiting mighty Asius. Round him, his son *Adamus* [p. 521], *Iamennus* [p. 633], *Orestes* [p. 677], *Thoön* [p. 732] and *Oenomaus* [p. 673], with their Trojan warriors, gathered, and shouting loudly attacked the gates, raising their ox-hide shields above their heads.



‘The Trojans storm the Greek camp’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710



‘Siege of the Greek camp’ – Crispijn van de Passe (1), 1613

For a while the two Lapiths had been trying to rouse the bronze-greaved Greeks inside to fight and save the ships, but seeing the Trojans charge the Danaans were panicked into flight, so the two ran forward and facing the foe fought to hold the way, the bright bronze of their breastplates clanging as the enemy missiles landed. They fought like a pair of wild boars facing a loud pack of men and dogs, charging either flank, uprooting and crushing the trees around them, with a sound of clattering tusks, till the huntsmen strike them and they die. Mightily they fought, trusting in themselves and the men on the wall above, who in defence of their lives, the ships, and huts hurled down stones from the solid towers. Both sides, Greeks and Trojans alike, threw rocks that fell like snowflakes in a heavy blizzard, when the wind drives on the dark clouds, blanketing the earth. Under the hail of boulders the helmets and the bossed shields rang.

It was then that Asius groaned and beat his thigh and cried out angrily: 'Father Zeus, it seems you too are a lord of lies. I never dreamed these Greeks would stall our charge, and our all-conquering arms. Like bees that hive, or slender-waisted wasps that nest, by some stony track and defend their larvae and their hollow home, this pair, though only two, will not give ground till they kill us all or are killed.

But his words had no effect on Zeus, already determined that Hector should reap the glory.

BK XII:175-250 HECTOR IGNORES THE OMEN OF EAGLE AND SNAKE



Meanwhile the Trojans fought the Greeks at the other gates, and it would take a god indeed to tell of all those things. Fierce fires lit the stone wall, all along its length, as the desperate Greeks defended their ships, while even the immortals who favoured them were troubled.

Still the *Lapiths* [p. 644] took the fight to their enemies. *Peirithous*' [p. 686] mighty son, *Polypoetes* [p. 704], in his fury, struck *Damasus* [p. 585] with a spear on his bronze-cheeked helmet, its point piercing the metal and entering the bone, so the Trojan's brains spattered the lining of his helm. Then Polypoetes killed *Pylon* [p. 710] and *Ormennus* [p. 678], while *Leonteus* [p. 646], scion of Ares, hit *Hippomachus* [p. 629], *Antimachus*' [p. 545] son, on the belt with a spear-cast, then drawing his sharp sword from its sheath ran at *Antiphates* [p. 545] in the crowd and knocked him backwards on the ground. Then he felled *Menon* [p. 658], *Iamennus* [p. 633] and *Orestes* [p. 677], and left them in the dust.

While the Lapithae stripped the corpses of their gleaming armour, the young warriors following *Hector* [p. 617] and *Polydamas* [p. 702], the largest contingent and pick of the army, though eager to take the wall and burn the ships, were forced to halt at the trench and reflect. As they prepared to cross, an eagle high in the sky wheeled across their left, grasping a long blood-red snake alive and writhing. It still had fight in it, arching back to strike the eagle on its breast, and the bird in pain, letting it fall among the troops, flew swiftly down the wind with a loud cry.

The Trojans were appalled by the snake writhing on the ground, an omen from aegis-bearing *Zeus* [p. 739]. Polydamas again approached brave Hector: 'You always object to my sound advice in council, Hector. You think it wrong if a commoner questions your power, there or here in the field, but I will say what I think. We should call off our attack on the Greek ships. This omen of the eagle high on the left letting the red snake fall, before the bird reached its nest to feed its young, means that though we break the wall and push the Greeks back they will fight for their ships and kill many Trojans, the rest of us retreating over this ground in disarray. So a soothsayer, skilled in deciphering omens and respected by the men, would say.'

Hector of the gleaming helm gazed at him angrily and replied: 'Polydamas, your words are no longer to my taste: you can do better than that speech surely. If you mean what you say, the gods must have addled your brains. You would tell me to forget Zeus the Thunderer's faithful promise, and the advice he gave me, but take note of the flight of birds! I

care not if they fly towards dawn and the sun, or west towards the dark. We must obey the will of almighty Zeus, the king of mortals and immortals. This one rule is best, to fight for your country. Why indeed should you shrink from battle? For even if the rest of us, to a man, die beside the Greek ships, you, wavering and weak, are not one to lose your life, yet if you shirk the fight or try to dissuade others I will strike you down with this spear.'

BK XII:251-289 HECTOR LEADS THE ATTACK



So saying, he advanced, and they followed with a mighty roar, while *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer roused a gale of wind from *Ida* [p. 634] that blew the dust straight against the ships, bewildering the Greeks and granting *Hector* [p. 617] the advantage. Trusting in these portents and their own strength the Trojans sought to shatter the Greek wall, tearing down the projecting outworks, razing the battlements and prying out the supporting beams with which the Greeks had buttressed it. Removing them they hoped the works would collapse. But even now the Greeks would not give way, masking the holes with ox-hide screens, pelting the foe as they neared the wall.

The two *Aiantes* [p. 532] ranged along the wall, rallying the defence and urging the Greeks on. Some received kind words, others a harsh rebuke if they were seen shrinking from the fight: 'Friends, Greeks of every rank, though men are not equal in war as you know, yet there is work for all. Let no man heed another's urging and run for the ships. Forward, and cheer each other on, trusting that Olympian Zeus, lord of the lightning, lets us counter this charge and drive them back to the city.'

So the Aiantes, with a shout, roused the Greek soldiers. Stones fell thick as flakes on a winter's day, when Zeus the Counsellor sends the snow, hurling towards men his shower of arrows, calming the wind and with an

even fall covering the mountain summits, high headlands, grassy plains and fertile fields, till even the shores and inlets of the grey sea are veiled, and only the beating of the waves absorbs it, while all else is blanketed by the weight of Zeus' winter storm. Such was the shower of flying stones, as the Greeks and Trojans pelted each other, while the whole length of wall was drowned in noise.

BK XII:290-328 SARPEDON URGES GLAUCUS ON



ven now glorious *Hector* [p. 617] and the Trojans would have failed to shatter the barred gates had not Zeus the Counsellor urged on his own son *Sarpedon* [p. 714] to assault the Argives, as a lion seizes cattle. Holding his round shield before him, bronze hammered by the smith and lined with ox-hides stitched with gold round the rim, brandishing two spears, he advanced like a lean mountain lion spurred on by hunger to attack the walled fold and ravage the flock. Though the armed herdsmen and their dogs watch the sheep, the lion will not desist, and leaps into the flock to seize one or be struck down swiftly by a ready spear. So Sarpedon was spurred on to rush the wall, and pierce the battlements.

He turned to *Glaucus* [p. 611], *Hippolochus*' [p. 628] son: 'We hold the most honoured seats in *Lycia* [p. 648], Glaucus. Ours are the best cuts at the feast; ours the ever-flowing cups. There they think us gods! Ours are the vast estates along the *Xanthos* [p. 738], too, the tracts of orchard and the rich plough land. Now we must stand in the front rank and lead the fight, so that the mail-clad Lycians can say: "No cowards, these our Lycian kings. Theirs are the fattest sheep and the finest wines, but theirs the greatest courage too, who fight in the vanguard." Friend, if we were spared this battle, and ageless could live forever, I would not choose to lead this charge, nor send you into glorious battle, but now, while the threat of death is upon us, death that is everywhere, death that no mortal can evade, let us advance, either to our own glory or that of others.'

BK XII:329-377 AJAX AND TEUCER RUSH TO THE DEFENCE



laucus [p. 611] obeyed without a murmur, and the two ran forward leading the mass of *Lycians* [p. 648]. Seeing them charge, *Menestheus* [p. 657], *Peteos'* [p. 692] son, who held the length of the wall they threatened, shuddered with fear, and looked for one of the leaders to save the Greeks from disaster. His gaze found the two undaunted *Aiantes* [p. 532], standing with *Teucer* [p. 725] near his hut, but too far off to hear his shout, amidst the noise. The din of clashing shields, the ringing of horsehair-crested helmets, the pounding on the barred gates, rose to heaven as the enemy charged, trying to break through. In an instant he called to *Thoötes* [p. 732] the herald: 'Run to Ajax, to the Aiantes, we will need both to counter the assault by these Lycian leaders, powerful in war. But if they too are hard pressed, let us have Telamonian Ajax at least, and Teucer the fine archer, as well.'

The herald, hearing the order, ran swiftly along the line of bronze-clad Achaeans, and reaching the Aiantes gave his message. At once Telamonian Ajax turned, and spoke these words to *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser: 'Son of *Oileus* [p. 674], you and mighty *Lycomedes* [p. 649] hold the fort and rouse the men to fight, while I ward off this new attack then hurry back.'

With this, he and Teucer, his blood brother, set off along the inner wall, followed by *Pandion* [p. 681] carrying Teucer's curved bow. Reaching stalwart Menestheus' post, they found him hard pressed: the enemy like a black storm-surge poured over the wall, led by the mighty rulers of the Lycians and their generals, and with a great cry the Greeks set themselves to fight.

BK XII:378-441 ALCMAON IS KILLED AND GLAUCUS WOUNDED



elamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] was the first to kill, felling brave *Epicles* [p. 602], *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] friend, with a jagged lump of rock from a heap inside the wall. The youngest and strongest of our generation would have been hard put to lift it in both hands, but Ajax raised it high and hurled it, shattering the four-ridged helm and crushing the skull. *Epicles* plummeted like a diver from the wall, and the spirit fled his bones.

Meanwhile *Teucer* [p. 725] had pierced mighty *Glaucus* [p. 611], *Hippolochus'* [p. 628] son, wounding his exposed arm, with an arrow shot from the battlements, forcing him from the fight. *Glaucus* withdrew quietly, so the Greeks would not notice the loss, and boast of it. Though *Sarpedon* grieved at *Glaucus'* wound when he knew of it, he stuck to his task, killing *Alcmaon* [p. 536] son of *Thestor* [p. 729] with a keen spear-thrust, then tugging at the shaft to pull it clear. *Alcmaon*, dragged down by the spear, fell headlong, with a crash of his bronze inlaid armour. Then *Sarpedon's* huge hands pulled at the battlement till a length gave way, laying bare the walkway, making a wide breach.

Now *Ajax* and *Teucer* countered him together, *Teucer* striking him with his arrow on the gleaming belt that ran across his chest to hold his round shield, but *Zeus* saved him from harm, not wishing him conquered beside the ships' sterns. Then *Ajax* leapt on him thrusting at the shield, making him stagger, though the spear-point was balked. *Sarpedon* fell back from the battlement, yet still anxious to win glory he turned and shouted to the godlike *Lycians* [p. 648]: 'Where is your fierce courage? Strong as I am, I cannot breach this wall and force a way to the ships alone. Follow me, the more of you the better.'

At this, shamed by their lord's rebuke, the Lycians gathered round their counsellor and king, while the Greeks on the far side reinforced the wall, and there was a mighty conflict. Lycian strength failed to break the parapet and force a way, while the Greeks failed to dislodge the Lycians from the wall. Like two parties with their measuring rods arguing over the boundary stones in a shared field, contending in that narrow strip for their rights, so the battlements divided them. Over the top they hacked at each other's ox-hide shields, those round targets or light bucklers at their chests. The pitiless bronze cut into many a warrior's flesh, through the exposed back as he turned, or clean through his shield itself. The whole length of the wall was spattered with Greek and Trojan blood. Still the Greeks held, and the fight hung in the balance, like the scales in which a woman carefully weighs the wool she has spun to earn a meagre wage and feed her children, until *Zeus* [p. 739] chose to grant the greater glory to *Hector* [p. 617]. *Priam's* [p. 706] son would be first inside the wall. Now Hector uttered a piercing cry to rouse the Trojans: 'On: horse-taming Trojans: break the Argive wall, and put their ships to the blazing torch.'

BK XII:442-471 HECTOR AMONG THE SHIPS



So he urged them forward, and they gave ear. Massing together they rushed the wall, and climbed the outworks spear in hand. Meanwhile *Hector* [p. 617] seized a rock that lay before the gate, thick at the base but pointed at the top, two of the strongest men these days could barely have levered it from the ground onto a cart, yet he handled it alone, *Zeus* [p. 739] the son of devious *Cronos* [p. 582] making it seem light. Hector lifted the rock like a shepherd lifting a ram's fleece in one hand, scarcely burdened by the weight, and raised it against the solid panels of the tall tightly-fitted double gates, held by two cross bars and a single bolt. Bracing himself, feet well apart, to hurl it with greatest force, he stood in front and struck them square in the middle. The hinges broke on either

side, and the stone's weight carried it on, as the doors flung open groaning, crossbars broken. Glorious Hector leapt inside, face dark as night; his body gleaming with baleful bronze, grasping his twin spears in his hands. None but a god could have checked him once he had passed the gates. Eyes blazing fire, he turned to the ranks behind and called to them to climb the battlements. At his order some men scaled the wall, while others poured in through the broken gates, as the Greeks, routed, were driven back to the hollow ships, in the midst of a relentless clamour.

BOOK XIII - THE FIGHT AT THE SHIPS

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BK XIII:1-80 POSEIDON ROUSES THE AIANTES



Now, when Zeus had brought Hector and his Trojans as far as the ships, he left them and their enemies to ceaseless toil and suffering, and turned his glowing eyes to distant lands, those of the *Thracian* [p. 732] horsemen, the *Mysians* [p. 665] who fight hand to hand, the proud *Hippemolgi* [p. 627] who drink mare's milk, and the *Abii* [p. 515], who love justice most. He gave Troy not another glance, little dreaming that some god might help the Trojans or the Greeks.

But *Poseidon* [p. 705], the Earth-Shaker, kept no blind watch. He sat on the summit peak of wooded *Samothrace* [p. 713], and gazed spellbound at the progress of the war. From there all *Ida* [p. 634] could be viewed, the city of Priam and the Greek ships. Having risen from the sea, he sat there pitying the Greeks as the Trojans overcame them, filled with indignation against Zeus.

Then he strode swiftly down the rocky slopes, while the high peaks and the woodland trembled under the god's feet as he passed. He took three strides and the fourth achieved his goal, *Aegae* [p. 523], where his great palace built in the depths of the sea stands gold and gleaming, unfading forever. There he harnessed his swift paired team to his chariot, horses with hooves of bronze and flowing golden manes. Clothing himself in gold, he seized his fine golden whip, mounted his chariot and drove out across the waves. Knowing their lord, sea-creatures from the deeps played beneath him on every side, and the ocean in delight parted before him. Onwards he sped, the bronze-axle un-wetted, and the prancing horses brought him to the Achaean fleet.

There is a broad cavern in the depths half way between *Tenedos* [p. 725] and rocky *Imbros* [p. 638]. There the Earth-Shaker halted, loosed his horses,

and fed them their ambrosial fodder. He hobbled their legs with unbreakable gold restraints, so they would stay till his return while he approached the Greek camp.

There the Trojans, like a storm of wind or fire, were sweeping furiously on behind *Hector* [p. 617], son of Priam, with scarcely a cry, thinking to take the ships, and slaughter the best of the Greeks beside them. But Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, who wraps the Earth about, emerging from the depths in the guise of *Calchas* [p. 569], with tireless voice, roused the Argives. First he spoke to the ever-eager *Aiantes* [p. 534]: ‘You two could save the army if you filled your thoughts with glory and not the chill of defeat. Elsewhere the bronze-greaved Greeks will stand fast, and I have little fear of the powerful arms of those Trojans who have swarmed across the wall, but I am deeply afraid that here evil may befall us, for that madman Hector leads them on like a blazing brand, he who boasts he is a scion of mighty Zeus. Let a god only plant this one thought in your minds to stand fast and rally the rest, then you might drive him from the swift ships, for all his fury, even though the Olympian himself spurs him on.’

With that, the Earth-Shaker, who wraps the Earth about, touched them with his staff, making their limbs feel light; giving new strength to their feet and hands. Then, like a hawk in the air, poised high over some sheer rock face, that sweeps down over the plain chasing its winged quarry Poseidon Earth-Shaker vanished swiftly from their sight. *Oileus*’ [p. 674] son, the fleet of foot, was first of the two Aiantes to know the god. He turned at once to the son of Telamon: ‘*Ajax* [p. 532] that was not Calchas, diviner and seer: not him, by the shape of calf and heel as he left us: it was one of the gods of Olympus, in his likeness, urging us to fight on by the ships. The gods are plainly known. Now my heart is filled with fire for war and conflict, and my hands and feet feel new strength.’

Telamonian Ajax replied: ‘I too feel new strength in feet and hands, and a fresh eagerness to grasp the spear and fight, even to battle Hector, Priam’s son, in his fury.’



‘Poseidon aids the Greeks’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

BK XIII:81-135 POSEIDON INSPIRES THE GREEKS



So they talked, savouring the joy of battle the god had put in their hearts, while *Poseidon* [p. 705] roused those Greeks recovering at the sterns of the ships. They were dropping from exhaustion, grieved at the sight of the Trojans swarming across the wall. They gazed at them with tear-filled eyes, seeing no hope of escape. But the Earth-Shaker passed lightly through the ranks, inspiring the best battalions. First he stirred *Tencer* [p. 725] and *Leitus* [p. 645], *Peneleos* [p. 690], *Thoas* [p. 731], *Deipyrus* [p. 588], *Meriones* [p. 658] and *Antilochus* [p. 544], lords of the loud war-cry, and addressed them with winged words, spurring them on: ‘Shame on you, Argive weaklings! You I trusted to save the ships. If you shirk the fight, then the day of Trojan victory has indeed arrived. What a wonderful sight it is, a shocking thing I never thought to see, Trojans among the ships, men no better than panic-stricken hinds in the woods, cowardly and lacking fight, a prey to panthers, wolves, and jackals. That’s how little, in the past at least, Trojans enjoyed facing the arms and power of the Greeks. But now, far from their city, they fight by the hollow ships, all because of our leader’s intransigence, and the cowardice of those, who because of a quarrel, would rather die than defend the fleet. Even if the warrior son of Atreus, imperial *Agamemnon* [p. 528], caused it, by offending swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], it is not for us to shirk the fight. Let us atone for the fault, and quickly: good men seek amends. You, among the best of the army, do badly skulking here. I could forgive some weakling for hesitating to fight, but your indolence angers me. Such slackness will bring greater ruin. Do you not fear shame and reproach, now true war is waged, and Hector of the loud war-cry, feeling his power, has shattered the barred gates and brings the fight to the ships?’



‘Poseidon inspires the Greeks’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

So Poseidon, who wraps the Earth around, roused the Greeks with his words, till the warriors crowded round the two *Aiantes* [p. 532], a show of strength to deter *Ares* [p. 551] or *Athene* [p. 559] goader of armies. The pick of the brave stood there to await noble Hector and the Trojans, a hedge of spears, serried ranks of overlapping shields, helm touching helm, man beside man. And the horse-hair crests of the gleaming helms brushed each other as they turned their heads, so close-packed were the men, while their spears, brandished boldly, crossed, and firm in purpose they yearned for the fight.

BK XIII:136-205 THE DEATH OF AMPHIMACHUS

Now *Hector* [p. 617] lead the Trojans forward in close formation. As a boulder, that some river swollen by winter rain pries from the brow of a hill, undermining the heavy stone's support, so that it bounds high in the air and speeds on its way through the echoing woods till it reaches level ground then comes to rest despite its weight, so Hector among the Greek huts and ships threatened to reach the sea, killing as he went, till he met the closed ranks of the Achaeans where he came to a halt. The Greeks facing lunged at him with their double-edged spear-blades and swords, pushing him back till he staggered and gave ground. Then he called aloud to the Trojans with a piercing cry: 'Trojans, *Lycians* [p. 648] and you *Dardanians* [p. 585] who love close combat, stand fast. The Greeks though they form a wall will not hold me back for long. They will give way before my spear if the greatest of gods, the *Thunderer* [p. 739], *Hera's* [p. 624] lord, is truly at my back.'

With this he roused every man's strength and spirit, including that of *Deiphobus* [p. 587], *Priam's* [p. 706] son, who strode to the front, his courage high, covering himself with his round shield, stepping forward lightly. Now *Meriones* [p. 658] launched his gleaming spear, which hit that same round ox-hide shield but failed to penetrate. The long shaft broke from the socket, as Deiphobus thrust the shield away from his body, fearful of warlike

Meriones' blade. That warrior slipped back into the ranks, angry at his failure and the loss of his broken spear, and set off along the line of Greek huts and ships to fetch a long spear left in his hut.

The rest fought on amidst the endless cries of battle. *Teucer* [p. 725], son of *Telamon* [p. 724] killed first, slaying *Imbrius* [p. 638] the spearman, son of *Mentor* [p. 658] breeder of horses. Imbrius lived in *Pedaemum* [p. 686] before the Danaans landed, married to *Medesicaste* [p. 653], a natural daughter of Priam. But when the Greeks arrived in their curved ships, he returned to Ilium and was honoured among the Trojans, living in Priam's palace and treated by him as one of his children. Now Teucer, son of Telamon, pierced him beneath the ear with a thrust of his long lance which he then dragged free. Imbrius fell like a tall ash-tree, a landmark topping some summit till the bronze axe brings it low and its soft leaves lie in the dust. He fell, and his bronze inlaid armour rang around him.

Now Teucer rushed to strip the armour from him, but Hector sent a gleaming spear towards him in full flight. Teucer, his gaze alert, barely avoided the bronze spear-blade, but it struck brave *Amphimachus* [p. 540], *Cteatus*' [p. 583] son and grandson of *Actor* [p. 521], in the chest as he entered the fray. He fell with a thud and his armour clanged above him. Hector ran in to tear the close-fitting helm from Amphimachus' head, and as he did so Ajax lunged with his gleaming spear but failed to lodge the blade in Hector's flesh, sheathed as it was in heavy bronze, yet it struck his shield boss and Ajax thrust him back with all his strength, till he retreated from the bodies and the Greeks dragged them away. Then *Stichius* [p. 722] and noble *Menestheus* [p. 657], the Athenian generals, carried Amphimachus' corpse behind the Greek lines, while the two *Aiantes* [p. 532] dragged Imbrius away, their hearts filled with reckless courage. Like two lions that snatch a goat from before the dogs, and carry it in their jaws through thick brush, holding it high off the ground, so the two warriors held Imbrius' corpse aloft and stripped away the armour. Angered by Amphimachus' death, the son of *Oileus* [p. 674], severed the head from the tender neck, and with a swing of his arm sent it whirling like a ball through the ranks, to fall in the dust at Hector's feet.

BK XIII:206-238 POSEIDON ROUSES IDOMENEUS



ow *Poseidon* [p. 705] was heart-sore when his grandson *Amphimachus* [p. 540] fell in the dread encounter, and he passed along the huts and ships to rouse the Greeks while he planned sorrow for the Trojans. There he met the famed spearman *Idomeneus* [p. 636] who had just left a warrior, lately come from the field, nursing a sword-cut across the knee. His comrades had brought him in, and Idomeneus was on his way to his hut, having left orders for the healers, before returning to the fight. Poseidon spoke to him, disguising his voice as that of *Thoas* [p. 731], *Andraemon's* [p. 542] son, lord of the *Aetolians* [p. 527] in *Pleuron* [p. 700] and lofty *Calydon* [p. 570], and honoured by his people like a god: 'Idomeneus, Counsellor of the *Cretans* [p. 581], where now are those threats we Greeks aimed at the Trojans?'

'Thoas,' replied the Cretan commander, 'none here are to blame, as far as I can see. We are all adept in war, and free of cowardly fear, and not one of us has panicked and fled the field. It must be the will of almighty Zeus that we Greeks should die here far from *Argos* [p. 553] and unremembered. Yet you were always steady in battle, and rallied others when you saw them shirking. Do so now, Thoas: rouse every man.'

'Idomeneus', answered Poseidon, Earth-Shaker 'may the man who shirks the fight today never return home from Troy but lie here sport for the dogs. Seize your weapons and follow me, we two must toil together and hope we can be of help. Even the worst of warriors fight better side by side, while we two are a match for the very best.'

BK XIII:239-329 IDOMENEUS AND MERIONES REJOIN THE FIGHT



With that *Poseidon* [p. 705] re-entered the conflict, a god among men, while *Idomeneus* [p. 636] made his way to his sturdy hut, donned his fine armour, seized a pair of spears and set forth swift as the lightning bolt Zeus grasps in his hand and hurls from gleaming Olympus, as an omen for humankind. And the bronze on the warrior's chest, as he ran, flashed bright as the lightning.

Not far from the hut he found *Meriones* [p. 658], his noble squire, there to retrieve the bronze spear he sought, and Idomeneus questioned him: 'Meriones, my nephew, Molus' son: my dearest comrade, why do you leave the field? Are you wounded, feeling the hurt from some blade? Or am I summoned? For my part, I've no wish to stay here, I'd rather fight.'

Discreetly, Meriones answered: 'Idomeneus, Counsellor of the bronze-clad *Cretans* [p. 581], I seek a spear, hoping to find one in our huts: I shattered my last on reckless *Deiophobus*' [p. 587] shield.'

'You will find twenty spears, leaning against the wall by the bright entrance,' Idomeneus, the Cretan general, replied, 'Trojan spears, from the ones I kill. I prefer to fight man to man, so I win spears and helmets, bossed shields and gleaming breastplates.'

Discreetly, Meriones answered: 'I have a pile of Trojan weapons in my black ship and the hut, though yours are nearer. I too am not forgetful of glory, and stand in the front rank, where glory is won when battle is joined. Perhaps others of the bronze-clad Greeks are ignorant of my skill, but you I know have seen it for yourself.'

'I know your courage,' Idomeneus, the Cretan general, replied, 'no need to remind me. If we chose the finest men for an ambush, say, where bravery is most needed, no one could ignore your courage and strength. An

ambush soon separates brave men from cowards. The coward continually changes colour, anxiety stops him sitting still, he shifts his weight from side to side, his heart beats fast as he thinks of dying, and his teeth chatter together. But the brave man never changes colour, and taking his place is free of paralyzing fear, praying only to begin the fight at once. If you were struck by arrow or spear in the heat of battle, it would not be in the neck or back from behind: you would take it in your chest or belly, as you ran into the maul of men at the front. But come now, we must not linger here chattering like children, and incur reproach. Go to my hut and get a sturdy spear.’

With this, Meriones, peer of swift Ares, retrieved a bronze spear from the hut, and followed Idomeneus, eager for battle. As *Ares* [p. 551], killer of men, and *Panic* [p. 696], his son, powerful and unconquerable, who follows him, routing the bravest warrior, arm themselves for war and set out from *Thrace* [p. 732] to join the *Ephyri* [p. 602] or the proud *Phlegyans* [p. 695], and bring one or the other glory, turning a deaf ear to the other, so Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of men, set out for battle, clad in gleaming bronze.

And Meriones addressed the son of Deucalion: ‘Idomeneus, where will you join the lines, on the right, in the centre, or perhaps on the left? There I would think the long-haired Greeks are most at risk.’

Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, replied: ‘Others can defend the centre, the *Aiantes* [p. 532], and *Teucer* [p. 725] the best of our archers, a good man in a tight place. They will give *Hector* [p. 617], son of Priam, his fill of fighting, however keen he is, and mighty. He will find it hard, despite his fury, to conquer their strength and dauntless arms, and set fire to the swift ships, unless Zeus himself tosses a blazing brand among them. Great Telamonian Ajax will never yield to mortal man that eats bread made of *Demeter’s* [p. 588] grain, and can be cut by a bronze blade or crushed by mighty boulders. He would even stand against *Achilles* [p. 517], breaker of armies, face to face, though in fleetness of foot Achilles is unrivalled. So, as you say, let us make for the left, and discover swiftly whether we shall win glory or grant it to another.’

Meriones, peer of swift Ares, then led the way, till they reached the ranks at the place Idomeneus pointed out.

BK XIII:330-401 IDOMENEUS KILLS ASIUS



When the Trojans saw *Idomeneus* [p. 636], fierce as flame, and his squire, both clad in ornate armour, they shouted to each other through the ranks, and attacked as one. The strife of battle swirled about the ships' sterns, and in a storm of dust, like the dense cloud stirred from the roads by shrill gusts on a windy day, the battalions clashed together, eager to put one another to the sword. The killing field bristled with long flesh-cutting spears, and eyes were dazzled by the flash of bronze from glittering helms, burnished breastplates, and gleaming shields, as the armies met. A man would need a heart of steel to rejoice at the sight of such conflict and not be saddened.

Now the two mighty sons of Cronos, divided in their aims, were creating sad conflict for mortal men. *Zeus* [p. 739] wanted victory for Troy and *Hector* [p. 617], to endorse fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], yet had no wish for the Greeks to meet utter ruin on the Trojan shore, wanting only to humour *Thetis* [p. 730] and her proud son. *Poseidon* [p. 705] meanwhile urged the Greeks on, leaving the grey sea secretly, to steal among them, for indignant against Zeus he was grieved to see them fall before the Trojans. Both may have sprung from one stock, one parentage, but Zeus was the elder and the wiser. So Poseidon took care not to help openly, but in human guise roused the Argive army. And now the two knotted the cords, and drew taut the net of mighty conflict and dark war over both the armies, a net none could break or un-knot, that undid many a man.

Idomeneus called out to the Danaans and, though his hair was flecked with grey, leapt upon the Trojans and routed them. He killed *Othryoneus* [p. 679], Troy's ally from *Cabesus* [p. 568], who had lately responded to news of

war. He had asked for *Priam's* [p. 706] loveliest daughter, *Cassandra* [p. 572], offering no bride-price but promising to drive the Greeks by force from Troy. Priam agreed and promised, and trusting in that promise Othryoneus fought. Now Idomeneus aimed and hurled his bright spear, striking him as he strode forward proudly. The bronze corselet failed to save him, and the blade pierced him square in the belly. He fell with a thud to the ground, and Idomeneus mocked: 'Othryoneus, if only you could accomplish all you promised Priam, you would have his daughter as promised, and be the happiest of mortal men. Yet we could promise the same, and grant you the loveliest of Atreides' daughters. Only follow us and sack the great citadel of Ilium, and we will bring her from Argos to wed you. Come now and follow me, so we can agree this marriage by the sea-going ships. You will find us reasonable about the price.'

With this, Idomeneus the warrior took the corpse by the foot and dragged it through the throng. But *Asius* [p. 556], on foot, his two great horses breathing at his back restrained by his charioteer, strode to the rescue, eager to hurl his spear at Idomeneus. The latter, too quick for him, caught him with a thrust of his spear in the throat, beneath the chin, and drove the point right through. Asius fell like an oak, poplar, or towering pine, felled in the mountains by the woodsman's sharp axe, to make ships' timbers. He lay outstretched before his horses, groaning and clutching at the bloodstained dust. His charioteer, terror-stricken, lost what wits he had left, scared to turn the horses and escape the enemy, and *Antilochus* [p. 544] coolly aimed and struck his body with a spear. The bronze corselet failed to save him, and the blade pierced him square in the belly. Gasping he fell headlong from the fine chariot, and Antilochus, son of noble *Nestor* [p. 667], drove the horses out of the Trojan into the Greek lines.

BK XIII:402-467 IDOMENEUS KILLS ALCATHOUS



ow *Deiphobus* [p. 587], grieved over *Asius* [p. 556], approached *Idomeneus* [p. 636] and let fly his gleaming lance. But Idomeneus, eyeing him cautiously, dodged the bronze spear, covered by the round shield he always carried. Cunningly worked with bright bronze and ox-hide, it was fitted with two cross bars, and crouching behind this he watched the spear pass by, clanging against the shield as it did so. Yet Deiphobus' missile did not leave his hand in vain, striking a general *Hypsenor* [p. 632], *Hippasus*' [p. 627] son, under the midriff in the liver, loosening his knees. Deiphobus gave a terrifying shout, crying: 'Now Asius does not lie un-avenged, and though he goes to meet *Hades* [p. 614], the Warden of the Gate, his heart will rejoice I send him an escort!'

The Argives were grieved at his words of triumph that stirred resentment nowhere more deeply than in *Antilocheus*' [p. 544] fierce spirit; nevertheless he in turn did not fail his fallen comrade, but ran to protect his friend, covering him with his shield. Then two loyal companions *Mecisteus* [p. 653], son of *Echius* [p. 596], and noble *Alastor* [p. 535], lifted and carried Hypsenor, groaning deeply, to the hollow ships.

Idomeneus meanwhile fought on in his fury, eager to send some Trojan to the darkness, or fall himself fending off a Greek defeat. Now the warrior *Alcathous* [p. 536], dear son of Zeus-nurtured *Aesyetes* [p. 526], was son-in-law to *Anchises* [p. 542] having wed *Hippodameia* [p. 628] his eldest daughter, whom her royal parents loved deeply not least for her peerless beauty, her womanly skills, and wisdom sufficient to attract the finest in all Troy. This man now fell to Idomeneus, with *Poseidon*'s [p. 705] aid. The god cast a spell over Alcathous' bright eyes, and froze his noble limbs so he could neither turn to flee nor escape the spear. As he stood rooted to the spot, like a column or a tall leafy tree, Idomeneus the brave struck him square on the chest with a spear-thrust, splitting his bronze armour, which had till them

protected him from harm, but now rang harshly as the blade tore it. With a thud he fell, and the spear-butt quivered while the point remained lodged in his beating heart, till mighty Ares quelled it.

Idomeneus shouted fiercely: 'Deiphobus, are we quit now of your boasting, with three men dead to your one? You are god-possessed. Then stand and face me now, and meet a son of Zeus, on your own soil. Zeus made his son *Minos* [p. 661] King of Crete, and Minos in turn fathered peerless *Deucalion* [p. 589] who begot me, lord of many men in our spacious isle. And I was brought here by ship to be your bane, and your father's and all in Troy.'

Deiphobus, at this, debated whether to give ground, and call on a brave comrade for support, or try the thing himself. He thought the best course was to seek out *Aeneas* [p. 524], and found him standing idle at the rear, since Aeneas was angered at great *Priam* [p. 706], because he showed him little honour, though he was among the finest warriors. Deiphobus spoke to him winged words: 'Aeneas, counsellor of Trojans, if you care for your brother-in-law, you must save him now. Come, rescue Alcaethous, who is family, and reared you, as a child in the palace. He has fallen to that great spearman Idomeneus.'

BK XIII:468-525 DEIPHOBUS KILLS ASCALAPHUS

His words stirred *Aeneas*' [p. 524] heart in his breast, and his mind set on conflict he sought out *Idomeneus* [p. 636]. But he in turn was not to be frightened like some child. Rather he waited like a wild boar in the mountains, trusting in his own strength, one challenged by the noisy crowd of huntsmen in some remote place, whose back bristles, whose eyes blaze fire, whetting his tusks, ready to take on dogs and men. So, Idomeneus the famous spearman waited for Aeneas hastening to aid the Trojans, and gave no ground, but called to his friends *Ascalaphus* [p. 555],

Aphareus [p. 546], *Deiopyrus* [p. 588], *Meriones* [p. 658] and *Antilochus* [p. 544], battle-hardened warriors. He spoke winged words to urge them on: ‘Here friends, to my aid. Alone I dread fleet-footed Aeneas’ charge. He is a mighty slayer of men in battle, with the flower of youth upon him, filled with its strength. Were we matched in age as we are in fury then either of us might gain victory.’

At this, hearts beating as one, they closed ranks around him, crouched behind sloped shields. For his part, Aeneas too summoned his friends, *Deiphobus* [p. 587], *Paris* [p. 682] and noble *Agenor* [p. 531], fellow leaders of the Trojans. The army followed, as the flock follows the ram from the pasture to the stream, gladdening the shepherd’s heart as Aeneas’ heart was gladdened seeing the warriors massed behind him.

Then the long spears clashed together, in a struggle over Alcahous’ corpse, and the bronze breastplates rang loud as they thrust at one another in the crowd. Two brave men, above all, Aeneas and Idomeneus, peers of Ares, strove eagerly to pierce each other’s flesh with the merciless bronze. First Aeneas cast at Idomeneus, who eyeing him carefully dodged the spear, which quivered, its point in the earth, hurled in vain from that powerful hand. Then Idomeneus threw, striking *Oenomaus* [p. 673] square in the belly, shattering the bronze plate and disembowelling him. He lay in the dust clutching the earth. Idomeneus drew his long-shadowed spear from the wound, yet failed to strip away the rest of the armour, assailed by a hail of missiles. He was no longer as nimble in following up his throw or avoiding another’s. In a close fight he kept pitiless death at bay, but was too slow on his feet to retreat swiftly. So, as he fell back step by step, *Deiphobus* [p. 587], who nursed resentment against him, hurled his gleaming spear. For a second time he missed Idomeneus, hitting Ascalaphus *Enyalios*’ [p. 600] son: the heavy spear entering his shoulder. Down in the dust he went, clutching the ground. Mighty *Ares* [p. 551], of the echoing cry, was unaware his son had fallen. He was still seated with the other immortals, on the summit of Olympus, beneath the golden clouds, kept back from the war by Zeus’ command.

BK XIII:526-575 THE DEATH OF ADAMAS



ow they clashed in close combat over *Ascalaphus* [p. 555], and *Deiphobus* [p. 587] tore the shining helmet from his head. But *Meriones* [p. 658] leapt, like a god of war, at Deiphobus, piercing his arm with his spear, so the plumed helmet fell from his hand and rang on the ground. Like a vulture, Meriones hopped in, and plucked the heavy spear from the upper arm, then dodged back among his friends. *Polites* [p. 701], wrapping his arm round his brother Deiphobus' waist, led him from the thick of the fighting towards his inlaid chariot at the rear, where the charioteer waited with the swift horses. They carried him, groaning deeply, to the city, fresh blood streaming from the wound, while those he left fought on, amidst ceaseless tumult.

Now *Aeneas* [p. 524] charged at *Aphareus* [p. 546], *Caletor's* [p. 569] son, striking him in the throat with a sharp spear as he turned towards him. His head slumped to one side, as his shield and helmet crushed him, and death that slays the spirit engulfed him. Meanwhile *Antilochus* [p. 544], seizing his chance, leapt at *Thoön* [p. 731] whose back was turned, slashing at him, severing the spinal chord, slicing clean through so Thoön fell backwards in the dust, his hands stretched towards his close comrades. Antilochus, though, ran forwards and, warily, while the circling Trojans threatened to pierce his wide gleaming shield, started to strip away the shoulder armour. But *Poseidon* [p. 705], Earth-Shaker, guarded *Nestor's* [p. 667] son closely, even amongst the shower of missiles, and no deadly bronze tip passed Antilochus' defences to graze his tender flesh. For Antilochus, though ringed by enemies, always ranged against them, forever brandishing and shaking his restless spear, ready to hurl it at his target or challenge a man in close combat.

Now as he aimed again into the ranks, *Adamas* [p. 521] son of *Asius* [p. 556] saw him and charging in struck him square on the shield with his keen spear-blade. But dark-haired Poseidon, unwilling to grant that spear a life, robbed it of its true force, and half the shaft fell to the ground while the other half lodged in the shield like a charred stump. *Adamas* shrank back into his crowd of comrades, dodging fate. But *Meriones* [p. 658] pursued him and hurled his spear, catching the man midway between crotch and navel, where *Ares* gives greatest pain to wretched mortals. There the spear stuck and *Adamas* doubled over the deep-set shaft, writhed around, like a bullock that mountain herdsmen have roped, and drag along by force against its will. For a little while he struggled, till *Meriones* reached him and dragged his spear from the wound, then darkness filled *Adamas*' eyes.

BK XIII:576-642 MENELAUS KILLS PEISANDER



Now, in close combat, *Helenus* [p. 621] struck *Deiopyrus* [p. 588] on the temple with Thracian long-sword, tearing away his helm which fell to the ground where an Achaean warrior scooped it up as it rolled at the warriors' feet. So the darkness of night shrouded *Deiopyrus*' eyes.

Menelaus [p. 655], of the loud war-cry, the son of *Atreus*, grieved at the sight, strode menacingly towards *Helenus*, the noble warrior brandishing his sharp spear as *Helenus* bent his bow. At the same instant both let fly, with spear and arrow. *Priam*'s son hit *Menelaus* in the chest with his shaft, but the deadly missile glanced from his breastplate. As swiftly as black bean or chickpea leaps from the broad shovel when the winnower wields it in a gust of wind on the wide threshing floor so did the deadly arrow rebound from the breastplate, and fall far off. But *Menelaus* struck *Helenus* on the hand that held the gleaming bow, and the bronze blade pierced through his hand, gouging the wood. *Helenus* fell back among his friends, dodging fate, his hand trailing by his side, the spear-shaft dragging behind. Brave *Agenor*

[p. 531] disengaged the spear from the wound, and bound the hand with a width of twisted wool that his squire carried for his lord, to make a sling.

Now, dark fate led *Peisander* [p. 687] to attack you great Menelaus, sending him to death at your hands in the heat of battle. As they met, the son of Atreus saw his spear turned aside, while Peisander struck at great Menelaus' shield, failing though to drive the bronze blade through, since the shield resisted and the shaft broke at the socket. Still he was filled with joy, and hoped for victory. But Atreides drew his silver-studded sword and charged, while behind his shield Peisander clasped his fine bronze axe with its shaft of olive-wood long and gleaming. They clashed together. Peisander caught Menelaus on the ridge of his horse-hair crested helm, close to the plume. But Menelaus' blow fell on Peisander's forehead at the base of the nose, shattering the bone with a loud crack, so the blood-filled eyeballs leapt from their sockets and fell in the dust at his feet, and he doubled over and fell. Setting his foot on the man's chest, Menelaus stripped off the armour, shouting: 'This is how we'll drive you far from our ships, rash Trojans, you horse-tamers drunk on the sound of battle. Treacherous cowards, never at a loss for wretched shameful deeds, like the outrage you committed on me, without respect for Zeus the Thunderer, who made the guest-laws, and one day will topple your mighty city. You stole my wife, and crossed the sea with her and a weight of treasure, though you were guests of mine, and now you are keen to spread fire through our sea-going ships, and slay the whole Greek army. But keen as you are, you'll be halted! Father *Zeus* [p. 739], men say you are greatest in wisdom, above both gods and men, yet you are the cause of this, favouring men of violence, these ungovernable Trojans, who never weary of the din of this evil war. All things sate us, sleep, love, sweet song and the peerless dance. Of all these surely, rather than war, a man would seek his fill; yet these Trojans only seek their fill of battle.'

With this glorious Menelaus stripped the corpse of its blood-stained armour, handing it to his friends, then re-entered the front ranks of the fight.

BK XIII:643-722 THE GREEKS RESIST HECTOR



nce there, *Menelaus* [p. 655] was charged by *Harpalion* [p. 616], son of King *Pylaemenes* [p. 710], who had followed his dear father to Troy, but was fated never to return to his native land. Closing in, he thrust at Atreides' shield, striking it squarely but failing to drive the bronze tip through. Glancing back warily, lest any man graze his flesh with a bronze blade, he retreated into the ranks, dodging fate. But as he turned, *Meriones* [p. 658] let fly a bronze-tipped arrow, striking him on the right buttock, so the arrow passed beneath the bone and into the bladder. He collapsed on the spot, and sinking into the arms of his friends, breathed out his life and lay in the dust like a worm, the dark blood flowing and soaking the ground. The brave *Paphlagonians* [p. 682] gathered round and lifted him into a chariot then grieving they took him to sacred Ilium, and his *father* [p. 710], weeping, went with them, his son still un-avenged.

Yet *Paris* [p. 682] was deeply angered by his death, for Harpalion had been his host among the Paphlagonians, and in great wrath he let fly a bronze-tipped arrow. It struck an Achaean, *Euchenor* [p. 606], rich and brave, the son of the seer *Polyidus* [p. 703], of *Corinth* [p. 580]. He set sail for Troy knowing his fate since his aged father prophesied he would either die of a fatal illness at home, or be slain by the Trojans among the ships. He avoided the pain of the deadly disease and the heavy fine the Greeks would have levied for his absence. But now Paris's shaft struck his jaw, under the ear, his spirit fled swiftly from his corpse, and the dread darkness engulfed him.

So the fighting raged like wildfire, but *Hector* [p. 617], beloved of Zeus, had no news from the left of the ships where the Argives were killing his troops, and soon would have gained the glory, so mighty a help was *Poseidon* [p. 705], who surrounds and shakes the earth, for he added his strength to the Greeks, and urged them on. Hector remained where he'd first won through

the gate and wall, and broken the close-knit ranks of Danaan shield-men. There, where the wall was lowest, the ships of *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Protesilaus* [p. 708] were beached by the grey sea, and there the chariots and infantry fought most fiercely.

The *Boeotians* [p. 566], *Locrians* [p. 648], *Phthians* [p. 698], the brave *Epeians* [p. 601], and the *Ionians* [p. 638] with their long tunics, had laboured to halt Hector's attack on the ships, unable to drive back that noble warrior, who came on like a fiery flame. Picked men of Athens were fighting there, led by *Menestheus* [p. 657] son of *Peteos* [p. 692], with *Pheidias* [p. 694], *Stichius* [p. 722] and brave *Bias* [p. 566]. *Meges* [p. 654], *Phyleus*' [p. 699] son led the Epeians, with *Amphion* [p. 540] and *Dracius* [p. 594]. While the front ranks of the Phthians charged behind *Medon* [p. 653] and stalwart *Podarces* [p. 701]. Medon was a natural son of godlike *Oileus* [p. 674], and brother to *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser, but lived in *Phylace* [p. 698] far from his native land, exiled for killing a kinsman of his stepmother *Eriopis* [p. 604], Oileus' wife. Podarces, in turn, was *Iphiclus*'s [p. 639] son, and the grandson of *Phylacus* [p. 698]. These, in full armour, fought in the front ranks of the brave Phthians, defending the ships alongside the Boeotians.

Ajax, swift son of Oileus, was inseparable from Ajax the son of *Telamon* [p. 724]. Just like two wine-dark oxen, that strain at the wooden plough on fallow land, sweat streaming from the base of their horns, held apart by the polished yoke as they slice the furrow till the plough reaches the border of the field, so these two laboured close together. Behind Telamon's son his comrades were grouped, mighty men, who would hold his shield when his limbs grew weary or drenched with sweat. But the Locrians stood back behind the brave son of Oileus, having no heart for close fighting, since they lacked the bronze helms with thick horsehair plumes, the round shields and ash spears. They trusted in bows, and slings of well-wound sheep's wool, the weapons they brought to Troy, and with these they fired missiles thick and fast, trying to break the Trojan lines. So those in front with their heavy armour grappled with the Trojans led by bronze-clad Hector, while those behind fired from cover, till the Trojans no longer attacked, thrown into confusion.

BK XIII:723-787 POLYDAMAS GIVES HECTOR ADVICE



They might well have retreated, in disarray, from the ships and huts to windy Troy, if *Polydamas* [p. 702] had not approached brave *Hector* [p. 617], saying: ‘Hector you’re a hard man to convince. Because some god made you mighty in war, you think you are wisest in counsel also; but you cannot encompass all things in yourself. The gods give one man prowess in battle, another in dance, another in singing and playing the lyre, while *Zeus* [p. 739], the Far-Echoer, gives some other man a wise mind by which others profit and many are saved, he himself knowing best. So I will say what I think is best.

The battle flares all around you, and the brave Trojans this side the wall are either separated from the front or scattered among the ships and outnumbered. Why not call all the leaders back and re-group? Then we could think things through, and decide whether to launch an all-out attack on the benched ships, and see if the gods will truly grant us victory, or retreat from the ships unscathed. I fear myself the Greeks may pay us back for yesterday, since they have a man insatiable in war who waits idle by the ships, but who, I think, will not hold back from this fight much longer.’

Hector appreciated Polydamas’ wise words, and swiftly leapt to the ground from his chariot fully armed, to give his reply: ‘Polydamas, keep back the leaders here, while I go to the front. I will be back as soon as I’ve given them clear orders.’

So saying he gave a great shout and ran swiftly through the ranks of the Trojans and their allies, light gleaming from him brightly as if from mountain snow. Hearing Hector’s cry, the men rushed towards that point, and gathered round equable Polydamas, the son of *Panthous* [p. 682]. Meanwhile Hector was ranging the front, seeking *Deiphobus* [p. 587], the great Lord *Helenus* [p. 621], *Adamus* [p. 521] son of *Asius* [p. 556], and his father, the son

of *Hyrtaeus* [p. 632]. He found that even those still alive were not unscathed. Two lay dead at Argive hands by the sterns of the Greek ships, the other two were back inside the city wall, wounded by thrusting and flying spear-blade. One leader however he did find on the left flank of that grievous conflict, noble *Paris* [p. 682], the husband of blonde *Helen* [p. 621]. He was encouraging his men and urging them on to fight, when Hector arrived to reproach him: ‘Sinful Paris, so handsome, so mad for the women, tell me where Deiphobus is, you seducer, and great Lord Helenus, Adamas, his father Asius, and *Othryoneus* [p. 679]? Tell me before lofty Ilium is ruined utterly, and we go to certain destruction.’

‘Hector’, godlike Paris replied: ‘since you choose to blame the blameless, if I ever retreated from a fight, it would not be now, for I was not born an utter coward. From the moment you roused your men to rush the ships we have held our ground here battling the Greeks. But three of the friends you ask after are dead, of them all only Deiphobus and great Lord Helenus have withdrawn from the fight, wounded by spear-blades, one in the arm, the other the hand, yet spared death by the son of *Cronus* [p. 582]. Lead on then, wherever your heart and spirit urge you, while we shall follow you eagerly. Nor I think will we lack courage, that is, while strength lasts, for no man can fight when his strength has gone, however eager he is for battle.’

BK XIII:788-837 AJAX AND HECTOR EXCHANGE WORDS



o *Paris* [p. 682] placated his brother, and they set out for the front where the noise was loudest, where *Cebriones* [p. 573] fought and peerless *Polydamas* [p. 702], *Phalces* [p. 693], *Orthaeus* [p. 678], and godlike *Polyphetes* [p. 704], *Palmys* [p. 681], and *Ascanius* [p. 556] and *Morys* [p. 662], the sons of *Hippotion* [p. 629], who had arrived with a relieving force, from fertile *Ascania* [p. 556] the previous day, and were now roused by *Zeus* [p. 739] to war. They advanced like a deadly storm that scours the earth, to the thunder of Father

Zeus, and stirs the sea with stupendous roaring, leaving surging waves in its path over the echoing waters, serried ranks of great arched breakers white with foam. So the Trojans, in close formation, gleaming with bronze advanced behind their leaders. Foremost was *Hector*^[p. 617], son of Priam, and peer of the war-god Ares. He held his balanced round-shield in front, with its layers of hide and surface of beaten bronze, while the crest of his gleaming helm quivered over his temples.

Covered by this shield he advanced cautiously, probing the enemy battalions on every side, looking for signs of weakness. Yet he could not shake the Achaeans' resolve. *Ajax*^[p. 532], indeed, strode forward to challenge him: 'Madman, come closer! Are you trying to scare us Greeks away? We too know something of war: it was Zeus' hostile lash we faced. You hope to destroy our fleet, but we have means to defend them. Your well-peopled city will be taken and sacked before ever you capture our ships. As for you, the time is nigh when you'll run, praying to Father Zeus and the other gods that your long-maned horses fly faster than falcons as they carry you back to Troy in a cloud of dust.'

As he spoke, an eagle flew by on the right, high up in the sky, and seeing the omen the Achaean army raised a shout of joy. But glorious Hector retorted: 'Ajax, you boaster, what foolish words! For my part, as surely as I'd wish to spend my days as the son of aegis-bearing Zeus, with royal Hera for mother, and honoured like Athene and Apollo, so surely this day brings evil to you Greeks, one and all. Yes, you too, if you have the courage to stand against my long spear that will tear your lily-white skin, you too will die among them, and your flesh and sinew will glut the dogs of Troy and birds of prey where you lie by the Greek ships.'

So saying, he led the charge, and the army followed with a deafening roar, as the Trojans took up the cry. The Argives shouted their answer, and summoning their courage awaited this onslaught by all the pride of Troy. Then the noise of the two armies rose to high heaven, towards Zeus's splendour.



‘Ascanius in the Trojan Camp’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1612

BOOK XIV - HERA TRICKS ZEUS

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BK XIV:1-81 NESTOR MEETS WITH THE WOUNDED ARGIVE LEADERS



ow, the cry of battle did not escape *Nestor's* [p. 667] notice, even as he was drinking, and he spoke winged words to *Machaon* [p. 651]: ‘Son of *Asclepius* [p. 556], think what we should do. The warriors’ shouts grow louder by the ships. Sit there, and drink your red wine, while blonde *Hecamede* [p. 617] heats a warm bath to wash the blood clots from your wound, while I find a vantage point to see what passes.’

So saying, Nestor grasped a fine shield of gleaming bronze, lying in the hut, which belonged to horse-taming *Thrasymedes* [p. 732], his son, who had borrowed his father’s shield instead. Then he took up a sturdy spear with a sharp bronze tip, and leaving the hut was promptly witness to a shameful sight, the Greeks in full rout, and the brave Trojans behind pressing towards them. The Achaean wall was breached.

As the wide sea heaves darkly with a soundless swell, vaguely presaging the swift passage of some strident blast, yet its waves roll neither forward nor aslant until Zeus sends a steady gale, so the old man pondered deeply, his thoughts in conflict, as to whether to join the swift Danaan charioteers, or go and find King *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. That course at last he concluded was best. As he reflected, the warriors still fought and killed, and the unyielding bronze rang round them, as they thrust at one another with swords and double-edged spears.

Nestor then encountered a group of wounded generals, as they came from the ships, warriors beloved of Zeus, all of whom had been hurt by the bronze blades; *Diomedes* [p. 590], *Odysseus* [p. 671], and *Atreus’* [p. 561] son Agamemnon. Their ships were beached on the grey sea’s shore furthest from the fighting, drawn up on the sand closest to the waves, while the wall

had been built to encircle the front line, for though the bay was wide, there was little enough room and the fleet was confined, so they had beached the ships in rows, filling the wide mouth of the bay shut in by headlands. Now the generals, each leaning on his spear for support, were going to view the state of battle and the war, grieved by the situation. Old Nestor met them, and the sight of him far from the fighting made their hearts sink. Agamemnon spoke first: ‘Nestor, son of *Neleus* [p. 665], glory of Achaea, have you too left the thick of battle? I fear mighty Hector will be as good as his word, and fulfil the threat he menaced us with, addressing his troops, that he’d not return to the city till he’d burned our ships and destroyed our army. So he spoke, and now it may come to pass: perhaps because others of the bronze-greaved Achaeans are full of anger in their hearts towards me, as Achilles is, and minded not to fight by the sterns of their ships.’

Nestor the *Geranian* [p. 611] horseman answered: ‘Yes, dire things are indeed upon us, and *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer himself cannot alter that now. The wall is already down, which we thought would prove an unbreakable defence for the fleet and ourselves. The enemy maintain their presence by the ships, and there’s no end to the battle in sight. All order is lost in our ranks, and we Greeks are scattered, the men dying amidst confusion, while their cries reach heaven. But we should consider what to do, what stratagem if any can help us now. I would urge you though not to rejoin the conflict: a wounded man is no use in a fight.’

King Agamemnon replied: ‘Nestor, since the fighting has reached the ships, and the wall and trench have failed to protect the fleet or us, despite all our efforts, then I conclude it’s the will of almighty Zeus that we Greeks find a nameless end here, far from *Argos* [p. 553]. I felt it even when he helped us, and more so now when he grants the enemy glory just as he grants it to the sacred gods, and constrains our force of arms. Let us do as I suggest, and drag the rear rank of ships down to the sea, and launch them on the glittering waves, and moor them to anchor stones in the bay till deathless night falls, when even these Trojans should break off the fight. Then we might launch the remaining ships, for there is no shame in avoiding ruin, even by night. Better to flee and save ourselves than be taken’

BK XIV:82-134 ODYSSEUS REPROACHES AGAMEMNON



Wily *Odysseus* [p. 671], angered at this, glared at *Agamemnon* [p. 528]: ‘What wretched talk is this, son of Atreus? You should have cowards to command and not rule us, whom Zeus fated to twist the black threads of war, till we die every man of us. Are you really so keen to forgo this broad-paved city of Troy we’ve toiled for so long? Silence, lest others hear what no man of understanding or sense of rightness would allow his lips to utter, least of all a sceptred king, obeyed by so vast a force as is this army. I scorn the thoughts you speak aloud, suggesting we launch our benched ships in the midst of fierce battle, and so ensure a Trojan victory, which is almost in their grasp already, thus ruining us completely. The men will not fight on once they see the ships dragged to the sea, but distracted they’ll retreat from the front. So will your counsel prove our destruction, oh, leader of armies!’

Agamemnon, lord of men, answered him: ‘Odysseus, such harsh reproach pains my heart. I would not urge a single Achaean to launch his ship against his will. Let some other offer better counsel, from young or old it will be welcome.’

At this, *Diomedes* [p. 590] of the loud war-cry spoke up: ‘That man is here, no need to seek him, if you will truly listen and not resent the youngest among you. I too come of a noble father, *Tydeus* [p. 737] whom *Theban* [p. 728] earth now covers. Three peerless sons had *Portheus* [p. 705]. In *Pleuron* [p. 700] and rugged *Calydon* [p. 570] they lived. They were *Agrius* [p. 532], *Melas* [p. 655] and the horseman *Oeneus* [p. 673], my grandfather, bravest of the three. My father, Tydeus, leaving that land behind, wandered to *Argos* [p. 553] and settled there, by the will of Zeus and the other gods I think. He married one of *Adrastus*’ [p. 522] daughters, and lived well, owning many a wheat-field, many an orchard round about and vast flocks of sheep as well. He was a spearman surpassing all the Greeks. You know yourselves whether I speak true. So

you can't claim I come of a weak or cowardly race, and so despise whatever of sense I say. This is it: we must visit the field, wounded as we are, but avoid the conflict and keep out of range of missiles, lest we are wounded again. From there we can urge the men to battle, even those who feel resentment and choose not to fight.'

They heard him courteously and acceded. Then they set off, led by King Agamemnon.

BK XIV:135-223 HERA BORROWS APHRODITE'S BELT



Poseidon [p. 705], the great Earth-Shaker, was aware of all this, and disguised as an old man went after them. He took hold of Agamemnon's [p. 528] right hand, and spoke to him winged words: 'Son of Atreus, no doubt Achilles' [p. 517] cruel heart rejoices to see the Achaeans put to flight and slaughtered, lacking sense as he does. Let him perish then: may the gods destroy him. But the gods, who are blessed, are not utterly against you, and I foresee even now that the Trojan princes and their generals will soon fill the wide plain to Troy with dust, and you will see them run for the city from your ships and huts.'

With this, Poseidon sped over the plain, and gave a great cry, as loud as ten thousand warriors when they clash in battle. Such was the force of that call from the great Earth-Shaker's throat, and he stirred the hearts of the Achaeans, and filled with them strength to fight on to the end.

Now, Hera [p. 624] of the Golden Throne saw Poseidon, who was both her brother and brother-in-law, from the heights of Olympus [p. 675], as he rushed about the field where men win glory, and she rejoiced. But she saw Zeus too, seated on the topmost peak of Ida [p. 634] of the many streams, whose actions angered her. Then the ox-eyed Queen thought how she might distract aegis-bearing Zeus from the war, and this idea seemed best: to go to Ida, beautifully arrayed, to see if he could be tempted to clasp her

in his arms and lie with her, then she might clothe his eyes and cunning mind in warm and gentle sleep. She therefore went to the room fashioned for her by her dear son *Hephaestus* [p. 623], with its strong doors fitted to the doorposts, and its hidden bolt no other god could open. She entered and closed the gleaming doors behind her. Then she cleansed every mark from her lovely body with rich and gentle ambrosial oil, deeply fragrant. If its scent was released in Zeus' palace, whose threshold was of bronze, it would spread through heaven and earth. With this she anointed her shapely form, then combed her hair, and with her own two hands plaited the lovely glistening ambrosial tresses that flowed from her immortal head. Then she clothed herself in an ambrosial robe that *Athene* [p. 559] had worked smooth, and skilfully embroidered, fastening it over her breasts with golden clasps, and at her waist with a hundred-tasselled belt. She fixed an earring, a gracefully gleaming triple-dropped cluster, in each pierced lobe then covered her head in a beautiful shining veil, glistening bright as the sun, and bound fine sandals on her shining feet. When her body was all adorned, she left her room, calling *Aphrodite* [p. 546] to her from her place with the other gods, saying: 'Will you favour a request, dear child, or will you refuse, resenting the help I give the Greeks, since you aid the Trojans?'

'Hera, honoured goddess, daughter of mighty *Cronos* [p. 582],' replied *Aphrodite*, *Zeus*' [p. 739] daughter, 'tell me your wish: my heart prompts me to grant it, if it is in my power.'

Then Queen Hera spoke deceptively: 'Grant me Love and Desire, with which you subdue mortals and gods alike. I am off to the ends of fruitful earth, to visit *Oceanus* [p. 670], source of all the gods, and Mother *Tethys* [p. 725]. They nursed and cherished me lovingly in their halls, after taking me from *Rhea* [p. 712], when far-echoing Zeus imprisoned Cronos beneath the earth and restless sea. I will visit them and bring their ceaseless quarrel to an end. They have been estranged for a long time now, from love and the marriage bed, ever since their hearts were embittered. If I could persuade a change of heart, and bring them to sleep together once more, I would be dear to them and win their true esteem.'

Laughter-loving Aphrodite replied: ‘It would be wrong for me to refuse you, since you sleep in almighty Zeus’ embrace.’ And she loosed from her breast that inlaid belt of hers, in which all manner of seductions lurk, Love, Desire, and dalliance, persuasiveness that robs even the wise of sense. Placing it in Hera’s hands, she said: ‘Take this inlaid belt, of curious fashioning, and keep it at your breast. Whatever your heart desires, you will return successful.’

Ox-eyed Queen Hera smiled at her words, and smiling took the belt to her breast.

BK XIV:224-291 HERA VISITS SLEEP AND ASKS HIS HELP



Aphrodite [p. 546], daughter of Zeus, returned to her house, but *Hera* [p. 624] darted from the summit of Olympus, to *Pieria* [p. 699] and lovely *Emathia* [p. 598], skimming the snowy hills of the Thracian horsemen, not touching the slopes with her feet. From *Athos* [p. 561] she stepped to the billowing waves, and so crossed to *Lemnos* [p. 645], the island and city of godlike *Thoas* [p. 731]. There she sought out *Sleep* [p. 631], the brother of *Death* [p. 727], took him by the hand and asked his help: ‘Sleep, master of gods and men, if ever you answered a request of mine, do what I ask you now, and I will always owe you thanks. As soon as I lie down in Zeus’s arms, close his gleaming eyes in slumber, and I will give you a fine throne of everlasting gold, that my son, the lame god *Hephaestus* [p. 623], will fashion with all his skill, and a stool as well where you can rest your shining feet, when you sip your wine.’

Sweet Sleep answered: ‘Great goddess, Hera, daughter of mighty Cronos, it would be nothing to lull to sleep some other of the immortals, even the streams of Ocean, from whom you all descend, but I dare not approach Zeus and do so, unless he tells me to. I learnt that once before, on a task of yours, that day when proud *Heracles* [p. 625], his glorious son,

sailed from Ilium after sacking Troy. I shed sweetness all around to distract aegis-bearing Zeus, while you planned mischief for his son, rousing the harsh winds to a gale, and driving him far from his comrades, to many-peopled *Cos* [p. 581]. When Zeus woke he was angry. He treated you immortals roughly, and sought for me above all, and if *Night* [p. 670], who subdues gods and men, hadn't saved me, he'd have hurled me from heaven into the depths, never to be seen again. I ran to her, and though Zeus was wrathful he restrained himself, hesitating to offend swift Night. And now you make the same unacceptable demand.'

Ox-eyed Queen Hera answered: 'Sleep, why worry about it so? Do you really think far-echoing Zeus will show the same anger for these Trojans, as he did for the sake of Heracles, his son? Come, I will give you one of the young *Graces* [p. 613] in marriage.'

Sleep, delighted by her words, said: 'Well then, swear to me now by the inviolable waters of *Styx* [p. 723], with one hand on the fertile earth, one on the shimmering sea, so that all the gods with Cronos down below may bear witness, that you will grant me one of the young *Graces*, *Pasithea* [p. 684], whom I've longed for all my days.'

The goddess, white-armed Hera, agreed and swore the oath as he asked, naming all the gods beneath *Tartarus* [p. 724], called *Titans* [p. 734]. When she had duly sworn, they left Lemnos then *Imbros* [p. 638] behind, and clothed in mist, sped swiftly on their way. They soon reached *Ida* [p. 634] of the many streams, mother of wild creatures, by way of *Lectum* [p. 644] where they left the sea and crossed the land, the forest crowns quivering beneath their feet. Sleep halted then, before Zeus could see him, and settled on the tallest fir-tree on Ida, one that pierced the mists and reached the sky. There he sat, hidden by its branches, in the form of a clear-voiced mountain bird, called *chalcis* by the gods, *cymindis* by men.

BK XIV:292-351 HERA AND ZEUS MAKE LOVE



Meanwhile *Hera* [p. 624] soon reached *Gargarus* [p. 610], the summit of lofty *Ida* [p. 634]. *Zeus* [p. 739], the Cloud-Driver, saw her, and instantly his sharp mind was overwhelmed by longing, as in the days when they first found love, sleeping together without their dear parents' knowledge. Standing there he called to her: 'Hera, what brings you speeding from Olympus? And where are your chariot and horses?'

Queen *Hera* replied, artfully: 'I am off to the ends of fruitful earth, to visit *Oceanus* [p. 670], source of all the gods, and Mother *Tethys* [p. 725]. They nursed and cherished me lovingly in their halls. I will visit them and bring their ceaseless quarrel to an end. They have been estranged for a long time now, from love and the marriage bed, ever since their hearts were embittered. My horses wait at the foot of *Ida* of many streams, and they will take me over dry land and sea. But I am here from Olympus to see you, lest you harbour anger towards me later if I go to deep-flowing *Oceanus*' house without first telling you.'

Zeus the Cloud-Driver answered: 'Hera, you shall go: later. But for now let us taste the joys of love; for never has such desire for goddess or mortal woman so gripped and overwhelmed my heart, not even when I was seized by love for *Ixion's* [p. 641] wife, who gave birth to *Peirithous* [p. 686] the gods' rival in wisdom; or for *Acrisius'* [p. 520] daughter, slim-ankled *Danaë* [p. 585], who bore *Perseus* [p. 692], greatest of warriors; or for the far-famed daughter of *Phoenix* [p. 696], who gave me *Minos* [p. 661] and godlike *Rhadamanthus* [p. 711]; or for *Semele* [p. 718] mother of *Dionysus* [p. 592], who brings men joy; or for *Alcmene* [p. 536] at *Thebes* [p. 728], whose son was lion-hearted *Heracles* [p. 625]; or for *Demeter* [p. 588] of the lovely tresses; or for glorious *Leto* [p. 646]; or even for you yourself, as this love and sweet desire for you grips me now.'



‘Hera and Zeus make love’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710



‘Hera lures Zeus to sleep’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

Queen Hera replied, artfully once more: ‘Dread son of Cronus, what words are these? You indeed may be eager to make love on the heights of Ida in broad daylight, but what if an immortal saw us together, and told the others? I’d be ashamed to rise again, and go home. But if you really wish for love, if your heart is set on it, you have that room your dear son *Hephaestus* [p. 623] built you, with solid tightly-fitting doors. Let us go and lie there, since love-making is your wish.’

‘Hera, have no fear: no god or man will see us through the golden cloud in which I’ll hide us. Not even Helios could spy us then, though his is the keenest sight of all.’

With that the son of Cronus took his wife in his arms and beneath them the bright earth sent up fresh grass-shoots, dewy lotus, crocus and soft clustered hyacinth, to cushion them from the ground. There they lay, veiled by the cloud, lovely and golden, from which fell glistening drops of dew.

BK XIV:352-401 POSEIDON URGES ON THE GREEKS

To Father *Zeus* [p. 739], conquered by love and sleep, lay peacefully on *Gargarus* [p. 610] with his wife in his arms, while sweet *Sleep* [p. 631] sped off to the Argive ships to give the news to *Poseidon* [p. 705], Earth-Shaker and Enfolder. Reaching him, he spoke with winged words: ‘Zeus is sleeping now, Poseidon. *Hera* [p. 624] tempted him to sleep with her, and I have drowned him in sweet slumber, so go and help the Argives quickly, grant them glory, before he wakes.’

So saying he sped away to mortal men, while Poseidon redoubled his efforts, rushing to the front with a great cry: ‘Greeks, shall we yield to *Hector* [p. 617], son of Priam, let him take the fleet and win glory? He boasts that he will, now that *Achilles* [p. 517] sits by the hollow ships, with anger in his heart. Yet if we rouse ourselves and support each other, we can win

without Achilles. Come now, and do what I suggest. Let us cover our heads with our gleaming helms, sling on the best and largest shields we have, grasp the longest spears, and then advance. I will lead, and I doubt that noble Hector will stand against us long, for all his eagerness. Now, any of you with a small shield who knows how to fight, give it to a weaker man, and take a large one.’

They heard him out, and readily obeyed. And, wounded as they were, the leaders, *Diomedes* [p. 590], *Odysseus* [p. 671], and *Agamemnon* [p. 528], marshalled their men. Combing the ranks they made sure armour was exchanged, the better warriors taking the better gear, the weaker men the worse. Then having clad their bodies in gleaming bronze, the army advanced, Poseidon, the Earth-Shaker, in the lead, clasping a fearful long-sword in his vast hand, like a lightning flash. No man may face him in a fight, so great the terror.

Meanwhile noble Hector was marshalling the Trojans opposite. Then indeed the sinews of war were strained in mortal strife, dark-haired Poseidon urging on the Greeks, noble Hector the Trojans. As the sea surged towards the Greek ships and huts, the two sides met with a deafening clamour. That cry of the Greeks and Trojans as they clashed was louder than the crash of breaking waves, raised from the deep and driven on shore by the fierce blast of a northerly gale, louder than the roar of a forest fire blazing in the mountains, or the howl of the wind at its height in the summits of tall oak trees.

BK XIV:402-457 AJAX WOUNDS HECTOR



noble *Hector* [p. 617] first cast his spear at *Ajax* [p. 532], as he faced him, but his well-directed throw struck him where the straps of his shield and silver-studded sword met across the chest, protecting the tender flesh. Hector was angered at his swift missile’s failure, and he turned back into the ranks, dodging fate. But, as he retreated, Telamonian

Ajax the mighty warrior picked up one of the many boulders rolling about his feet, used to prop the ships, and struck Hector on the chest below the neck, over the rim of the shield, and sent him spinning like a top from the blow. Like an oak uprooted, with a dreadful reek of sulphur, by a lightning stroke from Father Zeus, so terrifying that it unnerves the bystander, mighty Hector toppled in the dust. His other spear fell from his hand, his shield and helmet weighed on him, and his bronze inlaid armour rang about him.

Then the sons of Achaea rushed towards him with loud cries, launching a shower of javelins, hoping to drag him away, but none was swift enough to wound the Trojan leader further, with thrust or cast of spear, since he was quickly surrounded by the foremost warriors, *Polydamas* [p. 702], *Aeneas* [p. 524], noble *Agenor* [p. 531], *Sarpedon* [p. 714] the *Lycian* [p. 648] leader, and peerless *Glaucus* [p. 611]. The rest were concerned to aid him too, making a wall of their round shields, and lifting him in their arms his comrades carried him from the fray to his swift horses, waiting at the rear beyond the battle lines, where his charioteer had halted the inlaid chariot. In this he was carried, groaning heavily, towards the city.

But when they reached the ford of the eddying river, noble *Xanthus* [p. 715], child of immortal *Zeus* [p. 739], they lifted him to the ground and poured water over him. He came to, opened his eyes, and getting to his knees vomited black blood. Then he sank back on the ground, his eyes shrouded in darkness, still vanquished in spirit by the blow.

Now, when the Greeks saw Hector depart, they fell on the Trojans more fiercely, eager to do battle. Fleet-footed *Ajax* [p. 534], son of *Oileus* [p. 674], was first to draw blood, attacking *Satnius* [p. 715], son of *Enops* [p. 599], stepping in close, wounding him in the flank with a thrust from his sharp spear. Satnius was born to his father Enops by a peerless *Naiad* [p. 665], as Enops tended his herds by the banks of *Satnioös* [p. 714]. Now he fell backward, and the Greeks and Trojans fought a fierce battle over his body. Polydamas, the spearman, son of *Pantbous* [p. 682], ran in to protect it, and struck *Prothoenor* [p. 708] son of *Areihycus* [p. 551] in the right shoulder, the spear passing through, so that he fell clutching the earth. Polydamas gave a triumphant cry: ‘Once

more the spear leaps from the hand of Panthous' proud son, and finds its mark. Argive flesh receives it, and this Greek can use it as a staff, I think, as he goes to the House of *Hades* [p. 614].'

BK XIV:458-522 AJAX WREAKS HAVOC

His rejoicing pained the Greeks, none more so than fierce *Ajax* [p. 532], son of Telamon, who was closest when *Prothoenor* [p. 708] fell. Swiftly, he flung his gleaming spear at *Polydamas* [p. 702] as he drew back. The man escaped certain death, springing aside, but the spear was destined by the gods to strike *Archelocus* [p. 550], *Antenor's* [p. 543] son. It hit where head and neck are joined, at the apex of the spine, and sheared through the sinews. His face and head touched earth before his thighs and knees. Now it was Ajax who cried aloud to Polydamas: 'What think you Polydamas, tell me is this death not worthy of Prothoenor? The man looked noble enough, of decent lineage, the very likeness indeed of that horse-tamer Antenor, his brother perhaps or his son.'

He spoke, well-knowing who the warrior was, and grief filled Trojan hearts. *Acamas* [p. 516], straddled his brother's corpse, and with a spear-thrust struck *Promachus* [p. 708], the *Boeotian* [p. 566], who was trying to drag the body by its feet from beneath him. He gave a dreadful shout: 'You Argives, free with your arrows, and your threats, look now, the effort and the pain will not be ours alone. You too will die someday like this. Your Promachus sleeps, conquered by my spear, swift payment in blood for my brother's. For this a man prays; for a kinsman to survive him, and save the line from destruction.'

His boasting pained the Argives, none more so than fierce *Peneleos* [p. 690]. He ran at Acamas, but the man gave ground, and Peneleos' thrust struck *Ilioneus* [p. 637], son of the wealthy *Phorbas* [p. 697], owner of herds, whom *Hermes* [p. 626] loved and made richest of the Trojans, yet whose wife had

born him Ilioneus alone. Peneleos struck at the eye, and the shaft forced out the eyeball and pierced the socket, exiting at the nape of the neck. Ilioneus collapsed stretching out his arms, but Peneleos drew his keen sword, swung at the neck and struck off the helmeted head, the spear still lodged there in the eye-socket. Then holding it aloft like a poppy-head, he thrust it towards the Trojans, in triumph: ‘Grant me this favour, Trojans, tell noble Ilioneus’ dear parents to start the loud lament in their halls, for neither shall the wife of *Alegenor*’s [p. 537] son Promachus delight in her dear husband’s return when we sons of Achaea sail home from the land of Troy.’

Every man trembled at his words, and looked to see how he himself might escape death’s dark finality.

Tell me now, *Muses* [p. 662], you who live on *Olympus* [p. 675]: when *Poseidon* [p. 705] the great Earth-Shaker turned the tide of battle, who was the first Achaean to carry off the spoils, the blood-stained armour? Ajax the Great, it was, the son of Telamon. He killed *Hyrtius* [p. 633], brave leader of the *Mysians* [p. 665], son of *Gyrtius* [p. 614], while *Antilochus* [p. 544] stripped *Phalces* [p. 693] and *Mermerus* [p. 659] of their lives, as *Meriones* [p. 658] slew *Morys* [p. 662] and *Hippotion* [p. 629], and *Teucer* [p. 725] felled *Prothoön* [p. 709] and *Periphetes* [p. 692]. *Menelaus* [p. 655] too caught *Hyperenor* [p. 631], prince among men, with a thrust in the flank from his bronze blade, piercing the gut, and Hyperenor’s spirit fled swift from the mortal wound, while darkness shrouded his eyes. But a larger number died at the hands of *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser, son of Oileus, for there was none like him at chasing down fleeing men, whom Zeus had first spurred to flight.

BOOK XV - THE GREEKS AT BAY

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BK XV:1-77 ZEUS PROPHESES THE COURSE OF THE WAR



When the fleeing Trojans had re-crossed the palisades and trench, losing many men to the Danaans, and reached the chariots, they halted terror-stricken, pale with fear. Then *Zeus* [p. 739] woke, beside *Hera* [p. 624] of the Golden Throne, on the summit of Mount *Ida* [p. 634]. Leaping to his feet he stood and watched the Trojan rout, the Argives behind in hot pursuit. He saw *Poseidon* [p. 705] among the Greeks, and *Hector* [p. 617] lying in the dust while his friends sat close around him.

Hector was breathing painfully, from that blow delivered by *Ajax* [p. 532] by no means the weakest of the Greeks, dazed in mind, and vomiting blood. The father of gods and men, seeing him, felt pity, and with a dreadful glance he turned on Hera: ‘You are incorrigible, it’s your artful wicked ways that led Hector to leave the fight, and his men to flee. You should be first to reap the rewards of your wretched wiles, and feel my whip. Remember when I hung you on high, two anvils suspended from your feet, bands of unbreakable gold about your wrists? You hung there in the air among the clouds, and the other immortals on lofty Olympus, could not approach to set you free, despite their indignation. Whichever of them tried I caught them, hurled them from my threshold, till they fell to earth, their strength all gone. Yet even that failed to ease my endless heartache for godlike *Heracles* [p. 625]. You and the North Wind, whose blasts you suborned, drove him over the restless sea, part of your evil scheme, and carried him to many-peopled *Cos* [p. 581]. I saved him, brought him from there to horse-grazing *Argos* [p. 553], after his great labours. I remind you of it, so you might end your intrigues, and see how little help to you will be our love-making and that bed where we lay together after you came from Olympus and tricked me.’



'Zeus is awakened' – Crispijn van de Passe (1), 1613

Ox-eyed Queen Hera shuddered at his words, and she replied with soothing words: ‘May Earth, and the broad sky above, and the plunging waters of *Sphx* [p. 723] by whom the blessed gods swear their greatest most solemn oath, and your own sacred head, and our own marriage bed, by which I would never perjure myself, may they all bear witness that it is not by my will that Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, works ill on Hector and the Trojans, and aids their enemy. I can only think he obeys his own heart’s prompting, seeing the Greeks in trouble and pitying them. I would counsel even him to follow your direction, Lord of the Dark Cloud.’

The father of gods and men smiled at her words: ‘Hera, my ox-eyed Queen, if you really choose to support me in council from now on, then even though Poseidon thought otherwise, he’d be inclined to follow our wishes promptly. If what you say is truly and sincerely said, go to the immortal gods and summon *Iris* [p. 640], and *Apollo* [p. 547] the Archer. She must visit the army of bronze-clad Greeks, and tell Poseidon to leave the field and go home. Meanwhile Phoebus Apollo must breathe new strength into Hector, make him forget his heart-troubling pain, rouse him to fight, and drive the Achaeans back once more. Once he has them panicking like cowards, they will run and die beside the benched ships of *Achilles* [p. 517], son of *Peleus* [p. 688]. He will send out his friend *Patroclus* [p. 684], who will slay many a fine young man, among them noble *Sarpedon* [p. 714] my son, but great Hector will kill him in turn with his spear, under the walls of Troy. Then in revenge for Patroclus, noble Achilles will kill Hector. Thereafter I shall let the Trojans be driven steadily from the ships, remorselessly, until the Greeks, advised by *Athene* [p. 559], take Troy. But my wrath will be unabated till then, and no other immortal shall help the Greeks, till Achilles’ wishes are fulfilled, in accord with the promise I made with a nod of my head, that day that divine *Thetis* [p. 730] clasped my knees, and begged me to honour her son, Achilles, sacker of cities.’

BK XV:78-148 HERA EXECUTES ZEUS'S ORDERS

The goddess, white-armed *Hera* [p. 624], listened and obeyed, speeding from Mount Ida to lofty Olympus. Like the swift mind of a man who has travelled widely, whose deep thought prompts many wishes, saying to himself: 'I wish I were there, or there,' as swiftly Queen Hera flew in her eagerness. Reaching high Olympus, she found the immortals gathered in Zeus's palace. On seeing her they rose, and pledged her in welcome. Passing by the others, she accepted a cup from fair-faced *Themis* [p. 728] who ran to meet her, saying: 'Hera, what prompts your return, why so distraught? *Zeus* [p. 739] must have frightened you, your own husband.'

White-armed Hera replied: 'Don't ask, dear Themis. You know what he's like, so harsh and unyielding. Let the gods begin their feast equably, and you and all the immortals in these halls shall hear the devious actions Zeus intends. If any still sit down to feast with joy in mind, well, I can tell them it will neither please them all, nor every mortal.'

With this Queen Hera took her seat, and throughout the hall the gods looked troubled. Though her lips formed a smile, her forehead above her dark brows was tight with indignation: 'What fools we are to quarrel with Zeus! We are eager to get at him and thwart his wishes with words or action. But he sits there, unconcerned, indifferent to us, repeating that he's unquestionably the greatest and strongest of immortals. So be content with whatever nastiness he visits on each of us. Even now he deals *Ares* [p. 551] a blow, since his dearest son has died in battle, *Ascalaphus* [p. 555], whom Ares claimed as his own.'

Ares groaned at this, and struck his sturdy thighs with the flat of his hands: 'Gods of Olympus, don't blame me if I go to the Achaean ships right now, and avenge my son, even if Zeus should strike me with his lightning bolt, and I lie in blood and dust among the corpses.'

With this, ordering *Terror* [p. 587] and *Panic* [p. 696] to harness the horses, he donned his gleaming armour. Then a greater and angrier quarrel between Zeus and the immortals would have broken out, had *Athene* [p. 559], fearful for them all, not left her chair, run to the threshold and snatched Ares' helm from his head, the shield from his shoulders, and the bronze spear from his great hand, throwing them down and pouring words of rebuke on the angry Ares: 'Madman, your mind's astray, you'd be doomed! Why were you given ears to hear? Where's your sense and self-restraint? Did you not listen to what white-armed Hera said, straight from Olympian Zeus? Do you want a greater measure of sorrow, to be driven back to Olympus, in anguish, and sow the seeds of suffering for us all? He will quit the brave Trojans and the Greeks, instantly, and head to Olympus to wreak havoc. He'll lay hands on the guilty and the innocent too. So, I beg you, swallow your anger. Many a man greater than Ascalaphus in strength, more skilful in warfare, has died and many must die still. It would be hard for us to save every man's sons and lineage.'

So saying, she made the angry Ares take his seat again, while Hera called *Apollo* [p. 547] and *Iris* [p. 640], the gods' messenger, from the hall and spoke to them winged words: 'Zeus asks that you both go swiftly to Ida, and when you see him there, face to face, then do whatever he urges you to do.'

BK XV:149-219 IRIS CARRIES ZEUS'S MESSAGE TO POSEIDON



aving spoken, Queen *Hera* [p. 624] returned to her seat, while the pair sped away on their errand. They reached *Ida* [p. 634] of the many streams, mother of the wild creatures, where *Zeus* [p. 739], of the far-echoing voice, was sitting on the top of *Gargamus* [p. 610], wreathed in a scented mist. They met the Cloud-Gatherer, face to face, and he was pleased to see how swiftly they had obeyed his dear wife's order. He spoke

to *Iris* [p. 640] first: ‘Off with you, now, swift Iris, and give this message to Lord *Poseidon* [p. 705], exactly as I speak it. Tell him to cease from war and fighting, and return to the gods on Olympus, or to the glittering sea. If he will not obey, choosing to ignore my words, let him think deeply on it, for strong as he is he dare not face my anger, since I am the more powerful and his elder, even though pride prompts him to claim himself my equal, I whom the other gods fear.’

So he spoke, and wing-footed Iris obeyed, speeding from Ida’s hills to sacred Ilium. As fast as the snow or frozen hail that falls from the clouds driven by a northerly gale, swift Iris flew, found Poseidon, the great Earth-Shaker, the dark-haired Encircler of Earth, and delivered the message.

Poseidon was enraged: ‘He may be powerful, but this is arrogance, to try and restrain me against my will, and threaten force, I who share equal honour with himself. Three brothers are we, sons of *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Rhea* [p. 712], Zeus and I and *Hades* [p. 614], Lord of the Dead. The world was divided in three, and each received his domain. When the lots were cast, I won the grey sea for my home forever, while Hades had the dense darkness beneath. Zeus may have taken the wide heavens, the cloud and air, but Earth and lofty Olympus are common to us all. So I will not submit to Zeus’s will. Despite his power, let him stay quietly in his own third. And let him not try to frighten me, as if I were a coward. Let him menace his sons and daughters with angry words, he begot them and they are forced to listen to his urgings.’

Then Iris, swift as the wind, answered him: ‘Is this the answer, dark-haired Encircler of Earth that I am to take to Zeus, these harsh and stubborn words? Will you not change your mind, as the minds of the noble may be changed? You know how the *Furies* [p. 604] ever support the first-born.’

Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, replied: ‘Dear Iris, you are right to say so, and it is good when a messenger shows wisdom. But such is the dreadful feeling in mind and heart when a wrathful god decides to rebuke one of his peers, whom Fate has made his equal. Yet I will yield for now, despite my indignation. In my anger though, I’ll add this warning. If Zeus ignores me,

and ignores *Athene* [p. 559], chaser of the spoils, and Hera, *Hermes* [p. 626], and Lord *Hephaestus* [p. 623] too, and spares lofty Ilium, prevents its ruin, and denies the Argives glory, tell him there'll be an irreparable breach between us.'

With this, the Earth-Shaker abandoned the Argives, headed for the shore and plunged into the depths, leaving the Greeks to bemoan his absence.

BK XV:220-280 APOLLO REVIVES HECTOR



ow *Zeus* [p. 739], the Cloud-Gatherer, issued his request to *Apollo* [p. 547]: 'Dear *Phoebus* [p. 696], *Poseidon* [p. 705], the Earth-Shaker and Encircler, has withdrawn to the glittering waves, to escape my wrath. It is better for both that he yielded to my power despite his indignation, before those gods beneath the world with *Cronos* [p. 582] heard our quarrel, which could not end without much toil and sweat. Go to bronze-clad *Hector* [p. 617], and as you go take my tasselled aegis, and shake it fiercely over the Greek army to instil fear. Then, Far-Striker, help noble Hector and fill him with enduring strength until the Greeks are driven back to the ships and the *Hellespont* [p. 622]. At that time I will ensure by word and deed that the Greeks are given respite from the toils of war.'

Apollo obeyed his father's words, speeding from Ida's heights, like a swift falcon, the dove-slayer, swiftest of birds. Noble Hector, warlike Priam's son, was only now recovering, no longer lying flat but sitting upright, conscious of his friends around him. His sweating and panting had ceased now aegis-bearing Zeus wished to revive him. Apollo the Far-Striker approached saying: 'Hector, Priam's son, why are you sitting here in this state, far from the lines? Are you badly hurt?'



‘Apollo gives Hector new strength’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

Hector of the gleaming helm, replied in weakened tones: ‘What god are you, mighty one, who needs to ask that of me? Surely you know that as I slaughtered his men by the sterns of the Greek ships, *Ajax* [p. 532] of the loud war-cry struck me on the chest with a great stone, and stopped me in mid-flight. I thought in truth this very day I would gasp away my life, and gaze on the dead in the House of *Hades* [p. 614].’

‘Lift your spirits,’ Lord Apollo, the Far-Striker, replied: ‘Phoebus Apollo of the Golden Sword is here, sent from Ida by the son of Cronos as a mighty helper to stand beside you and defend you, one who has long protected you and your lofty citadel alike. Come, order your host of charioteers to send their swift horses against the hollow ships, while I go on ahead to smooth the path for their chariots and rout the Greeks.’

With this, he breathed enduring strength into the Trojan leader, who at the voice of the god urged on his charioteers, climbing to his feet and moving lightly, like a stable-fed stallion, who has had his fill, and breaks the halter and gallops over the fields in triumph, to bathe in the lovely river as is his wont, tossing his head while his mane streams over his shoulders, glorying in his power as his strong legs carry him to the pastures, the haunts of mares.

The Greeks had been pushing forward in formation, cutting with swords and thrusting with double-edged spears. Now like a set of villagers who chase a wild goat or a stag with dogs till it finds refuge on some high crag, or deep in a dark thicket, and they lose its trail, only to find a shaggy lion, disturbed by their clamour, blocking their path, putting them to flight despite their former zeal, the Danaans were gripped by fear and their hearts sank, seeing Hector once more marshalling his men.

BK XV:281-327 THOAS RALLIES THE GREEKS

Then *Thoas* [p. 731], *Andraemon's* [p. 542] son, spoke up among the Greeks. He was the finest of the *Aetolian* [p. 527] warriors, an expert with the javelin, but a good man in a close fight too, while few of the Greeks were more persuasive when the younger men debated in the Assembly. Now with the best of intentions he addressed them: 'What marvel is this I see? *Hector* [p. 617] recovered, and escaped from death! Everyone in his heart hoped that he had perished from *Ajax's* [p. 532] blow. But some god has protected and saved that slayer of Greeks, to carry on killing. He would not be leading the front rank so eagerly if *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer did not wish it. But listen, and do as I advise. The main body of men must withdraw to defend the ships, but we who consider ourselves the pick of the warriors, must stand against him, hoping to keep him off at spear-point. For all his eagerness, I think he'll lack the courage to plunge amongst us.'

They approved and followed his suggestion. Those around Ajax and Lord *Idomeneus* [p. 636], around *Teucer* [p. 725], *Meriones* [p. 658] and *Meges* [p. 654], peer of Ares, gathered the best men and marshalled them opposite Hector and the Trojans, while the main body of men retreated to the ships.

Then the Trojans closed ranks and pushed forward, behind Hector who strode ahead, Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] beside him, shoulders veiled in mist, holding the powerful aegis with its tasselled fringe, gleaming bright and deadly, that *Hephaestus* [p. 623] the smith made for Zeus to send mortals fleeing. With the aegis in his hand, Apollo led them onwards.

The Argives packed together awaited the onslaught, as the war-cries rose loud from either side, arrows leapt from the bow, and a host of spears hurled by bold arms lodged in the bodies of agile young warriors, or more often fell short before striking white flesh, and fixed themselves in the earth mid-way, disappointed of their quarry.

While Phoebus Apollo held the aegis unmoving in his hand, the shower of missiles continued and men fell. But the moment when he looked the horse-taming Danaans in the face, shaking the aegis and giving a mighty shout, their hearts stopped, and their blind courage ebbed. Driven in confusion, like a herd of cattle or a vast flock of sheep surprised in the depths of night, the herdsman being absent, by a pair of wild beasts, so the Achaeans fled in rout robbed of all fight, for Apollo had sent panic among them, granting Hector and Troy the glory.

BK XV:328-378 APOLLO AND HECTOR DRIVE THE GREEKS BACK TO THE SHIPS



As the Greek line broke, the Trojans picked them off one by one. *Hector* [p. 617] killed *Stichius* [p. 722] and *Arcesilaus* [p. 550], the former a leader of the bronze-clad *Boeotians* [p. 566], the latter a trusted friend of brave *Menestheus* [p. 657], while *Aeneas* [p. 524] slew *Medon* [p. 653] and *Iasus* [p. 634]. Medon was a natural son of godlike *Oileus* [p. 674], so a brother to *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser, and came from *Phylace* [p. 698], not his native land, exiled for killing a kinsman of his step-mother *Eriopis* [p. 604], wife to Oileus. Iasus was an Athenian leader, the son of *Sphelus* [p. 721] son to *Bucolus* [p. 568]. *Polydamas* [p. 702] killed *Mecistens* [p. 653], *Polites* [p. 701] killed *Echius* [p. 596] as they clashed, and *Clonius* [p. 578] fell to noble *Agenor* [p. 531]. *Deiochus* [p. 587] fled with the other leaders, but *Paris* [p. 682] struck him from behind at the base of the shoulder, and drove the bronze clean through.


While the Trojans stripped the dead of their blood-stained armour, the Greeks were flung back on their trench and palisade in confusion, and forced to retreat behind the wall. Now Hector called aloud to the Trojans: ‘Leave the armour, and push for the ships. Whoever holds back I’ll put to death where he stands, his kin shall not grant him a share of the funeral flames that are his due. Instead, the dogs can rend him before Troy.’

With that, he gave a downward flick of his arm, and whipped his horses on, his cry ringing out along the Trojan ranks. Echoing his shout, they lashed their teams forward alongside his, with a mighty clamour. Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] easily kicked down the banks fronting the trench, and piled up a long causeway inside, wide as a spear-cast made by a man testing his strength. Over it they poured, rank on rank, following *Phoebus* [p. 696] and the precious aegis. And Apollo toppled the Achaean wall just as easily, like a child scattering sand that builds a mock castle in play then ruins it with feet and hands. So, you, Phoebus, God of the Bow wrecked what the Greeks had laboured and toiled so long to build, then routed them.

Once more the Greeks halted by the ships, and called to each other, and raising their hands to the sky prayed fervently. None more so than Gerenian *Nestor* [p. 667], warden of Achaea, stretching out his arms to the unseen stars: ‘Father *Zeus* [p. 739], if ever we burnt the fat thigh of an ox or sheep in sacrifice to you, back in the wheat-lands of *Argos* [p. 553], praying for safe return, and you nodded your promise, remember it now, Olympian, save us from the pitiless hour of doom, don’t let the Trojans vanquish us like this.’

So he prayed, and Zeus the Counsellor thundered in reply, answering the prayer of Neleus’ aged son.

BK XV:379-457 THE FIGHTING AT THE SHIPS

ut the Trojans, hearing aegis-bearing *Zeus’s* [p. 739] thunder, redoubled their attack on the Argives, their minds filled with battle. With a great roar, they poured across the wall, like a billow out at sea, driven by the force of the wind that swells the waves, sweeping over a ship’s side. They drove their horses through the gap then fought in close combat by the ships, wielding their double-edged spears, fighting from the chariots, while the Greeks clambered high on the sterns of the black ships

and used their long pikes, jointed poles tipped with bronze, which lay to hand on board.

Now, while the Greeks and Trojans were still fighting at the wall far from the swift ships, *Patroclus* [p. 684] sat in friendly *Eurypylus*' [p. 608] hut, diverting him with talk, while spreading ointments on his cruel wound to ease the dark pain. But when the Trojans overran the wall, and he heard the Greeks shouting as they fled, he groaned and slapped his thigh with his hand, saying anxiously: 'Eurypylus, I must not stay, despite your need, the conflict is growing. Your squire must see to you while I run to *Achilles* [p. 517] and urge him to fight. Who knows but with a god's aid I might persuade him, stir him into action? A persuasive friend may do some good.' He was already on his way, as he finished speaking.

The Achaeans still stood firm, thwarting the enemy advance, yet unable to drive the Trojans back despite their smaller numbers, while the Trojans in turn could not break the Greek lines and push in among the huts and ships. The conflict and the war were balanced on a knife's edge, the battle-front stretched taut as a carpenter's line along a timber in the hands of a skilled shipwright trained in his craft and guided by *Athene* [p. 559].


The Trojans attacked the ships at random, apart from *Hector* [p. 617] who made straight for great *Ajax* [p. 532]. The two toiled on fighting for the one ship, Ajax unable to drive Hector back since a god had brought him there, while Hector could not move Ajax and set the ship on fire. Great Ajax in casting his spear however struck *Caletor* [p. 569], son of *Clytius* [p. 579], in the chest, as he carried a burning brand towards the ship. He fell with a thud and the torch fell from his hand. Hector, seeing his cousin fall in the dust by the black ship, called aloud to his friends and allies: 'Trojans, *Lyicians* [p. 648], and you *Dardanians* [p. 585] that love close fighting, hold your ground where we stand, and save Caletor, or the Greeks will strip his armour from him, where he lies beside the ships.'

With that, he hurled his gleaming spear at Ajax, missing him but hitting *Lycophron* [p. 649], son of *Mastor* [p. 652], a squire of Ajax from *Cythera* [p. 584], who joined his service after killing a man in that sacred isle. Hector's sharp bronze blade struck him on the head above the ear where he stood

beside Ajax, and he fell from the ships stern to the ground, landing on his back in the dust, his limbs loosed in death. Ajax shuddered and spoke to his step-brother: ‘Brave *Teucer* [p. 725], a loyal friend is lost, Lycophron, Mastor’s son, who since he came to us from Cythera we have honoured with our parents. Proud Hector has killed him. Where are your swift deadly arrows, and the bow that Phoebus Apollo gifted you?’

Teucer [p. 725], hearing, ran to stand next to him gripping his curved bow and his full quiver then fired repeatedly at the Trojans. He first struck *Cleitus* [p. 578], *Peisenor’s* [p. 687] noble son, friend to *Polydamas* [p. 702], son of Lord *Panthous* [p. 682]. He was holding the reins, grappling with the horses, since he had driven in among the Greek battalions as they fled, to support Hector and his comrades. Now evil came to him in a moment, from which no friend however zealous could save him, the fatal arrow struck the back of his neck, and he toppled from the chariot. The horses shied and ran, the empty chariot rattling behind them. Noble Polydamas was quick to see, and first to halt them, handing them to *Astynous* [p. 558], son of *Protiaon* [p. 709], telling him to keep them near at hand, and watch his movements closely as he returned to the front.

BK XV:458-513 HECTOR AND AJAX RALLY THEIR MEN

hen *Teucer* [p. 725] aimed an arrow at bronze-clad *Hector* [p. 617], and had he struck and killed him in his pomp that would have ended the battle by the ships. But his action did not escape *Zeus’s* [p. 739] watching mind. He protected Hector, robbing Teucer of the glory, by snapping the deftly twisted cord of his peerless bow, at the moment of firing, so the arrow tipped with solid bronze went awry, and the bow leapt from his hand. Teucer shuddered, saying to his step-brother: ‘There! Some god is ruining our every action. He breaks the newly twisted bowstring I bound tight this morning, to withstand the hail of arrows I intended, and strikes the bow from my hand.’

Great Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] replied: ‘Well, my friend, then let your bow and quiver lie, since some hostile god renders them useless, pick up a shield and grasp your long spear, tackle the Trojans and urge on the men. They will not take our ships without a fight, even though they conquer: to battle, then!’

At this, Teucer set his bow down in the hut; slung a four-layered shield over his shoulder, set a fine helm with a horsehair crest on his sturdy head, the plume nodding threateningly; grasped a powerful spear tipped with sharp bronze, and set out at a quick run, to rejoin Ajax.

Now when Hector realised Teucer’s bow had failed, he shouted aloud to the men: ‘Trojans, Lycians and you Dardanians, who like close combat, be men, my friends, and show your boundless courage among the hollow ships, for I saw Zeus foil their master-archer’s shot. Easy to see the help Zeus gives to mortals, how he both grants men greater glory, and harms those to whom he denies his aid, as now he helps us and weakens the Greeks. Mass together tightly by the ships, and if any man, overtaken by death and fate, is struck by a missile or the thrust of a blade, so be it. There’s no dishonour in dying while fighting for one’s country. If the Greeks sail for their native land, his wife and children will be safe, his house and land secure after him.’

So Hector roused their courage and gave them strength, while Ajax for his part called to his men: ‘Shame on you, Argives: defend the ships, and save them or die trying. If Hector of the glittering helm takes the fleet, do you think a single man of you will reach his home again? Listen as, in his fury, he urges his men on to burn our ships? It is not to the dance he summons them, but to battle. There is no better plan for us than this, to bring our strength and weapons to bear on them, hand to hand. It is better to win life, once and for all, or die, than be stifled by the ships, by lesser men, in this vain and fatal struggle.’ So he roused their courage and gave them strength.

BK XV:514-564 CLOSE COMBAT



ow *Hector* [p. 617] killed *Schedius* [p. 717], *Perimedes'* [p. 691] son, a leader of the *Phocians* [p. 696], while *Ajax* [p. 532] killed *Laodamas* [p. 642], noble son of *Antenor* [p. 543], an infantry commander, and *Polydamas* [p. 702] felled *Otus* [p. 680] of *Cyllene* [p. 583], a friend of *Meges* [p. 654], *Phyleus'* [p. 699] son, a leader of the proud *Epeians* [p. 601]. When *Meges* saw this he launched himself at *Polydamas*, who swerved aside so *Meges* missed, *Apollo* [p. 547] refusing to see the son of *Panthonus* [p. 682] fall in the front line, and instead the spear-thrust struck *Croesmus* [p. 582] full in the chest. He fell with a thud and *Meges* began to strip him of his armour. But *Dolops* [p. 593], the bravest son of *Lampus* [p. 642], son of *Laomedon* [p. 643], and a skilled spearman, used to fierce combat, thrust at close quarters with his spear and pierced the shield of *Phyleus'* son. *Meges'* metal-plated corselet saved him, the one *Phyleus* had brought from *Ephyre* [p. 602] and the River *Selleis* [p. 718], where his host King *Euphetes* [p. 607] had gifted it to him to wear in action and protect him. Now it saved his son from death.

Meges countered, a thrust of his sharp spear striking the crown of *Dolops'* bronze helm with its horsehair crest, shearing away the horsehair plume, bright with scarlet dye, which fell in the dust. As *Meges* fought *Dolops*, hoping for victory, warlike *Menelaus* came to his aid, and from the flank, unseen by *Dolops*, cast a spear piercing his back, the point passing through swiftly, and exiting savagely through the chest. He fell headlong and his enemies ran in to strip the bronze armour from his shoulders.

Hector called out to *Dolops'* kinsmen, especially *Hivetaon's* [p. 627] son, sturdy *Melanippus* [p. 654]. Before the war, he lived at *Pervote* [p. 690], grazing his shambling cattle, but when the Greeks arrived in their curved ships, he returned to Ilium, earning a prominent place among the Trojans, living in *Priam's* palace, and honoured by *Priam* with his own children. *Hector* reproached him now: 'Melanippus are we to hold back like this? Has your

heart no feeling for your dead kinsman? See how they tear at Dolops' armour. Follow me, we must close with these Argives, either we kill them, or they'll take lofty Ilium, and slaughter all our people.' With this, he charged and Melanippus, that godlike warrior followed.

Great Telamonian Ajax meanwhile was urging on the Argives: 'Be men, my friends and, in this great combat, fear to be shamed in your own eyes and those of others. Where men fear shame, more survive than are killed. But there is neither glory nor safety in flight.'

BK XV:565-652 HECTOR REACHES THE SHIPS



So he spoke, and though the Argives were already eager to drive back the enemy, they responded to his words, and ringed the ships with a wall of bronze countering the Trojans urged on by Zeus. Now *Menelaus* [p. 655] of the loud war-cry spurred on *Antilochus* [p. 544]: 'You are the youngest, quickest and boldest of us, Antilochus why not make a foray and wound some Trojan?'

Having roused the man, Menelaus swiftly retreated, while Antilochus ran out from the front rank, and quickly glancing round threw his bright spear, the Trojans shrinking back from his throw. Nor did his weapon fly in vain, striking proud *Melanippus* [p. 654], *Hicetaon's* [p. 627] son, on the chest by the nipple, as he joined the fight. He fell with a thud, and darkness shrouded his sight. Like a hound leaping at a wounded fawn, caught by a hunter's careful shot as it fled from its lair, loosing its limbs, so stalwart Antilochus sprang at you, Melanippus, to strip away your armour. But noble *Hector* [p. 617] saw it all, and charged through the ranks to the attack. Antilochus turned and ran, his swift feet carrying him as speedily as a wild creature fresh from causing harm, killing a dog, or a herdsman beside his cattle, then fleeing before a vengeful crowd can gather. And as that son of Nestor fled before Hector, the Trojans raised a deafening cry and sent a hail of missiles

after him, until he reached the ranks of his comrades where he once more turned to take his stand.

Now the Trojans, like ravening lions, charged towards the ships, fulfilling the will of Zeus, who roused their courage and spurred them on, as he shook the hearts of the Greeks and robbed them of all glory: that he gave to Hector, son of Priam, so he might shroud the beaked ships in un-resting towers of flame, and answer fully *Thetis*' [p. 730] fateful prayer. *Zeus* [p. 739] the Counsellor waited then for the glare of burning timbers, determined that from that instant he would grant glory once more to the Greeks, and see that the Trojans were driven from the ships.

With this intent he spurred the already eager Hector on, and Hector raged like Ares, god of the spear, or like a mountain fire working its destruction among the close-packed trees. With foaming lips, eyes blazing beneath lowering brows, he fought, and the very helm on his head shook on his temples, for the power of divine Zeus was his shield, and granted him the honour and the glory, alone among the host of warriors. Though brief was the life remaining to him, for even now Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] was hastening that fatal day when he would fall to *Peleus*' [p. 688] mighty son.

Now he had one thought only, to shatter the Greek line, testing it wherever he saw the best-armed warriors tightly clustered. Yet eager as he was he could not break through, for the Greeks stood firm as a wall, like a vast sheer cliff facing the grey sea unshaken by howling gales and towering breakers. So the Greeks held steady and would not flee.

At the last, gleaming with fire, Hector burst among them and laid about him, as under cloud a powerful wind-swollen wave breaks over a speeding ship, drenching it in foam, while the gusts roar in the canvas, and the crew shudder with fear, driven along a hair's breadth from destruction, so Hector launched himself at the Achaeans striking panic in their hearts.

He fell on them with savage intent, like a lion attacking a vast herd grazing in some water-meadow, their herdsman, unskilled in driving a cattle-killer from a sleek heifer's carcass, pacing at front or rear, keeping close to them, so leaving the lion to strike in the centre and take a heifer,

scattering the rest in terror. So the Greeks fled to a man, before Hector and Father Zeus, when Hector killed *Periphetes* [p. 692] of *Mycenae* [p. 663], beloved son of *Copreus* [p. 580], that Copreus whom King *Eurystheus* [p. 609] sent with a message to mighty *Heracles* [p. 625]. The son was better than his father in every way, as runner and warrior, and one of the best minds of Mycenae, and his death gave the greater glory to Hector. As he fled, he tripped over the rim of his own long shield that reached to his feet, a defence against javelins, and stumbling fell backwards, his helmet clanging loudly at his temples as he landed. Hector seeing this, swiftly approached and drove a spear through his chest, killing him in the midst of his comrades, beyond their help despite their horror, given their deep dread of noble Hector.

BK XV:653-746 AJAX STANDS FIRM



Now the Greeks fell back on the ships, retreating behind the outermost row, those that been drawn highest up the shore, but still the Trojans came on. Then the Argives were forced back even further, but re-grouped beside the huts, held together by shame and fear, calling ceaselessly to one another. Gerenian *Nestor* [p. 667], Warden of Achaea, exhorted them the loudest, imploring each man, in his parents' names, to stand firm: 'My friends, be men, and fear to be shamed before the others. Think of your wives and children, your parents, living or dead, and remember all you own. For the sake of those far off, I beg you, stand here, and do not flee.'

With this he filled their hearts with courage, and *Athene* [p. 559] cleared the fog of war from their eyes, and flooded them with light from both sides, that of the ships and that of the battle lines. And all saw *Hector* [p. 617], of the loud war-cry, and all his men, those at the rear as well as those who fought by the swift ships.

Proud *Ajax* [p. 532] could not bear to stand with the rest of the Achaeans, but strode up and down over the decks of the ships, wielding a long-pike in his hands, a pole jointed with metal rings, twelve feet long. As a skilled horseman with a picked team of four, who rides them on a highway from the plain to the big city, and sure of himself leaps from horse to horse as they gallop on, to the wonder of many, so Ajax ranged with long strides from ship to swift ship across the decks, his shouts rising skywards as he called to the Greeks with tremendous cries to defend their ships and huts.

Hector too could not rest among the ranks of mail-clad Trojans. Like a tawny eagle swooping at a flock of birds feeding by a river, wild geese, cranes or long-necked swans, he rushed straight at some dark-prowed ship while *Zeus*' [p. 739] mighty hand pushed him on from behind, and spurred the Trojans to follow.

So once more, the ships saw bitter conflict. You would have thought both sides still fresh and unwearied, so fiercely did they fight. And as they fought these were their thoughts. The Achaeans felt they could not escape, and would be killed, while the Trojans hoped, deep within, to fire the ships and slay the Greeks. Such were their respective expectations as they clashed.

Hector, at last, grasped the stern of a sea-going ship, a fine vessel a swift one on the deep, that had brought *Protesilaus* [p. 708] to Troy, yet failed to bear him home again. Round it the Greeks and Trojans slaughtered one another in close combat, no longer fighting from afar with arrows and javelins, but hand to hand, united in their purpose, with keen battle-axes and hatchets, with long swords and double-edged spears. Many a lovely blade, its hilt bound with dark thongs, fell from their hands, or slipped from their shoulders as they fought, and the earth was black with blood.

But once Hector had gripped the ship's stern he would not loose his hold, but clung to the stern post, shouting to the Trojans: 'Bring fire, and give the war-cry all together, now *Zeus* grants us a victory that pays for all. Now we take these ships that sailed here in defiance of the gods, to cause us suffering. The Elders' cowardice contributed, holding the army back

when I was eager to fight here at their sterns. But if Zeus, the far-echoer, dulled our senses then, it is he himself who commands now and drives us on.’

With this his men pressed the Argives harder. Even Ajax himself, thinking he would die beneath a hail of missiles, yielded and gave way a little, retreating from the after-deck of the shapely vessel some way along the seven-foot high connecting bridge amidships. There he stood, alert, with his pike fending off any Trojan who approached the ship with a blazing brand, and urging the Greeks on ceaselessly with mighty shouts: ‘Friends, Argive warriors, you slaves of Ares, be men, and think on furious courage. There is no other help for us, no stronger wall to ward off disaster, no city with its ramparts to hide inside, no other army to turn the flow of battle. Here on the plains of Troy are we, our backs to the sea facing the mail-clad Trojans, far from our native land. So in the strength of our own hands is our salvation, and there can be no surrender in this fight.’

With this cry, he thrust his spiked pole furiously time and time again at the foe, and there Ajax waited for any Trojan who longed to delight Hector his inspiration, ran at the hollow ships with blazing brand. Ajax would wound each man with a thrust of his long pike, and disabled twelve men in this way in the close encounter by the ships.

BOOK XVI - THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS

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‘Achilles warns Patroclus’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK XVI:I-100 PATROCLUS ASKS TO FIGHT IN ACHILLES’ ARMOUR



As they fought on around the benched ship, *Patroclus* [p. 684], hot tears pouring down his face like a stream of dark water flowing in dusky streaks down the face of a sheer cliff, returned to *Achilles* [p. 517], leader of men. Noble Achilles, the fleet of foot, saw and pitied him, and spoke to him with winged words: ‘Why are you crying like a little girl, Patroclus, like a child running by her mother’s side, begging to be carried, clutching at her skirt to make her stop, and tearfully looking up until her mother takes her in her arms? Your teardrops fall like hers, Patroclus. Have you bad news for the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] or myself, some tidings from *Phthia* [p. 698] known to you alone? *Menoetius* [p. 657], *Actor’s* [p. 521] son and *Peleus* [p. 688] son of *Aeacus* [p. 522], our fathers, are both still alive, men say, Peleus among his Myrmidons. Their death indeed would grieve us deeply. Or do you weep for the Argives, dying by the hollow ships, because of their presumption? Say, now! Don’t keep it to yourself: let us both know.’

Then Patroclus, great horseman, you groaned heavily in reply: ‘Achilles, son of Peleus, mightiest of the Greeks, restrain your indignation now great sorrow is come upon them. All our best men lie by the ships wounded by arrow or spear thrust: *Diomedes* [p. 590], *Tydeus’* [p. 737] great son, *Odysseus* [p. 671], the famous spearman, *Agamemnon* [p. 528] too, and *Eurypylos* [p. 608] with an arrow in the thigh. The healers, skilled in the use of herbs, are busy trying to cure their wounds, while you, Achilles, remain intractable. May such anger never possess me as grips you, you whose useless valour only does harm to all. How will posterity benefit, if you fail to save the Argives from ruin? Pitiless man, you are no son it seems of *Thetis* [p. 730] or the horseman Peleus, rather the grey sea and the stony cliffs bore you, with

heart of granite. If in your mind perhaps some prophecy deters you, some word of Zeus your divine mother relayed, then at least let me take the field now, leading the ranks of Myrmidons, so I may be a saving light to the Danaans. And let me borrow that armour of yours, so the Trojans might take me for you and thus break off the battle. Then the warrior sons of Achaea, in their exhaustion, may win a breathing space: there are few such chances in war. We who are fresh might easily drive a weary enemy back to their city from the ships and huts.'

So Patroclus made his request, fool that he was, for his own doom and an evil death were the certain answer to his prayer. Fleet-footed Achilles, answered passionately: 'Ah, Zeus-born Patroclus, what words are these! I know nothing of any prophecy, nor has my divine mother relayed any word from Zeus, my heart is simply gripped with deadly grief, because a man has chosen to rob his equal, and snatch his prize, given the power. A deadly grief: and my heart has suffered deeply. The girl the Achaeans chose for me as prize, the girl I won with my spear when I took her walled city, Lord Agamemnon snatches from my arms, as though I were some exile without rights. But let us call all that past and done. It seems my anger wasn't fated to last forever. I said indeed it would end when the sound of battle echoed about my ships. So then, now that a dark cloud of Trojans hems in the ships so closely, and we Greeks, confined to a narrow space, have nothing left at our backs but the shore, clad your shoulders in my glorious armour, and lead my Myrmidons, who love a fight, to battle. It seems the whole of Troy attacks us fearlessly, now they can see no sign of my helm, its visor gleaming in their faces. They would soon fill the river-beds with their dead, and not be warring round our camp, if Agamemnon were but warm towards me. It is not some spear in Diomedes' hands will save the Greeks from ruin, nor that hateful voice, I fail to hear, of Atreus' son, shouting his head off. It is man-slaying Hector's call that rings in my ears as he urges on his Trojans, their cries that fill the plain, and they who conquer the Greeks in battle. Yet you must take the fight to them, and save the fleet from ruin, Patroclus, for our means of escape is lost once they set fire to the ships. Listen while I give you my advice, and you can win glory for me, and recompense from these Danaans, the return of that lovely girl and fine gifts

as well. When you have driven them from the ships, come back to me. Even if *Hera's* [p. 624] lord, the Thunderer, grants you glory, don't press on against the battle-loving Trojans on your own: that will only lessen my chance of honours. In the heat of victory, as you lay about the Trojans in this fight, don't make for Ilium, lest a god from Olympus comes to join the fray, for *Apollo* [p. 547], the Far-Striker, loves them greatly. Return to me, when you have lit your light of deliverance among the ships, leave the rest to drive the enemy over the plain. By Father Zeus, *Athene* [p. 559] and Apollo, I wish the Trojans death to a man and the Argives likewise, and that we two might survive the ruin, to pry loose Troy's holy diadem.'

BK XVI:101-154 PATROCLUS ARMS AS THE SHIPS BURN



As they spoke, *Ajax* [p. 532] was forced to retreat in a shower of missiles. He was conquered by Zeus' will, and the efforts of the brave Trojans. The gleaming helm on his head rang, as its flanges took the blows time after time, and his left shoulder ached from swinging his glittering shield, though even the hail of missiles failed to beat it down. He gasped for breath, and sweat streamed from his limbs, unable to pause for rest, as savage attack followed attack from every side.

Tell me now, *Muses* [p. 662], you who live on *Olympus* [p. 675], how the Achaean ships were first set on fire.


Hector [p. 617] charged at Ajax and struck with his long sword at the ash pole near the socket at the top, shearing the head away, and leaving Telamonian Ajax brandishing a useless pike, its bronze blade clanging to the ground far away. Ajax shuddered deep in his mighty heart at the gods' actions, and knew that *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer, on high, intent on Trojan victory, was bringing all their battle plans to naught. So he fell back out of range, then the Trojans threw blazing brands into the swift ship, and a stream of living flame instantly engulfed it.

Now, as fire took the ship's stern at last, *Achilles* [p. 517] struck his thigh and turned to *Patroclus* [p. 684]: 'Up, Zeus-born Patroclus, Master of the Horse, I see a glare of flame by the ships. They must not take them, and cut off our retreat! Arm fast as you can, and gather the men.'

At his words, Patroclus began to clad himself in gleaming bronze. First he clasped the shining greaves, with silver ankle-pieces, about his legs. Next he strapped Achilles' ornate breastplate round his chest, richly worked and decorated with stars. Over his shoulder he hung the bronze sword with its silver studs, and then the great thick shield. On his strong head he set the fine horse-hair crested helm, its plume nodding menacingly. Lastly he grasped two stout spears that suited his grip, though not peerless Achilles' own great, long, and heavy spear that alone among the Achaeans he could wield, that spear of ash from *Pelion's* [p. 689] summit that *Cheiron* [p. 575] gave to the warrior's dear father *Peleus* [p. 688], for the killing of men.

Then *Automedon* [p. 563], whom he honoured most after Achilles, breaker of battle lines, and trusted most to keep within call in the fight, was ordered to harness the horses quickly. Automedon led Achilles' fleet-footed pair beneath the yoke, *Xanthus* [p. 738] and *Balius* [p. 565], swift as the wind, whom *Podarge* [p. 701] the Harpy, grazing a meadow beside Ocean's Stream, conceived with the West Wind. In a side-trace too he harnessed peerless *Pedasus* [p. 686], whom Achilles drove off when he took *Eëtion's* [p. 596] city. Pedasus though mortal still kept pace with those immortal.

BK XVI:155-209 ACHILLES SENDS OUT THE MYRMIDONS

eanwhile *Achilles* [p. 517] made his round of the huts and called all the Myrmidons to arms. They gathered like a pack of ravening wolves filled with indescribable fury, like mountain wolves that have brought down a stag with full antlers, and rend it with blood-stained jaws then go in a mass to drink, lapping the dark water with slender

tongues, dripping blood and gore, the hearts in their chests beating strong and their bellies gorged. So the captains and generals of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] surged around *Patroclus* [p. 684], while Achilles stood among them, marshalling charioteers and infantry.

Fifty were the swift ships Zeus-beloved Achilles led to Troy, with fifty men, his comrades, to man the oars. And five leaders he charged with issuing orders, he being supreme commander. The first company *Menesthius* [p. 657] led, he of the gleaming breastplate, the son of the river-god *Spercheus* [p. 721]. Lovely *Polydora* [p. 703], *Peleus'* [p. 688] daughter, bore him, a mortal woman who lay with the ceaseless stream, but in name he was the son of *Borus* [p. 567], *Perieres'* [p. 691] son, who married her freely and gave a handsome dowry.

The second Company warlike *Eudorus* [p. 606] commanded. His mother too, *Polymele* [p. 703], a fine dancer, daughter of *Phylas* [p. 699], bore him out of wedlock. Great *Hermes* [p. 626], the Slayer of *Argus* [p. 553], fell for her when she caught his eye, among the choir of girls on the dancing floor of *Artemis* [p. 555], goddess of golden arrows and the sounding hunt. Hermes the Helper took her swiftly to her chamber and lay with her secretly. She bore him this glorious son, Eudorus, finest of runners and fighters. But when *Eileithyia* [p. 597], goddess of childbirth, brought him into the world, and at last he saw the light, *Echeclus* [p. 595], son of *Actor* [p. 521], powerful and steadfast, paid a vast bride-price and led her home. There her old father Phylas cherished and nurtured the child tenderly, loving him dearly as if he were his son.

Warlike *Peisander* [p. 687], son of *Maemalus* [p. 651], led the third company, the best spearman next to Patroclus among the Myrmidons. The old charioteer *Phoenix* [p. 696] led the fourth, and *Alcimedon* [p. 536] the fifth, the peerless son of *Laerces* [p. 642].

When Achilles had marshalled them, under their leaders, in their separate companies, he gave them this stern injunction: ‘Myrmidons let none forget the threats with which you menaced the Trojans, while in my wrath I kept you here by the ships. You all accused me, saying: “Harsh son of Peleus, your mother nursed you on bile, pitiless man, keeping your comrades idle here, against their will. Since your heart is filled by this

wretched anger, let us take to the ships and sail home again.” That was how you reviled me in your gatherings. Well now the work of war is upon you, such as in past days at least you loved. So, let each man find his courage, and fight against these Trojans.’

BK XVI:210-256 ACHILLES PRAYS TO ZEUS

His words roused their bravery and their strength, and they dressed ranks more closely as their prince addressed them. Like the close-set stones in the high wall of a house, fitted tightly to defend it from the wind’s power, so their helms and bossed shields were ranked, shield to shield, helm to helm, man by man, so tightly packed that as they moved their heads, the horsehair crests on their gleaming helmet ridges touched together. Then *Patroclus* [p. 684] and *Automedon* [p. 563], like-minded warriors, posted themselves at the head of the Myrmidons, ready to do battle.


Now *Achilles* [p. 517] left them, and went to his hut. There he opened the lid of a fine ornate chest that silver-footed *Thetis* [p. 730] had placed aboard his ship, filled to the top with thick wool rugs, tunics, and cloaks to keep off the wind. He kept a beautifully fashioned cup inside it, from which no other man was allowed to drink, which he used for libations to Zeus alone. He took it from the chest, cleaned it with a sulphur mix, then washed it and his hands in clear water, and filled it with red wine. Standing in the middle of the courtyard, he poured the wine on the ground, gazed at the heavens, and prayed to *Zeus* [p. 739] the Thunderer who listened: ‘*Pelasgian* [p. 688] Lord Zeus, who live far off, ruler of wintry *Dodona* [p. 592], surrounded there by your *Elloi* [p. 718], priests and interpreters with unwashed feet, who sleep on the ground, you who have heard me before when I prayed, who have honoured me by striking hard at the Greek army, fulfil my prayer now. I will stay here by the beached ships, but I am sending my friend with a host of Myrmidons to war. Grant him glory, far-echoing Zeus, and fill his heart

with courage, so that Hector may know my companion's skill in war, that his invincibility does not depend on my presence in the field. And when he has rid the ships of the foe and their battle-cries, let him return to the ships resplendent in my armour, he and his men unscathed by the close combat.'

So he prayed, and Zeus the Counsellor listened. One wish the Father granted, but the other he denied. Patroclus would indeed drive the enemy from the ships, ending their attack, but would not return safe from that battle.

When Achilles had finished the libation and his prayer to Father Zeus, he returned to his tent and shut away the cup in its chest, then took up a vantage point before his hut, keen to gaze on that fatal conflict between the Greeks and Trojans.

BK XVI:257-350 PATROCLUS TAKES THE FIELD

ut the host of men ranked behind brave *Patroclus* [p. 684] marched out, full of confidence, to attack the Trojans, like a horde of wasps that foolish boys will stir to anger, poking the roadside nest, causing a public nuisance, since some passer-by may then rouse them unwittingly, and out they fly in a valiant swarm to defend their larvae. With the same courageous spirit the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] flowed from the ships, and with ceaseless cries. And Patroclus shouted loudly to them all: 'Myrmidons, warriors of *Achilles* [p. 517], be men, my friends, and fill your minds with furious courage, so we may win glory for the son of Peleus, greatest of the Argives beside the ships, and for his men who fight at close quarters, the pick of the army; and so the son of Atreus, imperial *Agamemnon* [p. 528], may acknowledge his great blindness in failing to honour the best of all the Greeks.'



‘Achilles honours Zeus’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With this, he put heart and strength into every man, and they launched themselves in a mass at the Trojans, so that the ships echoed to the shouts of the Achaeans. And when the Trojans saw Patroclus and his charioteer in all their shining armour, they thought swift-footed Achilles had ended his quarrel by the ships, and now was reconciled; their hearts sank, and their line began to waver, and each man looked round anxiously to find a path of escape from utter ruin.

Patroclus it was who hurled the first glittering spear, right into the centre of the throng milling around the stern of brave *Protesilaus*'^[p. 708] ship, striking *Pyraechmes* ^[p. 711], who had led his *Paeonian* ^[p. 680] horse-lords from *Amydon* ^[p. 541] and the banks of the broad *Axius* ^[p. 564]. He found the right shoulder, and backward Pyraechmes tumbled in the dust with a loud groan, while around him his comrades fled in panic, now Patroclus had killed their leader and champion. Sweeping them from the stern, the Greeks put out the fire, leaving the half-burnt vessel behind as they drove the Trojans in rout among the hollow ships, while the cries rose up to heaven.

As Zeus the Lightning-Gatherer drives dense cloud from the high summit of some great mountain, such that craggy peaks and lofty headlands with all their glades spring into view, and the sky grows clear to its very depths; so the Danaans drove the cloud of smoke and flame from their ships, and breathed more freely. Yet the battle continued, for the black ships were not yet purged of the Trojans, who still showed resistance, and gave ground to the Greeks, beloved of Ares, only when they must.

Then the Greek leaders each killed his man as the Trojan force was scattered. Mighty Patroclus pierced *Areilycus* ^[p. 551] in the thigh with a throw of his spear as he turned to run, driving the point clean through, so the bronze shattered the bone and Areilycus fell face-forwards on the ground. Warlike *Menelaus* ^[p. 655] thrust at *Thoas* ^[p. 731] and hit him in the chest, where the shield failed to protect him, loosening his limbs. *Meges* ^[p. 654] was too quick for the charging *Amphiclus* ^[p. 539], striking through the thigh, where the muscle is densest, the spear-point tearing the sinews, and darkness shrouded his eyes. *Nestor's* ^[p. 667] son, *Antilochus* ^[p. 544], caught *Atymnius* ^[p. 562] with his spear's keen blade, driving the bronze tip through his flank so he

toppled forward. But *Maris* [p. 652], nearby, angered by his brother's death, charged at Antilochus with his spear, and straddled the corpse. Yet a second son of Nestor, godlike *Thrasymedes* [p. 732], before his enemy could thrust, struck him deftly in the shoulder. The spear-blade sheared the ligaments at the base of the arm, and smashed the bone. He fell with a thud and darkness clouded his eyes. So these two brothers, vanquished by two, went down to *Erebus* [p. 603]. Spearmen they were, noble friends of *Sarpedon* [p. 714], sons of *Amisodarus* [p. 539]: he who reared the monstrous *Chimaera* [p. 575] that brought grief to many a man.

Ajax [p. 534] the Lesser, son of Oileus, too leapt into the throng where *Cleobolus* [p. 578] was impeded, taking him alive but swiftly ending his struggles with a blow to the neck from his sword. Its blade ran hot with blood, and over Cleobolus' eyes fell the darkness of death and unyielding fate.

Next *Peneleos* [p. 690] met with *Lycos* [p. 649], after their spear throws failed, both hurling them in vain, now clashing instead with swords. Lycos swung at the helmet ridge with its horsehair crest, shattering his sword at the hilt. But Peneleos struck at the neck beneath the ear, and the blade sliced through, leaving the head hanging to one side, held only by a piece of skin, as Lycos fell.

Meriones [p. 658], running swiftly, overtook *Acamas* [p. 516], wounding him in the right shoulder as he mounted his chariot. He fell to the ground and a mist veiled his eyes. *Idomeneus* [p. 636] too, with the merciless bronze, thrust at *Erymas* [p. 604], struck him in the mouth so the spear passed clean through the skull, below the brain, and shattered the white bone, smashing the teeth, filling the eyes with blood. And blood spurted from nostrils and gaping mouth, as death's black cloud enfolded him.

BK XVI:351-425 PATROCLUS ROUTS THE TROJANS



o each of these Danaans killed his man, and the Greeks harried the Trojans, like hungry wolves battenning on lambs or kids, snatching the young and weak from the hill-flock that some foolish shepherd allowed to scatter. The Trojans lost all heart, and took to tumultuous retreat.

Now mighty *Ajax* [p. 532] was keen as ever to hurl a spear at bronze-clad *Hector* [p. 617], but the Trojan leader, skilled in war, his broad shoulders protected by his ox-hide shield, watched the whirring arrows and hurtling spears pass by. He knew the tide of battle was turning, but held on, anxious to save his loyal men.

Like a dark cloud from Olympus, when Zeus whips up a storm, that sails through the bright air to shroud the sky, so the noise of the Trojan rout spread from the ships, and they crossed the trench again in confusion. And now Hector was carried from the field, weapons and all, by his swift-footed team, leaving those trapped at the trench with no means of escape, the trench where many a pair of swift war-horses shattered the pole and left their master's chariot behind.

Patroclus [p. 684], slaughter in his heart, chased them down, calling fiercely to his Danaans, while the Trojans, their lines broken, filled the ways in tumultuous flight. A cloud of dust rose to the sky, as the straining horses sped towards the city from the ships and huts. Wherever he saw knots of men fleeing, Patroclus headed them off with a cry, others falling headlong from overturned chariots beneath his axle-trees. Those swift immortal horses the gods gave as a splendid gift to *Peleus* [p. 688] charged on and leapt the trench at a bound, as Patroclus' heart urged him on towards Hector, but the Trojan leader's team was swift and had carried him from the field. The rushing sound of the host of Trojan horses as they fled was like the mighty

roar of the raging torrents that score the hillsides, as they race from the mountains to the sea laying waste the fields, when some tempest strikes the black earth in harvest time and Zeus sends violent rain, in anger against those who deliver corrupt judgements in free assembly, careless of divine vengeance and void of all justice.

Patroclus had now cut off the leading companies and pushed them back towards the ships denying them a path to the city in their panic. Between the ships, the high wall, and the river, he put them to the slaughter, avenging many a dead Danaan. There he killed *Pronous* [p. 708] first with a throw of his bright spear, taking him in the chest exposed by his shield, and loosening his limbs so he fell with a thud. Then he rushed at *Thestor* [p. 729], son of *Enops* [p. 599], who crouched in his gleaming chariot, his mind and senses lost, and the reins slipped from his hands. Patroclus struck him on the right of his jaw with the spear, driving it past the teeth, and pulling its shaft back dragged him over the chariot's rim, like a man astride a jutting rock landing a mighty fish hooked on the end of his line. He hauled him from the chariot, gaping on the end of his spear then dropped him on his face as his life fled. Next, facing *Erylaus's* [p. 604] attack, Patroclus hurled a rock that landed square on his head and split the skull apart in its heavy helmet so that the man fell prone on the ground, and death that devours the spirit cloaked him. Then, one after another, he left men dead on the black earth, *Erymas* [p. 605], *Amphoterus* [p. 541], and *Epaltes* [p. 601], *Tlepolemus* [p. 735] son of *Damastor* [p. 585], *Echius* [p. 596], *Pyris* [p. 711], *Ipheus* [p. 638], *Euippus* [p. 606], and *Polymelus* [p. 704] son of *Argeas* [p. 552].

When *Sarpedon* [p. 714] saw his belt-less *Lycians* [p. 648] fall at the hands of Patroclus, he called out to the rest in reproach: 'Shame on you, Lycians, where are you off to? Run then, quickly, while I face this fellow, and find out who it is that conquers all and hurts us so, killing so many of our noblest.'

BK XVI:426-507 THE DEATH OF SARPEDON



So saying, he leapt fully armed from his chariot, and *Patroclus* [p. 684] seeing him do so did likewise. With loud cries, they attacked each other, like raucous vultures, fighting with curved beak and crooked talon on some high crag.

Zeus [p. 739], gazing down on them, felt pity, and spoke to *Hera* [p. 624] his sister-wife: ‘Alas that *Sarpedon* [p. 714], so dear to me, is fated to die at the hands of Patroclus! Even now I am undecided, whether to snatch him up and set him down alive in his rich land of *Lycia* [p. 648], far from this sad war, or allow him to fall to this son of *Menoetius* [p. 657].’

‘Dread son of Cronos,’ ox-eyed Queen Hera replied, ‘what do you mean? Are you willing to save a mortal from the pains of death, one long since doomed by fate? Do so, but don’t expect the rest of us to approve. And think hard about this fact too. If you send Sarpedon home alive, why should some other god not do the same for their dear son, and save him from the thick of war? Many who fight before Priam’s great city are children of immortals, and those divinities will resent it deeply. If he’s so dear to you, and it grieves your heart, let Patroclus defeat him in mortal combat, but after his spirit has departed, send *Death* [p. 727] and sweet *Sleep* [p. 631] to bear him away to the broad land of Lycia, where his brothers and all his kin may mark his resting place with barrow and pillar, a privilege of the dead.’

The Father of men and gods accepted her advice, but he sent a shower of blood-red raindrops to the earth, to honour his beloved son whom Patroclus would slay in the fertile land of Troy, far from his native realm.

Now, as the two warriors came face to face, Patroclus struck noble *Thrasymelus* [p. 733], Sarpedon’s brave squire, piercing his lower belly, and loosening his limbs. But Sarpedon’s reply went astray, his gleaming spear

striking the horse *Pedasus* [p. 686] on its right shoulder, and the horse cried out in pain breathing its last, and fell in the dust with a great sigh as it gave up its life. The other two horses pulled away, the yoke creaking with the strain, their reins entangled with the trace horse in the dust. But *Automedon* [p. 563], the noted spearman, found an answer. Leaping down, and drawing the long sword from beside his sturdy thigh, he cut the trace horse loose in a moment. The other pair righted themselves, and tugged again at the harness, as the two men resumed their deadly duel.

Again Sarpedon's bright spear missed, the blade passing over Patroclus' left shoulder, leaving the man unscathed. But Patroclus hurled his bronze, in turn, and the spear sped from his hand and not in vain, striking Sarpedon where the ribs press on the beating heart. He fell as an oak, a poplar or lofty pine falls in the mountains, downed by the shipwrights with sharp axes as timbers for a ship. Down he tumbled, and lay stretched out at his horses' feet, groaning and clutching the blood-stained dust before his chariot. There, struggling with death, the leader of the Lycian shieldmen, straddled by Patroclus, called out to his dear comrade: 'Glaucus, my friend, warrior of warriors, now you must wield the spear and battle bravely; now if you truly have fight in you, let dread war be your aim. First go and rouse the Lycian leaders to battle now over Sarpedon. And you yourself must defend me with your spear. If the Greeks strip me of my armour, here where I fall close to the ships, then it will be a reproach and a cause of shame to you through all your days. Hold your ground with courage, and urge on the men.'

As he spoke death descended over his mouth and eyes, and Patroclus set his foot on his chest, and drew the spear from the flesh, the whole midriff yielding with it, releasing the point of the blade and Sarpedon's spirit, while the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] held the panting horses, the creatures eager to flee now the chariots lacked their masters.

BK XVI:508-568 GLAUCUS ROUSES THE LYCIANS AND TROJANS

Deep sorrow gripped *Glaucus* [p. 611] on hearing *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] call: his heart was pained seeing no way to help him. Distressed by the arrow-wound that *Tencer* [p. 725], fighting for his comrades' lives, had dealt him, as he charged the Achaean wall, he gripped his damaged arm with his other hand. He prayed though to *Apollo* [p. 547], the Far-Striker: 'Lord, hear me wherever you are, in *Lycia's* [p. 648] rich land perhaps or even here in Troy, for you always hear a man in sorrow, as I sorrow now. The wound I have is grievous, my arm a mass of pain; the blood will not clot, the shoulder is numb. I can't grip my spear to fight to the enemy. And Sarpedon, son of Zeus, the best of us is gone, for Zeus cannot even save his own child. Heal me of this foul wound, Lord Apollo, ease my pain, give me the strength to rally my Lycians, rouse their courage, and fight over the body of the fallen.'

So he prayed, and Apollo heard, quelling the pain, clotting the black blood flowing from the deep wound, and filling his heart with courage. Glaucus recognised immortal aid, glad of the god's swift answer. He ran to rally the Lycians, and urge them to fight for Sarpedon's corpse, then sought the Trojan leaders, *Polydamas* [p. 702], son of *Panthous* [p. 682], noble *Agenor* [p. 531], *Aeneas* [p. 524] and bronze-clad *Hector* [p. 617]. He found the latter and addressed him with winged words: 'Hector, you forget your allies now, we who are spending our lives for you, far from our friends and our native land. You give not a thought to their protection. Sarpedon has fallen, chief of the Lycian shield-men, the strong and just defender of Lycia. Bronze-clad Ares has brought him down at the point of *Patroclus's* [p. 684] spear. Take your stand, beside his body, friends, dread the breath of shame if the Myrmidons, in anger over those Danaan dead we slew with our spears by the swift ships, strip him of his armour and desecrate his corpse.'

The Trojans were gripped by a deep intolerable sorrow, for Sarpedon though from a far country was a mainstay of their army, as much for his eminence in warfare as for the host of men he brought with him. Hector, in his anger, took the lead as they charged savagely towards the Greeks. But brave Patroclus, son of Menoetius, spurred the Achaeans on. He called to the *Aiantes* [p. 532], both already filled with zeal: ‘Now, my lords, drive off the foe, and prove as brave as ever, no, braver still. Sarpedon, who breached our wall, is dead. Let’s take the corpse, strip it of its armour, mangle the flesh and slay with the merciless bronze any of his friends who try to save it.’

He spoke to the willing. Then both sides, strengthening their numbers, met in battle with a mighty roar, the Trojans and Lycians, the Myrmidons and Achaeans, fighting over the body of the fallen, their battle gear clanging. And *Zeus* [p. 739] wrapped the fog of war about the fierce conflict, so that the vicious toils of battle might wreath his dear dead son.’

BK XVI:569-683 THE FIGHT OVER SARPEDON’S BODY



At first the Trojans repelled the fierce Achaeans, killing one of the best of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] noble *Epeigeus* [p. 601], son of brave *Agacles* [p. 528]. He had been king in populous *Budeum* [p. 568], but having killed a noble kinsman had found sanctuary with *Peleus* [p. 688] and silver-footed *Thetis* [p. 730]. They sent him with *Achilles* [p. 517], breaker of battle lines, to horse-taming Troy to fight against the Trojans. He had just laid hands on the body when glorious *Hector* [p. 617] struck him on the head with a stone, shattering the skull inside the heavy helm, so he fell, face down, on the corpse, and death that takes the spirit embraced him. Then *Patroclus* [p. 684] was plunged in grief for his dead friend, and he swept through the front line swift as the falcon that scatters jackdaws and starlings. Straight at the Lycians and Trojans, you flew, Patroclus, master horseman, your heart filled with wrath at your comrade’s death. *Sthenelaus* [p. 721], he killed, dear son

of *Ithaemenes* [p. 641], striking his neck with a stone, tearing the sinews, and the front line led by glorious Hector gave ground. As far as a man, trialling his strength perhaps or attacked by bloodthirsty foes in battle, can hurl a long javelin the Trojans withdrew before the Achaean advance. Then *Glaucus* [p. 611], leading the *Lycian* [p. 648] shield-men, turned and killed bold *Bathycles* [p. 565], beloved son of *Chalcon* [p. 574], who lived in *Hellas* [p. 622], first among Myrmidons in wealth and land. Glaucus, spinning round on him as Bathycles tried to overtake him, struck the man deep in the chest with a blow of his spear. He fell with a thud, and the Greeks were overcome with grief at the fall of a worthy warrior, while the Trojans rejoiced, and ran in to surround the corpse.

But the Achaeans, full of courage still, advanced towards their foe. *Meriones* [p. 658] it was who killed *Laogonus* [p. 643], brave son of *Onetor* [p. 675] the priest of Idaean Zeus, honoured by the people like a god. He struck the fully armoured warrior beneath the jaw by the ear, and his spirit fled from his body, and the hated dark descended. Then *Aeneas* [p. 524] replied hurling his bronze-tipped spear at Meriones hoping to catch him as he came forward covered himself with his shield. But Meriones was on the alert and avoided the missile, stooping low so the long spear fell to earth behind him, and fixed itself quivering in the ground until the mighty war-god stilled its fury. Aeneas enraged, shouted out angrily: ‘Meriones, fine dancer that you are, if that had struck your dancing days were done.’

And Meriones, the famous spearman, replied: ‘Aeneas, you may be strong, but even you can’t kill everyone who attacks you, not if they know how to defend themselves. You too are mortal, I think. If I aimed well enough with my keen spear, strong as you are and trusting in your strength, still the glory would soon be mine and you on your way to *Hades* [p. 614] the Horse Lord.’

At this, great Patroclus reproached him: ‘Meriones, fine warrior that you are, why waste time on words? Speeches, good friend, won’t drive the Trojans from *Sarpedon’s* [p. 714] body. The earth will take not a few of us before that moment comes, so less words and more action, the fate of this struggle is in our hands, keep your oratory for the council.’

With this, he led a charge, and godlike Meriones followed. Then the beaten earth sent up a din of bronze and leather, of solid shields, like the resounding echo of axe-men in the mountain glades, while the warriors thrust at one another with keen swords and double-edged spears. No friend of his would have known the face of noble Sarpedon, veiled as he was from head to foot by dust and gore and lost in a hail of missiles. Round the corpse the warriors swarmed, as flies in the farmyard hum round the brimming pails, at milking time in spring. And *Zeus* [p. 739] fixed his gleaming eye on the desperate conflict, gazing down and reflecting on Patroclus' fate, whether as they struggled over godlike Sarpedon noble Hector should kill him with his sword, and strip the armour from him, or whether more men should die first, in the toils of battle. And in the end he thought it best that Achilles' powerful comrade should drive bronze-clad Hector and the Trojans further towards the city, while wreaking greater havoc.

First he stirred Hector to sorry flight. He leapt to his chariot and calling to the Trojans led the rout, knowing that *Zeus* had tipped the sacred balance against them. Then the brave Lycians yielded ground, and they too were driven off, having seen their king struck to the heart, and left among the dead, for many had fallen there as the son of *Cronos* tightened the net of that vicious conflict. From Sarpedon's shoulders the Greeks stripped the gleaming bronze armour, and bold Patroclus left his men to bear it back to the hollow ships.

Now it was that *Zeus*, the Cloud Gatherer, called to *Apollo* [p. 547]: 'Dear *Phoebus*, go now and carry Sarpedon out of range of the battle, and cleanse the black blood from his body, then lift him to some distant place, bathe him in running water, anoint him with ambrosia, clothe him in imperishable garments, and give him to those twin brothers Sleep and Death, who bear men swiftly away. They will soon set him down in the broad rich lands of Lycia. There his brothers and all his kin will bury him beneath barrow and pillar, since the dead are owed that privilege.'

Apollo promptly obeyed his father’s words, speeding towards the sound of bitter conflict from the heights of Ida. At once he bore noble Sarpedon far from the war, bathed, anointed and clothed him, and gave him over to *Sleep* [p. 631] and *Death* [p. 727] to carry to the broad rich Lycian lands.

BK XVI:684-725 APOLLO DIRECTS THE FIGHT BEFORE THE CITY



P*atroclus* [p. 684], now, ordered *Automedon* [p. 563] to whip the horses on in pursuit of the Trojans and Lycians, in a fit of blind foolishness! Had he obeyed *Achilles’* [p. 517] advice he’d have escaped dark death, and an evil fate, but the will of *Zeus* [p. 739] is greater than man’s will, and even a brave man he may readily cause to panic, robbing him of glory, and just as readily inspire a man to fight. He it was who now filled Patroclus with rashness.

Who then was the first to fall to you, Patroclus, and who the last, when the gods drew you to your death? The first were *Adrastus* [p. 522]; *Autonous* [p. 564], *Echeclus* [p. 595], *Perimus* [p. 691] son of *Megas* [p. 654], *Epistor* [p. 602], *Melanippus* [p. 654], *Elasus* [p. 597], *Mulius* [p. 662], and *Pylartes* [p. 710]. These were the first he killed and the rest thought only of flight.

Then the sons of Achaea would have captured Troy of the lofty gates, behind the wide-ranging spear of fierce Patroclus, if Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] has not mounted the high wall to aid the Trojans and seek the warrior’s ruin. Three times Patroclus scaled an angle of the lofty wall, and three times Apollo hurled him down, his immortal hands thrusting away his glittering shield. And when, as if possessed, he mounted yet a fourth time Apollo checked him with a dreadful cry: ‘Withdraw, Zeus-born Patroclus, I say your spear is not fated to capture noble Troy, nor is that of your master Achilles!’

At this, Patroclus fell back a goodly distance, to avoid Apollo the Far-Striker's wrath.

Meanwhile *Hector* [p. 617] had reined in his horses at the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate, unsure whether to wheel them back into the conflict, and fight, or order his men back behind the walls. While he debated Phoebus Apollo appeared, in the strong and active figure of *Asius* [p. 556], brother to *Hecabe* [p. 616] and horse-taming Hector's uncle. He was the son of *Dymas* [p. 594] the Phrygian, who lived beside the *Sangarius* [p. 714]. So disguised, Apollo, the son of Zeus, addressed him: 'Why have you left the field, Hector? You should be there. I wish I were stronger again than you as I am weaker, and I'd teach you not to shirk your duty. Come now, hunt down Patroclus with that splendid team, and hope with Apollo's help to kill him and win glory.'

BK XVI:726-776 THE FIGHT OVER CEBRIONES' BODY



With this, the god returned to the field of battle, while *Hector* [p. 617] turned to warlike *Cebriones* [p. 573] and ordered him to whip up the horses. Now *Apollo* [p. 547], in the midst brought blind panic on the Argives, and paved the way for Hector and the Trojans. The rest of the Greeks Hector left alone, making no efforts to attack them, instead, with his powerful team, chasing down *Patroclus* [p. 684]. Patroclus at bay leapt from his chariot, his spear in his left hand, a large jagged gleaming stone clutched in his right. Planting his feet firmly, his fear of his foe swiftly dispelled, he hurled it with perfect aim, and struck Hector's charioteer, *Cebriones*, a natural son of great *Priam* [p. 706], in the forehead, as he grasped the reins. The stone crushed his brow, shattering the bone, and his eyeballs fell in the dust at his feet. He plunged like a diver from the sturdy chariot, and his spirit fled his bones. Then Patroclus, tamer of horses, how you mocked him: 'There, what an acrobat, how skilfully he dives! So perfectly executed he'd do a fine job aboard ship, fishing oysters from teeming depths, despite the weather. The Trojans it seems make good divers too.'

With this he flung himself at the dead warrior, like a lion wounded in the chest while ravaging a farm, a victim of its own daring. So you leapt for Cebriones, Patroclus.

For his part, Hector too leapt from his chariot, and the two fought over the corpse, like mountain lions on the heights struggling over a hind, each as ravenous and spirited as the other. Over Cebriones, those two of the loud war-cry, Hector and Patroclus, tried eagerly to pierce each other's flesh with the merciless bronze.

Hector grasped the body by its head, and held on tight, while Patroclus gripped the feet as hard, and round them the Greeks and Trojans swirled in mighty combat. Like the East and South winds, buffeting each other, shaking the depths of some mountain glade, whirling long boughs of beech and ash and smooth-barked cornel together, with a vast roar and the crack of breaking branches, so the Greeks and Trojans battered and slew each other, with never a thought on either side of yielding. A host of sharp spears bristled in the earth round Cebriones, and a host of feathered arrows sent twanging from the bow, while huge stones bounced from the shields of the struggling men. But he lay in the dust, sublime in his great fall, no longer mindful of his horsemanship.

BK XVI:777-867 THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS



So long as the sun was high in the sky, the volleys of missiles found their mark, and men fell, but when it sank low at that hour when ploughmen unyoke their oxen, the Greeks proved masters of their fate. They dragged *Cebriones*' ^[p. 573] corpse away from the Trojans and, beyond the clash of arms, stripped it of its armour. Then *Patroclus* ^[p. 684] was minded to destroy the Trojans. Three times that peer of swift Ares attacked them, shouting his dread war-cry, and each time killed nine men. But when, like a god, you charged at them again, Patroclus, then your fate loomed in sight. For *Apollo* ^[p. 547] met you, terrible in combat.

Apollo advanced, veiled in a dense mist, invisible to Patroclus in the tumult, stood behind him and struck him in the back with the flat of his hand. The warrior's vision spun, as Apollo knocked the helmet from his head, sending it under the horses' feet with a clang, and the plumes on its crest were streaked with blood and dust. The gods had never allowed it to be fouled till then, that horsehair-plumed helmet that protected the godlike brow and head of *Achilles* [p. 517]: now Zeus let Hector wear it for a while, since death was nearing him too.

The long-shadowed spear, thick, heavy and strong, and tipped with bronze, in Patroclus' hands was wholly shattered, the tasselled shield on its strap fell to the ground, and that blow from Lord Apollo, son of Zeus, had loosened the breastplate. Then Patroclus' mind was dimmed, his noble limbs were slack beneath him, and dazed he stood there. A *Dardanian* [p. 585], *Panbous'* [p. 682] son *Euphorbus* [p. 607], the best spearman, horseman and runner of his generation, who had brought down twenty charioteers in this his apprenticeship in war, now cast his sharp spear and struck Patroclus in the back between the shoulders. He was first to hurl his spear, not killing you, horse-tamer Patroclus, but pulling the ash spear from your flesh and running back into the throng, fearing to stand and fight you, unarmed now though you were. And Patroclus, stunned by the god's blow and Euphorbus' spear, retreated into the Myrmidon ranks, dodging fate.

But *Hector* [p. 617], seeing brave Patroclus withdraw, struck by the blade, made his way to him through the ranks, and drove at him with his spear, piercing the lower belly and ramming the point home. Patroclus fell with a thud, to the grievous sorrow of the Achaean army. As a lion in the high mountains may fight with a tireless wild boar over a trickling stream from which both seek to drink, and conquers his panting enemy by strength alone, so Hector, Priam's son, overcame the valiant son of *Menoetius* [p. 657], who himself had killed so many men, and striking him close at hand with his spear robbed him of his life. Then straddling him, he shouted in victory: 'I think you boasted you'd sack our city, Patroclus, take our women captive, sail with them to your native land. How foolish! Hector and his swift horses are here to fight for them, Hector the finest spearman among the warlike

Trojans, I who shield them from the day of doom, while as for you, the vultures shall have you. Even Achilles, with all his valour, could not save you, wretched man, though I don't doubt he told you as you left, for he chose to stay: "Patroclus, master horseman, don't return to the hollow ships till you've pierced the tunic at man-killing Hector's chest and drenched it in his blood." No doubt that's what he said, and you in your madness though it would be so.'

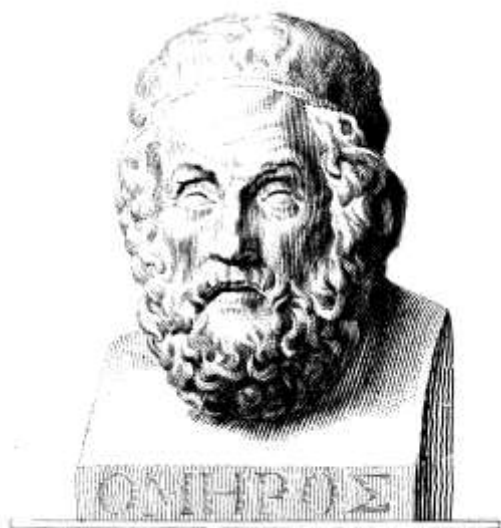
But though your strength was ebbing fast, horse-taming Patroclus, yet you answered: 'Boast, while you can, Hector, for Zeus and Apollo it was who gave you victory. They conquered me: they stripped the armour from my shoulders. If twenty men like you had faced me alone, all would have died at the point of my spear. But *Fate* [p. 610] the destroyer and Apollo, *Leto's* [p. 646] son, have conquered: only then came Euphorbus the mortal, while you are but the third to claim my life. This I tell you: and go brood upon it. You indeed have only a little while to live, even now death approaches and your fixed destiny, to fall at the hands of Achilles, peerless scion of *Aeacus* [p. 522].'

With these words death took him, and his spirit, loosed from his limbs, fled down to Hades, bemoaning its fate and leaving youth and manhood behind. But dead though he was, noble Hector still replied: 'Patroclus, what makes you so sure of my swift destruction? Who knows but Achilles, son of fair-haired *Thetis* [p. 730], may be struck by my spear first, and lose his life?'

With this, he planted his heel on the warrior's body, drew the spear from the wound, and thrust the corpse away, to fall on its back. Then he launched himself with the spear at *Automedon* [p. 563], godlike squire of fleet-footed Achilles, grandson of Aeacus. He was keen to strike him down, but the swift team swept Automedon away, those immortal steeds, the glorious gifts the gods gave *Pelex* [p. 688].

BOOK XVII - THE FIGHT FOR PATROCLUS' BODY

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BK XVII:1-81 MENELAUS KILLS EUPHORBUS



Menelaus [p. 655], son of *Atreus* [p. 561], dear to *Ares* [p. 551], was no sooner aware of *Patroclus*' [p. 684] loss to the Trojans than he thrust his way to the front, and pushing past the warriors clad in bright bronze, straddled the dead man as a heifer stands lowing plaintively over its first born calf. There, red-haired Menelaus stood grasping his handy round-shield and his spear, ready to kill any man who tried to seize the corpse.

Then *Euphorbus* [p. 607], who had watched peerless Patroclus die, approached with his ash spear, and called to Menelaus, beloved of Ares: ‘Zeus-nurtured son of Atreus, leader of armies, withdraw, forget this corpse and its blood-stained armour. I was the first, among these Trojans and their allies, to strike Patroclus with my spear in the thick of the fighting. Now grant me my fair fame among the Trojans, or I’ll hurl this weapon at you, and rob you of that life that seems sweet as honey.’

Red-haired Menelaus, deeply angered, replied: ‘Father Zeus, how vile, such arrogance as this! Leopards, lions, vicious wild boars the bravest of the brave among creatures, show less effrontery than these sons of *Panthous* [p. 682] with their ash spears! Yet *Hyperenor* [p. 631], the horse-tamer, had small profit from his youth, when he jeered at me and my attack, calling me the most contemptible of Danaans. He failed to make it home on his own two feet, I think, to bring joy to his dear wife and noble parents. Stand and face me and I’ll do for you, as well. Better be off though, and hide among the ranks, rather than do so, and come to harm. Even a fool knows trouble when it comes.’



‘Menelaus carries the body of Patroclus from the battlefield’

Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710



'Battle for the body of Patroclus' – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

But Euphorbus was undeterred by this, and answered: ‘Menelaus, ward of Zeus, you will pay the price now for my brother’s death, you boaster, you who made a widow of a new bride, and brought my parents untold pain and grief. Surely it will console them in their sorrow if I take your head and armour and place them in Panthous’ and lady *Phrontis*’ [p. 697] hands. The issue must not remain unresolved, whether our duel ends in flight or victory.’

So saying, he struck Menelaus on his firm round-shield, but its stout defence resisted deflecting the sharp point. Then Menelaus charged at him spear in hand, with a plea to Father Zeus; and as Euphorbus drew back stabbed him at the base of the throat, with all his weight behind the blow, trusting in his strength. Right through the tender neck the spear-blade passed, and Euphorbus fell with a thud, his armour clanging round him. His hair that was fine as the Graces’, the locks braided with gold and silver thread, was drenched in blood. Like a mighty gust of wind in some lonely place that uproots a fine olive sapling, a tall upstanding one that its planter set in a moist hollow, that quivered in every breeze and burst into white blossom, and lays it low on the ground, so did Menelaus, the son of Atreus, kill Panthous’s son Eurphorbus, he of the strong ash spear, and stripped him of his armour.

Now none of the Trojans dared to tackle glorious Menelaus. He was like a mountain lion, that trusting in its strength seizes the fattest heifer from the grazing herd, grasping her neck first in his mighty jaws and cracking the bones, then devouring the blood and entrails in a fury, while the herdsmen and their dogs keep their distance, shouting loudly, but so filled with fear they dare not charge him. And the son of Atreus would have carried away Euphorbus’ fine armour, if Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] had not grudged it, and stirred up *Hector* [p. 617] against him, that peer of swift-footed Ares. Disguised as *Mentes* [p. 658], chief of the *Cicones* [p. 577], he uttered winged words to the Trojan leader: ‘Hector, why chase after warlike *Achilles*’ [p. 517] horses, a vain prize indeed and not for you, since, of mortal men, only Achilles whose *mother* [p. 730] is a goddess, can master them and drive them, while fierce Menelaus straddles Patroclus’ corpse, and has killed Eurphorbus, best of the Trojans, and put an end to all his brave deeds.’

BK XVII:82-139 MENELAUS ELICITS AJAX’S HELP




With that the *god* [p. 547] returned to the toils of battle, while *Hector’s* [p. 617] mind was clouded with the deep darkness of grief. But, glancing along the lines, he quickly saw *Euphorbus’s* [p. 607] corpse on the ground in a pool of blood and *Menelaus* [p. 655] stripping him of his glorious armour. Giving a great cry, he ran through the front ranks of warriors, his bronze armour gleaming like the unquenchable fires of *Hephaestus* [p. 623]. And Menelaus heard his shout, and consulted his proud heart, anxiously: ‘Alas, if I abandon *Patroclus* [p. 684] and this noble armour, he who died fighting for recompense for me, I fear the contempt of every Greek who sees it. But if, out of shame, I fight Hector of the gleaming helm and all his host of Trojans, alone, they may well surround and overpower me. Yet why debate the point? When a warrior decides to fight with a man whom the gods exalt, to fight against their will, he straight away brings great sorrow on himself. So none of the Greeks will fault me for giving ground to Hector who fights with a god’s aid. Still, if I can find *Ajax* [p. 532], of the loud war-cry, we two might turn and fight alongside one another, even against the will of the gods, hoping to save the corpse for *Achilles* [p. 517], son of Peleus. Of many evils, that would prove the least.’

While he was still reflecting, the Trojans advanced, Hector at their head. Menelaus gradually retreated, abandoning the corpse, turning about continually like a bearded lion driven from a sheepfold by the dogs, and by men shouting and brandishing their spears, so his hot courage chills, and unwillingly he leaves the farm. Red-haired Menelaus left Patroclus lying there, but when he reached the ranks of his friends, he turned and sought out great Telamonian Ajax. He found him on the left flank rousing his comrades and urging them to fight, for Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] had filled them with dread. Menelaus ran across, and reaching him, cried: ‘Ajax, dear friend, come with me, we must race to defend the corpse of Patroclus, and bring

his poor dead naked body at least to Achilles, now Hector of the gleaming helm has the armour.’

His words stirred warlike Ajax to action, and he and red-haired Menelaus ran through the front ranks of warriors. Hector was still there. Having stripped Patroclus of the glorious armour, he was dragging the corpse off to sever the head from the shoulders with a sharp blade, and feed the rest to the dogs of Troy. But when Ajax arrived, bearing his tower-like shield, Hector stepped back into the ranks of his friends, and mounting his chariot, gave the fine armour to his men to bear off to the city, and bring him glory. Then Ajax covered Patroclus’ body with his great shield, and straddled him like a lion with cubs that huntsmen meet in the woods shepherding its young, that exults in its power and masks its eyes, wrinkling its forehead; So Ajax stood, and with him, close by, Menelaus beloved of Ares, nursing his great grief in his heart.’

BK XVII:140-197 HECTOR DONS ACHILLES’ ARMOUR

eanwhile *Glauco* [p. 611], *Hippolochus*’ [p. 628] son, leader of the *Lycians* [p. 648], anger in his face, was berating *Hector* [p. 617]: ‘You look the part, but in battle you fail to act it, Hector. Your fame is hollow, since you play the woman. See if you can save your city and your homeland by yourselves, you Trojans: we Lycians will not fight the Greeks for Troy, where no one thanks an ally for his endless efforts in this war. Since you left *Sarpedon* [p. 714], your friend and guest, as Argive prey and spoil, why, indeed, should you try to save one of lower rank? Sarpedon, alive, was often an asset to your army and yourself, but you lacked the courage even to drive the dogs from his corpse, once he was dead. So, now, if these Lycians are mine: home we go and that spells ruin for Troy. Think if the Trojans were only filled with the courage without limit that men possess who toil and sweat in battle for their country, then we might drag *Patroclus*’ [p. 684] corpse back to Ilium. Were we to snatch his body from the field and

take it to Priam's great city, the Greeks would exchange it for Sarpedon's body clad in its precious armour. For *Achilles* [p. 517] is the best of the Greeks beside the ships: he and his men who fight in close combat: and this squire who has fallen was his. Yet you even lack courage to stand against mighty *Ajax* [p. 532], his battle-cry ringing in your ears, you daren't look him in the eye, since he's the better man.'

Hector of the gleaming helm answered angrily: 'Is that you, Glaucus? Why so arrogant? I thought your wisdom was greatest of all in dark-soiled Lycia? Well, I reject your claim that I won't face mighty Ajax. I've no fear of a fight, or the sound of chariots, but the will of aegis-bearing Zeus is all-powerful. He sends even a brave man reeling, and robs him of victory as easily as he sets him on. Come, my friend, and stand by my side, and watch me in action, then tell me whether this day I play the coward, as you say, or whether I put an end to many a Greek eager for fame, who tries to defend the corpse of Patroclus.'

With this, he shouted aloud to the warriors: 'Trojans, Lycians and you Dardanians who like close combat, be men, my friends, and think of glorious war, while I don peerless Achilles' armour, that fine battle-gear I stripped from mighty Patroclus whom I slew.'

Then Hector of the gleaming helm, ran swiftly over the field, into the near distance, to reach his men who were bearing Achilles' bright armour to the city. There he halted, out of the bitter fight, and changed his armour. His own he handed to his warlike Trojans, for them to take to sacred Ilium, and donned the imperishable armour of Achilles, that the gods of Olympus had given his father, *Peleus* [p. 688], and he in turn, now he was old, had given to his son, though the son would never wear it in old age.

BK XVII:198-261 THE GREEKS AND TROJANS ENGAGE



ow, when *Zeus* [p. 739] the Cloud-Gatherer, from afar, saw *Hector* [p. 617] donning godlike *Achilles'* [p. 517] armour, he shook his head and murmured: 'Unhappy man, cladding your body with the imperishable battle-gear of a mighty warrior before whom all others quail: blind you are to the death that inexorably nears you. You it is that killed his great and generous companion, and irreverently stripped him of that prize. Yes, I will grant you power enough for now, but you must pay, there will be no homecoming for you, nor will *Andromache* [p. 543] receive Achilles' glorious armour from your hands.'

And the son of Cronos nodded his head, with its dark eyebrows, while subtly moulding the armour to Hector's body. Now the spirit of *Ares* [p. 551] the war-god, dread *Enyalios* [p. 600], entered him, filling him with courage and strengthening his limbs, and Hector, uttering his loud war-cry, re-joined the ranks of his glorious allies, and showed himself to all in the glittering armour of brave *Peleus'* [p. 688] son. He spoke to each general, inspiring him to battle, to *Mesthles* [p. 660], *Glaucus* [p. 611], *Medon* [p. 653], *Thersilochus* [p. 728], *Asteropaeus* [p. 557], *Deisenor* [p. 588], *Hippothous* [p. 629], *Phorys* [p. 697], *Chromius* [p. 576], and *Ennomus* [p. 599] the augur, rousing them to fight with his eloquence: 'Listen, you vast host of neighbours, and allies. I summoned you from your cities, not because I lacked numbers, or needed them, but because you were keen to defend the women and children of Troy from the fierce Achaeans, and to that purpose I spend my people's wealth in gifts for you, and provisions, to maintain your strength and courage. So let every man attack the enemy, to live or die, that is the task of war. I will share half the spoils with whichever of you drives *Ajax* [p. 532] off, and drags *Patroclus'* [p. 684] corpse into the ranks of us horse-taming Trojans, and I'll share the glory with him too.'

At this, with spears extended, they charged full tilt at the Danaans, with high hopes, in their folly, of dragging the corpse away from Telamonian Ajax! Many a man he would kill beside the pile of dead. But now he spoke to *Menelaus* [p. 655] of the loud war-cry: ‘Zeus-nurtured Menelaus, my friend, I’ve lost hope that the two of us, single-handed, can win free from this fight. Patroclus who is dead, whose flesh may shortly glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy, has less to fear than you and I, the living, faced with danger, for the fog of war shrouds Hector and cloaks our doom. Call now to the Greek generals, if there are any to hear.’

Menelaus responded with a piercing cry, calling out to the Danaans: ‘Friends, generals, leaders of the Argives, you who drink freely at the Atreidae’s table, and command the army, honoured by Zeus with glory, I cannot see you in the heat of battle, to name you one by one, but never mind the names now, charge together, your hearts filled with fury lest Patroclus’ corpse become a plaything for the dogs of Troy.’

Ajax [p. 534] the Lesser, son of Oileus, heard him clear, and was the first to reach him, running towards him through the lines, and after him *Idomeneus* [p. 636], and *Meriones* [p. 658] his companion, peer of Ares the man-killer. As for the rest, who could name from memory all those who rallied to the Achaean cause?

BK XVII:262-318 AJAX DRIVES BACK THE TROJANS



Now *Hector* [p. 617] led the packed ranks of Trojans in attack. The roar they made was like that of some mighty wave breaking against the current at the mouth of a rain-fed river, setting the headlands echoing, at the gateway to the crashing sea. But the Greeks stood firm over *Patroclus*’ [p. 684] corpse, united, walled about with their bronze shields. And *Zeus* [p. 739] wove a veil of dense mist round their bright helmets, having lacked no love for Patroclus while he lived and was *Achilles*’ [p. 517]

comrade, fearing now lest he become a plaything for the dogs of Troy. So Zeus inspired Patroclus' friends to defend his body.

At first the Trojans pushed the bright-eyed Achaeans back, and they relinquished the body. Eager though the bold men of Troy were with their spears, they failed to kill a single Argive, though they did begin to haul the body away. Yet the Greek retreat was only momentary, for *Ajax* [p. 532] rallied them, he who was finest in looks and action of all the Danaans except for peerless Achilles. He charged through the front line, with the power of a wild boar that scatters the dogs and agile young huntsmen when he turns on them in some mountain glade. So glorious Ajax, son of great Telamon, broke the knot of Trojans gathered round Patroclus' corpse, ready to win glory for their cause, and drag it to the city.


Hippothous [p. 629], the noble son of *Pelasgian* [p. 688] *Lethus* [p. 646], it was, who had bound a strap round the ankle-tendons, and delighted Hector and the rest by dragging the corpse off feet-first through the action. Now evil came on him swiftly, that no one can avoid despite all their efforts. For Telamonian Ajax charged at him through the throng, and once at close quarters struck at Hippothous' helm with its bronze cheek-pieces, and horsehair crest. The point of the great spear in his massive hand split it wide open, and blood and brains from the wound spurted up the blade to its socket. Then Hippothous strength was gone, the strap fell from his hands, and he toppled forward onto the corpse of brave Patroclus. Far from fertile *Larissa* [p. 644] he died, brief was his span of life, felled by the spear of noble Ajax he brought his dear parents little joy for all the pains of his rearing.

Now Hector replied, hurling his gleaming spear at Ajax, who kept a careful eye on it, and dodged it by a hair's breadth. It hit *Schedius* [p. 717], the brave son of *Iphitus* [p. 639]. A powerful prince, best of the *Phocians* [p. 696], he lived in a famous city, *Panopeus* [p. 682]. The spear struck beneath the centre of his collar-bone, the bronze point passing through and exiting at the base of his shoulder. He fell with a thud and the armour clanged around him.

Ajax, in turn, struck *Phorvys* [p. 697], the warlike son of *Phaenops* [p. 693], hitting him in the belly as he bestrode Hippothous, shattering the plate of

his corselet, the blade letting out his bowels, so he fell in the dust clutching at the earth. At that, the Trojan front and even Hector gave ground, and the Greeks shouting loudly dragged away the bodies of Phorcys and Hippothous, and stripped the armour from their shoulders.

BK XVII:319-383 AENEAS COUNTER-ATTACKS

osing heart, the vanquished Trojans would have been forced back to Ilium by the warlike Greeks who, through their strength and effort, would have won greater glory than Zeus intended, if *Apollo* [p. 547], disguised as the herald *Periphas* [p. 692], son of *Epytus* [p. 603], who had grown old in *Anchises*' [p. 542] palace and was kindly disposed towards his son, had not roused that selfsame *Aeneas* [p. 524]. So masked, Apollo, son of Zeus addressed him: 'Not even lofty Ilium is safe, Aeneas, if the gods are against you, though I have seen men still trust in their own strength and efforts, courage and numbers, and hold their own despite the will of Zeus. Yet now when Zeus desires our victory not the Greeks', you and your Trojans, filled with fear, will not fight.'

At his words, Aeneas looked him in the face, and knew him for Apollo, the Far-Striker. He called aloud: '*Hector* [p. 617] and all you other leaders, Trojans and allies, what shame this is to lose heart, and be driven back defeated to Ilium by these warrior Greeks. Yet a god, who stood but now at my side, tells me that Zeus, the Supreme Counsellor, will aid us in this fight. So let us take the Danaans head on, and make it hard for them if they try to carry *Patroclus*' [p. 684] corpse back to the ships.'

So saying, he took up position, out in front of the foremost warriors, who rallied and turned to face the Greeks. Then, Aeneas wounded *Leocritus* [p. 645], a son of *Arishbas* [p. 554], and *Lycomedes*' [p. 649] noble friend, thrusting at him with his spear. Lycomedes, beloved of Ares, was saddened by his fall, and running in close with a cast of his gleaming spear caught a general,

Apisaon [p. 547], *Hippasus*' [p. 627] son, in the liver under the midriff, bringing him to his knees. Apisaon came from fertile *Paeonia* [p. 680], its best warrior after *Asteropaeus* [p. 557], who in sympathy ran forward, keen to fight. But the Greeks prevented close contact, walled in by their shields, as they encircled Patroclus' corpse with outstretched spears. For *Ajax* [p. 532], ranging to and fro, urged them not to give an inch, nor make a foray to outdo their comrades, but stand firm round the corpse in close order. So they fought, and the earth was drenched in dark blood, the Trojans and their allies falling like flies, and the Greeks too were bloodied though fewer of them were killed, remembering, packed together, to defend one another from random strikes.

So the fires of battle raged, and that part of the field where the leaders stood around *Menoetius*' [p. 657] dead son, was cloaked in darkness, as if the light of sun or moon was lost. Yet the rest of the Trojans and the bronze-greaved Greeks fought in the clear light of day, lit by the piercing glare of the sun, with never a cloud over plain or mountain. They fought intermittently, avoiding each other's deadly shafts, keeping at a distance. But the leaders there, in the centre, caught in the fog of war suffered attrition from the merciless bronze blades. Only two of the Greek generals, the noted warriors *Thrasymedes* [p. 732] and *Antilochus* [p. 544], were unaware that peerless Patroclus was dead, thinking he was still among the living and fighting the Trojans where the lines converged. So, they fought further off, wherever their men were dying or in panic, as *Nestor* [p. 667] had told them so to act when he sent them out from the black ships to do battle.

BK XVII:384-480 AUTOMEDON DISMOUNTS TO FIGHT



ll day long the intense conflict raged, and in the grim struggle sweat streamed over the eyes and hands, the knees and shins and feet of the warriors contending over the corpse of fleet-footed *Achilles*' [p. 517] noble squire. They tugged the body to and fro in that narrow

space, like men pulling at a great bull's hide steeped in fat that a tanner gives them to stretch. They stand in a circle and all haul hard, so its moisture is expelled while the fat sinks in. Both sides never lost hope, the Trojans of dragging the corpse to Troy, the Greeks of bearing it to the hollow ships, while over it raged the fiercest of fights, savage enough to satisfy even *Ares* [p. 551], stirrer of armies, or *Athene* [p. 559], in their most wrathful moods. Such was the net of toil and grief that Zeus drew taut about men and horses over the corpse of Patroclus.

Now, as yet noble Achilles knew nothing of *Patroclus*' [p. 684] death, for the fighting was under the walls of Troy far from the swift ships. Not for a moment did he think his friend would be killed, expecting him to return alive from the gate: nor did he dream that Patroclus might try to take the city itself without him. Nor did he himself expect to sack it. The fact that he would not do so was a prophetic statement of his *mother's* [p. 730] that she communicated to him privately, bringing him news of Zeus' intentions, though she told him nothing now of this latest tragedy, that the dearest of his friends was dead, and that round the corpse the warriors, grasping their sharp spears, fought and killed each other without cease. There, some bronze-clad Achaean would say to the rest: 'Friends, if we retreat to the hollow ships, and yield this body to the horse-taming Trojans, who'll drag it to their city and gain the glory, that would be small fame indeed for us: better the black earth swallow us instantly where we stand.' While some brave Trojan would call out in turn: 'Friends, let no man retreat, even if we are fated to die beside this corpse.' So they encouraged others, and fought on, the clash of metal rising through the restless air to the bronze-coloured sky.

Now, far from the battle, Achilles' immortal *horses* [p. 738] wept, as they had from the moment they first learned that their charioteer lay in the dust, slain by man-killing Hector. Though *Automedon* [p. 563], brave son of *Diores* [p. 592], tried gentle words and flicks of his pliant whip, and even threats, the pair refused to return to the ships by the wide *Hellespont* [p. 622], or enter the battle beside the Greeks. Harnessed to the ornate chariot, they stood as still as pillars planted over the tombs of the dead, their heads bowed to earth.

The hot tears poured from their eyes to the dust, as they wept for their charioteer, streaking their long manes that streamed from under the yoke on either side. And *Zeus* [p. 739] saw their grief and pitied them, and shaking his head, murmured: ‘Unhappy pair, why did we give you, ageless and immortal, to that mortal king, *Peleus* [p. 688]? Did we mean you to sorrow with these wretched men? For what is there more miserable than man, among all the things that move and breath on earth? Yet *Hector* [p. 617] shall not mount your ornate car: that I will not grant Priam’s son. It is enough he wears the armour, and boasts of it. I will fill your legs with vigour, your hearts with strength, so you may carry Automedon out of battle, back to the hollow ships, for I intend glory to the Trojans, to kill and kill till they reach those same benched ships, and the sun in setting brings the sacred dark.’

So saying, he breathed new strength into the pair, and shaking the dust from their manes, they drew the swift chariot lightly among Trojans and Greeks. And behind them Automedon stood, grieving for his comrade, the chariot darting in and out like a vulture scattering geese, fleeing from the Trojan lines again as swiftly as he charged them, unsettling them in the noise of battle. Yet he could not kill them, though he chased them down, unable, alone in the racing chariot, both to aim his spear, and control the sacred horses. But at last a comrade, *Alcimedon* [p. 536], son of *Laertes* [p. 642] son of *Haemon* [p. 615], saw him and ran behind the chariot, shouting: ‘Automedon, what god has robbed you of your senses, and filled your mind with foolish thoughts, that you fight alone at the front? Patroclus is dead: Hector wears Achilles’ armour now and glories in it.’

‘Alcimedon,’ Automedon, son of Dioreas answered, ‘which of us Greeks was ever equal to restraining and guiding the power of this immortal team except, while he lived, Patroclus, peer of the gods in wisdom? Yet since death and fate have overcome him, take the whip and the gleaming reins, while I dismount and fight.’

BK XVII:481-542 AUTOMEDON KILLS ARETUS



At his words, *Alcimedon* [p. 536] mounted the swift war-chariot, and grasped the reins and whip, while *Automedon* [p. 563] leapt to the ground. Great *Hector* [p. 617] saw them, and promptly called to *Aeneas* [p. 524]: ‘Counsellor of the bronze-clad Trojans, *Achilles*’ [p. 517] chariot and team are here, I see, with a pair of vulnerable charioteers. We could capture them, if you’re agreed. These men could never hope to fight us both, and nor will they.’


Anchises’ [p. 542] mighty son readily joined him, and the two attacked, their shields of dried and toughened ox-hide clad with bronze on their shoulders. *Chromius* [p. 576] and godlike *Aretus* [p. 552] gave support, and the Trojans, in their folly, had high hopes of killing the Greeks and driving off the spirited horses. But Trojan blood it was that would be shed before they had finished with Automedon. He prayed to Father *Zeus* [p. 739], and his heart was filled to its depths with strength and courage. He turned to Alcimedon, his loyal friend: ‘Keep the chariot close, Alcimedon. Let me feel the horses’ breath at my back. Hector, son of Priam, will not stop I think till he kills us both, mounts behind Achilles’ long-maned team, and scatters the Argive ranks, though perhaps he himself may yet be killed as he leads.’ So saying he shouted to *Menelaus* [p. 655] and the *Aiantes* [p. 532]: ‘Leaders of the Argives, the Trojan champions, Hector and Aeneas, are closing in on us. So leave the corpse to the bravest of your men to defend and help us the living fend off this fierce attack, war’s bitter sorrow, and the day of doom. All is in the hands of the gods still. As I throw this spear, let Zeus decide its fate.’

So saying, he aimed his long-shadowed spear and hurling it, struck Aretus on his round-shield, which proved a poor defence, the spear piercing the bronze, and driving clean through the belt into the lower belly. Aretus leapt and fell backwards, as an ox leaps and falls when a strong farmer with a sharp axe strikes behind the horns cutting the sinews, and the keen spear quivered in his entrails, as he died.

Then Hector cast his gleaming spear at Automedon, who keeping a careful eye on the missile, dodged it by bending forward. The long javelin fixed itself, butt-end quivering, in the ground behind him, till mighty Ares quelled the motion. Now, in their fury, they would have fought hand to hand with swords, if the Aiantes had not come between them, answering the call of their comrade. In fear of their attack, Hector, Aeneas, and godlike Chromius, retreated, leaving Aretus where he fell. Then Automedon, peer of swift Ares, stripped him of his armour, and rejoiced, saying: 'It consoles my heart somewhat for *Patroclus* [p. 684], though only a little for this is a lesser man.'

With this, he piled the blood-stained armour on the chariot, and climbed in himself, his limbs still red with gore, like a lion that has eaten a bull.'

BK XVII:543-596 ATHENE AND APOLLO ENTER THE BATTLE

nce more the net of fierce battle filled with pain and tears was stretched taut over *Patroclus*' [p. 684] corpse. *Athene* [p. 559], descending from Olympus, stirred the quarrel for far-echoing *Zeus* [p. 739] had sent her down to urge on the Greeks, according to his fresh intent. As Zeus displays a rainbow shimmering in a darkened sky as a sign of war, or a portent to mortals of some coming storm that chills the earth, halts labourers in the fields, and troubles the flocks, so Athene wrapped herself in a gleaming mist, entered the Danaan ranks, and roused the troops. Disguising herself as *Phoenix* [p. 696] in form and imitating his tireless speech, she first spoke to great *Menelaus* [p. 655], who was nearest: 'Surely you will be shamed, Menelaus, and taken to task, if noble *Achilles*' [p. 517] faithful comrade is torn apart by the running dogs beneath the walls of Troy. Hold your ground, then, and rouse your men.'

'Phoenix, venerable lord, my ancient friend,' answered Menelaus of the loud war-cry, 'if only Athene might grant me strength, and defend me from this hail of missiles, I'd stand over *Patroclus* [p. 684] and protect his corpse, grieved at heart by his death as I am. But *Hector's* [p. 617] fury burns like mortal fire, and Zeus grants him glory as he lays about him with his spear.'

Bright-eyed Athene was filled with joy at his words, since he had named her before the other immortals. She strengthened his knees and shoulders, and gave him the persistent daring of a fly, that finds human blood so sweet it keeps attacking however often it is flicked away. With such courage she filled his heart's depths, and straddling Patroclus he hurled his gleaming spear.

It struck, *Podes* [p. 701], *Eëtion's* [p. 596] son, a wealthy Trojan nobleman, a friend of Hector and his favourite companion at the feast. Red-haired Menelaus hurled his spear and struck him on the belt as he turned to run, the bronze blade passing through him. He fell with a crash, and Menelaus dragged the corpse away from the Trojans into the Greek lines.

Now *Apollo* [p. 547] the Far-Striker, disguised as *Phaenops* [p. 693], *Asius'* [p. 556] son Hector's dearest foreign guest, from *Abydos* [p. 515], addressed him as his friend: 'Hector, who of the Greeks will not fill you with fear if you run from Menelaus, who was never much of a fighter, even if he does snatch the dead from our ranks single-handed before vanishing? Now he's killed your faithful comrade, a sound fighter in the front line, I mean Podes, son of Eëtion.'

A black shroud of grief enfolded Hector, at these words, and he ran to the front, clad in his gleaming bronze. As he did so, Zeus veiled Ida in cloud, and taking up his glittering tasselled aegis, and shaking it, with many a flash of lightning and peal of thunder, drove the Greeks in rout, and granted power to the Trojans.

BK XVII:597-655 AJAX PRAYS TO ZEUS



he first to die in the rout was *Peneleos* [p. 690] a *Boeotian* [p. 566]. As he faced the enemy he was struck a glancing blow on the top of the shoulder that sliced through to the bone. *Polydamas* [p. 702] had hurled the spear from short range. Then *Hector* [p. 617], fighting hand to hand, wounded *Leitus* [p. 645], son of brave *Alectryon* [p. 537], in the wrist and put him out of action. He retreated, unable to grasp his spear or fight on. As Hector pursued him, *Idomeneus* [p. 636] struck Hector on the breastplate beside the nipple, but the long spear shaft broke at the socket, and the Trojans shouted in relief. Hector then cast in turn at Idomeneus, son of *Dencalion* [p. 589], aboard his chariot, missing him by a hair's-breadth, but striking *Coeranus* [p. 580] the charioteer, and squire to *Meriones* [p. 658] whom he had followed from the city of *Lyctus* [p. 649]. Idomeneus had come out from the curved ships on foot, and would have fallen to the Trojans if Coeranus had not brought Meriones and the chariot past at a gallop. Though a light of salvation to Idomeneus, fending off from him the day of death, he himself was thus fated to die at the hands of man-killing Hector. The spear struck under his jaw below the ear, shattering the teeth at their roots, and slicing through his tongue. The reins fell from his hands and he toppled from the chariot, but Meriones gathered the reins and turned to Idomeneus: 'Use the whip, and head for the fleet. You know yourself the power is no longer with us.' And Idomeneus, hearing him, lashed the long-maned horses, and drained of courage drove for the hollow ships.

Great-hearted *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Menelaus* [p. 655] too had realised *Zeus* [p. 739] was turning the tide of battle, empowering the Trojans. Telamonian Ajax called out: 'Look! Any fool can see that Father Zeus is helping them. Their spears strike home, Zeus guides them, regardless of the warrior's skill, while ours fall short. Well, we must devise for ourselves how to retrieve the body and delight our dear friends, by returning safely. They look on anxiously

and speak their fear, that the black ships will fall into the hands of this invincible man-killer Hector. If only we had a messenger to send to Achilles, who has not yet heard, I guess, that his beloved friend is dead. But there's none to be seen, men and horses are shrouded in this fog. Father Zeus, save the sons of Achaea from the dark, and clear the heavens so our eyes can see. Kill us if you will, but in the light.'

Zeus had pity on his sorrowful prayer, and swiftly drove away the mist and darkness, so the whole battlefield lay clear in the sun. Then Ajax turned to Menelaus of the loud war-cry: 'Look about, Menelaus, nurtured by Zeus, see if *Antilochus* [p. 544], brave son of *Nestor* [p. 667], is still alive, and ask him to run and tell warlike Achilles that his dear friend is dead.'

BK XVII:656-721 MENELAUS SENDS ANTILOCHUS TO ACHILLES



Menelaus [p. 655] of the loud war-cry agreed to his request, but left *Patroclus*' [p. 684] body unwillingly, fearing it might fall to the enemy as a prize if the Achaeans fled. He was like a lion, weary of provoking the dogs and men that defend the pick of a herd, as they watch by night, which attacks in its hunger without success, met by blazing torches and a hail of missiles hurled by bold hands. Quailing before them, despite its eagerness, it slinks away sullenly at dawn. Menelaus, as he left, laid his responsibility on the others: '*Meriones* [p. 658], and you *Aiantes* [p. 532], leaders of the Argives, remember Patroclus and his kindnesses: he was always a gentle man in life, yet now death and fate have claimed him.'

With this, red-haired Menelaus, departed, glancing keenly round like an eagle that is said to have the sharpest sight of all birds and spots the swift hare in the undergrowth from high in the sky, swooping down to seize it and rob it of its life. So your sharp eyes Menelaus ranged through the ranks, in hopes of finding *Antilochus* [p. 544] alive. He soon saw him on the

left flank, encouraging the men and urging them on. Closing on him, red-haired Menelaus called out: ‘Antilochus, nurtured by Zeus, come listen to an evil thing I would never have had happen. You must surely see how the gods are bringing us to ruin, and how power lies with the Trojans. Now Patroclus, best of the Achaeans, is dead, and every Danaan must miss him sorely. So, run swiftly to the ships and tell *Achilles* [p. 517], in hope he will hasten to retrieve the corpse and bring it quickly to his hut, the naked corpse since *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm has the armour.’

Antilochus, horrified at his words, was speechless for a while, his eyes wet, his voice stifled. Yet nonetheless he responded to Menelaus by handing his armour to his peerless friend *Laodocus* [p. 643], who was wheeling the horses to and from behind him, then, in tears, set off for the ships at a run, to carry the dreadful news to Achilles.

Menelaus decided not to stay and support Antilochus’ men, hard pressed though they were, and much as they would miss their leader. He sent noble *Thrasymedes* [p. 732] to them instead, while he ran back to his post beside the dead Patroclus and reaching the Aiantes reported: ‘I have sent our man to swift-footed Achilles, but, despite his hatred of Hector, I doubt he’ll take to the field without fresh armour. We must act without him, remove the corpse and ourselves escape dark death at the hands of these noisy Trojans.’

Great Telamonian Ajax replied: ‘You are right, peerless Menelaus. Do you and Meriones lift the corpse quickly and carry it from the field in your arms. Leave us to hold Hector and the Trojans. One in courage as we are one in name we are used to standing our ground, side by side, in the heat of battle.’

BK XVII:722-761 PATROCLUS' CORPSE IS CARRIED FROM THE FIELD



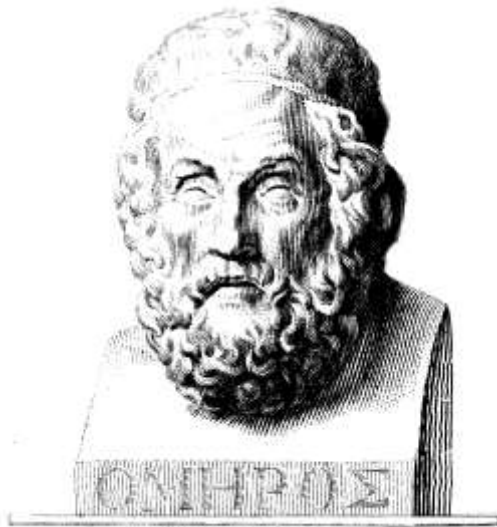
Menelaus [p. 655] and *Meriones* [p. 658] lifted *Patroclus*' [p. 684] body in their arms, and with a powerful effort raised him high in the air, while the Trojans seeing the Achaeans' action, gave a great cry, and charged towards them as hounds in the hunt running before a pack of youths rush at a wild boar, eager to drag him down to destruction, but giving ground and scattering widely in flight, when he wheels among them trusting in his strength. So the Trojans came on at first, groups of them thrusting with swords and double-edged spears, but drained of colour when the Aiantes turned on them, scared to attack and fight for the body.

Meanwhile the two warriors hurried the corpse from the field and back to the hollow ships, as the fierce conflict raged like a fire that sweeps suddenly through a city, setting the houses on fire so they crumble in the intense glow, while a strong wind drives it onward roaring. After them as they went rose the endless din of chariots and spearmen. But they struggled forward with the corpse, like mules on a rough mountain track that exert all their strength to drag a log, to be used for a beam perhaps or a ship's timber, hearts pounding as they heave wearily, soaked in sweat. And behind them the *Aiantes* [p. 532] held their ground, as a wooded ridge holds back the overflow of rivers, turning the powerful streams back over the plain, preventing the fierce flood breaking through.

Yet though the Aiantes stalled them, the Trojans were relentless, led by *Aeneas* [p. 524], and glorious *Hector* [p. 617]. And as a flock of jackdaws or starlings fly, shrieking in alarm, when they see a death-dealing falcon swoop towards them, so the Achaean youths gave up the fight, and fled before the pair, with frantic cries. Many a fine piece of weaponry was lost at the trench and on either side as the Danaans fled, though the war continued unabated.

BOOK XVIII - NEW ARMOUR FOR ACHILLES

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Il Metal pour son

BK XVIII:1-77 THETIS RESPONDS TO ACHILLES' SORROW



So the fighting raged, while swift-footed *Antilochus* [p. 544] brought the news to *Achilles* [p. 517]. He found him in front of the high-sterned ships, agonising over the war, communing anxiously with his proud heart: ‘What woe is this? Why are the long-haired Greeks in flight? Why are they being driven back once more from the plain to the ships? Is this another sorrow sent by the gods, one that my mother prophesied? Did she not say that while I still lived the best of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] would forgo the light of day at Trojan hands? Is *Patroclus* [p. 684] dead, in his rashness: despite my warning, to return to the ships once the fire was out, and not to battle *Hector* [p. 617]?’

He was lost like this in reflection, when Antilochus, bathed in scalding tears, brought the bitter news: ‘Alas, warlike son of Peleus, sad are the tidings you must hear. Would it were not so, but Patroclus has fallen, and they fight over his corpse, his naked corpse, for Hector of the gleaming helm has your armour.’

At these words, a black cloud of grief shrouded Achilles. Grasping handfuls of dark sand and ash, he poured them over his head and handsome face, soiling his scented tunic. Then he flung himself in the dust, and lying there outstretched, a fallen giant, tore and fouled his hair. The slave girls he and Patroclus had seized as prizes, shrieked with alarm, and ran to warlike Achilles, beating their breasts and sinking to the ground beside him. Antilochus, weeping and groaning, grasped Achilles’ hand, fearing he might take his knife and cut his own throat, so heart-felt was his noble grief.

Such a dreadful a groan did Achilles give voice to that his divine mother *Thetis* [p. 730] heard him, deep beneath the sea where she sat beside

her ancient *Father* [p. 666]. She cried out, and all the divinities, the *Nereids* [p. 666] of the depths, gathered to her. *Glauce* [p. 611], *Thaleia* [p. 726] and *Cymodoce* [p. 583] were there; *Nesaea* [p. 667], *Speio* [p. 721], *Thoe* [p. 731] and ox-eyed *Halie* [p. 615]; *Cymothoe* [p. 583], *Actaë* [p. 521] and *Limnorea* [p. 647]; *Melite* [p. 655], *Iaera* [p. 633], *Amphitboe* [p. 540], and *Agave* [p. 531]; *Doto* [p. 593], *Proto* [p. 709], *Pherusa* [p. 695] and *Dynamene* [p. 594]; *Dexamene* [p. 589], *Amphinome* [p. 540], and *Callianeira* [p. 570]; *Doris* [p. 593], *Panope* [p. 681] and far-famed *Galetea* [p. 610]; *Nemertes* [p. 666], *Apsendes* [p. 550] and *Callianassa* [p. 569]; *Chymene* [p. 579], *Ianeira* [p. 633], and *Ianassa* [p. 633]; *Maera* [p. 652], *Oreithyia* [p. 676], long-haired *Amatheia* [p. 538]; all the daughters of the deep.

The bright sea-cave was filled with nymphs, beating their breasts, and Thetis led the lament: ‘Sisters, listen all, so you may hear and know the sadness in my heart. How wretched I am, who to my sorrow bore the best of men! I brought a mighty and peerless son into this world, greatest of warriors. I nursed him like a shoot in a fertile orchard, and like a sapling swiftly he grew. I sent him to *Ilium* [p. 637] with the beaked ships, to fight the Trojans, but I shall never welcome him home once more to the house of *Peleus* [p. 688]. And even now, while he lives and knows the light of day, he suffers, beyond my help, though I go to him. And go I will, to see my dear child again, and hear what grief has come to one who refrains from battle.’

So saying, she left the cave with the weeping nymphs. They parted the waves till they came to the fertile land of Troy. One after another, they trod the shore, where the Myrmidon ships were beached in lines around swift Achilles. His divine mother reached his side, while he lay groaning there, and with a piercing cry took his head in her hands, and spoke to him winged words of sympathy: ‘My child, why these tears? What sadness overcomes you? Speak, don’t hide it from me. Surely, Zeus has fulfilled what you prayed for, now the whole Achaean army crouch at their ships sterns, suffering cruelly, and in sore need of you?’

**BK XVIII:78-147 THETIS PROMISES ACHILLES FRESH
ARMOUR**



wift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] sighed deeply: ‘Mother, it is true that Zeus has brought all this about, but what is that to me now *Patroclus* [p. 684] my dear friend is dead, he whom I honoured more than all, honoured as my own self? I have lost him, and *Hector* [p. 617] who killed him has stripped him of my armour, the fine, the great, the wondrous armour the gods gave *Peleus* [p. 688] as a glorious wedding gift that day you wed your mortal spouse. How I wished you had stayed among the immortal sea-nymphs, and Peleus had taken a human bride. Now you too will know the immeasurable grief of losing a son, of never again welcoming him home alive. For my heart compels me not to linger among men once Hector is dead at the point of my spear, and has paid the price for despoiling Patroclus.’

And *Thetis* [p. 730], weeping, replied: ‘My child, your own death will swiftly be upon you if Hector dies, for your own doom must inexorably follow.’

Then swift-footed Achilles answered, passionately: ‘Let it follow instantly, since I could not save my friend from death. He needed my help to stave off ruin, and now far from his own land has he fallen. May discord be banished from among gods and men, all that enrages a man despite his wisdom, that insidious anger that rises in the breast like smoke, sweeter to it than trickling honey, for I shall not now return home, and I have failed to protect Patroclus and all those others whom noble Hector killed, idling here by my ships, a useless burden on the earth, I who am without peer in warfare among the bronze-clad Greeks, however superior the rest may be in council. Agamemnon, king of men, stirred just such a rage in my heart. But all is past and done, despite the pain, and we must curb the wrath in our hearts. So I will go now and find Hector, the man who killed my

dearest friend, and accept death whenever Zeus and the other gods decide that I must die. Not even great *Heracles* [p. 625] escaped his doom, dear as he was to Zeus, the son of Cronos, *Hera's* [p. 624] dread anger fated to overcome him. I too, if a like fate has been spun for me, will lie quiet when I am dead. But for now, let me win fame and glory too, and make many a deep-breasted Trojan woman moan without cease, wiping the tears from her tender cheeks with both her hands, to teach her how long I have been absent from the war. Though you love me, don't try to keep me from battle, I will never be persuaded.'

'What you say is right, my son,' silver-footed Thetis replied, 'it is right to save your hard-pressed friends from utter ruin. But the Trojans have your lovely armour, your shining bronze. Hector of the gleaming helm wears it and exults. Though not for long, I say, since his own death is upon him. So refrain from battle, until you see me here again. I will return tomorrow with the sun, and bring you glorious armour from Lord *Hephaestus* [p. 623].'

With that she turned to speak to her sister *Nereids* [p. 666]: 'Plunge beneath the broad surface of the deep, and go to our *father's* [p. 666] house, to the Old Man of the Sea. Tell him everything, while I go to lofty *Olympus* [p. 675], to Hephaestus, the master-craftsman, hoping that he will deign to give my son fresh shining armour.'

At this, they dived beneath the waves, while she, Thetis, the silver-footed goddess, set out for Olympus to win glorious armour for her beloved son.

**BK XVIII:148-242 HERA TELLS ACHILLES TO SHOW
HIMSELF TO THE TROJANS**



While *Thetis* [p. 730] journeyed to Olympus, the Greeks, fleeing with shouts of terror from man-killing *Hector* [p. 617], reached the ships by the *Hellespont* [p. 622]. But the bronze-greaved Achaeans had not yet borne *Patroclus*' [p. 684] body out of range of all the missiles, and it was once more overtaken by the Trojan warriors and charioteers, led by Hector, son of Priam, fiery in his valour. Three times glorious Hector ran in from behind, shouting fiercely to his Trojans, and seized the corpse's feet, eager to drag it back. Three times the *Aiantes* [p. 532], resisting furiously, drove him from the body. But Hector, trusting in his strength, now attacking them in the turmoil, now standing off and calling to his men, would not retreat. They could no more frighten Hector off, than a pair of shepherds in the fields, trying to drive away a tawny lion, hungry for his kill. Even now, he might have dragged away the corpse and won eternal glory, had not swift-footed *Iris* [p. 640], sent by *Hera* [p. 624], unbeknown to Zeus and the other gods except Pallas *Athene* [p. 559], carried a message to *Achilles* [p. 517] to arm for war. Reaching him, she uttered winged words: 'Up, son of Peleus, most daunting of men. Save the body of Patroclus, they are fighting over it beside the ships. Men are dying while your Greeks try to protect his corpse, and the Trojans attack, longing to drag him off to windy Troy. Glorious Hector is their leader, who sets his heart on slicing his head from the tender neck, and fixing it on a stake above the wall. Up then, and no more idling here! Fear shame in your heart if Patroclus becomes a plaything for the dogs of Troy. You will be the one to reproach if the corpse comes mutilated to our hands.'

Fleet-footed noble Achilles answered: 'Iris, dear goddess: which of the immortals sends you with this message?'

And Iris, swift as the wind, replied: ‘Zeus’ glorious wife, Hera, sent me. The son of Cronus, Zeus the king supreme, knows nothing of it nor do any of the other gods and goddesses of snow-topped Olympus, but Pallas Athene.’

‘But how can I go into action?’ said swift-footed Achilles. The Trojans have my armour, and my dear mother told me not to ready myself for battle until I see her here again. She has promised fresh armour for me, from Lord *Hephaestus* [p. 623]. I know of no other arms I could use, except for Telamonian Ajax’s shield. But he, I imagine, is in the front ranks fighting, plying his spear to defend dead Patroclus.’

Iris, swift as the wind, replied once more: ‘Your armour is in their hands, that we know, but go to the trench as you are and show yourself to the Trojans, hoping they fear the sight of you enough to cease from fighting. It would give the Greek warriors chance to catch their breath, exhausted as they are, for there are few such chances in battle.’

Fleet-footed Iris departed, while Achilles, beloved of Zeus, rose to his feet. Athene flung her tasselled aegis over his broad shoulders, shed a bright golden mist about his head, and made a fiery glare blaze from the man. Like the beacons that one by one flare out at sunset from an island besieged by an enemy, its city cloaked all day by smoke rising to high heaven, for whose safety men fought from the battlements all day in bitter conflict; like those beacons, whose light shines out on high for all their neighbours to see, in hopes they might send their ships to the rescue, so the blaze shone from Achilles’ head to the heavens.


He took his stand by the wall beyond the trench, but remembering his mother’s careful injunction, avoided joining the Greek ranks. He stood and shouted, and Pallas Athene echoed him from afar, confounding the Trojans utterly. Achilles’ voice was loud, clear as the trumpet sounding from some beleaguered city, beset by a lethal force. The hearts of the Trojans were appalled when they heard that voice of bronze, and the long-maned horses wheeled the chariots round, filled with dread. Terror-stricken the charioteers saw the restless fire blazing from the head of Peleus’ mighty son, fed by the goddess, bright-eyed Athene. Three times noble Achilles

shouted beyond the trench, three times the Trojans and their allies reeled in panic. A dozen of their finest warriors died, there and then, ringed by their own chariots and spears.

But the Greeks, overjoyed, bore Patroclus out of range, and laid him on his bier, while his dear friends stood round it weeping. And fleet-footed Achilles joined them, shedding hot tears, when he saw his faithful friend lying there, mangled by the cruel bronze. With chariot and horses he had sent him to the battle, never to welcome him back alive again.

And now ox-eyed Queen Hera told the tireless sun, to return, though unwillingly, to Ocean's stream. At last he set, and the noble Achaeans rested from mighty conflict, and war's evils.


BK XVIII:243-309 THE TROJAN ASSEMBLY

he Trojans, for their part, having withdrawn from battle, loosed the swift horses from their chariots, and without thinking of eating gathered in assembly. They stood throughout, too anxious to sit, unnerved by *Achilles'* [p. 517] sudden appearance after his long absence from the front. The cautious *Polydamas* [p. 702], son of *Pantheus* [p. 682], spoke first: he alone looked before and after. He was a friend of *Hector's* [p. 617], born on the same night, the best in oratory as Hector was in war. He addressed the assembly now, speaking for their good: 'Think about all this carefully, my friends. Since we are so far from the city walls, I recommend that we retreat there, and not wait here by the ships till dawn. The Achaeans were easier to handle while this man quarrelled with King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], then I too was pleased to spend the night close to the swift ships, hoping to destroy them. But now I fear fleet-footed Achilles greatly. He is too impetuous to settle for fighting in the plain, where Greeks and Trojans suffer war equally, he will attack the city, putting our womenfolk at threat. Take my advice and retreat, or expect the worst.

Fleet-footed Achilles must bow to immortal night for now, but if he enters the battle armed, at dawn, you all will know of it. Whoever returns alive to sacred Ilium will rejoice, but many the dogs and vultures will devour. Far from my ears may such news stay! Yet if you follow my advice, however unwillingly, we'll assemble in the square tonight, surrounded by the walls and lofty gates with their high gleaming doors bolted tight. Then, at dawn, we'll man the walls fully armed, and if Achilles decides to quit the ships and attack the city, so much the worse for him. He'll soon retreat again, when he's had enough of driving his proud horses to and fro beneath the battlements in vain. Even his courageous heart will not sack the city: the running dogs will eat him first.'

But Hector of the gleaming helm, replied with a flash of anger: 'Polydamas, I can't approve of that idea, penning ourselves inside the city. Are you not tired of being caged by those walls? There was a time when men acclaimed Priam's city for its wealth of gold and bronze, but our fine treasures and many dear possessions have been traded to *Phrygia* [p. 697] and fair *Maeonia* [p. 651], since we incurred Zeus' wrath. Don't be foolish with your advice, now Zeus the son of devious Cronos, grants me the power to win glory by the ships and drive the Greeks to the sea. I'll not let a single Trojan obey. Rather, we'll do as I advise, go to eat company by company, keep a good watch here, and stay awake. And any of the Trojans concerned for his possessions at home, can gather them together and hand them over for all to share, better they profit from them than the Greeks. But at dawn, and armed, we'll attack the ships, and if indeed Achilles is stirred to action, the worse for him. I won't run from him in a battle, but fight him face to face, and see whether he shall win or I. The war-god treats all men alike, and often kills the one who thought to kill.

BK XVIII:310-367 THE LAMENTATION FOR PATROCLUS

he Trojans foolishly acclaimed his speech. Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] robbed them of their judgement in praising *Hector* [p. 617] whose plan was faulty, and not *Polydamas* [p. 702] whose advice was good, and so they took their meal, throughout the ranks, while all night long the Greeks lamented *Patroclus* [p. 684]. The leader in that outpouring of grief was *Achilles* [p. 517], who placed his warlike hands on his friend's chest, and groaned endlessly, like a bearded lion whose cubs a stag-hunter has snatched from some dense thicket. The lion returns and grieves at their absence, then, filled with fierce wrath, tracks the man through many a glade, hoping to find them. So Achilles grieved among the Myrmidons: 'How idle the promise I gave to *Menoetius* [p. 657] in my father's house, as I tried to solace him, that when I'd sacked Troy I'd bring back his glorious son to *Opoeis* [p. 676] for him, with all his share of the spoils. But Zeus does not fulfil all our plans. And we are both fated to stain the selfsame earth here at Troy with our blood, for I shall not return home either, to be welcomed by *Peleus* [p. 688] the charioteer, my aged father, and my mother *Thetis* [p. 730] in their palace, instead this soil shall cover me. And since I'll go beneath the ground after you, my Patroclus, I shall not hold your funeral rites, my brave friend, till I return with the head of your killer, *Hector's* [p. 617] head, and my armour, and before your pyre I'll slit the throats of twelve fine youths of Troy, to slake my anger at your slaughter. Till then lie here, like this, beside the beaked ships, while full-breasted Trojan and Dardanian women, the ones we laboured with our hands and spears to capture when we took their rich populated cities, grieve for you and shed tears night and day.'

With these words, great Achilles told his comrades to set a large cauldron on the fire, and heat water to fill a bath and wash the clotted blood from Patroclus. So they took wood and kindled it, filled the cauldron

and set it on the blazing coals, and watched the flames play about its bronze belly till the water boiled. Then they filled the bath from the cauldron, and washed him, and anointed him with rich oil, filling the wounds with nine-year old unguent. Then they laid his body on the bier, shrouding it with soft linen cloth from head to foot, and on top of that a white robe. And all night long, round fleet-footed Achilles, the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] moaned in grief for Patroclus.

Watching them, *Zeus* [p. 739] spoke to his sister-wife, *Hera* [p. 624]: ‘Once more, my ox-eyed queen, you get your way, spurring fleet-footed Achilles into action. Those long-haired Greeks might as well be your own offspring.’ ‘Dread son of Cronos’, the ox-eyed queen replied, ‘what can you mean? Even mere mortals, that lack my wisdom, will do what they can for a friend. How could I, the greatest of goddesses, doubly so as the eldest and the wife of the king of all the gods, how could I refrain, in my anger with these Trojans, from causing them all the trouble I can?’

BK XVIII:368-467 THETIS ASKS HEPHAESTUS FOR HELP



As they spoke, silver-footed *Thetis* [p. 730] reached Hephaestus’ house of imperishable bronze, adorned with stars and finest among those of the immortals, built by the lame god himself. She found him running back and forth to his bellows, sweating with toil, as he fashioned twenty triple-legged tables to stand round the walls of his great hall. He had fitted their legs with golden wheels, so they might take themselves to the gods’ assembly if he wished, and roll home again, a wondrous sight. They were not quite finished, still lacking elaborate handles which he was burnishing while forging their rivets. It was as he laboured at these with all his care and skill that silver-footed Thetis approached.

Lovely *Charis* [p. 575] of the glistening veil, wife of the illustrious lame god, seeing her, came forward, took both her hands in hers and spoke:

‘Thetis of the long robe, honoured and welcome, though unaccustomed, guest, what brings you here? Follow me inside, so I may offer you hospitality.’

So saying she led the goddess inside, and made her sit on a splendid chair, elaborately adorned with silver studs, and with a footstool beneath. Then she summoned Hephaestus, the master-smith: ‘Hephaestus, come quickly! Thetis has need of you.’ Hephaestus answered at once: ‘Ah, a goddess I honour and revere is here in my house, she who saved me in my hour of agony, after my mother *Hera* [p. 624], shamed by my lameness, threw me from Olympus. How I’d have suffered if Thetis and *Eurynome* [p. 608], daughter of encircling *Ocean* [p. 670], had not taken me to their breasts. Staying with them nine years in their deep cave, I worked away at fine ornaments; brooches and spiral bracelets, necklaces and rosettes; while round me the vast stream of Ocean flowed, seething with foam. Neither gods nor mortals knew, only Thetis and Eurynome who rescued me. Now Thetis is here, and I must repay her fully for saving my life. Show her hospitality, while I put my tools and bellows away.’

So saying, his huge form rose from the anvil, and panting heavily, he limped about, though agile enough on his withered legs. He moved the bellows from the fire, and collecting his tools together placed them in a silver chest. Then he wiped his hands and face, huge neck, and shaggy breast, with a sponge, and donned his tunic. Grasping a thick staff he limped from the forge, supported by servants made of gold, fashioned like living girls, who attended swiftly on their master. As well as the use of their limbs they had intellect, and the immortals gave them skill in subtle crafts. They supported Hephaestus as he limped towards Thetis, and seated himself on a gleaming chair. Then he took her hand and spoke to her: ‘Thetis of the long robe, honoured and welcome, though unaccustomed, guest, what brings you here? Say what you need, and my heart prompts me to fulfil it, if it can be done, and I can do it.’

Thetis, weeping, answered: ‘Is there a goddess, Hephaestus, who has suffered more heartfelt sorrows at the hands of Zeus, than I? I alone of all the daughters of the sea he wedded to a mere human, *Peleus* [p. 688], son of

Aeacus [p. 522], and unwillingly it was that I lay with a mortal man. He keeps to his palace now, weighed down sadly by the years, while I suffer further grief. I brought a mighty and peerless son into this world, greatest of warriors. I nursed him like a shoot in a fertile orchard, and like a sapling swiftly he grew. I sent him to *Ilium* [p. 637] with the beaked ships, to fight the Trojans, but I shall never welcome him home once more to the house of Peleus. And even now, while he lives and knows the light of day, he suffers, beyond my help, though I go to him. King *Agamemnon* [p. 528] has taken from him the *girl* [p. 567] the Achaeans gave him as a prize. Wasting his heart in grief for her, he refused to ward off ruin from the Greeks, despite the elders offering him fine gifts, and the Trojans penned them in by their ships sterns, and proved immoveable. Then he let *Patroclus* [p. 684] don his own armour and join the battle, with his *Myrmidons* [p. 664]. All day they fought by the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate, and would have sacked the city, if *Apollo* [p. 547] had not caused the death of brave Patroclus at the height of his success, and granted the final act to *Hector* [p. 617]. So I have come to clasp your knees, and ask you to give my son, who is doomed to an early death, a shield and helmet, a breastplate and bronze greaves fitted with ankle-pieces, to replace the armour lost when the Trojans killed his faithful friend, for whom my son now lies in the dust struck with grief to his very heart.'

The master-smith replied: 'Take heart, and be easy in your mind. I wish that I could save him from sad death, when the fateful time arrives, as easily as I can grant him splendid armour, splendid enough to make many a man marvel who gazes on it some fine day.'

BK XVIII:468-617 HEPHAESTUS FORGES ACHILLES' ARMOUR



With this, *Hephaestus* [p. 623] returned to his forge, turned his bellows on the fire, and ordered them to begin. The set of twenty nozzles blew on the crucibles, sending out a varying blast of air at need,

aiding his careful efforts as required, at every stage of the work. Into the crucibles went stubborn bronze, tin, precious gold and silver. He set up a great anvil on its block, and took a massive hammer in one hand and a pair of tongs in the other.

Then he first made a shield, broad and solid, adorning it skilfully everywhere, and setting round it a glittering triple rim, with a silver strap attached. Five layers it had, and he decorated it with subtle art.

On it he showed the earth, sea, sky, the tireless sun and the full moon, and all the constellations that crown the heavens, the *Pleiades* [p. 700], *Hyades* [p. 630], great *Orion* [p. 677], and the *Bear* [p. 565], that men also call the *Wain*, that circles round in its place, never bathing in *Ocean's* [p. 670] stream, while gazing warily at Orion.

On it he showed two fine cities of mortal men. In one there were marriage feasts, and to the light of blazing torches, the brides were led from their rooms and through the city, to the sound of wedding songs. Young men circled in the dance, whirling round to flutes and lyres, while women stood in their doorways gazing. But the men had gathered in assembly, where two of them were arguing a case, contesting the blood price to be paid for another's death. The defendant claimed he had paid all that was right, putting this to the people, but the accuser refused his acceptance, and the pair of them sought arbitration. Both were cheered by their supporters, whom the heralds firmly restrained. The Elders sat on the sacred bench, a semi-circle of polished stone, receiving the speaker's staff from the loud-voiced heralds, and rising to give judgement in turn. At their feet lay two talents of gold, the fee for the one who gave the soundest judgement.

The other city was besieged by two armies clad in glittering armour. Their plan was to attempt to sack it, or accept instead a half of all its wealth. But the citizens resisted, and secretly were arming for an ambush, their beloved wives, the children, and the old left to defend the walls, while the rest set out, led by Ares and Athene, all made of gold. Tall and beautiful in their golden clothes and armour, as gods should look, they rose above the smaller warriors at their feet. Another scene showed them by a river, a watering place for the herds and a likely place to mount their ambush, and

there they were seated in their bronze armour. Then in another two scouts were posted, waiting for sight of a herd of sheep or glossy cattle. Then there was shown the herds' arrival, with two herdsmen behind playing flutes, ignorant of the cunning ambush. Then the ambushers were seen, rushing out to attack them as they neared, quickly cutting out the herd of cattle and the fine white flock of sheep, killing the herdsmen. Next, the besiegers were shown, sitting in assembly, or rising at the sound of cattle, or mounting behind their high-stepping steeds and racing towards the action. And finally he showed the ranks in battle at the river, attacking each other with bronze-tipped spears. Strife and Panic were at work, and ruthless Fate, here laying her hands on one man freshly wounded, there on another still unscathed, and next dragging a corpse through the chaos by its feet. The cloak about her shoulders was red with human blood. Just like living men they seemed to clash and fight, and drag away the bodies of those killed.

On the shield also, he depicted fallow-land, soft, rich, broad and thrice-ploughed, and on it ploughmen were driving their teams to and fro, and where they turned at the field's end a man held a cup of honeyed wine in his hands to give to them, so they were eager to wheel about at the end of the rich furrow. Behind them the field, though made of gold, looked black as if it had been ploughed, a wonderful feature of the work.

On the shield also, he showed a royal estate, where labourers were reaping, with sharp sickles in their hands. Armfuls of corn were falling in swathes along the rows, while sheaves were being bound with twists of straw. Boys were gathering up the armfuls and carrying them to the three binders, while the king, staff in hand, stood joyfully and silently beside them. Heralds in the background beneath an oak were readying a feast, dressing a great sacrificial ox they had slaughtered, while women sprinkled the meat with white barley ready for the labourers to eat.

On the shield also, he portrayed in gold a fine vineyard laden with grapes, though the clusters of heavy fruit were black, and the vines were tied to silver poles. Round it was a ditch of blue enamel, and outside that a fence of tin and a single path led to it, that served for all the coming and going of harvest time. Girls and youths, were joyfully carrying off the ripe

grapes in wicker baskets, while in their midst a boy sang of *Linos* [p. 647], in a sweet treble voice, to the pleasant music of the clear-toned lyre. They all skipped along, with a chorus of cries, beating the earth in time, with dancing feet.

Then on the shield he showed a herd of straight-horned cattle, in gold and tin, lowing as they trotted from their byre to graze at a murmuring stream beside the swaying rushes. Four herdsmen, also in gold, walked beside them, and nine swift dogs ran behind. But in the next scene two savage lions in amongst the leaders were gripping a bull that bellowed loudly, dragging it off, pursued by youths and dogs. The lions had torn the bull's flank open, and were devouring its innards, lapping the dark blood, while the herdsmen tried in vain to set the swift hounds on them, the dogs scared to grapple, but running in barking, then leaping aside.

On the shield, also, the lame master-smith added meadowland full of white sheep, in a fine valley, with sheepfolds, huts and pens.

Then he inlaid an intricate dancing floor like that which *Daedalus* [p. 585] once made in spacious *Cnosos* [p. 579] for long-haired *Ariadne* [p. 554]. Young men, and girls worth many cattle, were dancing there, their hands clasping one another's wrists. The girls wore white linen with pretty garlands on their heads; the young men fine-woven tunics with a soft sheen, daggers of gold hanging from their silver belts. Here, they danced lightly with skilful steps, like the motion a potter gives his wheel when testing it out to see how it will run. There, they ran in lines to meet each other. And enjoying the lovely scene, a host of people stood round about, while a pair of acrobats whirled among them, keeping time to the dance.

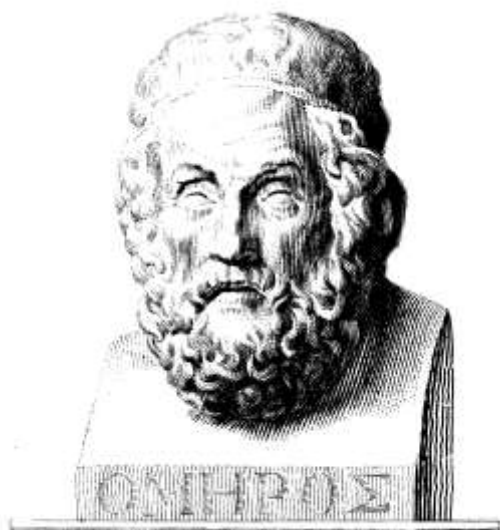
Finally, round the rim of the solid shield, he laid out the mighty stream of Ocean.

When the large heavy shield was done, he made a breastplate for *Achilles* [p. 517] that shone brighter than flame; a massive helmet to fit his head, a fine one cleverly embossed with a crest of gold; and greaves of pliable tin.

And when the lame god had wrought the armour, he took it and set it down in front of *Thetis* [p. 730]. Then she swooped like a falcon, from snow-topped Olympus, bearing Hephaestus' gleaming gift.

BOOK XIX - THE QUARREL IS ENDED

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Il Metal pour son

**BK XIX:1-73 ACHILLES ENDS HIS QUARREL WITH
AGAMEMNON**



s *Dawn* [p. 600], in saffron robes, rose from the stream of *Ocean* [p. 670], bringing light to gods and men, *Thetis* [p. 730] reached the ships bearing *Hephaestus*' [p. 623] gift. She found her beloved son groaning aloud, his arms round *Patroclus*' [p. 684] body, while his men stood by, weeping bitterly. The shining goddess came and took his hand, saying; 'My child you must let him go, however great your sorrow, and leave him here, dead for all time, slain by the will of heaven. Now, take up instead Hephaestus' marvellous armour, more beautiful than any that ever adorned a man's shoulders.'

The goddess set the armour down before him, and it rang aloud in its splendour. Then the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] were seized with awe, and none dared look on it, but shrank away. But the more *Achilles* [p. 517] gazed, the greater rose his desire for vengeance, and his eyes flashed terribly, like coals beneath his lids, as he lifted the god's marvellous gifts and exulted. When he had looked his fill on their splendour, he spoke to Thetis winged words; 'Mother, the god grants me a gift fit for the immortals, such as no mortal smith could fashion. Now I shall arm myself for war. Yet I fear lest flies infest the wounds the bronze blades made, and maggots breed in the corpse of brave Patroclus, and now his life is fled, rot the flesh, and disfigure all his body.'

But silver-footed Thetis, the divine, replied: 'Fear not, my son, I will defend it from the mass of fierce insects that feed on men who die in battle. Though he lie here a year, his flesh will be sound, even sounder than it is now. Now call the Achaeans to assembly, and end your quarrel with the king, arm for war, and summon all your valour.' So saying, she filled his limbs with strength, his heart with courage.



‘Thetis gifts Achilles new armour’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

Then she infused ambrosia and amber nectar through the nostrils into the corpse, so that Patroclus' flesh might be preserved, while noble Achilles strode along the seashore, giving his war-cry, rousing the Achaeans. Now he had appeared, after his long absence from the bitter fight, even those who normally kept to the ships, the pilots, helmsmen and stewards, flocked to the assembly. *Diomedes* [p. 590], the steadfast, and noble *Odysseus* [p. 671], those servants of *Ares* [p. 551], came limping, leaning on their spears, still suffering from their wounds, to sit at the front of the gathering, while last of all came the wounded *Agamemnon* [p. 528], hurt by *Coön* [p. 580], *Antenor's* [p. 543] son, in battle, with a thrust of the bronze-tipped spear.

When all the Greeks had gathered, fleet-footed Achilles rose to speak: 'Son of Atreus, was it good for us to quarrel in this sad way, and eat our hearts out over a *girl* [p. 567]? I had rather *Artemis* [p. 555] had fired an arrow and killed her, when I sacked *Lyrnessus* [p. 650] and took her as mine! Then fewer Greeks would have filled their mouths with the dust of this wide earth, slain by the Trojans while I nursed fierce anger. The Achaeans will long remember our quarrel that only aided *Hector* [p. 617] and his men. But these things are past and done for all our sorrow, and we must quell the anger in our hearts. My wrath is at an end, I'd not prolong our dispute endlessly. Come, rouse the long-haired Greeks to war, so I may attack these Trojans and try their mettle once more, and see if they still dare to camp by the ships tonight. Many I think, will be glad to escape my spear and the pain of war, and sink to their knees, alive, and rest.'



‘Achilles and Agamemnon are reconciled’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK XIX:74-144 AGAMEMNON SPEAKS OF ATE



he bronze-greaved Greeks were delighted by his speech, overjoyed that *Peleus*' [p. 688] great son had renounced his anger. King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], sitting, due to his wound, rather than standing to address them, now had his say: 'My friends, Danaan warriors, servants of Ares, it is good to grant a speaker an uninterrupted hearing, interruptions trouble even the skilled orator. And how can anyone speak or hear in a babble of noise? Even the clearest voice would go unheard. What I say is aimed at the son of Peleus, but you other Argives should listen and take note.

You Achaeans have often criticised me as he has done, but the fault was not mine. *Zeus* [p. 739], *Fate* [p. 610], and the *Fury* [p. 604] who walks in darkness are to blame, for blinding my judgement that day in the assembly when on my own authority I confiscated Achilles' prize. What choice did I have? There is a goddess who decides these things, *Ate* [p. 559], Zeus' eldest daughter, blinds us all, accursed as she is. Those tender feet of hers never touch the ground, but pass through men's minds causing harm, ensnaring this one or another.

Even Zeus they say was blinded by her once, though he's supreme among gods and men. *Hera* [p. 624] it was, a mere woman, cunningly tricked him, when *Alcmene* [p. 536] was due to bear the mighty *Heracles* [p. 625] in turreted *Thebes* [p. 728]. Zeus had made a proud boast to the immortals: 'Listen, gods and goddesses, while I speak what my heart prompts. This very day *Eileithyia* [p. 597], goddess of childbirth, will bring a boy-child into the world, born of a race descended from me, who will hold power over all his neighbours. Then it was Queen Hera showed her cunning: 'As usual, you'll play the deceiver, and nothing will come of your words. So then, Olympian, give us instead your solemn oath that the man, born of your stock, who issues from between a woman's thighs today, will indeed hold power over

all his neighbours.’ Zeus, misled by her cunning, in his blindness swore a mighty oath. Then Hera darted swiftly from high Olympus to *Argos* [p. 553] in *Achaea* [p. 516] where she knew that *Nicippe* [p. 668], noble wife of *Sthenelus* [p. 722], *Perseus*’ [p. 692] son, was seven months pregnant with a boy-child. Hera induced the child prematurely, while restraining the *Eileithyiae*, and delaying *Alcmene*’s labour. Then she told Zeus, son of *Cronos*, the news: ‘Father Zeus, lord of the lightning-flash, a word with you. That mighty man is born indeed who shall rule the *Argives*, fitting, truly, for a child of your lineage. It is *Eurystheus* [p. 609], a boy-child for *Sthenelus*, *Perseus*’ son.’ At her words he felt a sharp pain deep in his mind, and in a blaze of anger he at once seized *Ate* by her gleaming tresses, swearing a mighty oath that she who blinds us all should never again be found on Olympus or in the starry heavens. With that, he whirled her round and flung her from the sky down to the ploughed fields of men below. Zeus would think of her and groan later, whenever he saw his dear son *Heracles* toiling at *Eurystheus*’ labours.

I too, when great *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm was slaughtering *Argives* by the sterns of our ships, could not forget that *Ate* who had blinded me before. But since I was blinded indeed, and Zeus robbed me of my senses, I’ll make amends and compensate you richly. I am ready to offer you all the gifts that noble *Odysseus* [p. 671] promised when he visited your hut the night before last. So prepare for battle and rouse your men. Or you can wait a little, despite your eagerness for war, if you wish, and my attendants will bring you the gifts from my ship, so you can see I give you what will ease your heart.’

BK XIX:145-237 ODYSSEUS GIVES HIS ADVICE



leet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] replied: ‘*Agamemnon* [p. 528], king of men, glorious son of *Atreus*, grant me your gifts if you wish, as is right, or keep them, it is up to you. But for now let us think of war, it is wrong to waste time in talking, and delay the great work still to do.

Let Achilles then be your example as you face the enemy, fighting at the front and slaughtering the ranks of Trojans with his bronze spear.’

Wise *Odysseus* [p. 671] now disagreed: ‘Godlike Achilles, brave indeed you are, but don’t force the sons of Achaea to fight the Trojans, and battle for Ilium, without food in their bellies. When once the battle is joined, and the god breathes courage into both the armies, we are in for a long struggle. Order the Greeks to eat and drink by their swift ships, to give them strength and heart. No man can fight a whole day through, battling the enemy from dawn to dusk, without sustenance. Though a man’s heart may be filled with eagerness for war, his limbs betray him: hunger and thirst overcome him; and he sinks to the ground as he dashes forward. But full of food and wine, a man can fight all day, heart filled with courage, and his limbs unwearied till battle ends. So dismiss the men and order them to eat. As for the gifts, let King Agamemnon have them brought to the assembly, where all the Greeks can see them, and you can be satisfied. Then let him stand in our midst and swear that he has never bedded the girl, a thing customary between men and women, and do you show graciousness in return. Then let him feast you richly in his hut to make amends, so you may lack nothing that is due you. And Atreides, be more just to others in future, there is nothing wrong with a king making amends, when he has been the first to show anger.’


King Agamemnon replied: ‘Son of *Laertes* [p. 642] your words please me, since you state the whole thing honestly. I will swear the oath, as my heart prompts me: nor do I perjure myself before heaven in so doing. Let Achilles stay here with you all, despite his eagerness for battle, until I have had the gifts brought here, and sworn the solemn oath. I charge you with this, do you yourself choose some of the best young men in the army and have them bring the gifts from my ship, everything we promised to Achilles when you saw him and the women. And let *Talthybius* [p. 723] ready a boar, to sacrifice to Zeus and the Sun, here in the camp.’

But swift-footed Achilles still demurred: ‘Agamemnon, king of men, most glorious son of Atreus, it would still be better to do all this when my fury has lessened, and a lull occurs in the fighting. Those whom *Hector* [p. 617],

son of Priam killed, when Zeus gave him the power, lie there mangled and you both talk of eating! I would rather send the sons of Achaea into battle fasting, and feast at sunset when vengeance is sated. I at least will not eat or drink till then, while my friend lies in my hut, mangled by sharp blades, his feet towards the entrance, his comrades grieving round him. What fills my mind, rather, is the thought of slaughter, of blood and the moans of dying men.'

But nimble-witted Odysseus over-ruled him: 'Achilles, son of Peleus, you are our finest warrior, finer than I and stronger with the spear, yet in counsel I am your superior, being older and more experienced, so suffer yourself to hear me out. Men are quickly exhausted in a fight, when the bronze blades, like sickles, strew the field with cut straw and yield a bitter harvest, and Zeus who rules war's reaping holds the balance. You want the Greeks to mourn the dead by starving, when hundreds are killed day after day. When would they ever eat? No, we must bury the dead, weep for a day indeed, but harden our hearts. Those who are left alive by this hated conflict must still eat and drink, so as to fight on, without respite, in this heavy armour. And when the summons comes, let no man hang back, waiting for a second summons, this is it: it will go hard with anyone who stays behind beside the ships. We will advance together, and take the fight to these horse-taming Trojans.'

BK XIX:238-281 THE GREEKS SACRIFICE TO THE GODS

o saying, he left for *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] hut, taking *Nestor*' [p. 667] sons along, with *Meges* [p. 654], son of *Phyleus* [p. 699], *Thoas* [p. 731], *Meriones* [p. 658], *Lycomedes* [p. 649], son of *Creon* [p. 581], and *Melanippus* [p. 654]. No sooner said than done, the seven tripods, twenty gleaming cauldrons, twelve horses, seven women skilled in fine handiwork, with lovely *Briseis* [p. 567], the eighth, were all produced as promised, and Odysseus weighted out twenty talents of gold. Then he led the way while the youths

brought the gifts to the assembly. There, Agamemnon rose to his feet, while *Talthybius* [p. 723], of godlike voice, stood beside the king, restraining the sacrificial boar. Atreides drew the knife he always carried next to the scabbard of his sword, cut a swatch of hair from the boar's head, and raised his arms in prayer to Zeus. The Argives listened in silence, as they ought, while Agamemnon prayed, gazing at the sky: 'I call first on Zeus, highest and best of gods, then on Earth, and Sun, and on the *Furies* [p. 604], who punish perjury in the underworld, as witnesses that I never laid hand on the girl Briseis, I never made love to her, and that during her stay in my huts she was left untouched. If a word of this prove untrue, may the gods make me suffer all the retribution they exact from those who take their names in vain.' With this, he slashed the boar's throat with the merciless bronze, and *Talthybius* lifting the carcass, turned, and flung it into the depths of the grey sea as food for fishes.

Now Achilles rose and spoke to the warlike Argives: 'How great the blindness Father Zeus inflicts on men. Agamemnon could not have roused my anger so, nor would he have taken the girl against my will, if Zeus had not first decided that many Greeks should die. Now let us eat, so we can go to war!'

The troops quickly scattered to their ships, while the brave *Myrmidons* [p. 664] gathered up the gifts, and led the women to *Achilles'* [p. 517] huts, while his noble squires drove the horses in among his own herd.



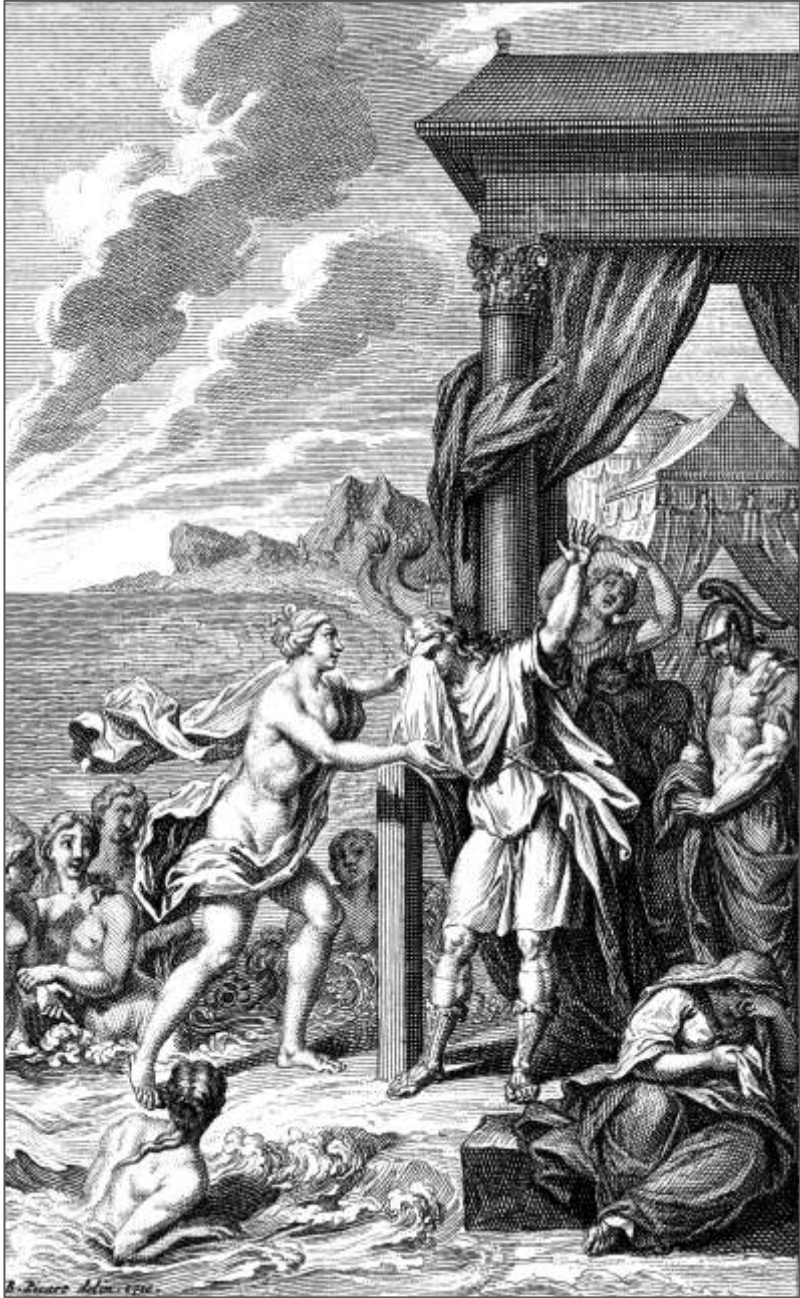
‘Achilles grieves for Patroclus’ - Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK XIX:282-337 ACHILLES GRIEVES FOR PATROCLUS



When *Briseis* [p. 567], beautiful as golden *Aphrodite* [p. 546], saw the corpse of *Patroclus* [p. 684] mangled by the bronze blades, she flung herself on the body, shrieking loudly, and tore with her hands at her breasts, her tender neck, and lovely face. And the goddess-like woman wailed in her lament: ‘Patroclus, dear to my heart, when I left this hut you were alive, and now alas I return, prince among men, to find you a corpse. So, evil dogs my steps. I saw the husband, to whom my royal parents married me, lie there, dead, by our city wall, mangled by the cruel bronze, and saw my three beloved brothers meet a like fate. But you dried my tears, when fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] killed my husband, and sacked King *Mynes*’ [p. 664] city, saying you would see me wed to Achilles, that he would take me in his ship to *Phthia* [p. 698] and grant me a marriage-feast among the *Myrmidons* [p. 664]. You were always gentle with me, now I will mourn you forever.’

So *Briseis* grieved, and the other women took up her lament; mourning *Patroclus*, it is true, but also their own sorrows. As for Achilles, the Achaean elders gathered round him begging him to eat, but he groaned and refused: ‘Indulge me, dear friends, don’t ask me to sate my hunger or thirst while I suffer so. I will not break my fast before sunset.’



‘Achilles mourns Patroclus’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

He sent the generals away, except for the *Atridae* [p. 528], noble *Odysseus* [p. 671], *Nestor* [p. 667], *Idomeneus* [p. 636], and the old charioteer *Phoenix* [p. 696], who all tried to bring him solace in his deep grief, but he refused to be comforted, longing only to enter the bloody maw of battle. He heaved a heavy sigh, stirred by memory: ‘How often, my unlucky, my beloved friend, you would, swiftly and deftly, serve up a savoury meal for us in our hut, when we Greeks were about to attack the horse-taming Trojans. Now you lie here mangled, while I, consumed by grief, lack the heart to eat or drink, though the food is ready and to hand. What worse could I suffer: news of my *father’s* [p. 688] death? He, alive in Phthia, sheds tears no doubt for his absent son, warring far off in an alien land, battling with Trojans over wretched Helen. Or news of my dear son’s death, assuming he still lives, godlike *Neoptolemus* [p. 666], who is growing up in *Scyros* [p. 717]? I liked to think that I alone would die here, in the land of Troy, far from the horse-pastures of Argos, and that you would be the one to return to Phthia, and fetch my son home with you from Scyros in a swift, black ship, and show him all his inheritance, my goods, my slaves, my great high-roofed halls. For *Peleus* [p. 688], I thought, would either be dead by then, or too feeble, weighed down by the hated burden of old age, and the pain of waiting for the sad news of my death.’

BK XIX:338-424 ACHILLES ARMS FOR BATTLE



As he lamented, the generals groaned in sympathy, each filled with memories of home, and *Zeus* [p. 739], who saw them grieving, pitied them, and spoke swiftly to *Athene* [p. 559]: ‘My child, have you forgotten *Achilles* [p. 517], your favourite, are your thoughts wholly elsewhere? There he sits by the curved ships grieving for his friend, feeling no hunger, refusing to eat, while his comrades dine. Go and infuse some nectar and sweet ambrosia into him, and save him from starvation.’

Athene scarcely needed prompting, and roused by his words she

swooped down from the sky, like a long-winged falcon shrieking through the air. While the whole Greek army prepared for battle, she infused Achilles' breast with nectar and sweet ambrosia, then returned to her almighty Father's halls, as the Achaean host advanced from the shore.

Thick and fast as the snowflakes, on the blast of some northerly gale, sent by Zeus himself through the cold bright sky, so the gleaming helms, bossed shields, massive breastplates, and ash spears poured from the ships. The glittering of armour lit the sky, earth shone with the glow of bronze, while the ground rang to the sound of marching men.

In their midst, Achilles armed for battle. His heart filled with unbearable grief, he gnashed his teeth, eyes blazing like fire, and in his fierce anger against Troy he donned the gifts of divine *Hephaestus*'^[p. 623] toil. First he clasped the fine greaves, with silver ankle-pieces, round his legs. Next he strapped on the breastplate, and slung the silver-studded bronze sword across his shoulders. Then he grasped the great solid shield that shone like the moon from afar. Like the glow of a blazing fire from a lonely upland farm seen by sailors whom a storm drives over the plentiful deep far from their friends, so from Achilles' splendid richly-ornamented shield the sheen rose to heaven. He lifted the massive horse-hair crested helmet and placed it on his head, where it shone like a star, and above it the golden plumes danced, that Hephaestus had set thickly round the crest. Noble Achilles then flexed the armour to check that it fitted tightly yet still allowed free movement for his strong limbs. He was overjoyed to find he felt as light as if he had wings. Then he took his father's spear from its stand, the long, massive, weighty spear of ash from the summit of *Pelion* ^[p. 689] that *Cheiron* ^[p. 575] gave his beloved father for the killing of men, and that Achilles alone now of all the Greeks could wield.

Meanwhile *Automedon* ^[p. 563] and *Alcimus* ^[p. 536] busied themselves harnessing the horses, tightening the strong breast-straps on their chests, settling the bits in their mouths, and looping the reins back to the wooden chariot. Then Automedon, grasping the gleaming well-balanced whip in his hand, leapt aboard the chariot, while Achilles stepped up behind him, fully armed and shining like *Hyperion* ^[p. 631], the bright sun. Then he gave a fierce

cry of reproof to his father's team: '*Xanthus* [p. 738] and *Balius* [p. 565], *Podarge's* [p. 701] famous foals, this time think of a way to bring your master back alive when the fight is done, not leave him dead on the field, as you did brave *Patroclus* [p. 684].'

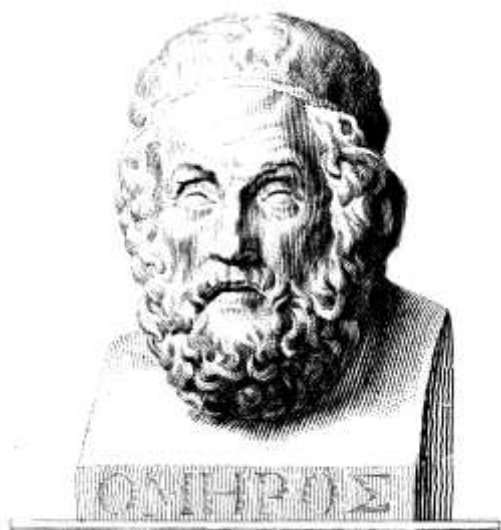
Then Xanthus of the glancing feet, whom white-armed *Hera* [p. 624] granted power of speech, replied from beneath the yoke, bowing his head so his mane streamed down to the ground: 'This once, mighty Achilles, we will save you, yes, even though the hour of your doom draws nigh, nor indeed will we be the cause of your death even then, rather a mightier god and relentless Fate. It was not through any carelessness or idleness of ours that the Trojans were able to strip Patroclus of your armour, but *Apollo* [p. 547] best of gods, son of *Leto* [p. 646] of the lovely tresses, slew him before the army and granted *Hector* [p. 617] glory. Though we run swift as we can, swift as *Zephyrus* [p. 739], the western wind, who flies fastest of all the winds, they say, yet you are fated still to be conquered in battle by a mortal man and a god.'

At that point the *Furies* [p. 604] checked his utterance, while swift-footed Achilles answered excitedly: 'What need for you, Xanthus, to prophesy my fate? I know well enough I am doomed to die here, far from my dear parents, yet I will not end till I have given the Trojans their bellyful of war.'

With that he raised his battle-cry, driving his immortal horses to the front.

BOOK XX - ACHILLES LEADS THE ARMY

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Il Metal pour son

BK XX:1-74 ZEUS ALLOWS THE GODS TO ENTER THE BATTLE



So, around you, by the beaked ships, insatiable *Achilles* [p. 517], the Achaeans readied themselves, and the Trojans likewise, opposite, in the plain, holding the higher ground. Meanwhile *Zeus* [p. 739] sent *Themis* [p. 728] from the peak of many-ridged Olympus to call the divinities to Assembly, and she quickly gathered them from every quarter to his palace. Every stream was there except *Ocean* [p. 670], and every nymph of the lovely woodlands, the river-springs, and the grassy meadows. They all came to the Cloud-Gatherer's halls, and seated themselves beneath the marble colonnades *Hephaestus* [p. 623] had built so skilfully for Father Zeus.

Nor did *Poseidon* [p. 705], Earth-Shaker, ignore the goddess's call, he rose from the sea to join the gathering in Zeus' house, and seated in the midst asked about Zeus' intentions: 'Why have you called us all together, Lord of the Lightning? Are you planning something new for the Greeks and Trojans, now they are on the point of joining battle?

'Earth-Shaker,' Zeus replied, 'you have read my mind, and the purpose of this assembly. Even as their warriors die, I consider them. I will stay here, in a fold of *Olympus* [p. 675], and watch with interest, while all of you go and aid the Greeks or Trojans, each according to your wishes, though if the Trojans have no help against Achilles, that swift-footed son of Peleus will be through them in an instant. They used to tremble before at the sight of him and now, in his fury over his dear friend, I fear he may elude his destiny, and storm the walls himself.'



‘Zeus allows the gods to enter the battle’ - Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

With these words, the son of Cronos signalled bitter conflict, and the divinities departed for the field to aid the opposing sides. *Hera* [p. 624] headed for the ships, with Pallas *Athene* [p. 559], *Poseidon* [p. 705], Encircler of Earth, *Hermes* [p. 626] the Helper, he of quicksilver mind, and *Hephaestus* [p. 623] the lame, with his powerful shoulders, his withered legs still moving nimbly. Meanwhile *Ares* [p. 551] of the gleaming helm took the Trojan side, with *Phoebus* [p. 547] of the flowing locks, *Artemis* [p. 555] the Archer, *Leto* [p. 646], *Xanthus*' [p. 715] stream, and laughter-loving *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

Now, in the absence of the immortals, the Greeks led by Achilles, whom they had missed so terribly in battle until now, had seemed triumphant, for the Trojans shook in every limb at the sight of the swift-footed son of Peleus in his shining armour, that peer of man-killing Ares. But once the divinities had entered the throng, and *Strife* [p. 604] the great war-monger rose among them, Athene called out, now from the trench beyond the Greek wall, now on the echoing shore, uttering her ringing cry. And Ares, fierce as the dread storm-cloud, urged on the opposing Trojans, now screaming his war-cry from the heights of the citadel, now from the banks of *Simois* [p. 719] as he ran towards the hill *Callicolone* [p. 570].

So the blessed gods brought the two armies together, and whipped up a sorry strife between them. The Father of gods and men thundered ominously on high, while down below Poseidon caused wide earth and the tallest mountain peaks to quake. *Ida* [p. 634] of the many streams was shaken from foot to crest, and the city of Troy and the Greek ships trembled. So great was the din as the gods opposed each other, that even *Hades* [p. 614], Lord of the Dead, was gripped by fear and rose from his throne below in the underworld, crying out lest Poseidon split the earth and bare his halls to gods and men, those dank and fearsome halls that the gods themselves loathe. Great was the din, now, as Lord Poseidon opposed Apollo and his winged shafts, while bright-eyed Athene challenged *Enyalios* [p. 600]; as Artemis, the Far-Striker's sister, huntress of the sounding chase, she of the golden arrows opposed Hera; as Leto stood against great Hermes the Helper; as the mighty deep-swirling river, whom gods call Xanthus, and men *Scamander* [p. 715], countered Hephaestus.

BK XX:75-152 APOLLO ROUSES AENEAS



o god went against god. As for *Achilles* [p. 517], he was eager above all to face *Hector* [p. 617], Priam's son, and sate the god of war, *Ares* [p. 551] of the stubborn ox-hide shield, with his blood. But *Apollo* [p. 547], stirrer of conflict, roused *Aeneas* [p. 524] to fight the son of Peleus, and filled him with strength. Likening his voice to that of *Lycaon* [p. 648], son of *Priam* [p. 706], he spoke: 'Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, what has become of the threats you made, as you sat drinking with the other princes, to fight Achilles face to face?'

'Lycaon,' Aeneas replied, 'why urge me to fight the brave son of Peleus, when I reject any such idea? It would not be the first time I confronted swift-footed Achilles. He chased me from *Ida* [p. 634] with his spear, when he raided our herds and sacked *Lyrnessus* [p. 650] and *Pedasus* [p. 686]. *Zeus* [p. 739] saved me then, giving me strength and speed, or I would surely have fallen to Achilles and *Athene* [p. 559]. She went before him, a saving light, rousing him to kill the *Leleges* [p. 645] and Trojans with his spear. No warrior can face Achilles in combat: some immortal always goes by his side to ward off danger. His spear is true and never falls to earth without piercing human flesh. Yet if the gods allowed fair play, he would not beat me easily, even though he thinks himself a man of bronze.'

Lord Apollo, Zeus' son, answered him: 'Warrior, why should you not pray to the deathless gods yourself? They say you are a son of *Aphrodite* [p. 546], Zeus' daughter, while Achilles is the child of a lesser goddess, a *daughter* [p. 730] of the Old Man of the Sea. Have at him straight with the unyielding bronze, don't let his words of menace or contempt deter you.'

With that, he breathed courage into the Trojan leader, who strode through the front ranks, armed in shining bronze. White-armed *Hera* [p. 624] saw him advance, as he went to meet Achilles, and gathering her friends

said: ‘*Poseidon* [p. 705], Athene, decide what we should do. Aeneas, roused by Phoebus Apollo, and armed in shining bronze is set to challenge Achilles. Let’s turn him back perhaps, or one of us stand at Achilles’ side, and strengthen him likewise, give him heart, so he may feel that those who love him are the greatest of immortals, and those who have saved the Trojans from defeat are empty as the breeze. We are here from Olympus to join the war, and ensure Achilles suffers no harm at Trojan hands today, even though in time he must meet whatever fate Destiny spun for him at his birth. If no divine voice tells Achilles of this, he may feel terror on meeting some god in battle, for the gods are perilous when they take on visible form.’

But Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, replied: ‘Hera, control your wrath, be moderate. I would be cautious of causing strife between us immortals. I suggest we find some vantage point out of the way, sit down there, and leave the war to men. Still, if *Ares* [p. 551] or Apollo enter the conflict, or prevent Achilles from fighting, then we ourselves must be instantly involved, and they, I think, will soon break off the battle and return to Olympus and the gods’ assembly, if we exercise our strength.’

With this, the dark-haired god led the way to the high wall that Athene and the Trojans once built for godlike *Heracles* [p. 625], as a sanctuary for his defence when the sea monster drove him from shore to plain. There Poseidon and the others sat down, veiling themselves in dense mist, while on the crest of *Callicolone* [p. 570], Apollo the archer and Ares sacker of cities, seated themselves likewise.

BK XX:153-258 ACHILLES AND AENEAS MEET IN BATTLE



So the immortals on either side sat scheming, yet reluctant to initiate sad conflict, despite the urgings of Zeus on high. Meanwhile the whole plain filled with men, and horses, and shining bronze, and the earth rang under their feet as they advanced. Between the two armies their two champions met, ready to do battle, *Aeneas* [p. 524], son of *Anchises* [p. 542], and noble *Achilles* [p. 517]. Aeneas threatened first, his heavy helmet nodding, his glittering shield covering his chest, brandishing his bronze spear. Achilles charged towards him like a lion, one that a village combines eagerly to kill. The lion passes by, indifferent at first, but when a youth agile in a fight strikes it with a spear it roars and gathers itself, jaws foaming, its powerful spirit groaning within, lashing its ribs and flanks with its tail, rousing itself to fight, then rushing with glaring eyes to the attack, plunging in fury among the foremost, either to kill or be killed. So Achilles in his fury was driven by his high heart to attack brave Aeneas.

When they were close to one another, fleet-footed Achilles called to Aeneas: ‘Why do you come from the ranks to challenge me, Aeneas? Do you hope by fighting me to hold power among the horse-taming Trojans, and replace Priam? He will not give way to you, even if you should kill me, since he has sons, and is strong willed, not a man to change his mind. Or perhaps the Trojans have offered you a prime piece of land, a fine tract of ploughed fields and orchards, as a prize if you slay me? That, I think, you may find hard to do. Do I not recall a previous time, when you ran before my spear, all alone, abandoning the herd, running for dear life down the slopes of Ida? I don’t remember you once looking back. You fled to *Lyrnessus* [p. 650], but I sacked the place, with the help of Father *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Athene* [p. 559], and I led away the women, and robbed them of their freedom, though you yourself were saved by Zeus and the other gods. Yet I think

they'll let you die today, not save you as you think. Go back to the ranks I urge you, don't try to face me now, to your detriment. Even a fool can learn from the past.'

Aeneas answered him: 'Son of Peleus, I am no child frightened with words, I know how to speak myself, both truths and taunts. We know each other's pedigree and parents, and though I have never set eyes on yours nor you on mine, we have heard the tales men have told of them. They say you are peerless *Peleus*' [p. 688] son and your mother is long-haired *Thetis* [p. 730], the sea's daughter, while I boast brave Anchises for my father, and *Aphrodite* [p. 546] herself is my mother. One pair or the other shall mourn a dear son this day, for I say we shall not part and leave the field without exchanging more than these few childish words.

But if you wish to know my whole lineage, well-known though it is, then Zeus the Cloud-Gatherer's son *Dardanus* [p. 586] founded *Dardania* [p. 585], before sacred Ilium was built in the plain, when the race still lived on the slopes of *Ida* [p. 634] of the many streams. Dardanus' son was *Erichthonius* [p. 603], wealthiest king on earth, with three thousand mares grazing in his water-meadows, nurturing their tender foals. The North Wind, enamoured of the mares as they fed, took on a black-maned stallion's form to cover them, and twelve foals were born, that when they travelled the earth, yielder of grain, could gallop over the tops of the ears of corn without breaking them, and when they crossed a wide arm of sea, could skim across the tops of the grey salt breakers. *Tros* [p. 736], son of Erichthonius was the next king of the Trojans, and he had three peerless sons, *Ilus* [p. 637], *Assaracus* [p. 557], and godlike *Ganymedes* [p. 610], the latter being the most beautiful of youths, so much so the immortals raised him up on high to be Zeus' cupbearer and live with them. Ilus begot peerless *Laomedon* [p. 643], and he had sons in turn, *Tithonus* [p. 735], *Priam* [p. 706], *Lampus* [p. 642], *Clytius* [p. 579] and *Hicetaon* [p. 627], scion of Ares. Assaracus' had sons, *Capys* [p. 571] and Anchises, and I am the son of Anchises, as noble *Hector* [p. 617] is of Priam. That is the blood and lineage I claim. As for prowess, Almighty Zeus grants more or less of that, as he sees fit.

Now let us cease from childish talk, here in the midst of war. We could both utter insults enough to sink a hundred-benched sailing ship. The mortal tongue is glib, and many and various the speeches over its wide domain. Whatever we utter: that we may also hear returned to us. So why stand here like angry women in the street caught up in some bitter wrangle, exchanging hostile and contentious words, truths or lies regardless? Such is my desire for glory, your words will not deter me from fighting you man to man, so come, let us try our bronze-tipped spears.'

BK XX:259-352 POSEIDON RESCUES AENEAS



Aeneas [p. 524] then hurled his great spear against *Achilles'* [p. 517] formidable and unearthly shield and the metal rang. The son of Peleus, alarmed, held the shield away from his body with his strong hand, thinking brave Aeneas' long-shadowed spear would pierce it, a ridiculous fear, forgetting that the gods' fine gifts of weapons are hard for mortal men to conquer or avoid. Though the heavy spear sank in, a layer of gold set there by *Hephaestus* [p. 623] held it. The lame god had welded five layers, two of bronze, two inside of tin, and one between of gold. Though Aeneas drove the spear through the first two, there were three left, and the ash spear was stopped by the gold.

Achilles now cast his long-shadowed spear, striking Aeneas' well-balanced shield on the rim where the bronze and ox-hide backing were thinnest. The shield rang as the shaft of Pelian ash pierced it, stripping two layers away. As Aeneas crouching thrust the shield from him fearfully, both flew over his back and the spear stuck in the earth, its fury spent. Having escaped the long shaft, Aeneas stood, his eyes glazed with fear for a moment, appalled by the closeness of the blow, but Achilles gave his war-cry and attacked furiously with his keen sword. Aeneas grasped a stone, a great feat since it was one that no two men of our day could lift, yet he wielded it easily, alone. He might have struck Achilles as he attacked, on the

helmet or the shield that had kept him from harm, but the son of Peleus would have had Aeneas' life, his sword so near about to strike, if *Poseidon* [p. 705], Earth-Shaker, had not been watching.

He spoke to the gods, quickly, saying; 'Now I fear for brave Aeneas, who will descend to the halls of *Hades* [p. 614], slain by that son of Peleus, simply for listening, foolishly, to the Far-Striker's words. *Apollo* [p. 547] will not save him from destruction. Why should an innocent man, who always makes fine offerings to us rulers of the heavens, suffer harm because of another's quarrel? Let us rescue him, and avoid *Zeus's* [p. 739] anger were Achilles to kill him, for Aeneas is destined to live on, so that *Dardanus's* [p. 586] race itself might survive, Dardanus whom Zeus loved above all his children by mortal women. The Son of Cronos has come to hate *Priam's* [p. 706] line, and mighty Aeneas will be the Trojan king, as his descendants will in time to come.'


It was ox-eyed Queen *Hera* [p. 624] who answered him: 'Earth-Shaker you must choose whether to rescue him or let him die, brave though he is, at the hands of Achilles, Peleus' son. Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] and I have always sworn before you all never to save the Trojans from evil, not even when all Troy burns, consumed by the blazing fire those warlike sons of Achaea will light within.'

On hearing this, Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, plunged through the midst of battle and the hail of spears, towards the space where Aeneas and Achilles fought. In a moment, he veiled Achilles' eyes in mist, plucked the ash spear shod with bronze from brave Aeneas' pierced shield, and set it down at Achilles' feet, then lifted Aeneas and swung him into the air, high over the ranks of warriors and lines of chariots, so that with the power of the god's hand he came to earth on the far edge of the field, where the *Caucones* [p. 572] were about to join the fight.

Then Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, at his side, spoke to him with winged words: 'Aeneas, what god has set you on blindly to fight with the proud son of Peleus, who is a greater warrior than you, and dearer to the gods? When you see him, draw back, lest you reach the house of Hades before your time. When Achilles meets his fate, when he is dead, then fight courageously at the front, for no other Greek can kill you.'

When he had imparted all he wished, Poseidon left Aeneas there, and swiftly dispelled the strange mist from Achilles' eyes. The warrior gazed fixedly about him, and murmured to himself in agitation: 'A wonder indeed! Here is my spear lying on the ground, but where is the man I hurled it towards, to kill him? I thought his claims were idle boasts, but the immortals must love this Aeneas, too. Well, let him go. He'll be so glad to have cheated death he'll not dare to try me again. Now let me call to the warlike Greeks, and we shall try the Trojans instead.'

BK XX:353-418 ACHILLES ATTACKS THE TROJANS

o saying, *Achilles* [p. 517] ran along the line calling to all the Greeks: 'Noble Achaeans: don't stand here waiting for the enemy, rouse yourselves for battle, and each pick out your foe. Strong I may be, but they are in such numbers it is hard even for me to fight them all. Not even Ares, immortal as he is, or Athene, could wrestle with the jaws of such a monster. But what a man can do with swift foot, and strong arms, I will attempt. I'll not be idle, rather I'll pierce straight through their ranks, and pity the Trojans who come near my spear.'

So he roused them, urging them on, while great *Hector* [p. 617] was shouting to the Trojans, that he would advance and tackle Achilles: 'Brave Trojans have no fear of this son of Peleus. I too could fight a war of words, even with the gods, yet it is harder to fight them with the spear, since they are mightier still. Achilles will not make good his boast. Part indeed he may fulfil, but a part he will leave undone. I will go out against him, though his hands blaze fire, yes, though his hands blaze fire and his fury is molten iron.'

With this, he drove them forward, and the Trojans faced the Greeks and raised their spears high, and the war cries rose as their forces clashed together in confusion. Now Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] spoke to Hector: 'Don't try to fight Achilles face to face, Hector, stay in the ranks and await him in


the din of battle, or he'll strike you with a cast of his spear or, close up, with his sword.' Hector retreated into the crowd of warriors, filled with fear at the sound of the god's voice.

But Achilles, his heart filled with courage, gave his dreadful war-cry and sprang among the Trojans. First he killed a general, *Iphition* [p. 639], mighty son of *Otrynteus* [p. 679] and a *Naiad* [p. 665], who, beneath snowy *Tmolus* [p. 735] in the fertile land of *Hyde* [p. 630], bore him to that sacker of cities. Noble Achilles struck the man, who charged straight towards him, striking him smack on the head with a cast of his spear, splitting his skull in two. He fell with a thud, and noble Achilles triumphed: 'Lie there, son of Otrynteus, most redoubtable of men. Though you were born by the *Gygaean* [p. 613] Lake, where your father holds the land, by *Hyllus* [p. 630] teeming with fish, and the swirling eddies of *Hermus* [p. 627], here is the place where you must die.'

As Achilles exulted, darkness veiled Iphition's eyes, and the Greek chariot-wheels cut his corpse to pieces, there in the front line, as Achilles sent *Demoleon* [p. 589], *Antenor's* [p. 543] son, a strong man in defence, to join him, striking him in the temple, through the bronze-cheeked helmet, which failed to stop the spear, whose point drove through to smash the bone, crushing the brain inside. So he killed Demoleon in his fury, then *Hippodamas* [p. 628] as he leapt from his chariot to flee, thrust through the back with the point of his spear. Hippodamas breathed his last with a bellow like a bull the young men drag round Poseidon's altar, to delight the Earth-Shaker, Lord of *Helice* [p. 622]. So Hippodamas roared as his proud spirit fled his bones.

Then Achilles went after godlike *Polydorus* [p. 703], *Priam's* [p. 706] son. His father had forbidden him to fight, being his youngest son and dearest to him. He was the fastest runner of them all, but foolishly displaying his turn of speed, running about near the front lines, he lost his life to swift-footed Achilles, who caught him with a cast of his spear, as he shot by, in the back where the corselet overlapped and the golden clasps of his belt were fastened. The spear point emerged beside the navel, and he slumped to his knees with a groan, clutching his guts in his hands, as darkness enveloped him.

BK XX:419-454 APOLLO RESCUES HECTOR

ector [p. 617] saw this, and his eyes misted over, and unable to endure the waiting he ran like fire to challenge Achilles [p. 517], brandishing his keen spear. Achilles sprang towards him, saying exultantly to himself: 'Here's the man who wounded me most, who killed my dearest friend. Now here's an end to dodging one another down the lines.' With a fierce gaze he called to Hector: 'Come on, and find the toils of death the sooner.'

But Hector of the gleaming helm answered, fearlessly: 'Son of Peleus, I am no child frightened with words, I know how to speak myself, both truths and taunts. I know you are a greater warrior than I, yet it lies in the gods' hands whether I, though the lesser man, will kill you with my spear, which has proved sharp enough before now.'

So saying, he balanced his spear and hurled it, but *Athene* [p. 559] with her merest breath deflected it from great Achilles, so that it returned to noble Hector and landed at his feet. Then Achilles in his eagerness to kill him, leapt forward with a dreadful cry. But *Apollo* [p. 547] shrouded Hector in dense mist, and snatched him away, as a god can easily do. Three times fleet-footed Achilles ran in vain at the empty mist with his bronze spear. As he flailed about him, like a demon, for the fourth time, he cursed Hector with winged words: 'Once more, you cur, you cheat death, by a hair's breadth. Phoebus Apollo saves you once more, the god you must surely pray to before you dodge the spears. But I promise to make an end of you when we meet again, if some god will but aid me too. For now I'll kill whoever I can catch.'



‘Hector is saved by Apollo’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

BK XX:455-503 ACHILLES RAGES AMONG THE TROJANS



With this, *Achilles* [p. 517] pierced *Dryops* [p. 594] in the neck with a thrust of his spear, and Dryops fell at his feet. Leaving him, he disabled *Demuchus* [p. 589], *Philetor's* [p. 695] son, with a blow from his spear in the knee, then struck him with his long-sword and robbed him of life. Then he hurled the sons of *Bias* [p. 566], *Laogonus* [p. 643] and *Dardanus* [p. 586], from their chariot, one with a spear-cast the other with his sword in close combat. *Tros* [p. 736], *Alastor's* [p. 535] son, ran to clasp his knees, begging, in his folly, to be spared, to be captured alive, for Achilles to take pity on a youth of his own age, and not kill him! He should have known Achilles' harshness, no soft heart or tender mind had he, fierce in his fury. As Tros in his eagerness tried to clasp the warrior's knees, Achilles pierced his liver with the sword, and spilled it, the dark blood drenching his body, darkness enfolding him as he breathed his last. Then Achilles struck *Mulius* [p. 662] with his spear, the spear-blade passing through his head from ear to ear. Next he killed *Echeclus* [p. 595], son of *Agenor* [p. 531], striking him on the head with the sword, his blood heating the blade, dark death and remorseless fate veiling his eyes. Then he pierced *Deucalion's* [p. 589] arm with the bronze spear-point, where the sinews meet the elbow joint, and Deucalion trailing the spear waited on death. Achilles struck his head from his neck, sending the helmeted head flying. The marrow welled from the vertebrae, and the corpse fell to the ground. Achilles ran after *Rhigmus* [p. 712], the peerless son of *Peiros* [p. 687], from fertile *Thrace* [p. 732]. He struck him in the centre of his belly with his spear, transfixing him, and he fell from his chariot. Then Achilles toppled *Areithous* [p. 551], Rhigmus' squire, striking him in the back with his spear, as the charioteer wheeled the panic-stricken horses.

Achilles ranged everywhere with his spear, like a conflagration racing through the deeply-wooded gullies on a parched mountain-side, its whirling flames driven by the wind through the close-packed trees, and with the

force of a god he beat down those he killed till the black earth ran with blood. Proud Achilles' horses trampled dead men and shields alike as grain is swiftly trampled under the feet of the broad-browed bellowing oxen a farmer yokes to tread white barley on a stone threshing floor. The axle and the chariot rim were black with blood thrown up by the hooves and the wheels as the son of Peleus pressed on to glory, his all-conquering arms spattered with gore.

BOOK XXI - THE FIGHT AT THE RIVER

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Il Metal pour être

BK XXI:1-33 ACHILLES REACHES THE SCAMANDER



Driving the Trojans to the ford of the noble River, the eddying *Xanthus* [p. 715] begot of immortal *Zeus* [p. 739], *Achilles* [p. 517] there cut their force in two. Some he drove towards the city, over the plain where the Greeks had been routed the day before by glorious *Hector's* [p. 617] valour. They poured across it in flight, while Hera spread a dense fog there to thwart them.

The rest were forced into the deep pools of the river with its silvery currents, flinging themselves into the echoing water, splashing through the falls, as the banks resounded. This way and that they swam, shouting, whirled about in the flow. Like a swarm of locusts fleeing before the sudden remorseless onset of raging fire, that fly to a river and cluster in its shallows, so the echoing pools of swirling *Xanthus* were filled with a confusion of men and horses at the onset of Achilles.

There the warrior, beloved of Zeus, left his spear against a tamarisk bush, and leapt in, like a demon, with only his sword, striking right and left, murder in his heart. Hideous groans rose from the dying men, and the water was red with their blood. The Trojans cowered in the pools of that terrible stream, under the overhanging banks, like swarms of fish fleeing a huge dolphin that greedily devours all it catches and filling the coves in some sheltered bay or harbour. When his arms were weary of the slaughter, Achilles dragged twelve youths alive from the water, as a blood price for *Patroclus* [p. 684], son of Menoetius. He drove them like dazed fawns to the bank, tied their hands behind them with the pliant straps of their own fine tunics, and left it to his men to take them to the ships. Then he turned back again, eager for the kill.



‘Battle at the River’ – Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

BK XXI:34-135 THE DEATH OF LYCAON



*A*chilles [p. 517] now encountered *Lycaon* [p. 648], a son of *Priam* [p. 706], escaping from the river. He had met the man before in a night sortie, taking him captive in his father's orchard, where he had been trimming the young shoots from a wild fig tree with his keen knife to make chariot rails. Noble Achilles had descended on him like a lightning bolt from the dark sky, bundled him aboard ship, and sold him at *Lemnos* [p. 645], *Jason's* [p. 634] *son* [p. 607] being the purchaser. He was ransomed from Lemnos, at a heavy price, by a friend *Eëtion* [p. 596] of *Imbros* [p. 638], who sent him to sacred *Arisbe* [p. 554], but he had slipped away secretly, and returned to Troy, his ancestral home, though he had no more than eleven days to enjoy the company of his friends. For on the twelfth the gods drove him yet again into the hands of Achilles who was now to send him to the House of Hades, loath though he was to go.

Fleet-footed Achilles found him defenceless, without helmet, shield, or spear, all of which he had dropped in his weariness, his knees giving way beneath him, sweat pouring from him, as he struggled from the river. Achilles mused on this with wonder, communing with his proud heart: 'Well now, marvels will never cease! If this man can return, perhaps I'll see every brave Trojan I've killed rise again from the darkness, escaping the merciless day of death, as this man has escaped from sacred Lemnos, despite those great stretches of grey sea, that put paid to many a longing. Here then, let him taste the point of my spear, so I can discover whether he'll return from the underworld, or be thwarted by the fertile earth, that holds even the mighty.'

So he mused and waited, while Lycaon came to him, eager to clasp Achilles' knees, and cheat vile death and dark destiny. Noble Achilles raised his long spear, ready to strike him down, but Lycaon stooped beneath the shaft, stumbled in and clasped the warrior's knees, so the spear, though


eager to glut itself on human flesh, slid over his back, and fixed itself in the ground. Then clasping Achilles' knee with one hand, and clinging relentlessly to the sharp-bladed shaft with the other, words of supplication poured from him: 'Achilles, at your knees I beg for your acknowledgement and mercy. I come as a known suppliant to you, Beloved of Zeus, for I first ate bread at your table the day you took me captive in the orchard, and took me far from parents and friends, to sell me in sacred Lemnos. I brought you the price of a hundred oxen. Then I was ransomed, for three times as much, and this is the twelfth day since I came home to Ilium after all my suffering, only for mortal fate to place me once more in your hands. Father Zeus must surely hate me, to do so to me again. I am the son, doomed to a brief span it seems, of *Laotboe* [p. 644], daughter of old *Altes* [p. 538], king of the warlike *Leleges* [p. 645], who holds lofty *Pedasus* [p. 686] above the *Satnioeis* [p. 714]. Priam wed his daughter, and she bore two sons, both fated to fall into your hands. Godlike *Polydorus* [p. 703] you killed in the front line, striking him with a throw of your sharp spear, and now evil comes to me, since I, whom a god brings to your feet, seem fated to be your victim. Yet it is one more reason not to kill me, since you now know I am not from the womb that bore Hector, who slew your great and gentle friend.' So the highborn son of Priam pleaded with Achilles, but harsh was the reply.

'Fool, do not talk to me of ransom, make me no speeches! Before the day of fate overtook *Patroclus* [p. 684], I had a mind to spare you Trojans. Many I took alive, selling them far away. Now not one shall keep his life, of all the gods send to my hands before Troy not one solitary Trojan, and least of all the sons of Priam. You too, my friend, must die: why so sad? Patroclus, a far better man, has died. Or look at me, how big and fine I am, my father's a great man, and a goddess bore me, yet death and remorseless fate await me too, either at sunrise, evening or high noon, some man in battle will strike me with his spear, or pierce me with an arrow from his bow.'

So he spoke, and Lycaon's heart failed him, his knees likewise, and letting go the spear he sank to the ground his arms outstretched. But Achilles, drawing his keen sword, struck him on the neck and collarbone,

the double-edged blade biting through, so he fell headlong in the dust, and the black blood ran out and soaked the earth. Then Achilles seized him by the heel and hurled him to the river to be washed away, taunting him with winged words: ‘Lie with the fish: they’ll suck the blood from your wounds, they’ll care not a jot for you, nor will your mother lay you on a bier to mourn, but swirling *Scamander* [p. 715] will wash you to the deep sea’s maw. Many a fish will dart among the waves, rising beneath the dark surface to eat Lycaon’s white flesh. Death to you, Trojans, till I reach sacred Troy: you run in front, I’ll cut you down behind. Nor will the fine river, its whirling silver, save you, though you’ve sacrificed to Scamander these many years, slaughtering bulls and hurling living horses into his stream. You too must die, and meet dark fate, till you have paid for Patroclus and the Greeks, killed near the swift ships, while I was gone.’

BK XXI:136-199 THE DEATH OF ASTEROPAEUS

he *River-god* [p. 715] was angered further by his words, and pondered how to end great *Achilles’* [p. 517] exploits, and save the Trojans from ruin. Meanwhile that son of Peleus leapt with his long-shadowed spear on *Asteropaeus* [p. 557], *Pelegon’s* [p. 688] son, eager to slay him. Pelegon was the son of *Periboea* [p. 691], *Acessamenus’* [p. 516] eldest daughter, and the broad deep-swirling River *Axius* [p. 564], for the River-God had lain with her. As Achilles ran at him, Asteropaeus emerged from the stream to face him, a spear in each hand, and *Xanthus* [p. 738] filled his heart with courage, angered at the youths that Achilles, devoid of pity, was slaughtering in his depths. As they advanced to meet each other, noble Achilles, the fleet of foot, questioned him: ‘Who are you and where do you hail from, who dare to come against me? Sad are those whose sons encounter my prowess.’

‘Proud son of Peleus,’ Pelegon’s noble son replied, ‘since you ask, I come from fertile far-off *Paeonia* [p. 680], and reached Ilium eleven days ago, leading the long-speared Paeonians, but my descent is from broad-flowing

Axius, the loveliest stream on the face of the earth, who begot the famous spearman Pelegon, whom they say was my father. Now, noble Achilles let us fight!’

Asteropaeus spoke defiantly, as noble Achilles raised his shaft of *Pelian* [p. 689] ash, and hurled his own two spears both together, being skilled with either hand. His one spear struck Achilles’ shield but failed to pierce it, blunted by the layer of gold in the god’s gift, while the other struck Achilles’ right forearm a glancing blow so the black blood flowed, though the spear, despite its eagerness to slake itself in the flesh, flew over him and fixed itself in the ground. Achilles in turn, eager to kill him, hurled his true ash spear at Asteropaeus, but missed his mark, hitting the overhanging bank, driving the ash spear in to half its length. Drawing his sharp sword from its sheath by his side, the son of Peleus ran towards his man, who was trying to drag Achilles’ ash spear from the wall with his strong hand. Three times it quivered in his eager grasp, three times he failed. A fourth time he wrestled to bend Peleus’ ash spear and break it, but before he could do so, Achilles reached him and struck him with his sword. It took him in the belly by the navel, his guts spilled out on the ground, and as he lay gasping for breath darkness shrouded his eyes. Achilles set a foot on his chest and stripped him of his armour, in triumph: ‘Lie there, and learn how hard it is to fight a scion of almighty Zeus, child of a river-god though you may be. If you are born of a wide-flowing river, well I am of mighty Zeus’ lineage. The king of the thronging *Myrmidons* [p. 664] is my father, *Peleus* [p. 688], the son of *Aeacus* [p. 522], as Aeacus was the son of Zeus. And as Zeus is a greater god than the gods of the sea-bound rivers, so is his offspring greater than a river’s child. Now a great river washes your feet, but cannot save you, for none can fight a scion of Zeus. Not even *Achelous* [p. 517] vies with him or the mighty and deep-flowing Ocean, source of the rivers and the sea, the springs and the deep wells: even he fears Zeus’ lightning, when dread thunder crashes from the sky.’

**BK XXI:200-297 ACHILLES IS OPPOSED BY THE
SCAMANDER**



With this, *Achilles* [p. 517] plucked his bronze-tipped spear from the bank, and left the corpse of *Asteropaeus* [p. 557] lying on the sand, in shallow water, where the eels and fish were already at work, nibbling the kidneys and devouring the fat, and went after the *Paeonian* [p. 680] charioteers, still huddled by the swirling river, having seen their champion die in combat at the hands and sword of the son of Peleus. There he killed *Thersilochus* [p. 728], *Mydon* [p. 663], *Astypylus* [p. 558], *Mnesus* [p. 661], *Thrasius* [p. 732], *Aenius* [p. 525] and *Ophelestes* [p. 675], and more too would have died if the eddying *River* [p. 715] had not taken on human form, and called to him angrily from the deep current: ‘Achilles, you are more than a man in strength and in dark deeds too, and the gods always defend you. If *Zeus* [p. 739] wants you to kill every last Trojan, then at least drive them from my stream, and do your grim work in the plain. My lovely channels are choked with the dead, and how can I send my waters down to the glittering sea, if you go on with your ruthless slaughter, fouling them with corpses? Prince among men, cease now, you appal me.’

Fleet-footed Achilles replied: ‘*Scamander* [p. 715], child of Zeus, as you have said so indeed it will be, for I shall not leave off killing Trojans till I have penned them in their city, and tested *Hector* [p. 617] in close combat, to see which of us shall die.’ With this, he rushed at the Trojans in godlike fury.

Now, the deep-swirling River called out to *Apollo* [p. 547]: ‘Lord of the Silver Bow, Zeus’s child, is this how you execute your Father’s plans? He told you to stand by the Trojans’ side and be their salvation till dusk darkened the fertile earth.’

Even as he spoke, Achilles, the great spearman, leapt from the bank into the heart of the stream. *Xanthus* [p. 715] stirred the waters to fury, and rushed on him in spite, bellowing like a bull, sweeping up the host of dead that choked his river-bed, and hurling them on shore. But the living he protected with his dark waters, concealing them among the wide deep pools. The raging current rose against Achilles, beating his shield down and driving him back, so he could barely stand. He clutched at a fine tall elm, but it tore away at the roots, pulling down the bank and collapsing into the flood, sinking deep and damming the whole river. Now Achilles sprang for the shore, and set off running swiftly over the plain, gripped by fear. The River-god came on, as a dark wall of water, meaning to end Achilles' slaughter and save the Trojans from ruin. The son of Peleus, racing off, had a spear-throw's start as he swooped away like a black eagle, that mighty raptor, strongest and swiftest of winged creatures, while the bronze armour clanged at his chest as he swerved and fled from the arching wave that followed him with its angry roar. Like a stream of water a farmer channels from a shadowy spring, through his beds and plots, mattock in hand, clearing all obstructions, that sweeping along the stones beneath slips swiftly along the slope with a murmur, running faster than its guide, so the River constantly overtook fleet-footed Achilles, fast though he ran, for the gods are greater than men.


Whenever noble Achilles tried to make a stand, and see if it was the will of all the heavenly gods to drive him off, each time a mighty billow of the heaven-fed River would beat at his shoulders, and he would spring away with a leap, his heart racing, while the violent flood broke over his weary knees, and washed away the earth under his feet. Then the son of Peleus shouted aloud, looking up to the skies, with a bitter cry: 'Father Zeus, why won't some god take pity on me in my plight and rescue me from the River? Then shall I suffer whatever fate is mine. My *mother* [p. 730], of all the immortals, is most to blame, fooling me with false prophecies, saying I would fall to Apollo's swift dart under the walls of Troy. I wish now Hector, their champion, had killed me, fine man would have slain fine warrior. Now it seems I'm to meet a wretched fate, trapped in this great river like some lad driving the pigs who gets swept away by the torrent as he fords a wintry crossing.'



‘Poseidon and Athene rally Achilles’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

In a moment, *Poseidon* [p. 705] and *Athene* [p. 559] responded to his cry, and rushed to his side. Taking human form, they grasped his arms and reassured him. Poseidon, Earth-Shaker, then spoke: ‘Courage, Achilles, have no fear, I, Poseidon, and Pallas Athene, are here with Zeus’ blessing to help you. It is not your fate to be drowned by any river. Xanthus will soon subside, as you will see. But here is some good advice, if you’ll but listen. Go on, indeed, with your grim work till you pen whatever is left of the Trojan army inside the great walls of Troy, but when you have killed Hector, then return to the ships: this glory we grant you.’

BK XXI:298-382 HEPHAESTUS BLASTS THE RIVER WITH FIRE

he gods, their message delivered, returned to join the other immortals, while *Achilles* [p. 517], inspired by *Poseidon’s* [p. 705] words, advanced over the plain. The whole area was flooded, and the corpses and fine armour of a host of young men slain in battle were awash there. Leaping along through the water, he worked his way up-stream, *Athene* [p. 559] granting him such strength that the spreading river failed to halt him. Not that *Xanthus’* [p. 715] power was less, for his wrath against Peleus’ son increased, and towering up in a surging crest, he called across to *Simois* [p. 719]: ‘Dear brother, let us unite to stop this man or he’ll waste great Priam’s city, and the Trojans will lose the war. Speed to my aid, fill your streams with water from your source, and raise a torrent, send down a mighty wave, with a clashing of logs and rocks, so we can thwart this savage who thinks himself equal to the gods and carries all before him. I say strength and beauty will help him not, nor his fine armour that will lie deep drowned in the mud. I will roll him in sand and pile a mountain of pebbles over his flesh. So deep the silt I’ll cover him with, no Greek will know where his bones are buried. He’ll not need a funeral mound when the Greeks perform their rites: here now is his tomb all prepared.’

So saying, he towered on high, and rushed at Achilles in a surge of rage, seething with foam and blood and corpses. And over the son of Peleus hung a great wave of the heaven-fed river, threatening to overwhelm him. Now *Hera* [p. 624] cried out, gripped by terror lest the broad deep-swirling stream should sweep Achilles away. Quickly she called to her dear son *Hephaestus* [p. 623]: ‘Up, my child, on your crooked feet! You we thought to match in this fight against whirling Xanthus. Be swift to save, and rouse your flames. I will hasten to stir the winds from the sea, a fierce *Westerly* [p. 739] gale and a sharp *Southerly* [p. 669], to spread the fierce conflagration till the Trojan dead and their amour are utterly consumed. You must scorch the trees along Xanthus’ banks, and wall his course with flames. Don’t let him deter you with threats or tender speeches, nor must you mitigate your force, until I call you off with a cry: then, quench your restless fires.’

Hephaestus answered her with a wondrous blaze, that began by burning the host of dead that strewed the plain, the victims of Achilles, until the plain was dry and the streams abated, as a *Northerly* [p. 567] wind dries a newly-wet orchard at fruit-harvest, to the delight of him who must pick the crop. Soon the whole plain was bone dry, and the corpses consumed. Then Hephaestus turned his bright flame on the river itself. The elms, willows and tamarisks burned, the rushes and sedge and lotus leaves that grew densely along the winding streams, and the eels and fish thrashed about in the swirling pools, tormented by artful Hephaestus’ fiery blast. The mighty River himself was scalded, and cried out to the god: ‘Hephaestus, you’re a match for any immortal. I’ll not fight you while you’re wreathed in flame. Cease this battle, and let noble Achilles drive the Trojans from their city. What business of mine are war and conflict?’

So he spoke, his silver waters boiling and seething, fringed with fire. Like the melted lard of a fat hog, in a cauldron set on a fierce flame of dry kindling, that bubbles and seethes throughout, so his flood boiled and steamed. Lacking the will to flow onward, he sank back, troubled by artful Hephaestus’ fiery blast. He cried out to Hera, for mercy, in winged words: ‘Why does your son torment my stream above all others, Hera? Surely I am less guilty in your eyes than all the others who aid the Trojans? I will desist

at your command, if he will also refrain. Moreover, I'll swear this oath, never to try and save the Trojans from their day of doom, not even if all Troy is ablaze, wreathed in consuming fire, at the hands of the warlike Greeks.'

When the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard his cry, she called quickly to her dear son: 'Enough, Hephaestus, my noble child. We must not harm an immortal for the sake of a mere man.' Hephaestus responded to her words, and quenched his mighty conflagration, and the current began to flow again along its lovely channels.

BK XXI:383-525 THE IMMORTALS QUARREL



anthus' [p. 715] force was spent, *Hera's* [p. 624] command had ended the conflict, though she was still resentful, but the other gods, torn in opposing directions by strong passions, were occupied in dire and momentous strife. They clashed with a mighty tumult, earth rang, and heaven echoed with sound like a trumpet blast. *Zeus* [p. 739], on Olympus, heard the row, and he laughed to himself with joy, witnessing the immortals' quarrel. *Ares* [p. 551], the breaker of shields, bronze spear in hand, wasting not a moment, leapt at *Athene* [p. 559] and began the fight, with a shout of abuse: 'Yet again, you gad-fly, you set the immortals at one another, you with your fiery impudence, and your boundless pride. Remember the time when you spurred *Diomedes* [p. 590] on to wound me, grasping the spear-shaft yourself, sending that blade straight towards me and tearing my sweet flesh. Now you'll pay, I say, for all you've done.'

With that the murderous war-god lashed out with his long spear, striking her tasselled aegis, that dread aegis that resists even Zeus's lightning, and she stepped back. Then, in her powerful hand, she grasped a great black jagged stone that men had raised, on the plain, in former times to mark a field boundary. She struck the angry Ares on the neck, and

knocked him down, with a clash of armour, and he lay stretched out over an acre of ground, his hair in the dust, Pallas Athene laughed in triumph: ‘You have still not learnt to know my strength: it’s greater than yours, you fool, if you try and match it with mine. That’s how you’ll shake off the *Furies* [p. 604] your mother invoked against you, plotting trouble, since you angered her by siding with the insolent Trojans against her Greeks.’

So saying, she turned away her bright gaze, as *Aphrodite* [p. 546], Zeus’ daughter, took his arm and led him from the field, recovering his breath with a groan. But white-armed Hera saw, and called to Athene: ‘Aegis-bearing *Atrytone* [p. 562], child of Zeus, that gad-fly is helping Ares, the mortals’ bane, through the ranks and away from the battle. After her: quickly!’

Eagerly, Athene sped away in pursuit, at her words, and rushing at Aphrodite struck her a heavy blow on the chest. Aphrodite collapsed, without a murmur. There lay Ares and Aphrodite on the dark earth, while Athene triumphed over them: ‘May all the rest who help the Trojans meet the same fate! If they are all as brave and resolute as Aphrodite here, Ares’ defender against me, the war will soon be over and populous Troy a ruin.’

The white-armed goddess, Hera, smiled at this, but *Poseidon* [p. 705] Earth-Shaker turned to *Apollo* [p. 547], saying: ‘Phoebus, why are you holding off? It can’t be right to leave it to the others. Shame on us if we scurry back to Olympus, to Zeus’ bronze threshold, without fighting! You, the younger, should attack me first, given I am older and more experienced. Ah, what a empty-witted fool you are! Have you forgotten what we two suffered here at Troy, when by Zeus’ command we served proud *Laomedon* [p. 643] for a year? The wages were set, and how that king ordered us around! I built a fine wide wall round the Trojan city, to render it impregnable, while you, Apollo, were herdsman of their sleek shambling cattle, on the wooded spurs of many-ridged *Ida* [p. 634]. But when the bright season brought an end to our term, that rogue Laomedon cheated us of payment, threatening to bind our hands and feet and sell us into some distant isle. He even talked of lopping our ears off with his knife! So we went away with anger in our hearts, robbed of the wages he had promised. Now you show favour to his

race, instead of seeing to it along with us that the haughty Trojans, their wives and children face utter ruin.’

‘Earth-Shaker,’ replied Lord Apollo, the Far-Striker, ‘you would hardly call me wise if I fought with you for the sake of these wretched mortals, now full of life, eating the earth’s fruit, now fading away and falling like the leaves. Let us cease arguing now, let them fight their own battles.’ Then he turned away, ashamed to quarrel with his own uncle. But now his sister *Artemis* [p. 555], Queen of the Creatures, Goddess of the Wild, reviled him with harsh rebukes: ‘So you are off now, Far-Striker, yielding all to Poseidon, handing him victory without a struggle! What’s the sense, you fool, in carrying a bow as useless as the wind? Don’t let me hear you boast again in our Father’s house, as you did before among us immortals, that you’d fight Poseidon hand to hand!’

Apollo, the Far-Striker, did not deign to answer, but Hera, revered as Zeus’ wife, rebuked the Lady of the Bow angrily: ‘You want to fight with me now, do you, bold and shameless as you are? I am no mean opponent, I tell you, if you seek a challenge, even though you wield the bow, and Zeus made you a lioness where women are concerned, letting you kill them as you wish. You’ll find it better sport, though, to slaughter deer and other prey in the mountains, than take on someone fiercer than yourself. But if that’s your idea, to vie with me in strength, then let this teach you who is stronger.’

So saying, she seized the other’s wrists in her left hand, snatched Artemis’ bow and quiver from her shoulders and, laughing all the while, boxed her on the ears with the weapons as she writhed, scattering the winged arrows. Artemis fled weeping from her, like a dove, flying from a falcon, which finds a cleft or hollow in the cliffs so cheating fate. She took her tears with her, but left the bow and arrows where they lay. Then the Messenger God, *Hermes* [p. 626], Slayer of Argus, called across to her mother: ‘Don’t worry! I’ll not fight you *Leto* [p. 646]! It looks like hard work trading blows with a consort of Zeus the Cloud-Gatherer. Go boast to your heart’s content to the immortals of how your great strength bettered me.’

At this, Leto gathered the curved bow and the scattered arrows from the dust, and went off carrying her daughter's weapons. Meanwhile the archer maiden herself had reached Olympus, and run to Zeus' house with its bronze threshold, and now sat sobbing in her Father's lap, her scented robes all a-quiver. The son of Cronos drew his daughter to him, laughing: 'Which of the Heavenly Ones seems to have ill-used you unfairly, dear child, thinking perhaps you were up to mischief?' 'Father,' the Huntress of the Echoing Chase, she of the Lovely Crown, replied: 'it was your own wife, white-armed Hera, who hit me: she it was who set us all quarrelling.'

As they spoke, the immortals returned to Olympus, some angry some in triumph, to sit beside their Father, Lord of the Storm Clouds, all except Apollo who entered the sacred citadel, Ilium, anxious lest the Greeks should exceed their fate and breach its well-built walls that day. For Achilles was still slaughtering men and horses alike. As the wrath of the gods sends smoke to the sky from many a burning city, bringing toil and woe, so did *Achilles* [p. 517] bring toil and woe to many a Trojan.

BK XXI:526-611 APOLLO SAVES AGENOR



Now old King *Priam* [p. 706] stood on the battlements *Poseidon* [p. 705] built, and saw great *Achilles* [p. 517] driving the Trojans before him in headlong rout, with none to aid them. Groaning, he descended from the wall, calling aloud to the gatekeepers: 'Hold the gates wide open till the army are inside, Achilles is hard on their heels, and there will be sad slaughter. Once they are safe within, close the wooden doors lest that savage storms the city.'

They unbarred the gates and flung them wide to bring deliverance, while Apollo went to meet Achilles and save Troy from ruin. The Trojans fled for the city wall, dry-mouthed and drowned in dust from the plain, as the fierce spearman, that son of Peleus, ran them down, like a man possessed, eager to win glory.

And the Greeks would indeed have captured Troy of the lofty gates if Phoebus Apollo had not roused *Antenor's* [p. 543] son, great *Agenor* [p. 531], the strong and peerless warrior. He filled his heart with courage, and stood by his side, to defend him from death's mighty hand. The god leaned on the sacred oak, veiled in dense mist. There Agenor halted at the sight of Achilles, sacker of cities, and waited, his mind dark with misgivings, murmuring anxiously to himself: 'Alas, if I fled before him like a coward, along with all the rest, he would simple overtake me and kill me. I could leave these men to be chased before him, and run from the wall towards the *Ilean* [p. 637] Plain, until I reach the foothills and gullies of Mount *Ida* [p. 634], then hide there in the woods. Then after washing the sweat from my body in the river, I could return to Troy in the cool of evening. But why dream of that? He would see me turn towards the plain and with his swift feet chase me down. That would indeed be certain death, since he is too strong for any man. Nothing for it then: but to meet him here before the city. His flesh too can be pierced by the blade. He is mortal they say, so has only the one life, even if Zeus, son of Cronos, grants him brief glory.'

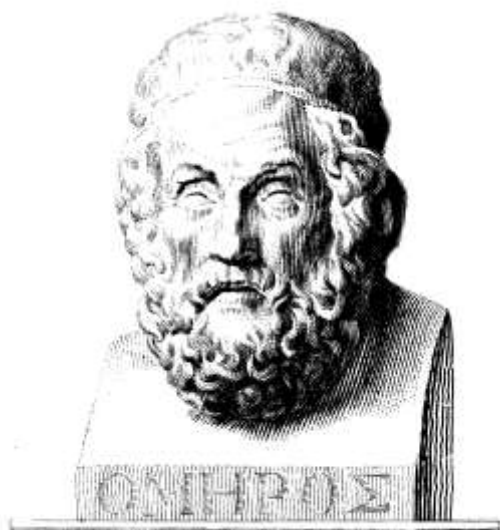
With this, he crouched low, awaiting Achilles, his great heart eager for the fight. As a leopardess lopes from dense brush to face the hunt, fearless and bold despite the hounds' baying, and even though struck and wounded by spear or javelin, still leaps at her foe and slashes at him or is slain, so noble Agenor, son of great Antenor, was determined not to flee without tackling Achilles. He held his round shield before him, and aiming his spear at Achilles, shouted aloud: 'No doubt you hoped to sack the proud city of Troy this very day, Prince Achilles. A foolish thought, for many are the sorrows yet to be borne by you Greeks on her account. Many are we and mighty, who guard Ilium for our parents, wives and sons. It is you will meet your doom here, bold and impressive as you are.'

With that he hurled the keen spear from his strong hand, striking Achilles on the shin below the knee, the blade clashing against the new greave worked with tin. But the god's gift held and the bronze blade failing to pierce it, rebounded. The son of Peleus, in turn, attacked godlike Agenor, but *Apollo* [p. 547] refused him glory, snatching up Agenor, veiling

him in dense mist, and setting him down quietly, away from the fight. The god then cunningly led Achilles away from the Trojans. Disguising himself as Agenor, the Far-Striker appeared again in front of Achilles who started swiftly in pursuit. Subtly the god deceived him, as they ran over the fertile plain, veering towards the river, the whirling *Scamander* [p. 715], keeping a little ahead so Achilles always hoped to overtake him. And while they ran, the mass of fleeing Trojans reached the city, overjoyed. Not daring to linger outside the walls to find out who had survived and who had died, those whose speed of foot had saved them poured through the gates, and filled the streets.

BOOK XXII - THE DEATH OF HECTOR

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Il Metal pour être

BOOK XXII: I-89 PRIAM AND HECABE FAIL TO DISSUADE HECTOR



he Trojans, having fled like a herd of frightened deer, now leant on the battlements around the city, drying the sweat from their bodies, and quenching their thirst, as the Greeks approached the wall, their shields at the slope. But deadly Fate enticed *Hector* [p. 617] to halt by the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate, in front of the city.

Meanwhile Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] revealed himself to *Achilles* [p. 517]: ‘Why, son of Peleus, being only mortal, do you run after me, a deathless god? Only now it seems do you know me, so great your fury! Have you forgotten the Trojans you routed? They have found refuge in the city, while you linger here, trying to kill one who cannot die.’

Then swift-footed Achilles replied, in consternation: ‘Far-Striker, you are the cruellest of gods. You’ve lured me here, far from the wall, while many who should have bitten the dust reach Ilium. You rob me of my glory, to save them, an easy task for one safe himself from vengeance, for I would indeed revenge myself on you if I had the power.’ So saying, Achilles ran eagerly towards the city, his legs pounding away like a winning thoroughbred coursing over the plain in the chariot traces.

Old *Priam* [p. 706] was first to see him, racing over the plain, his bronze breastplate gleaming like Sirius, the star of harvest, brightest of stars in the dark of night. *Orion’s* [p. 677] Dog, men call it, glittering brightly yet boding ill, bringing fever to wretched mortals. The old man groaned aloud, and raising his arms, beat his head with his hands, shouting entreaties to his dear son, who stood before the Gate, ready to turn his fury on Achilles.

Stretching out his arms, he called to him piteously: ‘Hector, dear child, I beg you, don’t face that man alone. Seek help, lest you meet your doom at the hands of Achilles, a stronger and tougher warrior than you. If the gods loved him as little as I do, the dogs and vultures would soon feed on his corpse, and my heart would be eased of a burden of sorrow, for he has robbed me of many fine sons, killing them or selling them in some far off isle. This very day I miss my two sons, *Lycaon* [p. 648] and *Polydorus* [p. 703], whom *Laotboe* [p. 644], princess among women, bore me. I failed to see them among the troops taking refuge in the city. If they are living, and held captive, we’ll ransom them with gold and bronze, from my great store. *Altes* [p. 538], of glorious name, gave his daughter many gifts. But if they are dead, in *Hades*’ [p. 614] Halls, that is one more sorrow for their mother and I, who engendered them. Yet the people’s mourning will be briefer, if Achilles fails to kill you too. So take refuge behind the walls, my child, and be the saviour of the Trojans: stay alive, deny this son of Peleus glory. Have pity on me too while I live, I, poor wretch, for whom it seems Father *Zeus* [p. 739] reserves a dreadful fate, here after much sorrowful experience, on the threshold of old age, to see my sons slaughtered, my daughters dishonoured, their children hurled aside in anger, my son’s wives dragged away, my treasures fallen into savage Achaean hands. In the end, I shall be slain by a thrust from some sharp spear, and the flesh-eating dogs before my door will tear my corpse apart, the very dogs I fed from my table, reared to guard these same doors, dogs that will lie there in the gateway when in their savagery they’ve lapped my blood. It is fine for a young man, killed in battle, to lie there with his wounds on display: dead though he is, it’s an honourable sight. But an old man’s naked corpse, his grey hairs soiled by the dogs, is a pitiful matter for us wretched mortals.’

With this, the old man tore and plucked the grey hairs from his head, but failed to move Hector’s heart. Even though his *mother* [p. 616] in turn began to weep and wail, pushing aside the folds of her robe and baring her breast, imploring him as she wept: ‘Hector, my child, this is the breast that fed you: respect and pity me. Think of us, and oppose the foe from inside the wall, don’t stand and face that harsh warrior, for if he kills you I’ll not have your corpse to lay on a bier and grieve over, dear child of my body,

nor will the wife you richly dowered; but far from us, by the Argive ships, the running dogs will devour you.’

BK XXII:90-130 HECTOR CONSIDERS HIS SITUATION



So they entreated their dear son with tears. But all their earnest pleas could not change *Hector's* [p. 617] mind, and he waited on great *Achilles'* [p. 517] advance. Like a snake in the hills, full of venom due to the toxic herbs it eats, that glares balefully and writhes inside its hole, waiting as some man approaches, so Hector held his ground, filled with latent power, his bright shield resting on a jutting outwork. But his proud thoughts were troubled: ‘Alas, if I retreat through the gate, to the safety of the wall, *Polydamas* [p. 702] will not be slow to reproach me, since he advised me to withdraw our forces to the city, on that fatal night when Achilles re-appeared. I refused, though it may have been better! Now, in my folly, having brought us to the brink of ruin, I’d be ashamed to hear some insignificant Trojan, or his long-robed wife, say: ‘Hector has brought ruin on the army, trusting too much in his own right arm.’ If that’s what they’ll say, then I’d be better by far to meet Achilles face to face and kill him before returning to the city, or die gloriously beneath its walls. Of course, I could ditch the bossed shield and heavy helmet, lean my spear on the wall, and go and promise peerless Achilles to return *Helen* [p. 621] and her treasure to the *Atreidae* [p. 655], all that *Paris* [p. 682] brought in the hollow ships to Troy, to begin this strife. I could say too that we’ll then divide all the remaining treasure in the city, and then induce the Elders to state on oath that they’ll conceal no part of that treasure, but grant half of all the lovely city holds. But what’s the point of such thoughts? I’ll not approach him like a suppliant only to have him show neither mercy nor respect, but kill me out of hand, stripped of my armour and defenceless as a woman. This is no lover’s tryst of lad and lass, by oak or rock! Lad and lass, indeed! Better to meet in bloody combat, now, and see to whom Zeus grants the glory!

BK XXII:131-187 ACHILLES CHASES HECTOR ROUND THE WALLS



While he stood there thinking, *Achilles* [p. 517], peer of Ares, approached, the plumes of his helmet nodding, brandishing the mighty spear of *Pelias* [p. 689] ash in his right hand, high above his shoulder, his bronze armour blazing like fire or the rising sun. Now *Hector* [p. 617] was gripped by fear and, trembling at the sight of him, afraid to stand his ground by the gate, set off running. Achilles, confident in his own speed, pursued him. Like a hawk, swiftest of birds, swooping on a timorous dove in the mountains, darting towards her with fierce cries as she flees, eager to seize her, so Achilles ran and Hector fled as fast as he could in terror, below the Trojan wall. Passing the lookout point, and the wind-swept wild fig tree, along the cart-track they ran leaving the wall behind, and came to two lovely springs where the waters rise to feed the eddying *Scamander* [p. 715]. One flows warm, and steam rises above it as smoke from a fire, while even in summer the other is ice-water, cold as freezing snow or hail. Nearby are the fine wide troughs of stone where the wives and daughters of the Trojans once washed their gleaming clothes in peace-time, before the advent of the Greeks. By the troughs they ran, one fleeing, one pursuing, a fine runner in front but a better one chasing him down behind, and this was no race for the prize of a bull's hide or a sacrificial ox, a prize such as they give for running, they ran instead for the life of horse-taming Hector.

As thoroughbreds sweep round the turning-post, and compete for the prize of a fine tripod or a woman, to honour some dead warrior, so these two warriors ran swiftly three times round the city of Troy, while the gods looked on. And the Father of gods and men took it on himself to speak: 'Well, now, here's a sight! A man who is dear to me, chased round the walls, Hector whom my heart sorrows for, who has burned the thighs of

countless oxen on many-ridged *Ida's* [p. 634] heights for me, or on the summit of the citadel. Now noble Achilles, that great runner, hunts him round *Priam's* [p. 706] city. Take counsel, immortals, decide! Shall we save him from death, or good man though he is, shall he die at the hands of Achilles, Peleus' son?'

It was bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] who replied: 'Father, Lord of the Lightning and the Storm, what is this? Would you save a mortal from sad death, to which he was doomed long ago? Do so, but don't expect the rest of us to agree.'

Zeus, the Cloud-Gatherer, answered: 'Easy, *Tritogeneia* [p. 736], my dear child, I was not in earnest, and I shall indulge you. Do as you will, and delay no longer.' With this encouragement, the eager Athene darted down from the summit of Olympus.

BK XXII:188-246 ATHENE INCITES HECTOR TO FIGHT



Meanwhile *Achilles* [p. 517] chased *Hector* [p. 617] relentlessly, and he could no more escape than a fawn, that a hound starts from a mountain covert. Chased through glade and valley it may cower for a while in some thicket, but the dog tracks it down, running strongly till he gains his quarry. So Achilles chased Hector. Every time Hector made a break for the *Dardanian* [p. 585] Gate hoping to gain the shelter of the solid walls, where the defenders might protect him with their missiles, Achilles would head him off towards the plain, himself keeping the inner track by the walls. Yet, as in a dream where our pursuer cannot catch us nor we escape, Achilles could not overtake Hector, nor could Hector shake him off. Still, could Hector have eluded fate so long, had not *Apollo* [p. 547], for the last and final time, come to strengthen him and speed him, and had not Achilles signalled to his men not to loose their deadly missiles at the man, lest he himself might be cheated of the glory? Yet when they reached The

Springs for the fourth time, the *Father* [p. 739] raised his golden scales, and set the deaths of Achilles and horse-taming Hector in the balance, and lifted it on high. Down sank Hector's lot towards *Hades* [p. 614], and Phoebus Apollo left his side, while bright-eyed Athene came to Achilles and standing close, spoke winged words: 'Glorious Achilles, beloved of Zeus, now you and I will kill Hector, and bring the Greeks great glory. Warlike he may be, but he'll not escape us, even if Apollo, the Far-Striker, grovels before aegis-bearing Father Zeus. Stop now and catch your breath. I will go and incite him to fight you face to face.'

He, delighted, at once obeyed her words, halted and stood there leaning on his bronze-tipped ash spear, while she appeared to noble Hector in the form of *Deiphobus* [p. 587], that tireless speaker: 'Dear brother, swift Achilles pressed you hard there, chasing you round the city at a pace, but here let us make a stand together, and defend ourselves.'

Great Hector of the gleaming helm, replied: 'Deiphobus, of all my brothers born to *Hecabe* [p. 616] and *Priam* [p. 706], you are by far the dearest, and now I'll honour you in my mind even more, since you, while the others stay within and watch, have come to find me outside the wall.'

'Dear brother,' said bright-eyed Athene, in disguise, 'our parents and friends in turn begged me not to come here, so terrified are they of Achilles, but I was tormented by anxiety. Let's attack him head on, not spare our spears, and find out if he'll kill us and carry our blood-stained armour to the hollow ships, or be conquered by our blades.'

BK XXII:247-366 THE DEATH OF HECTOR



thene [p. 559] deceived Hector with her words and her disguise, and led him on till he and *Achilles* [p. 517] met. *Hector* [p. 617] of the gleaming helm spoke first: 'I will not run from you, as before, son of Peleus. My heart failed me as I waited for your attack, and three

times round Priam's city we ran, but now my heart tells me to stand and face you, to kill or be killed. Come let us swear an oath before the gods, for they are the best witnesses of such things. If Zeus lets me kill you and survive, then when I've stripped you of your glorious armour I'll not mistreat your corpse, I'll return your body to your people, if you will do the same for me.'

Swift-footed Achilles glared at him in reply: 'Curse you, Hector, and don't talk of oaths to me. Lions and men make no compacts, nor are wolves and lambs in sympathy: they are opposed, to the end. You and I are beyond friendship: nor will there be peace between us till one or the other dies and sates Ares, lord of the ox-hide shield, with his blood. Summon up your reserves of courage, be a spearman now and a warrior brave. There is no escape from me, and soon Athene will bring you down with my spear. Now pay the price for all my grief, for all my friends you've slaughtered with your blade.'

So saying he raised his long-shadowed spear and hurled it. But glorious Hector kept an eye on it and, crouching, dodged so the shaft flew above him, and the point buried itself in the ground behind. Yet Pallas Athene snatched it up and returned it to Achilles, too swiftly for Prince Hector to see. And Hector spoke to Peleus' peerless son: 'It seems you missed, godlike Achilles, despite your certainty that Zeus has doomed me. It was mere glibness of speech, mere verbal cunning, trying to unnerve me with fright, to make me lose strength and courage. You'll get no chance to pierce my back as I flee, so, if the gods allow you, drive it through my chest as I attack, dodge my bronze spear if you can. I pray it lodges deep in your flesh! If you were dead, our greatest bane, war would be easy for us Trojans.'

So saying, he raised and hurled his long-shadowed spear, striking Achilles' shield square on, though the spear simply rebounded. Hector was angered by his vain attempt with the swift shaft, and stood there in dismay, lacking a second missile. He called aloud to *Deiphobus* [p. 587] of the White Shield, calling for his long spear, but he was nowhere to be found, and Hector realised the deceit: 'Ah, so the gods have lured me to my death. I

thought Deiphobus was by my side, but he is still in the city, Athene fooled me. An evil fate's upon me, Death is no longer far away, and him there is no escaping. Zeus, and his son, the *Far-Striker* [p. 547], decided all this long ago, they who were once eager to defend me, and destiny now overtakes me. But let me not die without a fight, without true glory, without some deed that men unborn may hear.'

With this, he drew the sharp blade at his side, a powerful long-sword, and gathering his limbs together swooped like a high-soaring eagle that falls to earth from the dark clouds to seize a sick lamb or a cowering hare. So Hector swooped, brandishing his keen blade. Achilles ran to meet him heart filled with savage power, covering his chest with his great, skilfully worked shield, while above his gleaming helm with its four ridges waved the golden plumes *Hephaestus* [p. 623] placed thickly at its crest. Bright as the Evening Star that floats among the midnight constellations, set there the loveliest jewel in the sky, gleamed the tip of Achilles sharp spear brandished in his right hand, as he sought to work evil on noble Hector, searching for the likeliest place to land a blow on his fair flesh.

Now, the fine bronze armour he stripped from mighty *Patroclus* [p. 684] when he killed him covered all Hector's flesh except for one opening at the throat, where the collarbones knit neck and shoulders, and violent death may come most swiftly. There, as Hector charged at him, noble Achilles aimed his ash spear, and drove its heavy bronze blade clean through the tender neck, though without cutting the windpipe or robbing Hector of the power of speech. Hector fell in the dust and Achilles shouted out in triumph: 'While you were despoiling Patroclus, no doubt, in your folly, you thought yourself quite safe, Hector, and forgot all about me in my absence. Far from him, by the hollow ships, was a mightier man, who should have been his helper but stayed behind, and that was I, who now have brought you low. The dogs and carrion birds will tear apart your flesh, but him the Achaeans will bury.'



'Achilles kills Hector' – Crispijn van de Passe (1), 1613

Then Hector of the gleaming helm replied, in a feeble voice: ‘At your feet I beg, by your parents, by your own life, don’t let the dogs devour my flesh by the hollow ships. Accept the ransom my royal father and mother will offer, stores of gold and bronze, and let them carry my body home, so the Trojans and their wives may grant me in death my portion of fire.’

But fleet-footed Achilles glared at him in answer: ‘Don’t speak of my parents, dog. I wish the fury and the pain in me could drive me to carve and eat you raw for what you did, as surely as this is true: no living man will keep the dogs from gnawing at your skull, not if men weighed out twenty, thirty times your worth in ransom, and promised even more, not though Dardanian Priam bid them give your weight in gold, not even then will your royal mother lay you on a bier to grieve for you, the son she bore, rather shall dogs, and carrion birds, devour you utterly.’

Then Hector of the gleaming helm spoke at the point of death: ‘I know you truly now, and see your fate, nor was it mine to sway you. The heart in your breast is iron indeed. But think, lest the gods, remembering me, turn their wrath on you, that day by the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate when, brave as you are, *Paris* [p. 682] kills you, with *Apollo’s* [p. 547] help.’

Death enfolded him, as he uttered these words, and, wailing its lot, his spirit fled from the body down to *Hades* [p. 614], leaving youth and manhood behind. A corpse it was that noble Achilles addressed: ‘Lie there then in death, and I will face my own, whenever Zeus and the other deathless gods decide.’

BK XXII:367-404 ACHILLES DRAGS HECTOR'S CORPSE IN THE DUST



With this, *Achilles* [p. 517] drew his bronze-tipped spear from the corpse and laid it down, and as he began to strip the blood-stained armour from *Hector's* [p. 617] shoulders he was joined by others of the Greeks, who ran to gaze at Hector's size and wondrous form. Yet all who approached struck the body a blow, and turning to a comrade, one said: 'See, Hector's easier to deal with now than when he set the ships ablaze.' With that, he wounded the corpse.

When noble Achilles, the great runner, had stripped away the armour, he rose and made a speech to the Achaeans: 'Friends, leaders, princes of the Argives, now the gods have let us kill this man, who harmed us more than all the rest together, let us make an armed reconnaissance of the city, while we see what the Trojans have in mind, whether they'll abandon the city now their champion has fallen, or whether they'll fight on, though Hector is no more. But why think of that? There is another corpse, unwept, unburied lying by the ships, that of *Patroclus* [p. 684], my dear friend, whom I shall not forget as long as I walk the earth among the living. And though in the House of Hades men may forget their dead, even there I shall remember him. So, you sons of Achaea, raise the song of triumph, and drag this corpse back to the ships. We have won great glory, and killed the noble Hector, whom the Trojans prayed to like a god, in Troy.'

So saying, he found a way to defile the fallen prince. He pierced the tendons of both feet behind from heel to ankle, and through them threaded ox-hide thongs, tying them to his chariot, leaving the corpse's head to trail along the ground. Then lifting the glorious armour aboard, he mounted and touched the horses with his whip, and they eagerly leapt forward. Dragged behind, Hector's corpse raised a cloud of dust, while his outspread hair flowed, black, on either side. That head, once so fine, trailed in the dirt, now Zeus allowed his enemies to mutilate his corpse on his own native soil.



‘Achilles drags Hector behind his chariot’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

BK XXII:405-515 THE GRIEF IN TROY



Seeing her son's hair fouled with dust, *Hecabe* [p. 616], his mother gave a great cry, plucked the gleaming veil from her head, and tore her hair. His father *Priam* [p. 706] groaned in anguish, and a wave of grief spread round them through the city, no less than if all of lofty Ilium were on fire. The old man could scarcely be restrained in his frenzy, as he made for the *Dardanian* [p. 585] Gate. He grovelled in the dust, imploring those around, calling each man by his name: 'Friends, let me be, despite your care. Let me go out from the city alone, to the Achaean ships. I will see if that man of violence, devoid of shame, respects old age and my weight of years. He has a father, *Peleus* [p. 688], as old, I think, as I am, who begot him and raised him to be a bane to Troy, though to me above all others he brings sorrow, killing so many of my sons in their prime. Yet despite my grief for the others, I mourn this one above all, with a bitter sorrow that will send me to *Hades*' [p. 614] Halls, this *Hector* [p. 617]. If he could but have died in my arms! Then I and his mother, who to her sorrow bore him, could have wept and wailed our fill over his corpse.'

So he wept, and the people added their tears. Now, among the women, *Hecabe* raised loud lament: 'My child, how wretched I am! Why should I live on in suffering now you are dead? You were my pride of Troy, night and day, a saviour, greeted as a god, by every man and women in this city, surely their great glory while you lived. But now death and fate overtake you.'

Hecabe wept, but *Andromache* [p. 543], Hector's wife, as yet knew nothing, no one had even told her that her husband had stayed outside the walls. She was at work in an inner room of the lofty palace, weaving a double-width purple tapestry, with a multicoloured pattern of flowers. In all ignorance she had asked her ladies-in-waiting to set a great cauldron on the fire so that Hector would have hot water for a bath, when he returned, never

dreaming that far from all thought of baths, he had been brought low by Achilles and bright-eyed Athene. But now the cries and groans from the wall reached her, she trembled and the shuttle fell from her hand. She called to her ladies-in-waiting: ‘Two of you come with me. I must know what is happening. That was my husband’s noble mother I heard, my heart is in my mouth and my legs are numb. Some evil afflicts the House of Priam. May such news stay far from me, but I fear to my sorrow lest great *Achilles* [p. 517] has cut brave Hector off from the city, and quenched the fatal courage that possessed him, for he would never stay safely in the ranks, but must always charge ahead, yielding to none in daring.’

So saying, she ran through the halls, her heart pounding, beside herself, and her ladies followed. When they came to the wall, where the men were thronging, she rushed to the battlements and gazing out saw Hector’s corpse being hauled from the city, the powerful horses dragging it savagely towards the hollow ships. Darkness shrouded her eyes, enfolding her, and she fell backward, senseless. From her head fell the bright headdress, the frontlet and netted cap, the plaited strands, and the veil that golden *Aphrodite* [p. 546] had given her when Hector of the gleaming helm had led her from *Eëtion’s* [p. 596] house, having paid a princely dowry for his bride. Her husband’s sisters and his brother’s wives crowded round her, and supported her in her dead faint.

When she revived and her senses returned, she lifted her voice in lament, to the women of Troy, crying: ‘Oh, Hector, alas for me! It seems we were born for this, you in Priam’s palace, here in Troy, I in *Thebe* [p. 728] below wooded *Placus* [p. 700], in Eëtion’s house. He it was who reared me from a babe, unlucky father of an ill-fated child. How I wish he’d never engendered me! Now you are gone to the House of Hades under the earth, but I remain cold with grief, a widow in your halls. And your son, the child of doomed parents, our child, a mere babe, can no longer give you joy, dead Hector: nor can you give joy to him.

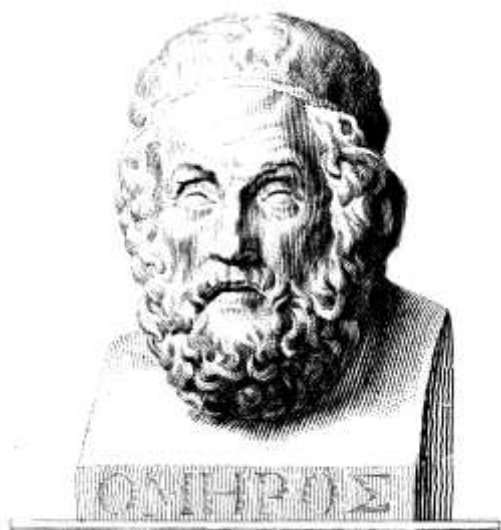
Even if he survives this dreadful war against the Greeks, toil and suffering will be his fate, bereft of all his lands. An orphaned child is severed from his playmates; He goes about with downcast looks and tear-

stained cheeks, plucks his father's friends by the cloak or tunic, till one, from pity, holds the wine-cup to his lips, but only for a moment, enough to wet his lips but not his palate. And some lad with both parents alive strikes him with his fist and drives him from the feast, jeering at him in reproach: "Away with you, now! You've no father here." So my child will run in tears to his widowed mother, my son *Astyanax* [p. 558], who sat on his father's knee eating the rich fat and the sheep's marrow, and when he was sleepy and tired of play, slept in his nurse's arms in a soft bed, his dreams sweet. Now, with his dear father gone, ills will crowd on him. Astyanax, that is Lord of the City, the Trojans call him, since you Hector were the great defender of the gates and the high walls. Now by the beaked ships, far from your kin, the writhing worms will devour your corpse, once the dogs have had their fill, your naked corpse, though in your house are all the fine, finely-woven clothes that women's hands can fashion. All those I will burn in a great fire, since you will no more wear or profit by them, as a mark of honour shown you by the men and women of Troy.'

So Andromache spoke, in tears, while the women joined in her lament.

BOOK XXIII - THE FUNERAL GAMES FOR PATROCLUS

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Il Metal pour son

BK XXIII:1-53 ACHILLES AGAIN MOURNS PATROCLUS



While the city of Troy grieved, the Achaeans reached the fleet by the *Hellespont* [p. 622] and dispersed to their own ships, except for the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] whom *Achilles* [p. 517] restrained, saying to his warlike friends: ‘Myrmidons, with your swift horses, my loyal comrades, don’t unyoke the teams from their chariots yet, but drive them past *Patroclus* [p. 684] and mourn for him as the dead should be mourned. Then when we’ve sated ourselves with grief, we’ll un-harness them and eat together here.’


Then Achilles led them as they raised their voices as one, in lament. Three times, in their grief, they drove their long-maned horses round the corpse, and *Thetis* [p. 730] intensified their need to weep. The sand and their armour were wet with tears, so great a warrior was the man they mourned. And the son of Peleus was loudest in the strident lament, laying his man-killing hands on his comrade’s breast: ‘Rejoice, Patroclus, even in the House of Hades, for I have kept my promise to you, that I would drag *Hector’s* [p. 617] corpse here and feed it to the dogs, and I will cut the throats of twelve noble youths of Troy at your pyre, in vengeance for your death.’

When he had spoken, he thought of a further way to defile Hector’s corpse, flinging it face down in the dust by Patroclus’ bier. The warriors removed their gleaming bronze armour, loosed the war-horses, and sat in their hundreds beside swift-footed Achilles’ ship. He gave them a funeral feast to ease their hearts. Many a sleek ox plunged under the knife, many a sheep and bleating goat was slaughtered, and many a fine fat white-tusked hog was hung above the flames to singe, while blood pooled round the corpse, deep enough to dip the wine-cups in.

Now their prince, fleet-footed Achilles, was invited by the Achaean leaders, to dine with King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], though he was still grieving

deeply and they found him hard at first to persuade. When they all reached Agamemnon's hut, they told the clear-voiced heralds to set a great cauldron on the fire, in hopes of tempting Achilles to wash the blood from his body. But he refused, and made a vow: 'By Zeus, the mightiest and best of gods, no water shall come near my head until I have laid Patroclus on the pyre, heaped up his mound, and shorn my hair, for I shall never grieve more deeply while I'm among the living. Let us yield to the necessity for food, however loathsome that prospect, but at dawn, Lord Agamemnon, order wood to be gathered, and provide all that is needed when a dead man enters the deepest darkness, so that Patroclus' body may be swiftly consumed, and the army return to its toil.'

BK XXIII:54-107 PATROCLUS VISITS ACHILLES IN DREAM

hey readily agreed to his request, and each of them sharing in the meal, they feasted. When their hunger and thirst were sated, they retired to rest. But *Achilles* [p. 517] lay sighing heavily, among his *Myrmidons* [p. 664], by the echoing shore, out in the open just above the breaking surf. His strong limbs were weary from hunting Hector round windy Troy, yet no sooner had sleep seized him, shedding sweetness round him and easing his heart's cares, than the spirit of poor *Patroclus* [p. 684] appeared, the very semblance of the man himself, with the same stature, eyes, and clothes, and it was his voice that spoke saying: 'You sleep, and forget me, Achilles. You neglect me now I'm dead, as you never did when I was alive. Hasten my funeral, and let me pass *Hades*' [p. 614] Gate. The spirits keep me out, the shades of men done with toil, who will not let me join them beyond the river, but leave me wandering in vain this side of the yawning Gate. And clasp my hand, I beg you, for once you've given me to the fire, I shall not return. You and I will never sit apart from our dear friends and talk as we once did, now that mortal fate has consumed me: that fate appointed for me at my birth. You too, godlike Achilles, are

doomed to die beneath the walls of Troy. One more thing I ask of you, if you will. Don't bury my ashes far from yours, Achilles. Let them be as one, just as we were when we grew up together. *Menoetius* [p. 657] brought me, to your house, a child from *Opoeis* [p. 676], because I killed *Amphidamus*' [p. 539] son, accidentally, in a foolish quarrel over a game. *Peleus* [p. 688], the horseman, welcomed me to his palace, showed me loving care, and made me your squire. So let one urn enclose our ashes, the golden urn your royal mother gave you.'

Fleet-footed Achilles answered: 'Why, when you are here, dear heart, do you come only to ask such things? I will see to it all, just as you wish, but now come closer, so that, if only for a moment, we might clasp our arms round one another, and sate ourselves with sad lament.'

So saying, he stretched out his hands in vain. The spirit vanished like smoke beneath the earth, gibbering faintly. Achilles sprang up in turmoil, and beat his hands together, crying sadly: 'There now! Even in Hades' House something of us survives, spirit and semblance, but no power of response: for all night long poor Patroclus' shade, his very likeness, stood over me, weeping, lamenting, saying what I must do.'

BK XXIII:108-191 THE BUILDING OF PATROCLUS' FUNERAL PYRE



Achilles' [p. 517] cry woke the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] to further lament, and rosy-fingered Dawn found them wailing round the pitiful dead. King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], meanwhile, sent out men from every hut with mules to fetch wood, under the command of *Meriones* [p. 658], attendant on kindly *Idomeneus* [p. 636]. They carried woodman's axes and strong ropes, and drove the mules upwards to and fro on winding tracks until they came to the high slopes of *Ida* [p. 634], of the many streams. There they set to, the long-bladed axes felling tall oaks with a crash. The Greeks split the logs and

roped them to the mules that tore up the ground hauling them through dense undergrowth down to the plain. The woodcutters handled the logs, as Meriones ordered, and stacked them on the shore where Achilles planned a great funeral mound for *Patroclus* [p. 684] and himself. When they had stacked the wood, the whole crowd sat and waited. Then Achilles gave orders to his warlike Myrmidons to don their armour, and yoke the chariots. They did so and the charioteers mounted their chariots. Then they set off, the chariots first, a host of warriors following on foot, with Patroclus in the midst, carried by his friends. They had cut off locks of their hair and thrown them on the corpse till they covered it like a garment. Noble Achilles walked behind, supporting the head, sorrowing for the peerless comrade he was sending to Hades' Halls.

When they reached the place he'd appointed, they set the corpse down on a platform of wood. Now a fresh idea struck Achilles, and stepping back from the pyre he cut a golden lock of his hair, which he had grown to honour the river-god *Sperchius* [p. 721]. He looked out over the wine-dark sea and spoke anxiously to the god: 'Sperchius, my father *Peleus* [p. 688] made vain prayer to you, vowing that if I came home to my native land I'd cut my hair and offer a holy sacrifice of fifty unblemished rams, at the precinct and fragrant altar where your waters flow. The old man made his vow, but you have denied fulfilment. Since I shall not return to my own dear native land, allow me to give this lock of hair to the warrior Patroclus to take with him.'

So saying, he went and placed the lock of hair in the corpse's hands, and prompted them all to further displays of grief. Sunset would still have found them weeping, if Achilles had not spoken to Agamemnon: 'Son of Atreus, the troops obey you above all others, and though they may go on grieving, send them away from the pyre for now, and let them prepare their meal. We the dead man's closest mourners will manage things here, but ask the leaders to stay.'




‘The funeral pyre of Patroclus’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

King Agamemnon hearing this, promptly dismissed the men to their well-crafted ships, though the chief mourners remained, and piling up the wood to make the pyre a hundred feet square, sad at heart they placed the corpse on top. They flayed and dressed numerous fine sheep and sleek shambling cattle before the pyre, and noble Achilles took fat from them all and wrapped the corpse in it, head to foot, and piled the flayed carcasses around. Then he leant two-handled jars of oil and honey against the bier, and groaning aloud swiftly threw the bodies of four proud horses on the pyre. Of the nine dogs Patroclus fed beneath his table, Achilles cut the throats of two and threw their bodies on the pyre. Then he completed the grim task he had in mind, killing twelve noble sons of the brave Trojans with his bronze blade, and setting the pyre alight so the pitiless flames would spread. Then he gave a groan, and called his dear friend by name: ‘All hail to you, Patroclus, though in the House of Hades. See how I keep the promises I made. Twelve noble sons of brave Trojans, the fire will devour with you. But the dogs, not the flames, shall feed on Hector, son of Priam.’

Yet, despite his threats, no dogs defiled *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse, for *Aphrodite* [p. 546], Zeus’ daughter, kept them from him, night and day, and anointed him with sweet ambrosial oil of roses, so Achilles would not tear the flesh dragging the corpse about. And Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] drew a dark cloud down from sky to earth, and cloaked the whole place where the dead man lay, to prevent the sun shrivelling the flesh and sinews of his limbs.

BK XXIII:192-261 THE FUNERAL MOUND

ow the pyre of dead *Patroclus* [p. 684] would not burn. Fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] took thought, then standing back from the pyre prayed to the winds, *Boreas* [p. 567] the North-wind, *Zephyrus* [p. 739] the West, promising them fine offerings. Pouring libations from a golden cup, he begged them fervently to blow, so the wood might kindle and the

bodies might burn. *Iris* [p. 640] heard his prayer, and flew swiftly to give the Winds his message. They were feasting together in Zephyrus' house, Lord of the Western Gales, when Iris halted on his stone threshold. They sprang up when they saw her, and called her to sit beside them. But she refused, saying: 'I can't, I must return to *Ocean's* [p. 670] stream, and the land of the *Ethiopians* [p. 605], where they are sacrificing to the immortals, and share in their sacred feast. But Achilles asks for you Boreas, and you wild Zephyr, and promises fine offerings if you'll kindle the pyre where Patroclus lies, for whom the Achaeans grieve.'

Then she left while the winds rose with a roar, driving the clouds in rout before them. Soon they were out at sea, stirring the swelling waves with their stormy blast. Reaching the fertile land of Troy, they attacked the pyre, raising a great column of roaring fire. As one, their blast beat on the flames, howling all night long, and all night long swift Achilles drew wine from a golden bowl in a two-handled cup, and poured it on the ground, wetting the earth and calling to the spirit of poor Patroclus. And Achilles, pacing heavily round the fire, groaned without cease, while his friend's bones burned, as a father groans for a newly-wedded son whose death leaves his wretched parents in despair.

At the hour when the *Morning Star* [p. 600] rises, heralding the new day, and in his wake saffron-robed *Dawn* [p. 600] spreads light on the waves, the fire died down and the flames ceased. The Winds returned home over the *Thracian* [p. 732] Sea, roaring above the surging waves. Achilles turned away from the smouldering pyre, lay down exhausted, and instantly slept. But his comrades gathered round him, and the noise of their voices and footsteps roused him once more. Sitting upright, he spoke to them: '*Atreides* [p. 528], and you other leaders of the Achaeans, quench the glowing pyre with red wine, wherever there are embers, then let us collect the ashes of Patroclus, *Menoetius'* [p. 657] son, separating them from the rest, though that is easy since he lay at the centre of the pyre, while the men and horses and the rest were burned at its edge. Then we will place the ashes in a golden urn, sealed with a double layer of fat, until such time as I too vanish to *Hades* [p. 614]. As for the mound, provide what is fitting but no more, and whichever of you

survive among the benched ships when I am gone, then you must build our joint mound broad and high.’

They did as fleet-footed Achilles requested, first quenching the fire with wine to its edge, where there were embers; then, in tears, collecting the white ashes of their gentle comrade, placing them in a golden urn sealed with a double layer of fat, and covering it with a soft linen cloth they took it to his hut. Next they traced the circuit of his mound, setting a ring of stones around the pyre then piling earth inside. When they had raised the barrow, they made as if to leave, but Achilles stopped them and made them sit in a wide ring where he had decided funeral games would be held, and sent for prizes from his ships; cauldrons, tripods, horses, mules, sturdy oxen, female slaves and grey iron.

BK XXIII:262-361 PREPARATIONS FOR THE CHARIOT RACE



For the first event, a chariot race, *Achilles* [p. 517] offered splendid prizes; a woman skilled in fine handiwork, and a tripod with ear-shaped handles holding twenty-two measures, for the winner; a six-year old mare, broken-in and pregnant with a mule foal, for the runner-up; for the third place, a brand new gleaming cauldron holding four measures; for the fourth, two talents of gold; and the fifth a brand new two-handled cooking dish.

He rose and spoke to the Argives: ‘*Atrides* [p. 528], and you other bronze-greaved Achaeans, these are the prizes that await the winning charioteers. If we Greeks were holding the games in another man’s honour, since I have the finest pair of horses, immortal steeds that *Poseidon* [p. 705] gave my father *Pelens* [p. 688], and he in turn gave me, no doubt I would carry off first prize, but they’ve lost their great and glorious charioteer, a kind man who’d rub sweet oil in their manes after washing them in clear water.

And now they stand and mourn him, heart-stricken, their manes sweeping the ground. But the event is open to the rest of you, whichever of you Achaeans trust in your horses and chariot.’

At this the competitors came forward. Noble *Eumelus* [p. 606] was first to rise, *Admetus*’ [p. 521] dear son, a skilful horseman. Then Mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590], son of *Tydeus* [p. 737], rose to harness the horses, of the breed of *Tros* [p. 736], taken from *Aeneas* [p. 524] though *Apollo* [p. 547] saved Aeneas himself. Red-haired *Menelaus* [p. 655] was next, Zeus-born Atreides, yoking swift horses, *Aetbe* [p. 527], a mare of Agamemnon’s, and his own horse *Podargus* [p. 701]. *Echepolus* [p. 595], *Anchises* [p. 542] of *Sicyon*’s [p. 719] son, had given the mare as a gift to Agamemnon, so he might stay safely at home and not follow the king to windy Troy. Zeus had granted him great wealth in spacious Sicyon. Menelaus now harnessed the eager mare. The fourth to ready his long-maned team was *Antilochus* [p. 544], noble son of proud *Nestor* [p. 667], son of *Nelus* [p. 665], and the swift horses harnessed to his chariot were of the *Pylia*n [p. 710] breed. His father approached to offer some good advice, the wise to the wise: ‘Antilochus, young as you are, Zeus and Poseidon love you, and they have made you an expert horseman, so you need little advice from me. Yet, expert though you are at navigating the turns, remember your horses are the slowest in this race, and that’s a great handicap. Their horses are quicker, but their charioteers no more cunning, so use all your skill, if you don’t want to see the prizes slip away. It is skill not mere strength that makes the better woodsman; skill lets the helmsman on the wine-dark wave steer a sailing ship, buffeted by the wind; and skill too sees one charioteer beat another. One man, leaving it all to his horses, slackens the reins and lets his team wander, his line stray, but the skilful man, though with slower horses, thinks of the turn and wheels close by the post, keeps his team in hand from the start, uses the ox-hide reins, and keeps his eyes on the lead chariot.

Now here’s something to look out for. There’s a dead-tree stump, of weathered oak or pine, about six foot high, flanked by two white stones, at the turn. The ground is smooth and firm on the bend. It may mark an ancient grave, or perhaps was a turning post long ago. Now Achilles has

adopted it as his. Hug it tightly as you turn, and lean to the left of your team yourself as you stand firm on your platform of plaited thongs. Flick the offside horse with your whip, shout him on and give him rein, but let the near-side run so near the post the hub of the well-built wheel almost grazes the stone, but don't touch it and wreck your chariot and harm the horses, or the rest will have glory and you the blame. Use your wits, dear son, and look sharp. If you can pass inside at the turn, no one will put on speed and overtake you, not even if he drove noble *Arion* [p. 554], in pursuit, *Adrastus'* [p. 522] racehorse that was sired in heaven or of *Laomedon's* [p. 643] breed of famous horses, the very best in Troy.'

With this advice to his son on how to win, Nestor, son of Neleus, regained his place and sat, while *Meriones* [p. 658], the fifth competitor, readied his long-maned horses. Then all mounted their chariots, and cast their lots one by one into Achilles' helmet. When he shook it, out leapt the lot of Nestor's son Antilochus; then that of Lord Eumelus; of Menelaus the famous spearman; and of Meriones; while that of Diomedes, the best of them all, was last. They lined up for the start, and Achilles pointed out the turning post for off over the flat plain, where godlike *Phoenix* [p. 696], his father's squire, was placed as referee, to keep a watch on the race and judge their merits.

BK XXIII:362-447 THE CHARIOT RACE



As one, they raised their whips, shook the reins, and urged their teams on. Swiftly the horses galloped over the plain, leaving the ships behind. A whirlwind cloud of dust rose to their chests, and their manes streamed in the wind. Now the chariots ran freely over the solid ground, now they leapt in the air, while the hearts of the charioteers beat fast as they strove for victory, and they shouted to their horses, flying along in the storm of dust.

It was not till the galloping horses were heading back towards the grey sea that each team showed its mettle, and the charioteers forced the pace. *Eumelus*'^[p. 606] swift-footed mares shot to the front, chased by *Diomedes*'^[p. 590] stallions, hot on their heels, as if they might mount Eumelus' chariot, and their heads were at his back as they flew, blowing hot breath on his neck and shoulders. Diomedes would have passed him now, or at least drawn level, if Phoebus *Apollo* ^[p. 547] in resentment had not struck the gleaming whip from his hand. Diomedes saw the mares run on, while his own horses slowed without the effect of the whip, and tears of anger filled his eyes. But *Athene* ^[p. 559] saw that Apollo had interfered, and speeding after, returned the whip and inspired the team. Then in her anger she chased down Eumelus, and shattered the yoke of his chariot, so the mares swerved from side to side and the broken pole struck the ground, while Eumelus himself was hurled to the earth beside the wheel. The skin was stripped from his elbows, nose and cheeks, his forehead bruised, while his eyes filled with tears and he was robbed of speech.


Meanwhile Diomedes passed the wreck and drove his powerful horses on, far in the lead. Athene had strengthened his team and given him the glory. And red-haired *Menelaus* ^[p. 655], the son of Atreus, ran second. But *Antilochus* ^[p. 544] called to his father's team: 'On now, show me how you can run. You'll not catch Diomedes' pair, for Athene grants them strength and him the glory. But chase down Menelaus' team, don't let them beat you, or Aethe the mare will put you to shame. Why so slow, my beauties? I'll tell you this, if we win a lesser prize, there'll be no sweet fodder at Nestor's hands, he'll slit your throats with his keen blade. So on, as fast as you can, and I'll contrive to pass them where the course narrows: that's my chance.'

With this the horses, responding to his threat, speeded up for a while, and soon the steadfast Antilochus saw a narrow place in the sunken road ahead, where a stream swollen by winter rain had eroded the track and hollowed out the course. Menelaus drove on assuming no one could overtake, but Antilochus veered alongside, almost off the track. Then Menelaus called to him, in alarm: 'Rein in Antilochus, that's recklessness! The track's wider further on. Pass there if you can, mind my chariot, don't wreck us both!'

He shouted loud enough, but Antilochus, pretending not to hear, plied his whip and drove the more wildly. They ran side by side a discus length, as far as a young athlete testing his strength can hurl it from the shoulder, then Menelaus held back, and his pair gave way, fearing the teams might collide and overturn the light chariots, hurling their masters in the dust, for all their eagerness to win. Red-haired Menelaus stormed at Antilochus: ‘You’re a pest Antilochus, we Achaeans credited you with more sense. All the same, you’ll not win a prize, when I force you to answer on oath to this.’

With that he addressed his team: ‘Don’t flag, and don’t lose heart. Their legs will weaken sooner than yours, they’re carrying more years.’ And his pair, responding to his call, increased their speed and closed on the pair in front.

BK XXIII:448-498 THE SPECTATORS QUARREL

eanwhile the spectators, from their seats in the ring, were waiting to catch sight of the horses, flying towards them in a cloud of dust. The *Cretan* ^[p. 581] leader, *Idomeneus* ^[p. 636], was first to see them, from the lookout point high above the assembly. When he heard the charioteer’s voice shouting to his horses, he recognised the man despite the distance; and he knew one of the lead horses that showed clearly, a bay with a white patch like a full moon on its brow. He stood and called to the Argives: ‘My friends, can you see the horses too? A different team’s ahead, it’s a new charioteer in the lead. *Eumelus*’ ^[p. 606] mares were in front on the outward leg, but they must have come to grief. I saw them galloping first towards the turning post, but there’s no sign of them now, though I’ve searched the whole Trojan plain. Perhaps the reins slipped from his hands, and he failed to take the turn? I think it’s there his chariot must have wrecked, and hurled him to the ground, while the mares swerved and bolted in their terror. Stand and look on, yourselves. I think the leader is

Aetolian [p. 527], yes, it's great *Diomedes* [p. 590], prince among Argives, son of horse-taming Tydeus.'

But *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser, that fine runner, the son of Oileus, was quick to disagree: 'Idomeneus, why are you always sounding off? Those high-stepping mares are still far out on the plain. Your not young any more, nor are your eyes the sharpest among us, yet you're always laying down the law. Among your betters you should hold your tongue. Eumelus' mares are still in the lead, just as they were before, that's him standing there, the reins in his hands.'

Idomeneus answered angrily: 'Ajax, you're good at insults, but useless in council, your bad manners always let you down. Come, let's bet on whose in the lead, with *Atrides* [p. 528] as referee. Let's wager a tripod or a cauldron, losing it might teach you a lesson.'

At this, Ajax the Lesser, in his anger, leapt to his feet ready with more insults, and the quarrel would soon have been out of hand, if *Achilles* [p. 517] had not risen and spoken: 'Ajax, Idomeneus, no more of this, enough of these crude discourtesies! It is wrong to behave so, and you'd be the first to condemn such things in others. Sit down again, in the ring, and watch the race. The teams will soon be home in their rush for victory, and then you'll all see which of the Argive horses lead, and which are behind.'

BK XXIII:499-565 THE PRIZE GIVING



Diomedes [p. 590] soon arrived, whipping the high-stepping horses hard, as they sped towards the goal. Showers of dust clung to him, and the wheel rims hardly left a trace on the powdery ground, as the swift-footed pair flew onwards pulling the chariot, decorated with gold and tin. He drew to a halt in the centre of the ring, sweat pouring to the ground from his horses' chests and necks. He himself leapt to the ground from his gleaming chariot, and leant the long whip against the shaft.

Nor did his squire *Sthenelus* [p. 721] lose a moment in claiming the prize, but eagerly his joyful friends led away the women and carried off the eared tripod, while he un-harnessed the horses.

Antilochus [p. 544], Nestor's son, came in second, having outstripped *Menelaus* [p. 655] by guile not speed, though Menelaus and his swift team still came in close behind, by no more than the distance from horse to wheel. As a horse strains at the yoke under its master's lash, the tip of its tail brushes the wheel rim, and that was how close Menelaus came to peerless Antilochus, though he had been a discus throw behind at first. Long-maned *Aethe* [p. 527], Agamemnon's mare, was pulling ever more strongly, and if the course had been a little longer, he would have overtaken Antilochus decisively.

Meriones [p. 658], Idomeneus' strong squire, came in a spear-cast behind Menelaus, being the least skilful charioteer and driving the slowest horses. And last of all came *Eumelus* [p. 606], dragging his light chariot and driving his horses ahead of him. Hearing his tale, swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] felt sorry for the man, and spoke winged words to the Argives: 'The best charioteer has come in last, but he deserves the prize for second place, given Diomedes has won the first.'

The Achaeans shouted their agreement, and he would have given Eumelus the mare, if Antilochus, son of proud Nestor, had not risen to object: 'Achilles, if you as you say, then I resent it. Good man though he is, you'd rob me of my prize, just because he and his chariot came to harm. He'd not have been last, if he'd prayed to the gods before the race. If you truly pity him, and he's dear to you, then in your hut there's a pile of gold and bronze, there are women, horses, sheep too. Give him a fine prize later, or do it now and have these Greeks applaud you. But I'll not yield the mare, if anyone wants her let him fight me for her, hand to hand.'

Noble Achilles, the great runner, smiled at Antilochus, his dear comrade, and rejoicing in his friendship, spoke to him warmly: 'Antilochus, if you'd rather I gave Eumelus something of my own, as an extra prize, I will. I'll grant him the breastplate I took from *Asteropaeus* [p. 557]. It's a valuable one, of bronze plated with bands of shining tin.'

Then he asked his dear friend *Automedon* [p. 563] to fetch it from his hut, and taking it he placed it in Eumelus' hands, and he was delighted to receive it.

BK XXIII:566-650 ANTILOCHUS PLACATES MENELAUS



Now *Menelaus* [p. 655] rose, mortified and furiously angry with *Antilochus* [p. 544]. A herald placed the staff in his hands and commanded silence then the godlike warrior spoke: ‘Antilochus, what is this? You used to be a man of sense. Now you shame my prowess, cutting across my team and thrusting your own slower pair ahead. Come now, leaders and rulers of Achaea, judge impartially between us, lest in future some bronze-clad Achaean says that Antilochus, who cheated Menelaus, won the mare because though his team were not as fast, he was the worthier and more skilful man. I will even resolve the case myself and justly too, such that none of you Danaans will disagree. Antilochus, nurtured by Zeus, come here. Stand before your chariot and team, and as is customary take the whip in hand you used just now, place your hand against a horse's flank and swear by the *Earth* [p. 705]-Shaker and Encircler that you did not thwart me by a deliberate foul.’

‘Ah, be gentle with me, King Menelaus,’ the sober Antilochus replied, ‘you are older and wiser. You know the follies a young man commits, his mind is hasty, and his judgement poor. So forgive me, and I will give you the mare myself, of my own free will. And if you ask more of me and my house, I'd give it eagerly, rather than be exiled from your heart, you whom Zeus nurtured, and perjure myself before the gods.’

With this, proud Nestor's son led the mare forward, and gave her up to Menelaus, whose heart was warmed by the gesture, warmed like the dew-wet grain ripening at harvest time. So he spoke warm words, to Antilochus, in reply: ‘Antilochus, I can't be angry with you, since you were never foolish

or reckless before, though this time youth got the better of judgement. Don't try to outwit your elders. It would have been harder for another to placate me, but you and your good father and your brother have toiled and suffered greatly for my cause, so I accept your apology and grant you the mare though she is mine, so all may know my heart is never over-proud or unyielding.'

So saying, he handed the mare over to *Noëmon* [p. 669], Antilochus' friend, to lead away, and took the gleaming cauldron as his prize. *Meriones* [p. 658] who had come in fourth, accepted the two talents of gold so reserved, while the fifth prize, the two-handled dish went unclaimed. *Achilles* [p. 517] carried it through the throng, and approaching *Nestor* [p. 667] handed it to him, saying: 'My venerable lord, accept and treasure this memento of *Patroclus*' [p. 684] funeral, for you will never see him more among the Argives. Sadly, old age weighs on you now, and you cannot contend in boxing, wrestling, javelin throwing or the foot-race, but I give you this prize nonetheless.'

So saying, he placed it in Nestor's hands, and he accepting it with delight, replied with winged words: 'Yes, indeed, my son, what you say is true. I am no longer as steady on my feet, dear friend, nor can I fling my arms out in a wide wrestling grip. I wish I were as young and strong as that time when the *Epeians* [p. 601] were interring King *Amarynceus* [p. 538] at *Buprasium* [p. 568], and his sons held funeral games in his honour. Then no man proved himself my equal, Epians, Pylians or proud Aetolians. I beat *Clytemedes* [p. 579], the son of *Enops* [p. 599], in the boxing and *Ancaeus* [p. 542] of *Pleuron* [p. 700], who took me on in the wrestling. In the foot race I outran *Iphichus* [p. 639], good as he was, and my spear out-threw *Phyleus* [p. 699] and *Polydorus* [p. 703]. Only in the chariot race did the two *Moliones* [p. 661] beat me, by their combined superior strength, forcing their team to the front, begrudging me the victory since the race carried the best prize. They were twins, and one could drive with a sure hand, while the other plied the whip.

Such was the man I once was, but now it's time for younger men. Sadly old age is upon me, though then I was first among the warriors. Now you must go on with your dear friend's funeral games. Meanwhile I welcome your gift with pleasure, your remembrance of our friendship delights my heart, and of the honour I'm owed among the Achaeans. In return, let the gods grant you favour enough to satisfy your heart.'

BK XXIII:651-699 THE BOXING MATCH



When he had listened to *Nestor's* [p. 667] words, *Achilles* [p. 517], son of Peleus, made his way through the crowd of spectators and set out the prizes for the boxing-match. For the winner he fetched a six-year old mule, broken-in, and they are hardest of all to break, and tethered it in the arena. For the loser there was a two-handed drinking cup. Then he announced the contest: 'Atreides, and all you bronze-greaved Achaeans, I want to see our two best boxers raise their fists and fight for these prizes. He whom *Apollo* [p. 547] grants true endurance in our eyes will return to his hut leading this sturdy mule, while the loser shall have this fine cup.'

At this a tall and powerful warrior stood up, a champion boxer, *Epeius* [p. 601], son of *Panopeus* [p. 682]. He placed his hand on the mule, saying: 'Whoever wants the cup, step forward. No man will beat me with his fists, and take the mule, since I'm the best boxer, I say. I may not be the greatest warrior, a man can't be best at everything, but this thing is for sure, whoever I fight I'll tear his flesh to ribbons and break his bones. I hope his kin are here to take him away when I've felled him.'



‘Wrestling match between Ajax and Odysseus’

Crispijn van de Passe (I), 1613

A silence fell at his words. Godlike *Euryalus* [p. 607] alone stood up to fight him, the son of King *Mecisteus* [p. 653], *Talaus'* [p. 723] son, who at the funeral games for *Oedipus* [p. 673], in *Thebes* [p. 728], defeated every *Cadmeian* [p. 569] opponent. *Diomedes* [p. 590], the spearman, eager to see him win, helped Euryalus to prepare, and gave him encouragement. He buckled on his belt, and bound the ox-hide thongs carefully on his hands. When the two contestants were ready, they stepped to the centre of the arena, and raising their mighty arms, set to. Each landed heavy blows with their fists, and they ground their teeth, as the sweat poured over their limbs. Euryalus sought an opening, but noble Epeius swung and struck his jaw, and he went straight down, his legs collapsing under him. Like a fish that leaps in the weed-strewn shallows, under a ripple stirred by the North Wind, then falls back into the dark wave, so Euryalus leapt when he was struck, but the big-hearted Epeius, lifted him and set him on his feet, and all his friends crowded round, and supported him from the ring his feet trailing, his head lolling, as he spat out clots of blood. He was still confused when they sat him down in his corner, and had to fetch the cup, his prize, themselves.

BK XXIII:700-739 THE WRESTLING BOUT



witly, *Achilles* [p. 517] brought out the prizes for the third contest, a wrestling bout. For the winner, a great tripod to hold a cauldron over the flames, valued by the Achaeans at twelve oxen; for the loser a female slave skilled in fine handiwork, and she they reckoned at four oxen. Then he announced the bout: 'Rise now, whichever pair of warriors will try their skill.' At his words, Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] stepped forward, and cunning *Odysseus* [p. 671] also got to his feet, a man of many wiles. When they had both prepared, they entered the ring, and came to grips, clasping each other in their mighty arms, locked together like the sloping rafters that some skilled craftsman sets in place on a tall house, to resist the winds. Their backs creaked under the pressure of their strong hands, and the sweat

ran down in streams, while many a blood-red weal appeared on their shoulders and ribs, as they strove for the ornate tripod and the glory. Odysseus could no more trip Ajax, and floor him, than Ajax could move powerful Odysseus' firm stance. But when they began to weary the watching Achaeans, Ajax spoke quietly to Odysseus: 'Zeus-born son of Laertes, Odysseus of the many wiles, you'd best try lift me, or I you, and let Zeus decide the matter.'

So saying, he tried a lift, but Odysseus knew a trick or two. He kicked Ajax hard in the back of his knee, and toppled him backwards, falling on his chest. The spectators looked on admiringly, as they stood and noble long-enduring Odysseus in turn tried a lift, raising him off the ground a fraction, then failing to lift him further crooking a leg round Ajax's knee, so they fell side by side, smothered in dust. They sprang up ready for a third round, but Achilles restrained them: 'No more, don't wear each other out. You were both victorious, and shall have identical prizes: there are other events now for competition.' With this, they readily retired, and wiping the dust from their bodies, donned their tunics.

BK XXIII:740-797 THE FOOT-RACE

Now *Achilles* [p. 517] offered prizes for a foot-race. First prize was a fine silver mixing bowl, of six measures, the loveliest thing in the world, a masterpiece of *Sidonian* [p. 719] craftsmanship, gifted to *Thoas* [p. 731] by Phoenician merchants on a trading mission over the dark waters. His grandson *Euneos* [p. 607], *Jason's* [p. 634] son, gave it to *Patroclus* [p. 684] as ransom for *Lycan* [p. 648]. Now Achilles offered the bowl as a prize to the fastest runner, in tribute to his friend. The second prize was a large well-fattened ox, and for the third a half talent in gold. Achilles now rose and asked for entrants. Swift *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser, and *Odysseus* [p. 671], the cunning, stepped forward, with the fastest of the young men, *Antilochus* [p. 544], Nestor's son. They took their places at the start, and Achilles pointed

out the turning post. Off they ran, and Ajax, son of *Oileus* [p. 674], hit the front, with noble Odysseus at his heels, as close as a woman weaving holds the shuttle to her chest, as she draws it along skilfully passing its spool through the warp. He trod in Ajax's footsteps before the dust had settled, and his breath beat on Ajax's neck as they ran swiftly on. The Greeks shouted for Odysseus as he strained for victory, urging him on to the utmost. As they were nearing the finish, Odysseus prayed urgently in his heart to bright-eyed Athene: 'Goddess, hear me, help me if you will and quicken my legs.' He prayed and Athene heard, making his limbs seem lighter, and just as they reached the line, Pallas *Athene* [p. 559] made Ajax slip on a patch of offal from the sacrifice of bellowing bulls that fleet-footed Achilles had made in honour of Patroclus. He fell and his mouth and nostrils were filled with offal, while Odysseus came in first, and claimed the silver bowl, leaving the ox for noble Ajax. He stood there, spitting out the offal, grasping the ox's horn, and complained to the Argives: 'There, did you see how the goddess made me slip, she who's always at Odysseus side, helping him!'

His words raised a shout of laughter. Antilochus lifted his prize, the gold, and addressed the crowd: 'Friends, I declare, and don't we know it, the immortals love the older generation. Ajax has only a few years more than I, but Odysseus is of the breed of former times, and as men say, a green old age is his, and he's a hard man for any Greek to beat, except for Achilles.'

This tribute to swift-footed Achilles brought a response from the prince himself: 'Antilochus, your praise shall not go unrewarded; and I'll double the value of your prize. So saying he placed another half-talent in his hands, much to Antilochus' delight.

BK XXIII:799-825 THE ARMED COMBAT



Now *Achilles* [p. 517] brought out a shield and helmet, and a long-shadowed spear, *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] gear that *Patroclus* [p. 684] had captured. Then he announced the next event: 'Our two best warriors must arm, and fight each other for these prizes before the army, with naked bronze. I will give the one who first penetrates the other's guard and draws blood, this noble silver-studded *Thracian* [p. 732] sword I took from *Asteropaeus* [p. 557], and the other arms they both can share, as well as a fine banquet in my hut.'

At these words, great Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] and mighty *Diomedes* [p. 590], Tydeus' son, leapt to their feet. When they had armed themselves on their own side of the ring, they advanced to the centre, so menacing and eager for battle the Achaeans held their breath. Closing, they charged three times and each time thrust at each other with their spears. Ajax pierced Diomedes' shield, but his breastplate kept the point from wounding him, while Diomedes kept thrusting at the rim of Ajax's shield, aiming for his neck with the point of his gleaming lance. Now the Greeks were so fearful for Ajax that they called an end to the contest and for shared prizes. However, Achilles awarded the long-sword to Diomedes, with its scabbard and its fine belt.

BK XXIII:826-849 THE THROWING COMPETITION



Then *Achilles* [p. 517] offered as prize a huge lump of pig-iron that the powerful *Eëtion* [p. 596] used to hurl. Achilles had carried it off, aboard ship, with other of his possessions, after he had killed

him. Now he announced the next competition, calling for entrants: ‘The winner of this will have iron enough for five years, and even if his farmland is remote, he won’t need to send a ploughman or a shepherd into town for lack of it, this will supply all his needs.’

Up leapt steadfast *Polypoetes* [p. 704]; godlike and powerful *Leonteus* [p. 646]; Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532], and noble *Epeius* [p. 601]. They lined up, and first Epeius grasped the mass of iron and hurled it, but the Achaeans mocked his feeble effort. Then Leonteus, offshoot of Ares, tried and his mark was quickly passed by Ajax, whose mighty throw won him the lead. But when stalwart Polypoetes, grasped and flung it, he sent it far beyond them all, like a herdsman hurling his crook and sending it whirling past his herd of cows. There was a great shout, and Polypoetes’ friends ran to carry off the royal prize to the hollow ships.

BK XXIII:850-883 THE ARCHERY




or the archery prizes, *Achilles* [p. 517] laid out ten double-headed axes of dark iron and ten single. He set up a mast from a blue-prowed ship a long way off on the sands, and fastened a pigeon to it by the foot, offering the fluttering bird as a target: ‘Whoever hits the pigeon as it flutters, wins the double-headed axes for himself, and if anyone strikes the cord that holds it, but misses the bird, he shall take the prize for a lesser shot, the single-headed axes.’

At this Lord *Teucer* [p. 725] rose, as did *Meriones* [p. 658], noble squire to *Idomeneus* [p. 636]. They shook lots in a bronze helmet, and Teucer took first shot. He swiftly let fly a mighty arrow, but forgot his intended promise to *Apollo* [p. 547] of a rich sacrifice of firstling lambs. Apollo grudging him success, caused him to miss the bird, but hit the cord that tied its foot, the sharp arrow slicing the bond in two. The cord fell, as the pigeon darted skyward, and the Achaeans raised a great shout. But Meriones, who had readied an arrow while Teucer aimed, snatched the bow from Teucer’s

hand, vowing instantly to offer those lambs to the Archer God. High up against the clouds he saw the pigeon fluttering, and as she circled he sent an arrow clean through her wing, the shaft falling to earth again and sticking upright in the ground at Meriones' feet. Meanwhile the pigeon settled on the mast, her head drooping and her plumage all awry. There she quickly died, and fell from her perch, as the spectators gazed in wonder. So Meriones carried off the ten double-axes, while Teucer took the rest to the hollow ships.

BK XXIII:884-897 ACHILLES HONOURS AGAMEMNON

inally, the son of Peleus, brought a long-shadowed spear, and a new cauldron as yet unused, embossed with flowers, and worth an ox. He set them down and the javelin throwers rose, imperial *Agamemnon* [p. 528], son of Atreus, and *Meriones* [p. 658], squire to Idomeneus, who was eager to compete again. But fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] addressed the king: 'Atreides, we know how excellent you are at the javelin, our superior in strength and skill; so take the cauldron to the hollow ships, and I suggest we grant the spear to Meriones, if that is agreeable to you.'

Agamemnon, king of men, agreed to this, and Achilles gave the bronze spear to Meriones, and handed the king's fine prize to *Talthybius* [p. 723] the royal herald.

BOOK XXIV - ACHILLES AND PRIAM

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Il Metal pour être

BK XXIV:1-76 THE GODS ARGUE OVER THE TREATMENT OF HECTOR'S BODY



After the funeral games, the men left the assembly and scattered each to their own ship, ready for supper and then their fill of sweet sleep. But *Achilles* [p. 517] wept in remembrance of his friend, and sleep that conquers all refused to come. He tossed this way and that, regretting *Patroclus*' [p. 684] bravery and strength, remembering all they had done together and the hardships they had shared, embroiled in war or on the cruel sea. He shed great tears, thinking of these things, lying now on his side, his back, or on his face. Each night he would stagger to his feet, at last, and wander grieving along the sand.

Dawn would find him there, as she lit the sea and shore. Then he would harness his swift team to his chariot, and rope *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse to the rear, and when he had dragged him three times round *Patroclus*' mound, return to rest in his hut, leaving *Hector's* body stretched out on its face in the dust. Yet *Apollo* kept the flesh from being spoiled, pitying the warrior even in death, and he covered the body with his golden aegis so that *Achilles* could not damage the skin as he dragged the corpse along.

Though *Achilles* in his anger tried to disfigure *Hector*, the blessed immortals felt pity as they watched, and urged the sharp-eyed *Hermes* [p. 626] to steal the corpse. Though this thought pleased most of them, *Hera* [p. 624], *Poseidon* [p. 705] and bright-eyed *Athene* [p. 559] were opposed. They still hated sacred *Ilium*, *Priam* [p. 706] and his whole race, because of *Paris* [p. 682] and his foolish error, in humiliating the two goddesses, at the parade by his shepherd's hut, when he showed his preference for *Aphrodite* [p. 546], praising her for furthering his sad lust.

After eleven days of this, on the twelfth dawn Phoebus *Apollo* [p. 547] addressed them all: ‘Harsh and cruel you are, you immortals! Did Hector not burn the thighs of unblemished bulls and goats for you, and yet you have not the decency, now he is dead, to rescue his corpse for his wife, his mother, his child to watch over, nor for his father Priam and his friends, who might then swiftly give him to the fires, and enact his funeral rites. You would rather help this brute, Achilles, whose mind is warped, his will of adamant. The man’s heart is like a lion’s, wild and powerful is that creature’s in its urge to slaughter the shepherds’ flocks for meat. Achilles is as devoid of pity, and of the shame that benefits men, urging restraint. Many a man loses someone closer to him than this, a brother born of the one mother, or a son, yet when he has finished weeping and wailing he has done, since the Fates grant men patient endurance. But this man, having robbed Hector of life, ties him to his chariot and drags him round his dead friend’s mound, as if that brought him honour or profit. Great as he is, let him be wary of our wrath; not disfigure the mute clay in his fury.’

But white-armed Hera took exception to all this: ‘That might make sense, Lord of the Silver Bow, if the gods valued Hector as highly as Achilles. But Hector was a mere mortal, suckled at a woman’s breast, while Achilles is child to a goddess. I nurtured her and reared her myself, and gave her in marriage to *Peleus* [p. 688], a warrior dear to us immortals. All of you, all you gods, came to the wedding, and you Apollo were there yourself, sitting down to feast, lyre in hand, you faithless friend of wrongdoers.’

Zeus [p. 739], the Cloud-Gatherer now replied: ‘Hera, curb your anger against us. These men will not be honoured equally. Yet of all the mortals in Ilium, Hector was dearest to the gods. At least he was so to me, never failing in his gifts towards me. My altar never lacked for sacrifice, for a share of all his meat and drink, the offerings that are our privilege. But, no talk now of stealing brave Hector’s corpse, for Achilles would hear of it from his mother who visits him night and day. Better for one of you to summon *Thetis* [p. 730] to me, so I may advise her wisely, to have Achilles accept a ransom, and give Hector’s body back to Priam.

**BK XXIV:77-140 THETIS PERSUADES ACHILLES TO
RANSOM THE CORPSE**



Iris [p. 640] it was, swift as the storm-wind, who sped off to carry the message, and half-way between *Samothrace* [p. 713] and rugged *Imbros* [p. 638] plunged into the dark echoing waters. Down she sank like the fisherman's lead weight set in a piece of ox-horn that lures the greedy fish to their death. In a hollow cave she found *Thetis* [p. 730], surrounded by the nymphs of the sea, bemoaning the destiny of her peerless son, doomed to die in the fertile land of Troy, far from his native soil. Fleet-footed Iris approached and spoke: 'Come, Thetis, *Zeus* [p. 739] of deathless wisdom summons you.' 'Why does the great god ask for me?' the silver-footed goddess replied, 'I'm possessed by such deep sorrow, I'd be ashamed to join the immortals, yet I will go, for anything he says must carry weight.'


With that, the lovely goddess donned a dark veil, blacker than black, and followed Iris, swift as the wind. The deep sea parted for them, and when they reached the shore they soared to the heavens, and found far-echoing Zeus surrounded by all the blessed immortals. *Athene* [p. 559] gave up her place next to the son of Cronos, and *Hera* [p. 624] handed her a fine golden cup, and welcomed her sweetly, and Thetis drank and gave her back the cup. Then the Father of gods and men addressed her: 'Lady Thetis you come, I know, bearing the burden of sorrowful thought, yet I must tell you why I summoned you. The immortals have been quarrelling these nine days about how *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse is treated by *Achilles* [p. 517], sacker of cities. They would like Hermes to spirit the body away, but I would rather honour Achilles, and keep your love and respect in time to come. So dart down to his camp and tell him what I say, that he has angered the gods, and I above all am filled with wrath, because he holds Hector's corpse by the beaked ships, instead of restoring it to Troy. Hopefully, in fear of me, he will return the body, but I will send Iris to brave *Priam* [p. 706], and tell him to go to the

Greek ships and offer a ransom for his son, gifts that will thaw the heart of Achilles.’

The goddess, silver-footed Thetis, instantly obeyed, darting down from the heights of Olympus to her son’s hut. There she found him still grieving, while his friends prepared their morning meal. The carcass of a great shaggy ram lay there, awaiting their attention, in the hut. His regal mother sat down beside him and stroking him with her hand said: ‘Child, how long must you consume your heart with tears and sorrow, forgetting your food and bed? Why not find comfort with some woman, since you have but a brief time left to live, and the shadows of Death and remorseless Fate are already close upon you. Obey me swiftly now.’ And she gave him Zeus’ message, to release Hector’s corpse and take a ransom in exchange.

Fleet-footed Achilles gazed at her and answered: ‘If such be the Olympian’s firm wish, then let it be so. Let whoever brings fit ransom take away the dead.’

BK XXIV:141-199 IRIS CARRIES THE MESSAGE TO PRIAM

hile mother and son were exchanging winged words there by the ships, Zeus [p. 739] sent Iris [p. 640] to sacred Ilium: ‘Down from Olympus, Iris, fast as you can, and tell brave Priam [p. 706] in Troy to go to the Greek ships and ransom his dear son’s body, carrying gifts to Achilles [p. 517] that will thaw his heart. Tell him to go alone, not to take anyone else from Troy except one of the older heralds, to drive the light mule-cart that will carry Achilles’ victim back to the city. Tell him not to fear death or anything else, for we will grant him the best of guides, Hermes, who will escort him to Achilles. Once in Achilles’ hut, no one will harm him, for he will not find Achilles witless, mindless, vicious, but one who will in kindness spare the suppliant.’

Those were his words, and Iris, swift as the storm-wind, sped away with the message. She came to Priam's palace and found it filled with grief and lamentation. Around their father his sons sat, their garments drenched with tears. There in the middle of the courtyard was the aged king wrapped in a cloak, his head and neck soiled by the earth from his hands as he grovelled on the ground. Throughout the palace his daughters and daughters-in-law were bemoaning the host of noble warriors who had lost their lives at Greek hands.

Iris, Zeus' messenger, came to Priam and said: 'Take heart, Dardanian Priam, forgo all fear. I am here not as a herald of evil but with the best of intent. I come with a message from Zeus, who far off though he may be still cares about you and has pity.' Then she repeated Zeus' wishes, and departed.

Then Priam ordered his sons to harness the light mule-cart, with a wicker frame on top. He himself went down to his vaulted treasure chamber, high-roofed and fragrant with cedar-wood, which was full of precious things. He summoned his wife *Hecabe* [p. 616], and said: 'Lady, a message from Zeus has come to me, telling me to go to the Greek ships and ransom our dear son's body, with gifts that will thaw Achilles' heart. I feel compelled to go to the Greek camp, to their ships, but tell me what you think.'

BK XXIV:200-280 PRIAM PREPARES TO VISIT THE GREEK CAMP



Hecabe [p. 616] cried out at his words, and said: 'Alas, where is that wisdom now for which you are famous here and abroad? How can you go to the Greek ships and face the man who has slaughtered so many of your fine sons? Your heart must be made of iron. Once you are in his power, from the moment he sets eyes on you, that

savage treacherous brute will show you neither mercy nor respect. Let us grieve for our son here, in the hall. This is the thread Fate spun for that child of mine at his birth, to sate the running dogs far from us, his corpse held captive by that man of violence. I wish I could fix my teeth in *Achilles'* [p. 517] heart and devour it. That would requite him for what he has done to my son, who showed he was no coward when he was killed, fighting to defend the men and the full-breasted women of Troy, without thought of flight or safety.'

Priam [p. 706], that godlike old man, answered her: 'Don't try to prevent me going, I will not be persuaded, and don't you prove a bird of ill-omen here. If any man on earth had spoken to me of this, even a priest, or some diviner who reads the sacrificial entrails, I would have thought it false, and rejected it the more. But I heard the voice of a goddess, and saw her face to face, so I must go, and fulfil her command. If I am doomed to die by the ships of the bronze-clad Greeks, then so be it. When I have clasped my son in my arms and wept my fill, then let Achilles slay me on the spot.'

So saying, he lifted the ornate lids of several chests from which he took twelve fine robes, and twelve single-sided cloaks, with as many coverlets, white mantles and tunics also. He weighed out ten talents of gold and had them taken outside, with two bright tripods, and four cauldrons. And he even added a great treasure, a beautiful cup, a gift from the men of Thrace when he went on an embassy there, so eager was he to ransom his dear son fittingly. Then he drove out the Trojans cluttering the portico, rebuking them with harsh words: 'Out you shameful wretches! Have you nothing to grieve for at home that you come to trouble me? Is it not enough that Zeus has brought me sorrow; taking from me the best of sons? You will soon know it too. You'll be easy meat for the Greeks now *Hector* [p. 617] is dead. As for me, I only hope I go to the House of *Hades* [p. 614] before I have to see this city plundered and laid waste.'

With this, he chased after them with his staff, and they fled from the angry old man. He shouted reproaches at his sons as well, *Helenus* [p. 621], *Paris* [p. 682], noble *Agathon* [p. 530], *Pammon* [p. 681], *Antiphanus* [p. 545], *Polites* [p. 701] of the loud war-cry, *Deiphobus* [p. 587], *Hippothous* [p. 629], and lordly *Dios* [p. 592]. He

ordered all nine around at the top of his voice: ‘Quick, you useless tribe, my disgrace: would that instead of Hector you were the ones who had died by the swift ships! Alas, my wretched fate! I had the best sons in all the wide land of Troy, yet they are gone, every one; godlike *Mestor* [p. 660], *Troilus* [p. 736] the fierce charioteer, and now Hector, a god among men, who seemed the son of a divine being, not of this mere mortal. War has taken them all, while you shameful creatures remain, liars and wastrels, better at treading the dust in dance, or stealing lambs and kids from the fields. Make ready the cart, now, and pile these things inside, so I can be on my way.’

So he ranted, and they, fearful of their father’s anger, brought out the light mule cart, new and carefully-made, and added the wicker frame on top. They took the boxwood yoke with its central boss and fine guide rings from its peg, and carried it out with its twelve foot yoke-band. They set the yoke carefully on the polished shaft, in the notch at the end, and slipped the ring over the pin. Then they bound it fast to the boss with three turns either way, then wound it round the shaft and tucked the loose end in. They carried the princely ransom for Hector’s corpse from the treasure chamber, and heaped the items on the wooden cart. Then they yoked the sturdy mules, trained to work in harness, a glorious gift to Priam from the *Mysians* [p. 665]. Last of all they brought, and yoked to his chariot, horses kept by the king himself and fed at the gleaming manger.

BK XXIV:281-348 PRIAM PRAYS TO ZEUS



P*riam* [p. 706] and the herald were waiting, lost in thought, in the lofty palace, for their teams to be harnessed, when *Hecabe* [p. 616] came to them, full of anxiety, carrying a golden cup of honeyed wine in her right hand, so they might make libation before they set out. She approached the chariot saying: ‘There, pour a libation to Father *Zeus* [p. 739] and pray for your safe return from the enemy camp, since your heart persuades you to go despite my misgivings. Pray to the son of Cronus, Lord

of the Storm-Clouds, God of Ida, who gazes down on our whole land of Troy, and ask him to send a bird of omen, and make it that swift messenger, dearest to him of all the birds, and mightiest. Let it appear on your right hand, so you can note it and feel safe in going among the horse-loving Danaans. If Zeus does not grant you a sight of his swift messenger, then I'd not advise you to visit the Argive ships, no matter how you feel.'

'Wife,' Priam replied, 'I will do as you suggest, for it is good to pray to Zeus, and ask him for mercy.'

So saying the old man asked a maid to pour fresh water over his hands. She brought a pitcher of water and a basin, and when he had washed his hands, he took the cup from his wife and standing in the centre of the courtyard, he poured the wine, then gazed towards heaven and prayed aloud: 'Glorious and almighty Father Zeus, who rules from Ida, let me be welcome in *Achilles'* [p. 517] hut and may he show mercy. Send me a bird of omen, that swift messenger, dearest to you of all the birds, and mightiest. Let it appear on my right hand, so I can note it and feel safe in going among the horse-loving Danaans.'

Zeus, the Counsellor, heard his prayer, and sent the greatest of winged omens: the dark raptor men call the black eagle. Its wingspan was as wide as the double doors, strong and secure, of a rich man's lofty treasure chamber, and it soared on the right, high over the city. They were overjoyed at a sight that warmed the hearts of all.

The old man quickly mounted the chariot, and drove from the echoing portico out through the palace gate. The mules in front pulled the cart driven by wise *Idaens* [p. 635], while the old man's team followed. He cracked his whip as they sped through the city, while his folk followed after, wailing as if he went to his death. But when they had left the city and entered the plain, his sons and sons-in-law turned back to Ilium.

The pair did not escape Zeus, the Far-Echoer's, notice, as they forged across the plain, and pitying the old man he spoke at once to his dear son *Hermes* [p. 626]: 'You love to guide travellers, and give ear to whomever you wish, so go and escort Priam to the hollow ships of the Greeks, so that no one knows him till he reaches Achilles.'

At this, the Messenger God, the Slayer of *Argus* [p. 553], quick to obey, bound his beautiful sandals on his feet, the sandals of imperishable gold that carry him swift as the gale over the ocean waves and the boundless earth. He took with him that wand with which he lulls to sleep or rouses from slumber whomsoever he will. He flew with it in his hand, and soon came to the *Hellespont* [p. 622] and Troy. There he appeared in the likeness of a young prince at that age when a beard first starts to grow, and youth's charms are at their greatest.

BK XXIV:349-467 HERMES GUIDES PRIAM TO ACHILLES HUT



When the pair had passed the great barrow of *Ilus* [p. 637], they halted the mules and the horses by the river to drink. It was twilight now, and *Hermes* [p. 626] was close before the *berald* [p. 635] saw him. Turning to *Priam* [p. 706] he said: ‘Take care, Dardanian Priam, here is something that calls for caution. There’s a man in sight who will butcher us, it seems to me. Let’s flee in the chariot, or we’ll have to fall at his feet and hope for mercy.’

At this the old man’s hair stood on end, and his mind filled with fear and confusion. But as he stood there in a daze, the Helper went straight to the old man and took his hand, and asked him: ‘Father, where are you off to, with your mules and horses, through the sacred night, when ordinary mortals sleep? Do you not fear the Greeks and their fury, an enemy without shame, close by? What would you do if one of them saw you carrying treasure through the swiftly darkening night? You are neither of you young enough to ward off some youngster’s attack. I am no threat to you, however, and I will be your defence, since to me you are the very image of my own father.’

Godlike Priam, the aged king, replied: ‘Dear son, it is as you say. Yet some god has extended his hand above me, since he sends a traveller such

as you to meet me, a fine omen, for you are of marvellous beauty and stature, and wise beyond your years. Happy are the parents from whom you spring.’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ Hermes answered, ‘it may be so. But tell me truly, do you carry this heap of noble treasure to safety in some foreign part, or are you all fleeing Troy in fear, having the lost the best of warriors, your fine son, who never ceased to fight the Achaeans?’

Godlike Priam replied: ‘Who are you, noble youth? Who are your parents? You speak so eloquently of my unfortunate son.’

The Messenger God, the Slayer of *Argus* [p. 553], answered: ‘You are testing me, I see, my venerable lord, in asking about *Hector* [p. 617]. I have often seen him in battle, where glory is won. I saw him killing Argives when he drove them to the ships, cutting men down with the sharp bronze, and we stood there dumbfounded, for *Achilles* [p. 517] held us back, in his wrath against *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. I am Achilles’ squire, who sailed here with him, one of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664], the son of *Polyctor* [p. 702]. He is wealthy, an old man like you, with six sons, and I a seventh. We cast lots and I was chosen to follow Achilles. Tonight I am scouting the plain, since at dawn the bright-eyed Achaeans will battle for the city. They are tired of sitting idle, and Agamemnon can no longer restrain them in their eagerness for war.’

Godlike Priam, the aged king, replied: ‘If you are truly Achilles’ squire, tell me this. Is my son’s body still by the ships, or has Achilles hewn him limb from limb and scattered him to the dogs?’

Again the Slayer of Argus answered: ‘The dogs and carrion birds have not devoured him yet, my venerable lord, and his corpse still lies by Achilles’ ship among the huts as before. He has lain there twelve days now, but his flesh has not decayed, nor do the worms that feed on war dead consume him. It is true that ruthless Achilles drags his body round his dear comrade’s barrow, every dawn, yet he cannot harm him. You would marvel if you came and saw him, fresh as dew, washed clean of blood, without a stain upon him, and all his wounds are closed, wherever the host of bronze blades struck him. So do the blessed gods care for his corpse: for he was dear to them.’


The old man's mind was eased to hear this, saying: 'My child, it is good to give the immortals all that is due to them, for in my halls my son, as surely as he lived, never forgot the gods who hold Olympus, and they have now remembered him, even though he has met his doom. Come take this fine goblet, and protect me and see me safe at Achilles' hut, with the blessing of the gods.'

The Messenger God, the Slayer of Argus, spoke once more: 'Ah, my venerable lord, because I am young you test me, but you cannot tempt me to take a gift without Achilles' knowledge. I respect him deeply, and fear to rob him of what should be his, lest evil later befalls me. Yet I would guide you to glorious Argos, and wait on you with kind attention as we travel on foot or aboard ship, and no one would dare attack you on seeing your guide.'

With that the Helper leapt into the chariot, seized the whip and reins, and breathed fresh strength into the horses and mules. When they came to the trench and wall defending the ships, the guards were preparing their meal, and the Slayer of Argus shed sleep around them, thrust back the bars, and opened the gates, and drove Priam through them with the cart and his gifts.

They came to Achilles' hut, a high-roofed hut the Myrmidons built for their prince, with beams cut from the fir trees. They had thatched it with meadow rushes, and fenced it with stakes, close-set to make a courtyard. The gate to the yard was held by a single fir-wood bar that needed three Myrmidons to drive it home or draw it back, though Achilles could do so alone. This gate Hermes the Helper opened for the aged king, ahead of the glorious gifts destined for fleet-footed Achilles. Then he stepped down from the chariot saying: 'Venerable lord, my Father sent me to guide you on your way. You have been visited by an immortal god, for I am Hermes. Now I must leave you and return, and not be seen by Achilles, for it would be wrong for a god to be entertained openly by a mortal man. But you must go in, and clasp his knees, and invoke his father *Peleus* [p. 688], and his *mother* [p. 730], of the shining tresses, and his *child* [p. 666], and so move his heart.

BK XXIV:468-551 PRIAM MOVES ACHILLES' HEART

ith that, *Hermes* [p. 626] left for high Olympus, while *Priam* [p. 706] climbed down from his chariot, leaving *Idaeus* [p. 635] to handle the horses and mules. The old king went straight to the hut frequented by Zeus-beloved *Achilles* [p. 517]. He found him there, with only the warrior *Automedon* [p. 563] and warlike *Alcimus* [p. 536] of all his friends. They were busy attending to his meal. The table stood at his side but he had finished eating and drinking. Great Priam slipped in unobserved, and reaching Achilles, clasped his knees, and kissed his hands, the fearful, man-killing hands that had slaughtered so many of his sons. Achilles was astonished at the sight of godlike Priam, as were his friends. They stared at each other, astounded, as men do in the hall of a wealthy nobleman, when a stranger, who has murdered a man in a moment of frenzy in his own country, seeking refuge abroad, bursts in on them.

But Priam was already entreating Achilles: ‘Godlike Achilles, think of your own father, who is of my generation, and so is likewise on the sad threshold of old age. Perhaps his neighbours are troubling him, and there is no one to protect him from harm, or ward off ruin. But he at least can rejoice in the knowledge that you live, and each day brings the hope of seeing you return from Troy. While I, I am a victim of sad fate. Of the best of my sons, the best in all of Troy, not one is left. Fifty sons I had, when you Achaeans landed, nineteen by the one wife, and the rest by other ladies of my court. Most of them have fallen in furious battle, and the defender of the city and its people, my prime recourse, Hector, you have killed, as he fought for his country. I come now to the ships to beg his corpse from you, bringing a princely ransom. Respect the gods, Achilles, and show mercy towards me, remembering your own father, for I am more to be pitied than he, since I have brought myself to do what no other man on earth would do, I have lifted to my lips the hand of the man who killed my sons.’



‘Priam pleads for Hector’s body’ – Workshop of Bernard Picart, 1710

His words had moved Achilles to tears at the thought of his own father, and taking the old man's hands he set him gently from him, while both were lost in memory. Priam remembered man-killing *Hector* [p. 617], and wept aloud, at Achilles' feet, while Achilles wept for his father *Peleus* [p. 688] and for *Patroclus* [p. 684] once more, and the sound of their lament filled the hut.

But when Achilles was sated with weeping, and the force of grief was spent, he rose instantly from his chair, and raising the old king by his arm, he took pity on his grey beard and hair, and spoke eloquently to him: 'You are indeed unfortunate, and your heart has endured much sorrow. Surely, though, there is iron in your spirit, daring to come alone to our ships, and face the man who slew so many of your noble sons? Come, sit here, and we will shut away our sorrows, despite our grief, since there is but cold comfort in lament. The gods have spun the thread of fate for wretched mortals: we live in sorrow, while they are free from care. Two urns stand in *Zeus*' [p. 739] palace containing the experiences he grants mortals, one holds blessings, the other ills. Those who receive a mixture of the two meet with good and ill, but those whom the Thunderer only serves from the jar of ills becomes an outcast, driven over the face of the earth by despair, a wanderer honoured neither by gods nor men. See how the gods showered glorious gifts on my father *Peleus*, from the moment of his birth, wealth and possessions beyond other men, kingship of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664], and though but a mortal man, a goddess for a wife. Yet some god brought evil even to him, no crowd of princes, but an only son doomed to an untimely end. He receives no care from me, since I sit here in the land of Troy, far from my own country, bringing harm to you and your children. And you, my aged lord, they say you once were happy, renowned for your wealth and your sons, in all the lands, from the isle of *Lesbos* [p. 646], where *Macar* [p. 650] reigned, through upper *Phrygia* [p. 697] to the boundless *Hellespont* [p. 622]. But from the moment that the heavenly gods brought this wretched war upon you, all has turned to battle and slaughter. Endure, let your heart not grieve forever, Sorrowing for your son will achieve nothing, you'll not bring him back to life, though life will bring you other sorrows.'

BK XXIV:552-620 ACHILLES RELEASES HECTOR'S CORPSE TO PRIAM

‘Do not ask me to sit down, beloved of Zeus,’ replied the aged king, ‘while *Hector*’s [p. 617] corpse lies neglected by the huts, but give him back to me swiftly so my eyes can gaze on him, and accept the ransom, the princely ransom, I bring. May you have joy of it, and return to your native land, since you have shown me mercy from the first.’

Fleet-footed *Achilles* [p. 517], frowning answered him; ‘I need no urging, old man. I have decided to return Hector’s body to you. My own *mother* [p. 730], the daughter of the *Old Man* [p. 666] of the Sea, brought me a message from *Zeus* [p. 739]. And I know in my heart, such things don’t escape me, that some god led you to our swift ships. No mortal man, not even a strong young warrior, would dare to venture into this camp, nor having done so elude the guards, nor shift the bar across the gate. So don’t try to move my heart further, lest I defy Zeus’ command and choose, suppliant though you are, not to spare even you.’

The old king, gripped by fear, was silent. Then the son of Peleus ran from the hut, followed by his two companions, *Automedon* [p. 563] and *Alcimus* [p. 536], the dearest of his friends after dead Patroclus. They un-harnessed the mules and horses, brought in the old king’s *herald* [p. 635], his crier, and offered him a chair. Then from the well-made cart they lifted down the princely ransom for Hector’s body. They left there two white cloaks and a fine tunic, so that the corpse could be wrapped in them, before he gave it back to *Priam* [p. 706] to take home. Achilles then summoned two servant-girls and ordered them to wash and anoint the body, first carrying it to a place where Priam could not see his son, lest his grief at the sight provoke his anger and Achilles be angered in reply, and kill him in defiance of Zeus’ command. When the servant-girls had done washing the body and anointing it with oil, and had dressed it in the fine tunic and wrapped it in a

cloak, Achilles himself placed it on a bier, and he and his comrades lifted it into the wooden cart. Then he sighed and called his dead friend by name: ‘*Patroclus* [p. 684], do not be angered, if even in the House of *Hades* [p. 614] you learn that I have returned noble Hector to his dear father, who has given a princely ransom. Even of that you shall have your rightful share.’

With this, noble Achilles returned to the hut and sat down again on his richly inlaid chair opposite Priam, saying: ‘Venerable lord, your son’s body has been placed on a bier and I shall release it to you as you wished. At dawn you may look on him, and carry him back, but now let us eat. Even long-haired *Niobe* [p. 668] eventually thought to eat, though her twelve children had been slain, six daughters, six sons in their prime. *Apollo* [p. 547] angry that Niobe had boasted of bearing so many children compared with Leto who had borne but two, killed the sons with arrows from his silver bow, while his sister *Artemis* [p. 555] killed the daughters. The pair slew them all, and left them lying in their blood, for nine days, since Zeus had turned the people to stone and there was no one to bury the corpses. On the tenth day the heavenly gods gave them burial, and only then did Niobe, exhausted by her grief, take sustenance. Now, turned to stone herself, she stands among the crags on the desolate slopes of *Sipylos* [p. 720], where men say the *Nymphs* [p. 669] that dance on the banks of *Achelous* [p. 517] take their rest, and broods on the sorrows the gods sent her. Come let us too take sustenance, venerable lord: in Ilium you can lament your son once more, and grieve for him with a flood of tears.’

BK XXIV:621-676 ACHILLES AGREES A TRUCE FOR HECTOR’S FUNERAL



wife *Achilles* [p. 517] sprang to his feet, and went and slaughtered a white-fleeced sheep, which his men flayed and prepared. They chopped it deftly, spitted the pieces, roasted them carefully, and then drew them from the spits. *Automedon* [p. 563] set out bread in neat

baskets, while Achilles served the meat, and they helped themselves to the good things placed before them.

When they had sated their hunger and thirst, Dardanian *Priam* [p. 706] contemplated Achilles and how marvellously tall and handsome he was, the very image of a god. Achilles too marvelled, at Priam's nobility and eloquence. When they had gazed at each other to their heart's content, godlike king Priam said: 'Beloved of Zeus, show me to my bed now, so that, lulled by sweet sleep, we may find ease in rest. My eyes have not closed since my son lost his life at your hands. Then I lamented and brooded over my endless sorrows, and grovelled in the dirt in my courtyard. Now I have tasted food and wetted my throat with red wine, who until now tasted nothing.'


Now Achilles ordered his friends and the servant-girls to set up bedsteads in the portico, cover them with fine purple blankets, and spread sheets above, and fleecy mantles on top to keep the guests warm. Torch in hand, the girls left the room and swiftly busied themselves at the task. Then fleet-footed Achilles spoke to Priam in a cooler tone: 'You must sleep outside, venerable lord, in case one of the countless counsellors of the Achaeans comes to sit and talk with me, as is right. If he saw you, in the swift passage of darkness, he might hasten to King *Agamemnon* [p. 528], and then the return of the corpse to you would be delayed. Now, tell me truly, how long do you need for noble *Hector's* [p. 617] funeral. I will keep truce myself for that length of time, and restrain the army.'

The godlike old king answered him: 'You would be doing me a great kindness Achilles, if you indeed allow me time to bury Hector. You know the city is surrounded, and the Trojans would fear to fetch wood from the far hills, otherwise. We will lament him nine days in the palace, and carry out the rites on the tenth. Then on the eleventh day we will raise his barrow, and the people feast. If we must, we will fight again on the twelfth.'

Fleet-footed Achilles replied: 'It shall be as you say, aged Priam, and I will restrain the army for that length of time.'

With that, he clasped the old man's right wrist, to reassure him. Then Priam and *Idaens* [p. 635] the herald lay down to sleep in the portico, their minds still full of thoughts, while Achilles slept in the inner recess of his well-built hut, with the lovely *Briseis* [p. 567] by his side.

BK XXIV:677-717 PRIAM RETURNS TO TROY WITH THE BODY

ods and warriors, overcome by sleep, passed the night in slumber, but not *Hermes* [p. 626] the Helper, who was awake considering how to lead *Priam* [p. 706] from the ships, without being challenged by the trusty guards at the gate. Finally, standing at the head of Priam's bed, he spoke to him: 'Aged lord, now *Achilles* [p. 517] has spared you, it seems that though still ringed with enemies, you sleep without a care. You have ransomed your son for a princely sum, but the one your sons will need to give will be three times as great, if *Atrides* [p. 528] or one of his warriors finds you here.'

The old man woke, in fear, and roused the herald. Hermes harnessed the mules and horses, and undetected by their enemies, drove them quietly through the camp himself. As saffron-robed *Dawn* [p. 600] lit the wide earth, they reached the ford of eddying *Xanthus* [p. 715], that noble river begotten by immortal *Zeus* [p. 739], and Hermes left them for high Olympus. Lamenting and in tears the two men drove, Priam the chariot and horses, *Idaens* [p. 635] the mule-cart carrying the bier. No one in Troy, man or woman, knew anything of them till *Cassandra* [p. 572], lovely as golden *Aphrodite* [p. 546], from the heights of *Pergamus* [p. 690], saw her dear father driving the chariot, and the herald, the city crier, driving the mule-cart, and saw who lay there on the bier. She gave a loud cry, and called to the city below: 'Men and women of Troy, if ever you rejoiced when Hector returned from battle, come now and gaze on him, who brought joy beyond compare to the city and its people.'

Soon the city emptied. Plunged in unbearable grief, all ran to the gate, and close beyond them met Priam, bringing home his dead. *Hector's* [p. 617] beloved *wife* [p. 543] and royal *mother* [p. 616] flung themselves at the cart. Clasp[ing] Hector's head, they wailed and tore their hair, while the great host of people wept. And they'd have been there, outside the gate, lamenting him the livelong day till the setting of the sun, if old Priam had not called out to them from the chariot: 'Let the mules pass, and when I have brought him to the palace then you can take your fill of lament.'

BK XXIV:718-775 THE LAMENT FOR HECTOR



At *Priam's* [p. 706] request, the crowd parted and made way for the cart. The family led the way to the royal palace, and there they laid the body on a wooden bed, and summoned the chorus of singers to stand beside it, to sing the dirges and lead the lamentation, while the women wailed in chorus. White-armed *Andromache* [p. 543] made the first lament, cradling the head of man-killing *Hector* [p. 617]: 'Husband, you have died too young, leaving me a widow in the palace, and your son, whom we his unhappy parents brought into the world, is still a babe who I fear will never grow to manhood. For this city is doomed to perish utterly, as you have perished who watched over it, and kept its wives and children safe, who will soon be captive aboard the hollow ships, I among them. You my child will go with me, and labour somewhere at menial tasks for some harsh master. Or worse perhaps, some Greek will seize you by the arm and hurl you from the wall to your death, angered perhaps because Hector killed his brother, father, son, for many are the Achaeans whose mouths have bit the dust at the hands of Hector, and your father was not a kindly man in battle. Now the people lament you throughout the city, Hector, and unspeakable grief your death has brought your parents. The bitterest grief of all is mine, because you did not die in your bed, stretching out your arms to me, with some tender word that I might have treasured, in tears, night and day.'

Such was her lament, and the women added their grief to hers. Now *Hecabe* [p. 616] took up the impassioned dirge: ‘Hector, dearest to me of all my children, dear to the gods when you were alive, who care for you now therefore in death. Swift-footed *Achilles* [p. 517] robbed me of other sons, selling them beyond the restless sea in *Samothrace* [p. 713], *Imbros* [p. 638] or in *Lemnos* [p. 645] veiled in smoke. You he killed with the sharp bronze and dragged you round his friend *Patroclus*’ [p. 684] barrow, whom you slew, not that he raised him from the dead by doing so, and yet you lie here fresh as dew, as if newly dead, like one whom *Apollo* [p. 547] of the Silver Bow has touched and killed with his gentlest dart.’

So she lamented, and stirred endless grief. Now *Helen* [p. 621] followed with a third lament: ‘Handsome Hector, dearest to me of all my Trojan brothers! Godlike *Paris* [p. 682], my husband, brought me to this land of Troy, though I’d rather I had died there and then, and this is now the twentieth year since I abandoned my native country, yet in all that time I had no harsh or spiteful word from you. If any in the palace reproached me, your brothers, sisters, your brother’s fine wives, or your mother, for your father was ever gentle to me like my own, you would turn away their wrath, and restrain them with gentle acts and words. So I grieve aloud for you, and in my heart for my wretched self, since there is no one else in all wide Troy who’ll be kind or gentle to me, all of them shudder as I pass.’

BK XXIV:776-804 HECTOR’S FUNERAL



o *Helen* [p. 621] lamented, and the whole crowd wept. But the old king, *Priam* [p. 706], gave his orders: ‘Gather wood now, men of Troy, and bring it to the city, and have no fear of some crafty ambush by the Greeks. *Achilles* [p. 517] promised me, before I left the black ships, that he would restrain their army till the twelfth dawn comes.’

So they harnessed oxen and mules to the wagons, and assembled outside the city. For nine days they gathered huge piles of logs, and when the tenth dawn brought light to mortals they carried brave *Hector* [p. 617], and, in tears, laid his body on the summit of the pyre and set the wood ablaze.

Next day, when rosy-fingered *Dawn* [p. 600] appeared, the people gathered at glorious Hector's pyre. Then when all had assembled they worked together, quenching the embers with red wine, wherever the fire had reached. Then Hector's brothers and his friends collected his ashes, still mourning him, their cheeks wet with tears. They placed the ashes, wrapped in a purple robe, inside a golden urn, and laid the urn in a hollow grave, covering it with large close-set stones. Then over it they piled the barrow, posting sentinels on every side, lest the bronze-greaved Greeks attacked them before the promised time. When they had heaped the mound, they returned to Troy, and gathered in Zeus-beloved Priam's palace for the glorious funeral feast appointed.

And such were the funeral rites of Hector, tamer of horses.

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Abantes

A people originating in Thrace, they spread to the Peloponnese, holding *Euboea* [p. 606] at the time of the Trojan War.

BkII484 [p. 48] Their contingents at the war.

BkIV422 [p. 88] *Elephenor* [p. 598] their leader.

Abarbarea

A Naiad, she bore two sons, *Pedasus* [p. 686], to *Bucolion* [p. 568], the eldest but illegitimate son of the Trojan King *Laomedon* [p. 643].

BkVII1 [p. 123] Mentioned.

Abas

A Trojan, the son of *Eurydamas* [p. 608].

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Abii

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BkXIII1 [p. 257] Mentioned.

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An ancient city of *Mysia* [p. 665], in Asia Minor, situated at Nagara Point on the *Hellespont* [p. 622].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *Democoon* [p. 588] joins the war from Abydos where he has a stud-farm.

BkXVII543 [p. 366] Home of *Phaenops* [p. 693].

Acamas

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Acamas

Son of *Eussorus* [p. 609], he was a Thracian leader fighting for the Trojans.

BkV431 [p. 109] *Arēs* [p. 551] disguises himself as Acamas.

BkVII1 [p. 123] He is killed by Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532].

Accessamenus

BkXXI136 [p. 433] The father of *Periboea* [p. 691].

Achaea

A name for the Greek mainland derived from a region in the northern Peloponnese, hence, the *Troy* [p. 737].

BkIX222 [p. 182] A term covering the Greek mainland.

Achaean

The inhabitants of *Achaea* [p. 516], and the Greeks generally. (Historically of unknown origin they appeared in the Peloponnese in the 12th and 13th centuries BC, and became the ruling class circa 1250.)

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI101* [p. 14] *BkI148* [p. 15] *BkI223* [p. 17] etc. The Greeks who sailed for *Troy* [p. 737].

BkXIX74 [p. 397] Ruled from *Argos* [p. 553].

Achelous

The Achelous was the greatest and according to tradition the most ancient among the rivers of Greece. The river-god is described as a son of *Oceanus* [p. 670] and *Tethys* [p. 725]. The second longest river entirely within Greece, after the Aliákmon, the modern flow rises in the central Pindus Mountains and runs southwards for 140 miles to the Ionian Sea to the west.

BkXXI136 [p. 433] Mentioned.

Achelous

A river, it presumably flowed through Phrygia, but perhaps the Greek *Achelous* [p. 517] is intended.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Myth has it that the Achelous was formed from *Niobe's* [p. 668] tears.

Achilles

The Greek hero of the *Trojan* [p. 737] War, he was the son of *Peleus* [p. 688], king of Thessaly, and the sea-goddess *Thetis* [p. 730], and the grandson of *Aeacus* [p. 522].

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkII333* [p. 45] *BkII760* [p. 55] *BkIV473* [p. 91] *BkVII161* [p. 146] *BkXII1* [p. 241] *BkXIII81* [p. 260] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] His quarrel with *Agamemnon* [p. 528] is the initial theme of the Iliad.

BkI53 [p. 13] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] He encourages *Calchas* [p. 569] to speak. Called swift-footed.

BkI101 [p. 14] *BkI148* [p. 15] *BkI223* [p. 17] *BkI285* [p. 20] *BkI488* [p. 26] He quarrels with Agamemnon.

BkI188 [p. 16] He speaks with *Athene* [p. 559].

BkI318 [p. 21] *Briseis* [p. 567] is taken, and he prays to his mother *Thetis* [p. 730].

BkI357 [p. 22] He speaks with Thetis.

BkI531 [p. 27] *BkIII1* [p. 33] *BkVIII335* [p. 166] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] *Zeus* [p. 739] agrees to support Achilles, which *Hera* [p. 624] opposes.

BkII211 [p. 42] His hatred of *Thersites* [p. 729], the dissenter.

BkII645 [p. 52] The most handsome of the Greeks at Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXVI569* [p. 340] He commanded the *Myrmidons* [p. 664] at Troy.

BkII811 [p. 57] He slew *Ennomus* [p. 599] the augur, and *Amphimachus* [p. 540], in the river-bed.

BkVI369 [p. 133] He had killed *Eetion* [p. 596] at the taking of Mysian Thebes.

- BkVII54* [p. 143] He recognises Hector as a threat.
- BkVIII212* [p. 163] *BkXI1* [p. 215] His ship is beached at one end of the Greek line.
- BkVIII438* [p. 170] Zeus prophesies his return to the fight once *Patroclus* [p. 684] is slain.
- BkIX79* [p. 179] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] promises him gifts in reconciliation.
- BkIX162* [p. 181] *BkIX222* [p. 182] He receives an embassy from Agamemnon.
- BkIX307* [p. 184] *BkIX606* [p. 192] He gives his answer to Agamemnon's offer.
- BkIX430* [p. 188] *Phoenix* [p. 696] advises him to quench his anger.
- BkIX656* [p. 193] *BkXIV135* [p. 286] *BkXIV352* [p. 293] He remains a non-combatant.
- BkX349* [p. 205] *Dolon* [p. 592] covets his horses and chariot.
- BkXI84* [p. 217] He had once captured *Isus* [p. 640] and *Antiphus* [p. 545], sons of Priam, while they tended their flock on Mount Ida.
- BkXI596* [p. 230] *BkXI804* [p. 235] He sends *Patroclus* [p. 684] to *Nestor* [p. 667].
- BkXI655* [p. 232] *BkXI762* [p. 234] Nestor criticises his inaction.
- BkXV1* [p. 301] *Zeus* [p. 739] predicts that he will kill *Hector* [p. 617].
- BkXV379* [p. 312] Patroclus intends to persuade him to rejoin the battle.
- BkXVI1* [p. 325] *BkXVI684* [p. 343] He allows Patroclus to borrow his armour but warns him to return and not pursue the Trojans.
- BkXVI101* [p. 327] He urges Patroclus to arm, as the ships catch fire.
- BkXVI155* [p. 328] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] He mobilises the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].
- BkXVI210* [p. 330] He prays to Zeus for Patroclus to win glory and return safely, Zeus fulfilling only the first part of the prayer.
- BkXVI777* [p. 345] Hector wears Achilles' helmet taken from the fallen Patroclus.
- BkXVIII1* [p. 351] Only he can master and drive his team of immortal horses, a gift of the gods to Peleus his father.
- BkXVII82* [p. 355] *BkXVII543* [p. 366] *Menelaus* [p. 655] wishes to secure Patroclus' corpse for Achilles.
- BkXVII140* [p. 356] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] Achilles' squire Patroclus is the equal of Sarpedon in status.
- BkXVII198* [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] wears Achilles' armour.
- BkXVII262* [p. 359] Zeus favours the Greeks defending Patroclus' corpse.
- BkXVII481* [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] and *Alcimedon* [p. 536] fight from his chariot.
- BkXVII656* [p. 369] He is unlikely to fight without fresh armour.
- BkXVIII1* [p. 375] He hears of *Patroclus'* [p. 684] death and grieves for him.

- BkXV/III78* [p. 377] He determines to fight even though his life will be short.
- BkXV/III148* [p. 379] *Hera* [p. 624] and *Athene* [p. 559] send him out to terrify the Trojans.
- BkXV/III243* [p. 381] His appearance forced the Trojans to retreat.
- BkXV/III310* [p. 383] He leads the mourning for Patroclus.
- BkXV/III468* [p. 386] *Hephaestus* [p. 623] makes new armour for him.
- BkXIX1* [p. 393] He ends his quarrel with *Agamemnon* [p. 528].
- BkXIX145* [p. 398] He argues for an immediate attack on the Trojans.
- BkXIX238* [p. 400] *Briseis* [p. 567] is returned to him accompanied by gifts.
- BkXIX282* [p. 403] He had taken *Lyrnessus* [p. 650] and Briseis was a prize.
- BkXIX338* [p. 405] He enters the battle.
- BkXX1* [p. 411] Zeus wishes to restrain his triumph, holding him back from taking Troy.
- BkXX75* [p. 414] He is eager to fight *Hector* [p. 617].
- BkXX153* [p. 416] He encounters *Aeneas* [p. 524] on the field of battle.
- BkXX259* [p. 418] *Poseidon* [p. 705] veils his eyes, and rescues Aeneas from him.
- BkXX353* [p. 420] He kills *Iphition* [p. 639], *Demoleon* [p. 589], *Hippodamas* [p. 628] and *Polydorus* [p. 703].
- BkXX419* [p. 422] *Hector* [p. 617] from him.
- BkXX455* [p. 424] He kills *Dryops* [p. 594], *Demuchus* [p. 589], *Laogonus* [p. 643], *Dardanus* [p. 586], *Tros* [p. 736], *Mulius* [p. 662], *Echeclus* [p. 595], *Deucalion* [p. 589], *Rhigmus* [p. 712] and *Areitibus* [p. 551].
- BkXXI1* [p. 429] He cuts the Trojan force in two, and drives many into the *Xanthus* [p. 715] to be slaughtered.
- BkXXI34* [p. 431] He kills *Lycan* [p. 648].
- BkXXI136* [p. 433] He kills *Asteropaens* [p. 557].
- BkXXI200* [p. 435] *BkXXI298* [p. 438] He is opposed by the River Xanthus.
- BkXXI383* [p. 440] Saved from the Xanthus by *Hephaestus* [p. 623], he pursues the Trojans.
- BkXXI526* [p. 443] He pursues *Apollo* [p. 547] who is disguised as *Agenor* [p. 531].
- BkXXII1* [p. 449] He runs to attack Troy itself.
- BkXXII90* [p. 451] *Hector* [p. 617] awaits his advance.
- BkXXII131* [p. 452] He chases Hector round the walls of Troy.
- BkXXII188* [p. 453] *Athene* [p. 559] assures him he will defeat Hector.

BkXXII247 [p. 454] He kills *Hector* [p. 617] who prophesies his fate.

BkXXII367 [p. 459] *BkXXII405* [p. 461] He drags Hector's corpse behind his chariot.

BkXXIII1 [p. 467] He again mourns *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXXIII54 [p. 468] He sees a vision of *Patroclus* in dream.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] He attends to *Patroclus*' funeral pyre.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] He gives instructions regarding *Patroclus*' ashes, his funeral barrow, and the funeral games.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He arranges the chariot race.

BkXXIII448 [p. 478] He stops *Idomeneus* [p. 636] and *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser quarrelling.

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] He compensates *Eumelus* [p. 606] for his misfortune.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] *BkXXIII651* [p. 483] *BkXXIII700* [p. 485] *BkXXIII740* [p. 486] *BkXXIII799* [p. 488] *BkXXIII826* [p. 488] *BkXXIII850* [p. 489] He distributes the prizes at the games.

BkXXIII884 [p. 490] He honours *Agamemnon* [p. 528] with a gift.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] He continues to abuse *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIV77 [p. 495] *BkXXIV141* [p. 496] His mother persuades him to release *Hector's* corpse.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] *Hecabe* [p. 616] expresses her hatred towards him.

BkXXIV281 [p. 499] *Priam* [p. 706] sets off for his hut, bringing a ransom for *Hector's* corpse.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] *BkXXIV677* [p. 510] He receives the aged *Priam*.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] He prepares *Hector's* corpse for return to Troy.

BkXXIV621 [p. 508] *BkXXIV776* [p. 512] He agrees a truce for *Hector's* funeral.

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] He had sold a number of *Priam's* sons in the slave-markets of the Aegean.

Acrisius

A son of *Abas*, king of *Argos* and of *Ocaleia*, an oracle had declared that *Danaë* [p. 585], his daughter, would give birth to a son, who would kill his grandfather. For this reason he kept *Danaë* shut up in a brazen tower. But she became mother of *Percus* [p. 692] by *Zeus* [p. 739], who visited her in the form of a shower of gold.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] The father of *Danaë*.

Actaeë

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Actor

Father of *Astyoche* [p. 558]

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Actor

BkXVI11 [p. 325] Father of *Menoetius* [p. 657]

Actor

An *Epeian* [p. 601], a son of Phorbas and Hyrmine, and husband of Molione. He was thus a brother of *Eurytus* [p. 609] and *Cteatus* [p. 583], the Moliones.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXI655* [p. 232] Mentioned.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Putative grandfather of *Amphimachus* [p. 540].

Actor

A *Myrmidon* [p. 664].

BkXVI1155 [p. 328] The father of *Echeclus* [p. 595].

Adamas

A Trojan, the son of *Asius* [p. 556].

BkXII80 [p. 242] He helps lead the attack on the Greek wall.

BkXIII526 [p. 272] He attacks *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkXIII723 [p. 277] *Hector* [p. 617] seeks but fails to find him in the front ranks.

Admetus

A son of *Pheres* [p. 695], he was the founder and king of Pherae in Thessaly, and of Periclymene or Clymene. He took part in the Calydonian chase and the expedition of the Argonauts, married Alcestis, and was the subject of a major myth sequence.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] Father of *Eumelus* [p. 606].

BkII760 [p. 55] Possessor of the best horses in the Greek army.

Adrasteia

A city and region of ancient Mysia, east of modern Erdek in Turkey. Strabo has it situated between Priapus and Parium.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Adrastus

He was a legendary king of Argos during the war of the Seven against Thebes, and subsequently King of *Sicyon* [p. 719]. He was a son of *Talaus* [p. 723] and Lysimache. The father of *Aegialeia* [p. 523].

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkV352* [p. 107] Mentioned.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] *Tydeus* [p. 737] married Deipyle, daughter of Adrastus.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] His famous horse *Arion* [p. 554].

Adrastus

A Trojan.

BkVII [p. 123] Captured by *Menelaus* [p. 655] he is slain by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Adrastus

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Adrastus

Son of *Merops* [p. 659]. A Trojan leader.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Aecacus

The son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and Aegina, grandson of *Peleus* [p. 688] and grandfather of *Telamon* [p. 724], and grandfather of *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkIX162 [p. 181] *BkXVI1* [p. 325] *BkXVI777* [p. 345] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] *BkXXI136* [p. 433]

The grandfather of Achilles.

Aegae

The city in *Euboea* [p. 606] lay on the Euboean Gulf, and was sacred to *Poseidon* [p. 705].
BkVIII157 [p. 162] *BkXIII1* [p. 257] A site of worship of Poseidon.

Aegacon

See *Briareus* [p. 567]

Aegeus

King of Athens, son of Pandion, and father of Theseus.
BkI223 [p. 17] His son *Theseus* [p. 729].

Aegialeia

A daughter of *Diomedes* [p. 590].
BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Aegialus

A coastal district in northern Asia Minor (Paphlagonia) it was situated west of the river Halys and east of Carambis. At the time of the Trojan War it belonged to the Paphagonians.
BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Aegialus

An ancient city near Corinth, it was situated near the site of *Sicyon* [p. 719].
BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Aegilips

A city on Levkada in the Ionian Islands.
BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Aegina

An island off the southern Argolid, the modern isle of Egina.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Aegium

An ancient city on the site of modern Eghio in Achaea.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Aeneas

The son of *Ida* [p. 634]. On his father's side he was a great-grandson of *Tros* [p. 736], and thus nearly related to the royal house of Troy, as Priam himself was a grandson of Tros. He was educated at Dardanus, in the house of *Alcathous* [p. 536], his sister's husband.

BkII811 [p. 57] Leader of the *Dardanian* [p. 585] contingent at Troy.

BkV166 [p. 100] *BkV239* [p. 102] He sets out to fight *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkV297 [p. 103] He is wounded by Diomedes, rescued by Aphrodite and *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkV431 [p. 109] He is protected by Apollo.

BkV519 [p. 111] He kills *Crethon* [p. 582] and Orsilochus then is forced to retreat.

BkVI72 [p. 126] He rallies the Trojan troops.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] Diomedes had taken his horses.

BkXII [p. 215] He is mentioned as a leader of the Trojans.

BkXIII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the fourth company.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] *Deiophobus* [p. 587] seeks his help, as brother-in-law of *Alcathous* [p. 536].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He attacks *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII526 [p. 272] He kills *Aphareus* [p. 546].

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He goes to aid the wounded *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Medon* [p. 653] and *Iasus* [p. 634].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Glaucus* [p. 611] seeks him on the battlefield.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He attacks *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] He is roused by *Periphas* [p. 692], the herald.

BkXVII481 [p. 365] He joins the attack on *Automedon* [p. 563].

BkXVII722 [p. 371] He leads an attack on the Greeks.

BkXX75 [p. 414] Apollo rouses him to fight *Achilles* [p. 517], who had previously bested him.

BkXX153 [p. 416] He encounters Achilles and tells him his lineage.

BkXX259 [p. 418] *Poseidon* [p. 705] rescues him from Achilles on the battlefield and prophesies that no Greek other than Achilles can kill him.

Aenius, a Paeonian

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Aenus

Modern Enez in Turkey, on the south-eastern coast of ancient Thrace, located near the mouth of the Hebrus River, not far from the Melas Gulf (modern Gulf of Saros), formed by the Thracian Chersonesus to the east. The city was said to be founded (or at least settled) by Aeolian migrants from Lesbos.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *Peiros* [p. 687] derives from there.

Aeolus

King of Thessaly, and father of *Sisyphus* [p. 720] (so reputedly the grandfather of *Odysseus* [p. 671], and Cretheus).

BkVI119 [p. 129] The father of Sisyphus.

Aepeia

A city, Epia, in Messinia, near the coast east of the Pylia country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Aepy

A city in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Aepytus

One of the mythical kings of Arcadia. He was the son of Elatus and originally ruled over Phaesana on the Alpheius in Arcadia. He is said to have been killed during a hunt on mount Sepia by the bite of a venomous snake. His tomb there was still shown in the time of Pausanias.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Aesa, Fate [p. 610]

Aesepus

A Trojan.

BkVII [p. 123] Killed by *Euryalus* [p. 607].

Aesepus

The Aisepos River had its headwaters in the foothills of Mount Ida near the town of Skepsis (at the present site of Kurşuntepe, in Bayramiç, Turkey), and emptied into the Hellespont in the vicinity of *Zeleia* [p. 739]. The most important neighbouring rivers were the Grenikos to the west, and the Rhyndakos and the Askanios to the east.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIV68* [p. 80] Mentioned.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Aesyetes

A Trojan hero.

BkII760 [p. 55] His grave mound near Troy.

Aesyetes

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Father of *Alcathous* [p. 536]

Aesyme

Possibly this is the ancient town of Oisyme at the foot of Mount Pangaion (Panagia) in Macedonia.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] The birthplace of *Castianeira* [p. 572].

Aesymnus

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Aethe

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] *BkXXIII499* [p. 479] A mare belonging to *Agamemnon* [p. 528] which he lends to his brother for the chariot race.

Aethices

A people living on and around Mount Pindus in Thessaly.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Aethon

BkVIII157 [p. 162] One of *Hector's* [p. 617] horses.

Aethra

A daughter of king Pittheus of Troezen she became the mother of Theseus by Aegeus. Carried off to Lacedaemon by Castor and Polydeuces, she became a slave of *Helen* [p. 621], with whom she was taken to Troy. She was subsequently liberated.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Aetolia

A mountainous region of Greece on the north coast of the Gulf of Corinth, it forms the eastern part of the modern prefecture of Aetolia-Acarnania.

BkII581 [p. 51] The Aetolian contingent at Troy.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *Tydeus* [p. 737] was an Aetolian, and king of Calydon.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] *BkXV281* [p. 310] Thoas is an Aetolian leader.

BkV767 [p. 117] *Periphas* [p. 691] is an Aetolian.

BkIX527 [p. 190] The Aetolian involvement in the Calydonian Boar Hunt.

BkXXIII448 [p. 478] *Diomedes* [p. 590], son of Tydeus, is Aetolian.

Agacles

The father of *Epeigeus* [p. 601].

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Mentioned.

Agamede

The eldest daughter of *Angeias* [p. 562], skilled in herbs.

BkXI655 [p. 232] Mentioned.

Agamemnon

The king of *Mycenae* [p. 663], son of *Menelaüs* [p. 655], husband of Clytaemnestra, father of Orestes, Iphigenia, and Electra. He was the leader of the Greek army, in the *Trojan* [p. 737] War. See also Aeschylus's Oresteian tragedies.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkXIII81* [p. 260] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] *BkXXIV621* [p. 508] His quarrel with *Achilles* [p. 517] is the initial theme of the Iliad.

BkI22 [p. 11] *BkI53* [p. 13] *BkI357* [p. 22] He is angered by the priest *Chryses* [p. 577], and dismisses his plea.

BkI101 [p. 14] He is angered by *Calchas* [p. 569] interpretation of the plague.

BkI188 [p. 16] *BkI223* [p. 17] *BkI285* [p. 20] *BkI488* [p. 26] *BkII760* [p. 55] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] *BkXVIII243* [p. 381] His quarrel with Achilles.

BkI318 [p. 21] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] He seizes *Briseis* [p. 567].

BkI428 [p. 24] He sends an offering to *Chryse* [p. 576], and returns Chryseis.

BkII1 [p. 33] *Zeus* [p. 739] sends him a false dream.

BkII48 [p. 35] *BkII109* [p. 37] *BkIX1* [p. 177] He calls an assembly and proposes the Greeks sail home.

BkII155 [p. 39] *Odysseus* [p. 671] borrows his sceptre to command the Greeks.

BkII188 [p. 41] Odysseus suggests that he is testing the army.

BkII211 [p. 42] He is criticised by *Thersites* [p. 729].

BkII278 [p. 43] He is supported by Odysseus.

BkII333 [p. 45] He is advised by *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkII394 [p. 46] He sacrifices to the gods before battle.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkX299* [p. 204] *BkXI762* [p. 234] *BkXXIV677* [p. 510] The supreme commander of the Greek contingents at Troy.

BkII581 [p. 51] Brother of Menelaus. Agamemnon gifted ships to the land-locked

Arcadians.

BkIII58 [p. 64] *BkIII245* [p. 69] He organises and leads the Greek part of the treaty sacrifice.

BkIII121 [p. 66] *Helen* [p. 621] points him out to Priam.

BkIII395 [p. 73] He demands compensation from the Trojans.

BkIV127 [p. 81] *BkIV198* [p. 83] He reacts to the wounding of his brother Menelaus.

BkIV250 [p. 84] *BkIV326* [p. 86] *BkIV422* [p. 88] Agamemnon visits the generals before the battle.

BkV1 [p. 95] He kills *Odius* [p. 671].

BkV519 [p. 111] He urges on the Greeks.

BkVI1 [p. 123] He kills *Elatus* [p. 597] then urges *Menelaus* [p. 655] to kill *Adrastus* [p. 522].

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII54 [p. 143] He dissuades Menelaus from accepting *Hector's* [p. 617] challenge.

BkVII161 [p. 146] *BkVII233* [p. 147] He offers to fight Hector in single combat. *Ajax* [p. 532] returns to him after breaking off the fight.

BkVII313 [p. 150] He sacrifices a bull to Zeus and awards Ajax the chine.

BkVII379 [p. 152] He allows a truce with the Trojans to bury the dead.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] He leaves the battlefield when Zeus displays his menace.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] Hera prompts him to rally the Greeks by the ships.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] He praises *Teucer* [p. 725] and promises him honours.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX162* [p. 181] *BkIX222* [p. 182] He promises gifts for *Achilles* [p. 517] in reconciliation.

BkIX307 [p. 184] *BkIX430* [p. 188] *BkIX656* [p. 193] Achilles rejects his offer.

BkX72 [p. 198] He rouses *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkX194 [p. 201] He insists *Diomedes* [p. 590] choose his own companion for a foray.

BkXI1 [p. 215] He arms for battle with the Trojans.

BkXI84 [p. 217] *BkXI163* [p. 219] He carves his way through the ranks of the fleeing Trojans.

BkXI218 [p. 221] *BkXI655* [p. 232] *BkXVII1* [p. 325] He is wounded by *Cöon* [p. 580], and withdraws from the field.

BkXIV1 [p. 283] He again proposes that the Greeks sail home.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] He is reproached by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkXIV135 [p. 286] *Poseidon* [p. 705], in disguise, reassures him.

*BkXIV*352 [p. 293] Though wounded he re-enters the fight.

*BkXIX*1 [p. 393] He attends the assembly which ends the quarrel with *Achilles* [p. 517].

*BkXIX*74 [p. 397] *BkXIX*145 [p. 398] He describes the effects of *Ate* [p. 559] and renews his offer to Achilles.

*BkXIX*238 [p. 400] He returns *Briseis* [p. 567] to Achilles accompanied by gifts, and swears an oath, while performing a sacrifice to Zeus, Earth, Sun and the Furies.

*BkXIX*282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving Achilles.

*BkXXIII*1 [p. 467] He invites Achilles to dine with him.

*BkXXIII*108 [p. 469] *BkXXIII*192 [p. 472] He orders men to collect wood for Patroclus' pyre, and later to quench it.

*BkXXIII*262 [p. 474] *Menelaus* [p. 655] uses his horse *Aethe* [p. 527] in the chariot race.

*BkXXIII*448 [p. 478] He is suggested as referee for a bet on the outcome of the race.

*BkXXIII*884 [p. 490] He receives first prize for the javelin competition without competing.

Agapenor

A son of Ancaeus, and grandson of Lycurgus, he was king of the Arcadians. On his return from Troy he was cast by a storm on the coast of Cyprus, where he founded the town of Paphos, and in it the famous temple of Aphrodite.

*BkII*581 [p. 51] He was the leader of the Arcadian contingent to the war.

Agasthenes

He was a son of Augeias, whom he succeeded in the kingdom of Elis.

*BkII*581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Agastrophus

A Trojan, the son of *Paeon* [p. 680].

*BkXI*299 [p. 223] *BkXI*349 [p. 224] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Agathon

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

*BkXXIV*200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Agave

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Agelaus

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Agelaus

A Trojan, the son of *Phradmon* [p. 697].

BkVIII212 [p. 163] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Agenor

A son of the Trojan *Theano* [p. 727], a priestess of Athene.

BkIV422 [p. 88] He kills *Elephenor* [p. 598].

BkXI1 [p. 215] Mentioned as a leader of the Trojans.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the second company.

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He fights alongside *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXIII576 [p. 273] He assists the wounded *Helenus* [p. 621].

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He goes to aid the wounded *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Clonius* [p. 578].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Glaucus* [p. 611] seeks him on the battlefield.

BkXX455 [p. 424] The father of *Echeclus* [p. 595].

BkXXI526 [p. 443] He confronts *Achilles* [p. 517] and is saved by *Apollo* [p. 547].

Aglaia

Mother of *Nireus* [p. 668].

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Agrius

A son of *Portheus* [p. 705]. The sons of Agrius deprived *Oeneus* [p. 673] of his kingdom, and gave it to their father; but all of them, with the exception of Thersites, were slain by *Diomedes* [p. 590], the grandson of Oeneus.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] Mentioned.

Aiantes

BkXVIII148 [p. 379] etc. *Ajax* [p. 532] the Greater and *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser.

Ajax (Aias)

Ajax the Greater, a hero of the *Trojan* [p. 737] War, was the son of *Telamon* [p. 724] and grandson of *Aeacus* [p. 522].

BkI101 [p. 14] One of the leaders of the Greeks at Troy.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists *Agamemnon* [p. 528] in sacrificing to the gods and rousing the troops.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned to distinguish him from the Lesser Ajax. He was leader of the contingent from *Salamis* [p. 713].

BkII760 [p. 55] He is finest of the warriors at Troy next to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkIII181 [p. 67] Pointed out by *Helen* [p. 621] to *Priam* [p. 706].

BkIV250 [p. 84] Agamemnon talks with him before the battle.

BkIV473 [p. 91] He kills *Simoeisius* [p. 719].

BkV519 [p. 111] He urges on the Greeks.

BkV590 [p. 112] He kills *Amphius* [p. 541].

BkVII1 [p. 123] He kills *Acamas* [p. 516].

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He is chosen to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVII233 [p. 147] He breaks off combat with Hector and they exchange gifts.

BkVII313 [p. 150] He receives the best of the sacrifice as a reward.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] He leaves the battlefield when Zeus displays his menace.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] *BkXI1* [p. 215] His ship is beached at the end of the Greek line. He attacks the Trojans with *Teucer* [p. 725] beside him.

BkIX162 [p. 181] *BkIX222* [p. 182] *BkIX606* [p. 192] *BkIX656* [p. 193] A member of the embassy to *Achilles* [p. 517].

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- BkX72* [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] proposes summoning him.
- BkX194* [p. 201] He joins the counsel and wishes to carry out a mission.
- BkXI401* [p. 226] He rescues *Odysseus* [p. 671].
- BkXI489* [p. 228] He attacks the Trojans. *Hector* [p. 617] avoids him.
- BkXI543* [p. 229] Zeus causes him to retreat.
- BkXII251* [p. 248] *BkXII329* [p. 250] He rallies the Greeks along the wall.
- BkXII378* [p. 251] He kills *Epicles* [p. 602].
- BkXIII1* [p. 257] He recognises the visit of *Poseidon* [p. 705].
- BkXIII81* [p. 260] He leads the Greek fightback, defending the centre.
- BkXIII136* [p. 262] He drags away the corpse of *Imbrius* [p. 638].
- BkXIII643* [p. 275] His ship is beached where the wall is lowest. He fights alongside *Ajax* [p. 534] the lesser.
- BkXIII788* [p. 277] He verbally challenges *Hector* [p. 617].
- BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXV1* [p. 301] *BkXV220* [p. 307] *BkXV281* [p. 310] He wounds Hector.
- BkXIV458* [p. 296] He kills *Arbelocus* [p. 550].
- BkXV379* [p. 312] He kills *Caletor* [p. 569].
- BkXV458* [p. 314] He rouses his troops.
- BkXV514* [p. 316] He kills *Laodamas* [p. 642].
- BkXV653* [p. 319] He defends the ships from their decks.
- BkXVI101* [p. 327] He is forced by Hector to fall back, allowing the ships to be fired.
- BkXVI351* [p. 335] His desire to attack *Hector* [p. 617] once more.
- BkXVI508* [p. 339] *Patroclus* [p. 684] urges him to despoil *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] body.
- BkXVII82* [p. 355] *BkXVII140* [p. 356] *BkXVII198* [p. 358] He helps *Menelaus* [p. 655] to defend *Patroclus's* [p. 684] corpse.
- BkXVII262* [p. 359] He kills *Hippothous* [p. 629] and *Phorys* [p. 697].
- BkXVII319* [p. 361] He rallies the Greeks over the corpse of Patroclus.
- BkXVII481* [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] appeals to him for support.
- BkXVII597* [p. 368] He prays to *Zeus* [p. 739] to lift the fog of war, then sends *Menelaus* [p. 655] to find *Antilochus* [p. 544].
- BkXVII656* [p. 369] *BkXVII722* [p. 371] *BkXVIII148* [p. 379] The Aiantes hold the Trojans back from Patroclus' corpse.

BkXXIII700 [p. 485] He wrestles with *Odysseus* [p. 671] at the games.

BkXXIII799 [p. 488] He fights with *Diomedes* [p. 590] at the games.

BkXXIII826 [p. 488] He competes in the throwing contest.

Ajax (Aias)

Ajax the Lesser, a warrior at *Troy* [p. 737], was the son of *Oileus* [p. 674]. He raped *Cassandra* [p. 572] in *Athene's* [p. 559] temple at Troy, and incurred the goddess' enmity.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists *Agamemnon* [p. 528] in sacrificing to the gods and rousing the troops.

BkII484 [p. 48] He is leader of the *Locrian* [p. 648] contingent at Troy.

BkIV250 [p. 84] Agamemnon talks with him before the battle.

BkV519 [p. 111] He urges on the Greeks.

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] He leaves the battlefield when Zeus displays his menace.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] He attacks the Trojans.

BkX72 [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] proposes summoning him.

BkX131 [p. 200] *Diomedes* [p. 590] rouses him.

BkX194 [p. 201] He joins the counsel and wishes to carry out a mission.

BkXII251 [p. 248] *BkXII329* [p. 250] He rallies the Greeks along the wall.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] He recognises the visit of *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He leads the Greek fightback, defending the centre.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] He drags away the corpse of *Imbrius* [p. 638].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] *BkXV328* [p. 311] *Medon* [p. 653] is his half-brother. He fights to repel the Trojan attack.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He kills *Satnius* [p. 715].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He kills many Trojans, being expert at hunting down those who flee the battle.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Cleobulus* [p. 578].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Patroclus* [p. 684] urges him to despoil *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] body.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] He rallies to *Ajax* [p. 532] and Menelaus.

BkXVII481 [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] appeals to him for support.

BkXVII656 [p. 369] *BkXVII722* [p. 371] *BkXVIII148* [p. 379] The Aiantes hold the Trojans back from Patroclus' corpse.

BkXXIII448 [p. 478] He quarrels with *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He comes second in the foot-race.

Aidoneus

See *Hades* [p. 614]

Alalcomenean

BkIV1 [p. 79] *BkV846* [p. 119] A title of *Athene* [p. 559], referring perhaps to a place or an epithet as 'strong defender'.

Alastor

A Lycian.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Alastor

BkIV250 [p. 84] A leader of the Pylian contingent at Troy.

Alastor

A Greek comrade of *Teucer* [p. 725].

BkVIII273 [p. 165] He helps carry *Teucer* from the battlefield.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He helps carry *Hypsenor* [p. 632] from the battlefield.

Alastor

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] The father of *Tros* [p. 736].

Alcandrus

A Lycian.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Alcathous

A son of *Hippodameia* [p. 628], the daughter of *Anchises* [p. 542], and sister of *Aeneas* [p. 524] who was educated in his house.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the second company.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Killed by *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

Alcestis

A daughter of Pelias and Anaxibia, and mother of Eumelus and Admetus.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mother of *Eumelus* [p. 606].

Alcimedon

The son of *Laertes* [p. 642].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Leader of a company of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

BkXVII384 [p. 362] *BkXVII481* [p. 365] He takes over the reins of *Achilles'* [p. 517] chariot.

Alcimus

A groom to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXIX338 [p. 405] He helps ready the chariot.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] He is in Achilles' hut when *Priam* [p. 706] is received there.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] He assists Achilles with the preparation of Hector's corpse.

Alcmaon

A Greek, the son of *Thestor*. [p. 729]

BkXII378 [p. 251] Killed by *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

Alcmene

The daughter of Electryon of *Mycenae* [p. 663], she was the mother by *Zeus* [p. 739] of *Heracles* [p. 625] (Hercules).

BkXIV292 [p. 290] She was the mother of Heracles.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] Her labour was delayed by *Hera* [p. 624] to thwart Zeus.

Alectryon

BkXVII597 [p. 368] The father of *Leitus* [p. 645].

Alegenor

See *Promachus* [p. 708]

BkXIV458 [p. 296] The father of Promachus.

Aleian Plain

A plain in Cilicia (in Anatolia in Modern Turkey).

BkVI119 [p. 129] The scene of *Bellerophon's* [p. 565] wandering.

Alesium

A hill-city in Elis north of ancient Olympia, east of modern Pyrgos.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXI655* [p. 232] Mentioned.

Alexander

See *Paris* [p. 682]

Aloeus

A son of *Poseidon* [p. 705] and Canace, he married Iphimedeia, the daughter of Triops. The two sons whom she had by Poseidon, were the Aloeidae.

BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Alope

An ancient city west of modern Arkitsa, in Hellas.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Alos

An ancient city in the vicinity of modern Sourpi in Thessaly.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Alpheius, Alpheus

The river and the river-god of *Elis* [p. 598], he was the father of *Ortilochus* [p. 678], and grandfather of *Diocles* [p. 589].

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkV519* [p. 111] Mentioned.

BkXI655 [p. 232] *Thryon* [p. 733] on its bank.

Altes

King of the *Leleges* [p. 645].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *BkXXIII1* [p. 449] The father of Priam's wife, *Laothoe* [p. 644].

Althaea

A daughter of the Aetolian king Thestius and Eurythemis, and sister of Leda and Hypermnestra, she was married to *Oeneus* [p. 673], king of Calydon, by whom she became the mother of *Meleager* [p. 655].

BkIX527 [p. 190] Angered by Meleager's killing of his uncle, her brother, she cursed him.

Alybe

Possibly Chalybe, see *Haliζones* [p. 616].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Amarynceus

See *Diores* [p. 592]

A chief of the *Eleans* [p. 598], and son of Onesimachus, Acetor or Pyttius.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkIV473* [p. 91] The father of Diores.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] He was killed by *Nestor* [p. 667] in a conflict between Elis and Pylus.

Amatheia

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Amaxa

See *Bear* [p. 565]

Amazons

A warlike race of females, they came from the country about the Caucasus, their principal location being on the river Thermodon, in the neighbourhood of the modern Trebizond. They are said to have at different times invaded Thrace, Asia Minor, the islands of the Aegean, Greece, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and Libya.

BkVII119 [p. 129] Destroyed by *Bellerophon* [p. 565].

Amisodarus

A king of Caria or Lycia, who was said to have reared the *Chimaera* [p. 575].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] His sons *Maris* [p. 652] killed by the sons of *Nestor* [p. 667].

Amopaon

BkVIII273 [p. 165] A Trojan killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Amphiclus

A Trojan.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Meges* [p. 654].

Amphidamas, of Cythera

A Greek.

BkX254 [p. 202] Mentioned as receiving the gift of a helmet from *Autolyus* [p. 563].

Amphidamus, of Opus [p. 676]

Patroclus [p. 684] had killed his son, Cleitonymus or Aeanes, in a quarrel over a game of dice.

BkXXIII54 [p. 468] Mentioned.

Amphigeneia

A city, it lay east of modern Mouriatada village, east of Kyparissa in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Amphimachus, son of *Cteatus* [p. 583]

A son of *Cteatus* [p. 583] and Theronice, he was grandson of *Poseidon* [p. 705]. He is mentioned among the suitors of *Helen* [p. 621], and was one of the four chiefs who led the Epeians against Troy.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Amphimachus

A son of *Nomion* [p. 669], who together with his brother Nastes led a host of Carians to the assistance of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Amphinome

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Amphion

An Epeian Greek leader.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack.

Amphithoe

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Amphitryon

A son of Alcaeus, king of Troezen, by Hipponome, the daughter of Menoecus, he married Alceme, whose affair with Zeus produced *Heracles* [p. 625].

BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Amphius, son of *Merops* [p. 659]

Son of Merops. A Trojan leader.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Amphius, son of *Selagus* [p. 717]

A Trojan.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Amphoterus

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Amyclae

A city in Laconia, northeast of modern Amycles, near Sparta.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Amydon

A city on the *Axius* [p. 564] River in Paeonia.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Home of *Pyraechmes* [p. 711].

Amyntor

A son of *Ormenus* [p. 678] of *Eleon* [p. 598] (Ormenium) near Mount Pelion in Thessaly, Autolycus broke into his house and stole the helmet which afterwards came into the hands of *Meriones* [p. 658], who wore it during the war against Troy. Amyntor was the father of Crantor, Euaemon, Astydameia, and Phoenix.

BkIX430 [p. 188] The father of *Phoenix* [p. 696] who fled his anger after seducing his father's mistress at the instigation of his mother.

BkX254 [p. 202] *Autolycus* [p. 563] stole his helmet.

Ancaeus, of Arcadia

A son of the Arcadian Lycurgus, and Cleophile or Eurynome, and father of *Agapenor* [p. 530]. He was one of the Argonauts and took part in the Calydonian hunt, in which he was killed by the boar.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Ancaeus, of Pleuron

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] An Elian once defeated in a wrestling match by Nestor.

Anchialus

A Greek veteran.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Anchises

A son of *Cappys* [p. 571] and Themis, the daughter of *Ilus* [p. 637], Anchises was a scion of the royal house of Troy and beloved by *Aphrodite* [p. 546], by whom he became the father of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkV239* [p. 102] *BkV297* [p. 103] *BkXII80* [p. 242] *BkXVII481* [p. 365] *BkXX153* [p. 416]

The father of Aeneas.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] *Hippodameia* [p. 628] his daughter.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] *Periphas* [p. 692] is his herald.

Anchises of Sicyon

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] The father of *Echepolus* [p. 595].

Andraemon

The father of *Thoas* [p. 731], he was the husband of Gorge daughter of the Calydonian king Oeneus. When *Diomedes* [p. 590] freed *Oeneus* [p. 673], his grandfather, who had been imprisoned by the sons of *Agrius* [p. 532], he gave the kingdom to Andraemon, since Oeneus was already too old. The tomb of Andraemon, together with that of his wife Gorge, was seen at Amphissa in the time of Pausanias.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkVII161* [p. 146] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] *BkXV281* [p. 310] Mentioned. The father of Thoas.

Andromache

The wife of *Hector* [p. 617], and a daughter of *Eetion* [p. 596], king of the Cilician *Thebes* [p. 728], her father and seven brothers were killed by Achilles at the taking of Thebes, and her mother, who had purchased her freedom by a large ransom, was killed by *Artemis* [p. 555].

BkVI369 [p. 133] She takes leave of Hector, as he returns to battle.

BkVI440 [p. 136] Hector foresees her fate after the fall of Troy.

BkVI494 [p. 137] She returns to the palace, sorrowing for Hector.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] She used to feed Hector's horses.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] Zeus predicts she will be widowed by the war.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] *BkXXIV677* [p. 510] *BkXXIV718* [p. 511] She mourns the death of Hector.

Anemoreaia

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, near Delphi.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Anteia

The wife of King *Proetus* [p. 708] she was the lover of *Bellerephon* [p. 565].

BkVI119 [p. 129] Her betrayal of Bellerephon.

Antenor

A Trojan, he was the son of Aesyetes and Cleomestra, and husband of *Theano* [p. 727], by whom he had many children. An elder statesman.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Father of *Helicaon* [p. 622].

BkIII181 [p. 67] He recalls the previous embassy of *Menelaus* [p. 655] and *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkIII245 [p. 69] *BkIII310* [p. 70] He witnesses the sacrifice before the duel.

BkIV68 [p. 80] Father of *Laodocus* [p. 643].

BkV1 [p. 95] Father of *Pedaeus* [p. 686].

BkVI237 [p. 129] The husband of Theano, and described as the horse-tamer.

BkVII313 [p. 150] He proposes returning *Helen* [p. 621] to Achaea.

The Iliad

BkXI [p. 215] His sons *Polybus* [p. 702], *Agenor* [p. 531] and *Acamas* [p. 516].

BkXI218 [p. 221] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] Father of *Cöon* [p. 580] (his eldest son) and *Iphidamas* [p. 639].

BkXII80 [p. 242] *BkXIV458* [p. 296] Father of *Archelocus* [p. 550].

BkXV514 [p. 316] Father of the dead *Laomedon* [p. 643].

BkXX353 [p. 420] Father of the dead *Demoleon* [p. 589].

BkXXI526 [p. 443] Father of *Agenor* [p. 531].

Anthedon

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Loukissia village, near Drossia.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Antheia

A city in Messinia, near the coast east of the Pylia country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Anthemion

A Trojan, the father of *Simoeisus* [p. 719].

BkIV473 [p. 91] Mentioned.

Antilochus

The son of *Nestor* [p. 667]. *Patroclus* [p. 684] he was killed by Memnon at Troy.

BkIV422 [p. 88] He kills *Echepolus* [p. 595], a Trojan.

BkV519 [p. 111] He supports *Menelaus* [p. 655] and kills *Mydon* [p. 663].

BkVI1 [p. 123] He kills *Ablers* [p. 515].

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII330 [p. 267] He kills *Asius* [p. 556] charioteer.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He defends the body of *Hypsenor* [p. 632].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He fights alongside *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII526 [p. 272] He kills *Tboön* [p. 731].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He kills *Phalces* [p. 693] and *Mermerus* [p. 659].

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BkXV565 [p. 317] He kills *Melanippus* [p. 654].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Atymnius* [p. 562].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] He is unaware of *Patroclus*' [p. 684] death.

BkXVII597 [p. 368] *Menelaus* [p. 655] sets off to find him on the battlefield.

BkXVII656 [p. 369] *BkXVIII1* [p. 375] He goes to *Achilles* [p. 517] to give him news of *Patroclus*' death.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He competes in the chariot race.

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] He comes in second in the race, after driving recklessly.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] He placates *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He comes third in the foot-race.

Antimachus

A Trojan, who, when *Menelaus* [p. 655] and *Odysseus* [p. 671] came to Troy to ask for the surrender of *Helen* [p. 621], argued against it, and advised his countrymen to put the ambassadors to death.

BkXI84 [p. 217] His sons *Isus* [p. 640] and *Antiphus* [p. 545] killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkXII175 [p. 246] His third son *Hippomachus* [p. 629] killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Antiphates

A Trojan.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Antiphonus

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Antiphus, son of Priam [p. 706]

A son of *Priam* and *Hecuba* [p. 616]. While he was tending the flocks on Mount Ida with his brother *Isus* [p. 640], he was made prisoner by *Achilles* [p. 517], but was restored to freedom after a ransom was given for him.

BkIV473 [p. 91] He kills *Leucus* [p. 647].

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Antiphus, son of *Talaemenes* [p. 723]

A Maeonian leader at Troy.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Antiphus, son of *Thessalus* [p. 729]

A son of Thessalus, he and his brother Pheidippus commanded the men of Carpathos, Casos, Cos, and other islands at Troy.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Antron

A city in Thessaly within the modern port area of Glyfa.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Apaeus

A city (Pessos) in ancient Mysia, east of modern Erdek in Turkey.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Aphareus

A Greek captain.

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He fights alongside *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII526 [p. 272] Killed by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Aphrodite

The divine daughter of *Zeus* [p. 739], she was the wife of *Hephaestus* [p. 623]. The Goddess of Love, noted for her beauty. She favours the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkV239* [p. 102] *BkXX75* [p. 414] *BkXX153* [p. 416] The lover of the mortal *Anchises* [p. 542], and mother of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkIII1 [p. 63] *BkIII58* [p. 64] *Paris*' [p. 682] good looks are her gift, and the gifts of the gods are not be scorned.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkIV1* [p. 79] She rescues Paris from *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkIII395 [p. 73] She sends *Helen* [p. 621] to Paris.

BkV297 [p. 103] She rescues her son, Aeneas.

BkV352 [p. 107] *BkV846* [p. 119] *Diomedes* [p. 590] wounds her, and she retires to Olympus.

BkV703 [p. 115] She supports the Trojans.

BkV767 [p. 117] *Diomedes* was given leave to attack her.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Noted for her beauty.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] *BkXIV224* [p. 288] She lends *Hera* [p. 624] her magic belt.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] *Briseis* [p. 567] is compared to her for beauty.

BkXX1 [p. 411] She enters the war again in support of the Trojans.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] She and *Athene* [p. 559] quarrel, and Athene attacks her.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] *Andromache's* [p. 543] veil is a wedding gift from Aphrodite.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] She protects *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] Paris had famously judged her to be the most beautiful of the goddesses.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] *Cassandra's* [p. 572] beauty is compared to hers.

Apisaon, son of *Hippasus* [p. 627]

A Trojan leader.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Killed by *Lycomedes* [p. 649].

Apisaon, son of *Phausius* [p. 693]

A Trojan general.

BkXI543 [p. 229] Killed by *Eurypylos* [p. 608].

Apollo

Phoebus Apollo, son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Latona* [p. 646] (*Leto*), brother of *Artemis* [p. 555], born on Delos. He was the god of poetry, art, medicine, prophecy, and of the sun. (See the Apollo Belvedere, sculpted by Leochares?, Vatican: the Piombino Apollo, Paris Louvre: the Tiber Apollo, Rome, National Museum of the Terme: the fountain sculpture by Tuby at Versailles – The Chariot of Apollo: and the sculpture by Girardon and Regnaudin at Versailles – Apollo Tended by the Nymphs – derived from the Apollo Belvedere, and once part of the now demolished Grotto of Thetis)

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI357* [p. 22] He visits the Greek armies with plague. Called the Far-Striker.

- BkI22* [p. 11] *Chryses* [p. 577] prays to him for vengeance. He is called *Smintheus* [p. 720].
- BkI101* [p. 14] *BkI148* [p. 15] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] proposes appeasing him with sacrifice.
- BkI285* [p. 20] Agamemnon offers him sacrifice.
- BkI428* [p. 24] *Odyseus* [p. 671] sacrifices to him on *Chryse* [p. 576], *Cilla* [p. 577] and *Tenedos* [p. 725] are also sacred to him.
- BkI568* [p. 29] God of music and the lyre.
- BkII333* [p. 45] Agamemnon invokes him.
- BkII760* [p. 55] He reared *Admetus*' [p. 521] horses.
- BkII811* [p. 57] He gifted *Pandarus* [p. 681] his bow.
- BkIV68* [p. 80] *BkV84* [p. 97] Extensively worshipped in *Lycia* [p. 648] (e.g. at Xanthus, Telmessus, Patara, and Sura)
- BkIV473* [p. 91] He urges on the Trojans.
- BkV431* [p. 109] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] He protects *Aeneas* [p. 524].
- BkV703* [p. 115] He supports the Trojans.
- BkVIII1* [p. 141] He conspires with *Athene* [p. 559] to halt the fighting.
- BkVII54* [p. 143] In the guise of a vulture he settles to watch the combat.
- BkVII433* [p. 153] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] He and *Poseidon* [p. 705] built the walls of Troy for *Laomedon* [p. 643].
- BkVIII273* [p. 165] He deflects *Teucer*'s [p. 725] arrow and saves *Hector* [p. 617].
- BkIX527* [p. 190] He snatched *Marpessa* [p. 652] and was challenged by *Idas* [p. 636].
- BkX515* [p. 211] Enraged by Athene's support for the Greeks, he rouses the Trojans.
- BkXI349* [p. 224] He gifted Hector his helmet.
- BkXIII1* [p. 241] After the war he and *Poseidon* [p. 705] erased all signs of the Greek camp.
- BkXVI1* [p. 301] *BkXV78* [p. 304] *BkXV220* [p. 307] He is sent to re-invigorate Hector at Zeus' command.
- BkXV281* [p. 310] He wields the aegis, and routs the Greeks.
- BkXV328* [p. 311] He bridges the Achaean ditch and shatters the wall.
- BkXV514* [p. 316] He protects *Polydamas* [p. 702].
- BkXVII1* [p. 325] *Achilles* [p. 517] invokes him, but acknowledges his love for the Trojans.
- BkXVI508* [p. 339] *Glaucus* [p. 611] prays to him, and his prayer is answered.
- BkXVI569* [p. 340] He bears *Sarpedon*'s [p. 714] body from the field.

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BkXVI684 [p. 343] He hurls *Patroclus* [p. 684] back from the walls of Troy, then disguised as *Hector* [p. 617] back to the field.

BkXVI726 [p. 344] He aids Hector and the Trojans.

BkXVI777 [p. 345] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] He attacks Patroclus, initiating his death.

BkXVII1 [p. 351] *BkXVII82* [p. 355] Disguised as *Mentes* [p. 658], he rouses Hector to attack *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Disguised as *Periphas* [p. 692], the herald, he rouses *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXVII543 [p. 366] Disguised as *Phaenops* [p. 693], he rouses Hector.

BkXX1 [p. 411] He enters the war again in support of the Trojans.

BkXX75 [p. 414] *BkXX259* [p. 418] Disguised as *Lycan* [p. 648], he rouses Aeneas to fight *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXX353 [p. 420] He warns *Hector* [p. 617] to avoid *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXX419 [p. 422] He saves Hector from Achilles.

BkXXI200 [p. 435] Achilles calls on him for support.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] He and *Poseidon* [p. 705] have words.

BkXXI526 [p. 443] *BkXXII1* [p. 449] He saves *Agenor* [p. 531] from Achilles and disguised as Agenor leads Achilles away from the Trojans.

BkXXII188 [p. 453] He strengthens Hector for one last time, but leaves him when his fate is decided by Zeus.

BkXXII247 [p. 454] Hector believes Zeus and Apollo have determined on his death. He also prophesies that Apollo will be a party to *Achilles*' [p. 517] death.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] He protects *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIII362 [p. 476] He snatches *Diomedes*' [p. 590] whip from his hand in the chariot race.

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] He invented the art of boxing, beating *Arès* [p. 551] at the first 'Olympic' contest.

BkXXIII850 [p. 489] He favours *Meriones* [p. 658] in the archery, who remembers his vow to the god.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] He disapproves of Achilles' treatment of *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] His punishment of *Niobe* [p. 668].

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] Apollo brings death to men with his arrows, as *Artemis* [p. 555] does to women, whether through battle or a gentler death.

Apsuedes

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Araethyrea

An ancient city near Corinth, northwest of modern Nemea.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Arcadia

A region of Greece in the Peloponnesus. It takes its name from the mythological character Arcas.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Arcesilaus

A son of Lycus and Theobule, he was a leader of the *Boeotians* [p. 566] in the war, and a friend of *Menestheus* [p. 657].

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Archelochus

Son of *Antenor* [p. 543].

BkII811 [p. 57] A commander of the Dardanians.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the fourth company.

Archeptolemus

A Trojan.

BkVIII112 [p. 161] He acts as *Hector's* [p. 617] charioteer.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tencer* [p. 725].

Arctus

See *The Bear* [p. 565]

Areilycus

A Greek.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] The father of *Prothoenor* [p. 708].

Areilycus

A Trojan.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Areithous, of Arne

King of *Philomedusa* [p. 699], is called *korinêtês*, because he fought with no other weapon but a club. He fell by the hand of the Arcadian *Lycurgus* [p. 650], who drove him into a narrow defile, where he could not make use of his weapon.

BkVIII1 [p. 141] Father of *Menesthius* [p. 657].

BkVII120 [p. 145] His armour taken by Lycurgus.

Areithous, of Thrace

A Trojan, the charioteer and squire of *Rhigmus* [p. 712].

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Arene

A city near modern Kalamata in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkXI655 [p. 232] The river *Minyeius* [p. 661] was nearby.

Ares

The god of war, he is the son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Hera* [p. 624].

BkIII109 [p. 37] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] The Greek warriors are called companions or attendants of Ares.

BkII394 [p. 46] *BkVIII161* [p. 146] The warlike spirit in a man derives from Ares.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkIX79* [p. 179] His sons *Ialmenus* [p. 633].

BkII484 [p. 48] *Elephenor* [p. 598] was a scion of his.

BkII645 [p. 52] Enyalius, the warlike, a title of his: later a separate god.

BkIV422 [p. 88] He urges on the Trojans.

BkV1 [p. 95] *Athene* [p. 559] disengages him from the battle.

BkV352 [p. 107] Ares lends *Aphrodite* [p. 546] his horses and chariot.

BkV431 [p. 109] Masked as *Acamas* [p. 516] he aids the Trojans in battle.

BkV590 [p. 112] *BkV703* [p. 115] *BkV767* [p. 117] He fights alongside *Hector* [p. 617] for the Trojans.

BkV846 [p. 119] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] He is wounded by *Diomedes* [p. 590] and healed by *Paeon* [p. 680].

BkVII313 [p. 150] *BkXIII81* [p. 260] The agent of Greek deaths.

BkVIII335 [p. 166] His glaring eyes.

BkXI596 [p. 230] *Patroclus* [p. 684] looks warlike and invites comparison with Ares.

BkXIII239 [p. 265] His son is *Phobos* [p. 696], Terror.

BkXIII468 [p. 270] His son *Deiphobus* [p. 587].

BkXV78 [p. 304] He is angered by Ascalaphus's death.

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] The leading warriors are described as dear to Ares, or peers of Ares.

BkXVIII198 [p. 358] Hector is filled by the spirit of Ares.

BkXVIII384 [p. 362] The god of war, and therefore its most intense spirit.

BkXX1 [p. 411] *BkXX75* [p. 414] *BkXX75* [p. 414] He enters the war again in support of the Trojans.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] He and *Athene* [p. 559] quarrel.

Areton

BkVII1 [p. 123] A Trojan killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Aretus

A Trojan leader.

BkXVII481 [p. 365] He joins the attack on *Antomedon* [p. 563] and is killed.

Argeas

See *Polymelus* [p. 704]

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Argeiphontes, Slayer of Argus

See *Hermes* [p. 626]

Argus was appointed by *Hera* [p. 624] as guardian of the cow into which Io had been metamorphosed. *Zeus* [p. 739] commissioned *Hermes* to carry off the cow, and *Hermes* accomplished the task, according to some accounts, by stoning Argus to death, or according to others, by sending him to sleep by the sweetness of his flute-playing and then cutting off his head. *Hera* transplanted his eyes to the tail of the peacock, her favourite bird.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] *BkXXIV281* [p. 499] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] *Hermes* is called Argeiphontes, the slayer of Argus.

Argissa

A Thessalian city it lay north of modern Terpsithea, southwest of Larissa.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Argives

The inhabitants of *Sparta* [p. 721] and *Mycenae* [p. 663] in the Peloponnese, but extended to cover all the Greeks who sailed for *Troy* [p. 737].

BkI53 [p. 13] The Greeks at Troy.

Argos

The city and district in the north-west Peloponnese, it is also a general term for southern Greece. *Agamemnon* [p. 528] was king of the region.

BkI22 [p. 11] *BkII109* [p. 37] *BkIV127* [p. 81] *BkVII313* [p. 150] *BkIX1* [p. 177] *BkIX79* [p. 179] The royal domain of Agamemnon.

BkII484 [p. 48] Its contingents at Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] Described as *Pelasgian* [p. 688].

BkIV1 [p. 79] A city beloved of the goddess *Hera* [p. 624].

BkVI119 [p. 129] Ruled *Corinth* [p. 580], ancient Ephyre.

BkIX222 [p. 182] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] *BkXIV1* [p. 283] *BkXV328* [p. 311] A general term for southern Greece.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] *Tydeus* [p. 737] settled there.

BkXV1 [p. 301] *Zeus* [p. 739] had carried *Heracles* [p. 625] to safety there.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] Home of *Sthenelus* [p. 722].

Ariadne

A daughter of *Minos* [p. 661], she was half-sister to the Minotaur, and the sister of Phaedra, and helped *Theseus* [p. 729] kill the Minotaur in the labyrinth on *Crete* [p. 581].

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] *Daedalus* [p. 585] built her a dancing-floor at *Cnossos* [p. 579], as well as building the labyrinth there. Ariadne may be a representation of the great goddess, akin to Artemis.

Arimi

Possibly a reference to either the Armen or the Aramaean tribes to the west of Lake Van.

BkII760 [p. 55] Mentioned.

Arion

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] A famous horse belonging to *Adrastus* [p. 522] of Sicyon.

Arisbas

BkXVII319 [p. 361] The father of *Leocritus* [p. 645].

Arisbe

A city in the Troad.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkVI1* [p. 123] Mentioned.

BkXII80 [p. 242] Native city of *Asius* [p. 556].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *Lycæon* [p. 648] was sent there. The city is described as sacred, and was possibly a second city or sanctuary situated on *Lemnos* [p. 645].

Arne

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, possibly Chaeronea, situated about seven miles West of *Orchomenus* [p. 676].

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkVIII [p. 141] The home of King *Areithous* [p. 551].

Arsinous

The ruler of *Tenedos* [p. 725], allied to Troy, defeated by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXI596 [p. 230] The father of *Hecamede* [p. 617], *Nestor's* [p. 667] slave.

Artemis

The daughter of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Leto* [p. 646], and sister of *Apollo* [p. 547], she was the goddess of hunting, childbirth and women's matters generally.

BkV1 [p. 95] She grants skill with the bow.

BkV431 [p. 109] She tends *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkVI119 [p. 129] Called Artemis of the Golden Reins, she slew *Laodameia* [p. 642].

BkVI369 [p. 133] *Eetion's* [p. 596] wife was killed by her, or died of a sickness (with Artemis as the bringer of death to women – her arrows perhaps equating to heart disease).

BkIX527 [p. 190] Her punishment of *Oeneus* [p. 673], sending the Calydonian Boar.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Her ritual dancing floor and choir of maidens.

BkXIX1 [p. 393] The goddess of sudden death for women, as Apollo was for men.

BkXX1 [p. 411] She enters the war again in support of the Trojans.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] She berates her brother *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Her punishment of *Niobe* [p. 668].

Asacus

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Ascalaphus

A son of *Ialmenus* [p. 633], together with whom he led the Minyans of *Orchomenos* [p. 676] against Troy

BkII484 [p. 48] A Greek leader.

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkXIII468 [p. 270] *BkXIII526* [p. 272] *BkXV78* [p. 304] He fights alongside *Idomeneus* [p. 636], and is killed by *Deiphobus* [p. 587].

Ascania

A city (modern Iznik, once Nicaea) it was also the region around Lake Ascania (Lake Iznik) in northwest Anatolia, Turkey.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] The homeland of *Hippotion* [p. 629], *Morys* [p. 662].

Ascanius

A leader of the *Phrygians* [p. 697] at Troy, he was a son of *Hippotion* [p. 629] from *Ascania* [p. 556].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

Asclepius

He was the father of Machaon and *Podaleirius* [p. 701], the physicians in the Greek army. The deified Asclepius was worshipped in Roman times.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkIV127 [p. 81] *BkIV198* [p. 83] *BkXI489* [p. 228] *BkXI596* [p. 230] *BkXIV1* [p. 283] The father of *Machaon* [p. 651] who was also a famous healer.

Asine

A city of the Argolid, northeast of modern Tolo township.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Asius, son of *Dymas* [p. 594]

The son of Dymas, brother to *Hecabe* [p. 616], and uncle of *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXVI684 [p. 343] *Apollo* [p. 547] disguises himself as Asius.

Asius, son of *Hyrtaeus* [p. 632]

A son of Hyrtacus of Arisbe. He was one of the allies of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the third company.

BkXIII330 [p. 267] *BkXIII402* [p. 269] Killed by *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII526 [p. 272] He is the father of *Adamas* [p. 521].

BkXIII723 [p. 277] *Hector* [p. 617] seeks but fails to find him in the front ranks.

BkXVII543 [p. 366] The father of *Phaenops* [p. 693].

Asopus

The river and river-god of the north-eastern Peloponnese.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *BkX254* [p. 202] Mentioned.

Aspledon

A *Minyan* [p. 661] town, northwest of modern Dionyssus village, near Orchemenos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Assaracus

A son of *Tros* [p. 736] and Calirrhoë, the daughter of *Scamander* [p. 715], he was king of Troy, and husband of Hieromneme, by whom he became the father of *Capsys* [p. 571], the father of *Anchises* [p. 542].

BkXX153 [p. 416] Great-grandfather of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Asterion, Asterium

A city in Thessaly south of modern Vlochos village, north of Palamas.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Asteropaeus

A son of *Pelegon* [p. 688], and grandson of the river-god *Paeonians* [p. 680] in the Trojan War, and an ally of the Trojans.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the fifth company.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] The finest of the Paenonian warriors at Troy.

BkXXI136 [p. 433] *BkXXI200* [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] Achilles gives his breastplate to *Eumelus* [p. 606].

BkXXIII799 [p. 488] His sword is offered as a prize.

Astyalus

BêVI11 [p. 123] A Trojan killed by *Polyoetes* [p. 704].

Astyanax

The son of *Hector* [p. 617] and *Andromache* [p. 543], he was also called Scamandrius. The Trojans called him Astyanax or Lord of the City in tribute to his father. After the taking of Troy the Greeks hurled him down from the walls of the city to his death to prevent him restoring the kingdom of Troy.

BêVI369 [p. 133] *BêVI440* [p. 136] Hector takes farewell of him on the battlements.

BêXXII405 [p. 461] Andromache pities his fate, after Hector's death.

Astynous, son of Protaion

A Trojan.

BêXV379 [p. 312] Acts as charioteer for *Polydamas* [p. 702].

Astynous, a Trojan

BêV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Astyoche

A daughter of *Ialmenus* [p. 633].

BêII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Astyocheia, Astyoche

A daughter of Phylas, king of Ephyra, by whom Heracles, after the conquest of Ephyra, begot *Tlepolemus* [p. 735].

BêII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Astypylus, a Paeonian

BêXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Ate, Blindness

According to Hesiod (*Theog.* 230), a daughter of Eris, and according to Homer of *Zeus* [p. 739], she was an ancient Greek divinity, who led both gods and men to rash and inconsiderate actions and to suffering.

BkI357 [p. 22] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] is subject to *ate* in his rash behaviour towards Achilles.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] Homer seems to make Ate, the eldest daughter of Zeus, a *Fury* [p. 604]. She blinds men to their actions, and was hurled from Olympus by Zeus for blinding him to *Hera's* [p. 624] deceit.

Athene

The virgin goddess of Mind, the Arts, and War, and daughter of *Zeus* [p. 739], she was patroness of *Odysseus* [p. 671]. Plato identified her with the Libyan Goddess, Neith.

BkII188 [p. 16] She counsels *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkI357 [p. 22] She once attacked and bound Zeus.

BkII155 [p. 39] She counsels Odysseus to stop the Greeks sailing home.

BkII278 [p. 43] She stands beside Odysseus disguised as a herald.

BkII333 [p. 45] *BkVIII273* [p. 165] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] invokes her.

BkII394 [p. 46] She passes through the ranks disguised as a herald rousing the troops. Her sacred aegis breastplate/cloak is described.

BkII484 [p. 48] Her nurturing of the hero-king of Athens *Erectheus* [p. 603].

BkIV1 [p. 79] *BkV431* [p. 109] *BkXV149* [p. 305] She supports the Greeks and is sent to disturb the peace. She is called Alalcomenean, referring perhaps to a place or an epithet as 'strong defender'.

BkIV68 [p. 80] Disguised as *Laodocus* [p. 643] she rouses *Pandarus* [p. 681] to attack *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkIV127 [p. 81] Athene deflects the arrow to save Menelaus' life.

BkIV326 [p. 86] She once aided *Tydeus* [p. 737].

BkIV422 [p. 88] *BkIV473* [p. 91] She urges on the Greeks.

BkV1 [p. 95] *BkV84* [p. 97] *BkV239* [p. 102] *BkV352* [p. 107] *BkV767* [p. 117] She supports *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkV297 [p. 103] *BkXIII81* [p. 260] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] A warlike goddess.

BkV590 [p. 112] As goddess of mind, she is synonymous with Odysseus' thought.

BkV703 [p. 115] *Hera* [p. 624] rouses her to attack the Trojans.

BêV767 [p. 117] *BêV846* [p. 119] She urges Diomedes to attack *Ares* [p. 551] and protects him.

BêVI72 [p. 126] *BêVI237* [p. 129] *BêVI369* [p. 133] Her shrine on the acropolis of Troy, in the citadel Ilium, contained the Palladium, a sacred image of Athena herself or an image made by Athena of her unfortunate playmate Pallas. It was given by Zeus to Dardanus, the founder of Troy, and it was believed that the city could not be taken while it retained the image.

BêVIII [p. 141] She conspires with *Apollo* [p. 547] to halt the fighting.

BêVII54 [p. 143] In the guise of a vulture she settles to watch the combat.

BêVII120 [p. 145] She once aided *Nestor* [p. 667].

BêVIII1 [p. 157] *BêIX222* [p. 182] She supports the Greeks and is titled *Tritogeneia* [p. 736].

BêVIII335 [p. 166] She prepares to defy *Zeus* [p. 739] and halt the Trojan advance.

BêVIII397 [p. 168] *BêVIII438* [p. 170] Zeus tells her not to intervene. Rebuked she falls silent.

BêIX307 [p. 184] *BêXIV135* [p. 286] The goddess of women's work. She made *Hera's* [p. 624] embroidered robe.

BêX194 [p. 201] Her special relationship with *Odysseus* [p. 671], as a symbol of the fertile intellect.

BêX254 [p. 202] She sends a favourable omen, a heron on the right, another of her bird disguises.

BêX349 [p. 205] *BêX465* [p. 208] She inspires *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BêX412 [p. 206] Odysseus offers her the spoils taken from *Dolon* [p. 592]. She is the 'chaser of spoils'.

BêX515 [p. 211] Odysseus and Diomedes pour libations to thank her for her help.

BêXI1 [p. 215] She honours *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BêXI401 [p. 226] She protects Odysseus.

BêXI655 [p. 232] She had once warned the *Pylians* [p. 710] against *Elis* [p. 598].

BêXV1 [p. 301] Zeus predicts that her advice will help the Greeks take Troy.

BêXV78 [p. 304] Athene (Reason) restrains *Ares* [p. 551].

BêXV379 [p. 312] The goddess of skilled trades, as goddess of Mind.

BêXV565 [p. 317] She hastens the hour of *Hector's* [p. 617] death at the hands of *Achilles* [p. 517].

BêXV653 [p. 319] She clears the minds of the Greeks, and lights the scene.

BêXVI1 [p. 325] Achilles invokes her name.

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- BkXVII543* [p. 366] Disguised as *Phoenix* [p. 696], she urges on *Menelaus* [p. 655].
- BkXVIII148* [p. 379] She exalts *Achilles*' [p. 517] appearance to terrify the Trojans.
- BkXVIII310* [p. 383] She robs the Trojans of judgement.
- BkXIX338* [p. 405] She sustains Achilles with nectar and ambrosia.
- BkXX1* [p. 411] *BkXX259* [p. 418] She enters the war again in support of the Greeks.
- BkXX75* [p. 414] *BkXX153* [p. 416] She had aided Achilles once in his pursuit of *Lyrnessus* [p. 650].
- BkXX419* [p. 422] She protects Achilles from Hector's spear.
- BkXXI200* [p. 435] *BkXXI298* [p. 438] She goes to Achilles' assistance.
- BkXXI383* [p. 440] She and *Ares* [p. 551] quarrel.
- BkXXII131* [p. 452] She intervenes between Hector and Achilles.
- BkXXII247* [p. 454] She deceives *Hector* [p. 617], disguised as *Deiphobus* [p. 587].
- BkXXIII362* [p. 476] She favours *Diomedes* [p. 590] in the chariot race.
- BkXXIII740* [p. 486] She favours *Odysseus* [p. 671] in the foot-race.
- BkXXIV1* [p. 493] She approves of *Hector*'s [p. 617] corpse.
- BkXXIV77* [p. 495] She welcomes *Thetis* [p. 730] to Olympus.

Athens

The chief city of Attica, it was sacred to Pallas *Athene* [p. 559].

BkII484 [p. 48] The Athenian contingents at Troy.

Athos

A mountain, on the peninsula of the same name, in Macedonia, it juts into the northern Aegean.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Mentioned.

Atreus

King of *Mycenae* [p. 663], and the son of *Pelops* [p. 689], he was the father of *Menelaüs* [p. 653]. His feud with his brother *Thyestes* [p. 733] led to a chain of fatal events.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI22* [p. 11] *BkI53* [p. 13] *BkI101* [p. 14] *BkI188* [p. 16] *BkXIV1* [p. 283] The father of Agamemnon.

BkII48 [p. 35] He was the recipient of a sceptre made by *Hephaestus* [p. 623].

BkXVII1 [p. 351] The father of Menelaus.

Atrytone

A title of *Athene* [p. 559]; the Tireless, or Unwearying, referring to the Mind which she symbolises.

BkII155 [p. 39] *BkV703* [p. 115] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] The epithet used of her by *Hera* [p. 624].

BkV84 [p. 97] *BkX254* [p. 202] *Diomedes* [p. 590] prays to her, using the epithet.

Atymnius

See *Mydon* [p. 663]

Father of Mydon. Brother of *Maris* [p. 652].

BkV519 [p. 111] Mentioned.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Antiochus* [p. 544].

Augeiae in Laconia

A city in Laconia, south of modern Egies, northwest of Gythio.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Augeiae in Locris

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Augeias, Augeas

A son of Phorbas and Hyrmine, and king of the *Epeians* [p. 601] in *Elis* [p. 598], he is mentioned among the Argonauts, but is more celebrated for his connexion with *Heracles* [p. 625], one of whose labours, imposed upon him by Eurystheus was to cleanse, in a day, the stables of Augeas, who kept in them a large number of oxen.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkXI655 [p. 232] He stole the chariot and horses of *Neleus* [p. 665].

Aulis

A city of Boeotia facing *Euboea* [p. 606], Aulis is the location where the Greek fleet gathered under the leadership of *Agamemnon* [p. 528] to undertake the expedition against Troy, and where Agamemnon had to sacrifice his own daughter Iphigenia to the goddess *Artemis* [p. 555] to put an end to the lack of a favourable wind holding the fleet there (see Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*).

BkII278 [p. 43] The Greeks gathered there before the war. Zeus, as a portent, sent a snake which devoured nine birds indicating the ten-year war.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned, as sending a contingent to the war.

Autolykus

The grandfather of *Odysseus* [p. 671]. He was a master trickster and thief, son of *Hermes* [p. 626] and Chione, and father of Anticleia, Odysseus' mother.

BkX254 [p. 202] He stole the helmet mentioned from *Amyntor* [p. 541].

Automedon

A son of *Diores* [p. 592], he was companion and charioteer to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkIX162 [p. 181] He assists Achilles in serving the ambassadors.

BkXVI101 [p. 327] He acts as charioteer to *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVI210 [p. 330] He prepares to fight alongside Patroclus.

BkXVI426 [p. 337] He cuts the dead trace horse from the chariot.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He drives Patroclus' chariot against the Trojans and Lycians.

BkXVI777 [p. 345] *Hector* [p. 617] tries to kill him but he retreats.

BkXVII384 [p. 362] He descends from the chariot to fight on foot.

BkXVII481 [p. 365] He kills *Aretus* [p. 552].

BkXIX338 [p. 405] He acts as Achilles' charioteer.

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] He fetches a gift for *Eumelus* [p. 606] from Achilles' hut.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] He is in Achilles' hut when *Priam* [p. 706] is received there.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] He assists Achilles with the preparation of Hector's corpse.

BkXXIV621 [p. 508] He assists with preparing the meal.

Autonous

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Autonous, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Autophonus

The Theban father of *Lycophontes* [p. 704].

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Axius

The River Axios had its sources in the mountains of *Paeonia* [p. 680], flowing into the Aegean Sea near Pella the capital of Makedonia. The major neighbouring rivers were the Strymon to the east and Haliakmon in the south.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] Mentioned.

BkXXI136 [p. 433] The river-god was the father of *Pelegon* [p. 688].

Axylus

A wealthy Trojan from *Arisbe* [p. 554].

BkVII1 [p. 123] He is killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Azeus

A son of Clymenus of Orchomenos, he was the father of *Actor* [p. 521] and grandfather of *Asyoche* [p. 558]. He went with his brothers, under the command of Erginus, the eldest, against Thebes, to take vengeance for the murder of his father, who had been slain by the Thebans at a festival of the Onchestian Poseidon.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Balius

An immortal horse sired by *Zephyrus* [p. 739], the West Wind, on *Podarge* [p. 701].

BkXVI101 [p. 327] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] One of *Achilles*' [p. 517] two immortal horses, the other is *Xanthus* [p. 738].

BkXVII384 [p. 362] He weeps for *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Bathycles

A Greek, the son of *Chalcon* [p. 574].

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Killed by *Glaucus* [p. 611].

Batieia

Possibly Kozjak, the most prominent of several isolated out-croppings near Troy.

BkIII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Bear (Arctus)

The Great Bear, The Waggon, The Wain, The Plough, The Big Dipper. The constellation of Ursa Major. It represents in mythology Callisto turned into a bear by Zeus, or the plough or waggon or cart of Bootës. The two stars of the 'bowl' furthest from the 'handle', Merak and Dubhe, point to Polaris the pole star. The 'handle' points to the star Arcturus in the constellation Bootës, who is the Waggoner or Herdsman or Bear Herd (Arcturus means the Bearkeeper) or Ploughman. The Great Bear is circumpolar and never dips below the horizon.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The constellation appears on *Achilles*' [p. 517] shield.

Bellerophon, Bellerephontes

Properly called Hipponous, was a son of the Corinthian king, *Glaucus* [p. 611], and Eurymede, and a grandson of *Sisyphus* [p. 720].

BkVI119 [p. 129] *Glaucus* [p. 611], his grandson, tells his tale.

Bessa

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Bias, an Athenian

BkXIII643 [p. 275] An Athenian repelling the Trojan attack.

Bias, the Pylia

BkIV250 [p. 84] A leader of the Pylia contingent at Troy.

Bias, a Trojan

BkXX455 [p. 424] The father of *Laogonus* [p. 643] and *Dardanus* [p. 586].

Bienor

A Trojan general.

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Boagrius

A *Locrian* [p. 648] river, rising on Mount Cnemis, and flowing to the sea between Scarphe and Thronium.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Boebe

A city in Thessaly near modern Nea Ionia north of Volos. The ancient lake Boebeis was presumably nearby.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Boeotians

Boeotia, formerly Cadmeis, was a region of ancient Greece, north of the eastern part of the Gulf of Corinth. It was bounded on the south by Megaris and the Kithairon mountain range that forms a natural barrier with Attica, on the north by Opuntian Locris and the Euripus Strait at the Gulf of Euboea, and on the west by Phocis.

BkII484 [p. 48] The Boeotians send fifty ships to the war.

BkV703 [p. 115] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] They fight to repel the Trojan attack on the ships.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] *Promachus* [p. 708], a Boeotian is killed.

BkXV328 [p. 311] *Stichius* [p. 722], a Boeotian is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] *Peneleos* [p. 690], a Boeotian, is killed.

Boreas

The North Wind, bringer of cold wintry air.

BkXXI298 [p. 438] Mentioned.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] *Achilles* [p. 517] calls for his help.

Borus, father of *Phaestus* [p. 693]

BkV1 [p. 95] A Maonian. Mentioned.

Borus, son of *Perieres* [p. 691]

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Husband of *Polydora* [p. 703] and nominal father of *Menesthius* [p. 657].

Briareus

A hundred-handed giant, the son of Earth.

BkI357 [p. 22] Summoned by *Thetis* [p. 730] he defended *Zeus* [p. 739].

Briseis

She was the widow of King *Mynes* [p. 664] of *Lyrnessus* [p. 650], an ally of Troy. *Achilles* [p. 517] slew Mynes and the brothers of Briseis, receiving her as a war prize.

BkI148 [p. 15] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] threatens to seize her.

BkI318 [p. 21] *BkI357* [p. 22] *BkII681* [p. 53] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] Agamemnon sends his heralds to seize her.

BkIX79 [p. 179] Agamemnon promises to return her.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] She is returned to Achilles.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] She grieves for *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXXIV621 [p. 508] She sleeps beside Achilles.

Briseus

A priest at *Lyrnessus* [p. 650].

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] The father of *Briseis* [p. 567].

Bryseiae

A city in Laconia, north of modern Kalyvia Socha, south of Sparta.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Bucolion

A son of *Laomedon* [p. 643] and the nymph Calybe, he had several sons by *Abarbarea* [p. 515].

BkVII [p. 123] Mentioned.

Bucolus

See *Sphelus* [p. 721]

The father of Sphelus.

BkXV328 [p. 311] Mentioned.

Budeum, Budea

A city in Magnesia, Thessaly.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Home town of *Epeigeus* [p. 601].

Buprasium

A city in *Elis* [p. 598], north of the city of Elis on the coast.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXI655* [p. 232] Mentioned. In good wheat-country.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] The scene of the funeral games for *Amarynceus* [p. 538].

Cabesus

Kavissos (near modern Feres) on the border between Macedonia and Thrace.

BkXIII330 [p. 267] *Othryoneus* [p. 679] from there.

Cadmeians

The descendants of Cadmus, the founder of *Thebes* [p. 728].

BkIV326 [p. 86] *BkV767* [p. 117] *BkXXIII651* [p. 483] Mentioned.

Caeneus

The daughter of *Poseidon* [p. 705] who became a man, and king of the Lapiths. He was killed at the marriage feast of Peirithous, fighting against the *Centaurs* [p. 573].

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

BkII681 [p. 53] The father of *Coronus* [p. 581].

Calchas

The priest of *Apollo* [p. 547], and a Trojan renegade befriended by *Achilles* [p. 517]. He learnt the art of prophecy from his father *Thestor* [p. 729].

BkI53 [p. 13] *BkII101* [p. 14] He interprets the plague as a token of Apollo's anger.

BkII278 [p. 43] He prophesied the ten year war at *Aulis* [p. 563].

BkXIII1 [p. 257] *Poseidon* [p. 705] imitates his form to rouse the Greeks.

Calesius

Trojan charioteer to *Axylus* [p. 564].

BkVI1 [p. 123] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Caletor

See *Aphareus* [p. 546].

BkXIII526 [p. 272] The father of Aphareus.

Caletor, a Trojan

The son of *Clytius* [p. 579].

BkXV379 [p. 312] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Callianassa

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Callianeira

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Calliarus

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Callicolone

A hill near the *Simois* [p. 719].

BkXX1 [p. 411] *Ares* [p. 551] runs towards the hill.

BkXX75 [p. 414] *Apollo* [p. 547] and *Ares* observe the battle from there, suggesting it is behind the Trojan lines.

Calydnian Isles

Islands in the Sporades.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Calydon

A city of *Aetolia* [p. 527], it lay north of modern Evinochori, east of Messolongi.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkIX527 [p. 190] The Calydonian Boar Hunt re-told.

BkXIII206 [p. 264] A city ruled by *Thoas* [p. 731].

BkXIV82 [p. 285] *Oeneus* [p. 673] was once king of Calydon.

Cameirus

A city of Rhodes in the west of the island, Camiros site near modern Kalavarda.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Capaneus

A son of Hipponous and Astynome or Laodice, the daughter of Iphis, he was married to Evadne, who is also called a daughter of Iphis, and by whom he became the father of Sthenelus. He was one of the seven heroes who marched from Argos

against Thebe. During the siege of Thebes, he claimed that even the fire of Zeus would not prevent him scaling the walls of the city; but when he was ascending the ladder, Zeus struck him with a flash of lightning. While his body was burning, his wife Evadne leapt to her death in the flames. Capaneus is one of the heroes whom Asclepius was believed to have restored to life.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkIV326* [p. 86] *BkV84* [p. 97] Father of *Sthenelus* [p. 721].

Capys

A son of *Assaracus* [p. 557] and Hieromneme, he was the father of *Anchises* [p. 542].

BkXX153 [p. 416] Grandfather of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Cardamyle

A city, Kardamyle, in Messinia, it lay near the coast east of the Pylia country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Caresus

A river flowing from the Ida range.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Caria

A region of western Anatolia, it extended along the coast from mid-Ionia (Mycale) south to *Lycia* [p. 648] and east to *Phrygia* [p. 697].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIV127 [p. 81] Noted for its working of ivory.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

Carystus

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], north of modern Karystos town.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Casus

Modern Kasos Island in the Dodecanese, northeast of Crete.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Cassandra

The daughter of *Priam* [p. 706] and Hecuba gifted with prophecy by *Apollo* [p. 547], but cursed to tell the truth and not be believed. Her rape by *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser caused *Athene's* [p. 559] anger to fall on the returning Greeks. She was taken back to Greece by *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. (See Aeschylus: The Agamemnon)

BkXIII330 [p. 267] Promised to *Othryoneus* [p. 679], who is killed before the marriage, she was the loveliest of Priam's daughters.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] She is the first to see Priam returning with *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

Castianeira

The wife of *Priam* [p. 706] she was mother of *Gorgythion* [p. 612].

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Mentioned.

Castor

He was one of the two Dioscuri, who were the sons of Leda and Tyndareus king of Lacedaemon, or of Leda and Zeus, and consequently the brothers of Helen. Castor was famous for his skill in taming and managing horses, and *Pollux* [p. 703] (Polydeuces) for his skill in boxing.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Mentioned.

Cauconians (Caucones)

An autochthonous tribe of Anatolia (modern-day Turkey), displaced or absorbed with other races by the Bithynians, the Mariandyni alone maintaining themselves in cultural independence, in the northeast of what became Bithynia.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

BkXX259 [p. 418] They are preparing to enter the battle.

Caystrius, Cayster

The Cayster River (or Küçük Menderes, 'Little Maeander') is located south of Izmir, Turkey. The Cayster flows generally westward reaching the Aegean Sea at

Pamucak beach near Selçuk. The ancient city of Ephesus was once an important port on the Cayster, but with overgrazing and climate change over the centuries, sedimentation gradually filled in the inlet around the city. The coastline moved seaward and the ruins of Ephesus are now some 5 miles inland. With its curving track, and ox-bow lakes it gave its name to the term ‘meandering’ to describe the curving flow of such sedimentary rivers.

BkII394 [p. 46] Noted for its gatherings of migrating birds, which are likened to the gathering of the Greek armies.

Ceas

Father of *Troezenus* [p. 736].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Cebriones

A natural son of *Priam* [p. 706], and so half-brother of Hector.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] *BkXI489* [p. 228] He acts as *Hector's* [p. 617] charioteer.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He joins the first company under Hector.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

BkXVI726 [p. 344] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVI777 [p. 345] The Greeks carry off his corpse.

Celadon

A Greek river (flowing into the Alpheus according to Strabo).

BkVII120 [p. 145] Mentioned.

Centaurs

Creatures, half-man and half-horse living in the mountains of Thessaly, hence called biformes, duplex natura, semihomines, bimembres. They were the sons of Ixion, and a cloud, in the form of *Hera* [p. 624].

BkI223 [p. 17] *BkII681* [p. 53] They fought the Lapiths at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

BkXI804 [p. 235] *Achilles* [p. 517].

Cephalenians

The people of the island of Cephallenia, probably identical with *Same* [p. 713], modern Kefallonia. Significant bronze-age burials have been found there and *Odysseus* [p. 671] may have ruled the island group from Kefallonia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Odysseus leads their contingent at Troy.

Cephisus

A river rising in *Phocis* [p. 696] and flowing through northern *Boeotia* [p. 566] into Lake Copais.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Cer, *Fate* [p. 610]

Cerinthus

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], north of modern Mandouli.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Chalcis

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], near modern Chalkida.

BkII484 [p. 48]. *BkII581* [p. 51] Mentioned.

Chalcodon

A son of Abas the twelfth king of Argos, and king of the Chalcidians in *Euboea* [p. 606].

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkIV422* [p. 88] Mentioned.

Chalcon

BkXVI569 [p. 340] The father of *Bathycles* [p. 565].

Charis, Charites, The Graces

The personification of Grace and Beauty, Homer describes her as the wife of *Hephaestus* [p. 623]. Hesiod (*Theog.* 945) calls the Charis who is the wife of Hephaestus, Aglaia, and the youngest of the Charites. But according to the *Odyssey* *Aphrodite* [p. 546] was the wife of Hephaestus, indicating the identity of Aphrodite and Charis, or at least a close connexion.

BkXVIII368 [p. 384] As the wife of Hephaestus she presumably personifies the aesthetic side of his craft.

Charops

A Trojan, son of *Hippasus* [p. 627].

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Charopus

Father of *Nireus* [p. 668].

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Cheiron

The wisest of the *Achilles* [p. 517]. The son of Cronus and Philyra, he lived on Mount *Pelion* [p. 689], and was renowned for his skill in hunting, medicine, music, gymnastics, and the art of prophecy.

BkIV198 [p. 83] A source of *Asclepius*' [p. 556] potions and herbs.

BkXI804 [p. 235] He taught Achilles the use of herbs.

BkXVI101 [p. 327] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] He gave *Peleus* [p. 688] the ash spear which Achilles uses at Troy.

Chersidamas

A Trojan.

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Chimaera

A monstrous creature of Caria or Lycia in Asia Minor, composed of the body of a lioness, with a tail that terminated in a snake's head, and the head of a goat on her

back at the centre of her spine. The Chimaera was one of the offspring of Typhon and Echidna and a sibling of such monsters as Cerberus and the Lernaean Hydra.

BêVI119 [p. 129] Killed by *Bellerephon* [p. 565].

BêXVI257 [p. 331] Said to have been reared and kept by King *Amisodarus* [p. 539].

Chromis

A Mysian and ally of the Trojans.

BêII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Chromius, a son of *Priam* [p. 706]

BêV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Chromius, a Trojan

BêVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tenecer* [p. 725].

Chromius, a second Trojan

BêXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

BêXVII481 [p. 365] He joins the attack on *Automedon* [p. 563].

Chromius, a Lycian.

BêV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Chromius, a brother of *Nestor* [p. 667]

BêIV250 [p. 84] A leader of the Pylian contingent at Troy.

Chryse

A small island in the Aegean Sea, off Lemnos, it is mentioned by Sophocles and Pausanias. The island's main feature was said to be its temple to *Apollo* [p. 547], and its patron deity a goddess named Chryse. The Greek archer *Philoctetes* [p. 695] stopped here on his way to *Troy* [p. 737] and was fatally bitten by a viper. The island seems to have disappeared by the 2nd century AD; it is mentioned by Appian.

BkI22 [p. 111] Mentioned in *Chryses* [p. 577] prayer to Apollo.

BkI53 [p. 13] *BkI428* [p. 24] Destination for a sacred peace-offering to Apollo.

Chryses

The priest of *Apollo* [p. 547] in the island of Sminthos.

BkI1 [p. 9] He goes to the Greeks to demand the release of his daughter Chryseis, or Astynome, whom *Achilles* [p. 517] had taken captive when he attacked the allies of *Troy* [p. 737].

BkI101 [p. 14] *BkI148* [p. 15] *BkI285* [p. 20] *BkI357* [p. 22] His daughter Chryseis is a bone of contention.

BkI428 [p. 24] Odysseus returns his daughter to him on *Chryse* [p. 576].

Chrysothemis

A daughter of *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Mentioned.

Cicones

A *Thracian* [p. 732] tribe living in Ismarus, allies of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVIII [p. 351] *Mentes* [p. 658] is their chief.

Cilicians

Cilicia formed a district on the south-eastern coast of Asia Minor (modern Turkey), north of Cyprus. Cilicia extended along the Aegean coast east from Pamphylia, to Mount Amanus (Giaour Dagh).

BkVI369 [p. 133] *Eetion* [p. 596] was king of the Cilicians.

Cilla

A city in Aeolis (northwestern Asia Minor) or the Troad, said to be near the plain of Thebe. Mentioned also by Ovid and Strabo.

BkI22 [p. 111] Mentioned in *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkI428 [p. 24] Sacred to Apollo.

Cinyras

A famous Cyprian hero. According to tradition, he was a son of *Apollo* [p. 547] or Paphos, king of Cyprus, and priest of the Paphian *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkXII [p. 215] Agamemnon received the gift of a breast-plate from him.

Cisses, Cisseus see *Theano* [p. 727]

A *Thracian* [p. 732] ruler.

BkVI237 [p. 129] The father of Theano.

BkXI218 [p. 221] He reared *Iphidamas* [p. 639] at his court.

Cleitus

A son of *Peisenor* [p. 687].

BkXV379 [p. 312] Killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Cleobulus

A Trojan.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser.

Cleonae

A city near ancient Corinth, east of modern Nemea.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Cleopatra

A daughter of *Idas* [p. 636] and *Marpessa* [p. 652], she was the wife of *Meleager* [p. 655]. Her nickname was Alcyone.

BkIX527 [p. 190] Mentioned.

Clonius

A leader of the *Boeotians* [p. 566] in the war against Troy

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXV328 [p. 311] Killed by *Agenor* [p. 531].

Clymene

Helen's [p. 621] handmaid. A relative of Menelaus and a companion of Helen, together with whom she was carried off by Paris. After the taking of Troy, Clymene was given to Acamas.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Clymene, the Nereid

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Clytaemnestra

The wife of *Agamemnon* [p. 528], daughter of King Tyndareus of *Sparta* [p. 721], and Leda, she was the sister or half-sister of *Helen* [p. 621], and of the *Dioscuri* [p. 572], and the mother of Orestes, Electra (Laodice), and Iphigenia.

BkI101 [p. 14] Agamemnon compares *Chryseis* [p. 577] to her.

Clytius

Brother of *Priam* [p. 706]. A son of *Laomedon* [p. 643] and father of *Caletor* and *Procleia*, he was one of the Trojan elders.

BkIII121 [p. 66] *BkXX153* [p. 416] Mentioned.

BkXV379 [p. 312] The father of *Caletor* [p. 569].

Clytius

See *Dolops* [p. 593]

A Greek.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Mentioned.

Clytomedes

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] An Elian once defeated in a boxing match by Nestor.

Cnossus, Knossos, Cnossos

The principal city of Minoan Crete, near present day Heraklion, the site was mainly occupied between about 2500 and 1200BC.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] *Ariadne* [p. 554] there (the two artefacts may be related conceptually).

Coeranus, a Cretan

Charioteer and friend of *Meriones* [p. 658], he hailed from *Lycius* [p. 649].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Coeranus, a Lycian

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Cöon

Eldest son of *Antenor* [p. 543].

BkXI218 [p. 221] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] He wounds *Agamemnon* [p. 528], and is then killed by him.

Copae

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, southeast of modern Kastro.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Copreus

The father of *Periphetes* [p. 692], he was a son of *Pelops* [p. 689]. After having murdered Iphitus, he fled from Elis to *Mycenae* [p. 663], where he was purified by *Heracles* [p. 625] of the labours he had to perform.

BkXV565 [p. 317] The father of Periphetes.

Corinth

The ancient city on the Isthmus of Corinth.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] Home of *Euchenor* [p. 606], the seer.

Coroneia

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Agios Georgios in Koronia.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Coronus

A son of *Leonteus* [p. 646] and Lysidice. He was slain by Heracles.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Cos

Modern Kos Island in the Dodecanese.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *BkXV1* [p. 301] *Heracles* [p. 625] was driven there by a gale, instigated by *Hera* [p. 624].

Cranae

An island off Gytheio, in Laconia. When *Paris* [p. 682] abducted *Helen* [p. 621] from *Sparta* [p. 721] they spent their first night on Cranae.

BkIII395 [p. 73] Mentioned by Paris.

Crapathos

Modern Karpathos Island in the Dodecanese, between Rhodes and Crete.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Creon

A Greek.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkXIX238* [p. 400] The father of *Lycomedes* [p. 649].

Crete

The island, in the eastern Mediterranean, was the cradle of the ancient Minoan civilization.

BkII645 [p. 52] Its contingent of warriors at Troy.

BkIII181 [p. 67] *BkIV250* [p. 84] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] *BkXXIII448* [p. 478]
Idomeneus [p. 636], leader of its contingent to Troy.

Crethon

A son of *Diocles* [p. 589].

BkV519 [p. 111] Killed by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Crisa

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, south of modern Chryso village near Delphi.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Crocyleia

A city of Levkada in the Ionian Islands.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Croesus

A Trojan.

BkXV514 [p. 316] Killed by *Meges* [p. 654].

Cromna

A city in the territory of *Sesamus* [p. 718].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Cronos

The father of *Zeus* [p. 739], he was the son of Uranus, and Zeus himself dethroned him.

BkI357 [p. 22] *BkI488* [p. 26] *BkVI119* [p. 129] *BkXIII723* [p. 277] etc. The father of Zeus.

BkV703 [p. 115] *BkXIV135* [p. 286] The father of *Hera* [p. 624].

BkVIII438 [p. 170] Dethroned, he is imprisoned in darkness in *Tartarus* [p. 724]. Zeus intends this as a taunt to Hera, and an indication of his power.

BkXII442 [p. 252] The crooked counsellor, devious father of Zeus.

BkXV149 [p. 305] The father of Zeus, *Poseidon* [p. 705] and *Hades* [p. 614].

BkXV220 [p. 307] He and the Titans are imprisoned under the Earth.

Cteatus

He was one of the two Moliones, a patronymic name by which Eurytus and Cteatus, the sons of *Actor* [p. 521], or Poseidon, by Molione, are designated. They were nephews of Augeas, king of the Epeians. As sons of Actor, they are also called Actoridae.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Father of *Amphimachus* [p. 540].

Curetes

A legendary people, they took part in the quarrel over the Calydonian Boar. Strabo and Dionysius of Halicarnassus identified the Curetes as ancient Aetolians.

BkIX527 [p. 190] Their involvement in the Calydonian Boar hunt, and its aftermath.

Cyllene

A mountain in Arcadia: *Hermes*' [p. 626] birthplace, hence Cyllenius, an epithet for him. (Pausanias, VIII, xvii, noting it as the highest mountain in Arcadia mentions the ruined shrine of Hermes on its summit, and says it got its name from Cyllen son of Elatus. Hermes' statue was of juniper, *thuon*, and stood eight feet tall. Pausanias says that Cyllene was famous for its white, *albino*? blackbirds.)

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkXV514 [p. 316] *Otus* [p. 680] is from Cyllene.

Cymodoce

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Cymothoe

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Cynus

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city east of modern Livanates.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Cyparisseis

A city southwest of modern Kyparrisia in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Cyparissus

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, near the modern village of Antikyra.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Cyphus

A city in Thessaly.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Cypris

See *Aphrodite* [p. 546]

Cyprus

The island in the eastern Mediterranean, sacred to *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkXII [p. 215] *Cinyras* [p. 578] was priest of Aphrodite in Cyprus.

Cytorus

Mount Cytorus was a mountain on the southern coast of the Black Sea, between the port cities of *Sesamus* [p. 718] (Amastris) and Cytorus.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Cythera

The island near Cape Malea, off the south-western tip of the Peloponnese, was sacred to *Aphrodite* [p. 546] who emerged from the sea there.

BkX254 [p. 202] *Amphidamas* [p. 539], from there.

BkXV379 [p. 312] The native island of *Mastor* [p. 652] and *Lycophron* [p. 649].

Daedalus

The Athenian master-craftsman, he built the labyrinth for *Minos* [p. 661], and later fled to Italy. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] He built a dancing floor for *Ariadne* [p. 554].

Daector

BkVIII273 [p. 165] A Trojan killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Damastor

See *Tlepolemus* [p. 735]

BkXVI351 [p. 335] The Trojan father of Tlepolemus.

Damasus

A Trojan.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Polyoetes* [p. 704].

Danaans

The descendants of Danaus, King of *Argos* [p. 553], or a general name for the Greeks at *Troy* [p. 737].

BkI53 [p. 13] *BkI101* [p. 14] *BkI223* [p. 17] *BkIX222* [p. 182] etc. The Greeks at Troy.

Danae

The daughter of *Acrisius* [p. 520], she was seduced by *Zeus* [p. 739] in the form of a shower of gold. See the entry for Acrisius.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] The mother of *Perseus* [p. 692].

Dardania

The Dardans were Trojans, being an ancient people of northwestern Anatolia. They derived their name from *Dardanus* [p. 586], the mythical founder of Dardania an

ancient city in the Troad. Rule of the Troad was divided between Dardania and the younger more dominant city of Troy.

BkII811 [p. 57] The Dardanian contingent was led by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXIII136 [p. 262] *BkXV379* [p. 312] Allies of the Trojans.

BkXVI777 [p. 345] *Euphorbus* [p. 607] is a Dardanian.

BkXX259 [p. 418] Founded by Dardanus.

BkXXIII188 [p. 453] The Dardanian Gate of Troy.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] Priam's move towards the Dardanian Gate suggests it was on a side of Troy (the south-west?) facing towards the Greek ships, to which Achilles was dragging Hector's corpse. Perhaps Dardanian is here merely an alternative term for the main or Scaean Gate.

Dardanus, son of *Bias* [p. 566]

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Dardanus, son of *Zeus* [p. 739]

A son of Zeus and Electra the daughter of Atlas, he was the brother of Jason, or Jasion, Aetion and Harmonia, and his native place in the various traditions is Arcadia, Crete, Troas, or Italy. Dardanus is the mythical ancestor of the Trojans, and through them of the Romans. His son was *Erichthonius* [p. 603].

BkVII313 [p. 150] The ancestor of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXI163 [p. 219] *BkXI349* [p. 224] *BkXX153* [p. 416] The great-grandfather of *Ilus* [p. 637].

BkXX259 [p. 418] His line destined to survive through *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Dares

A Trojan priest of *Hephaestus* [p. 623].

BkVI1 [p. 95] The father of *Phoebus* [p. 694] and *Idaeus* [p. 635].

Daulis

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, southwest of modern Daulia.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Dawn

See *Eos* [p. 600]

Eos the goddess of the dawn.

Deicoon

A Trojan hero, son of *Pergasus* [p. 691], and a friend of *Aeneas* [p. 524],

BkV519 [p. 111] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Deimos, Terror

A personification of terror, he was son of *Ares* [p. 551] and *Aphrodite* [p. 546] and brother of *Phobos* [p. 696].

BkIV422 [p. 88] Mentioned.

BkXV78 [p. 304] He harnesses Ares' horses.

Deiochus

A Greek.

BkXV328 [p. 311] Killed by *Paris* [p. 682].

Deiopites

A Trojan.

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Deiphobus

A son of *Priam* [p. 706] and Hecabe of *Troy* [p. 737], he forcibly married *Helen* [p. 621] after *Paris* [p. 682] was killed.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the third company.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] Attacked unsuccessfully by *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He kills *Hypsenor* [p. 632], and goes to elicit the aid of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] *BkXIII526* [p. 272] He fights alongside *Aeneas* [p. 524], killing *Ascalaphus* [p. 555], and is then wounded by *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkXIII723 [p. 277] *Hector* [p. 617] seeks but fails to find him in the front ranks.

BkXXII188 [p. 453] *Athene* [p. 559] assumes his form to deceive *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXXII247 [p. 454] Called Deiphobus of the White Shield. Hector finds his form to be that of Athene in disguise.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Deipylus

A close comrade of *Sthenelus* [p. 721].

BkV297 [p. 103] Mentioned.

Deipyrus

A Greek captain.

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He fights alongside *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII576 [p. 273] He is killed by *Helennus* [p. 621].

Deisenor

A Trojan ally.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

Demeter

The goddess of harvests, sister of *Zeus* [p. 739], and mother of *Persephone* [p. 692].

BkII681 [p. 53] Her sanctuary at *Pyrusus* [p. 711].

BkV431 [p. 109] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] The golden-haired goddess of harvest.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] She bore Persephone (Kore) and Iacchus to her brother Zeus.

Democoon

A natural son of *Priam* [p. 706], who came from *Abydos* [p. 515] to assist his father against the Greeks, he was slain by Odysseus.

BkIV473 [p. 91] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Demoleon

A Trojan, he was the son of *Antenor* [p. 543] and *Theano* [p. 727].

BkXX353 [p. 420] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Demuchus

A Trojan, the son of *Philetor* [p. 695].

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Deucalion

King of *Minos* [p. 661], and father of *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXII80 [p. 242] *BkXIII402* [p. 269] *BkXVII597* [p. 368] Father of Idomeneus.

Deucalion, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Dexamene

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Dexius

See *Iphinous* [p. 639]

BkVII1 [p. 141] The father of Iphinous, a Greek.

Diocles

The Lord of *Pherae* [p. 694], and son of Ortilochus.

BkV519 [p. 111] Mentioned.

Diomedes

The daughter of *Phorbas* [p. 697] of *Lesbos* [p. 646], she was mistress to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkIX656 [p. 193] Mentioned.

Diomedes

The son of *Tydeus* [p. 737] king of *Argos* [p. 553], he was a Greek hero in the war against Troy.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists *Agamemnon* [p. 528] in sacrificing to the gods and rousing the troops.

BkII484 [p. 48] He led the contingent from the Argolid at Troy.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *BkIV422* [p. 88] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] urges him to fight. He shows support for the king.

BkV1 [p. 95] He is supported by *Athene* [p. 559], and kills *Phegeus* [p. 694].

BkV84 [p. 97] He is wounded by *Pandarus* [p. 681].

BkV166 [p. 100] *Aeneas* [p. 524] and Pandarus plan to fight him.

BkV239 [p. 102] He kills Pandarus.

BkV297 [p. 103] *BkV352* [p. 107] He wounds Aeneas and *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkV431 [p. 109] He is warned off by *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkV519 [p. 111] He urges on the Greeks.

BkV590 [p. 112] He falls back before *Ares* [p. 551].

BkV767 [p. 117] Athene urges him to attack Ares.

BkV846 [p. 119] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] He wounds Ares.

BkVI1 [p. 123] He kills *Axylus* [p. 564].

BkVI72 [p. 125] *Helenus* [p. 621] deems him the mightiest of the Greeks.

BkVI119 [p. 126] He meets *Glaucus* [p. 611] and exchanges armour with him.

BkVI237 [p. 129] The Trojans pray to *Athene* [p. 559] to destroy him, but she denies the request.

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVII379 [p. 152] He urges the Greeks to refuse any offer from *Paris* [p. 682].

BkVIII53 [p. 159] *BkVIII112* [p. 161] He goes to *Nestor's* [p. 667] assistance.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] *BkVIII212* [p. 163] He retreats with Nestor from the fight, but returns to the attack.

BkVIII489 [p. 171] Hector anticipates killing him.

BkIX1 [p. 177] He resists *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] counsel of despair.

BkIX656 [p. 193] He once more rouses the Greeks.

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- BkX72* [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] proposes summoning him.
- BkX131* [p. 200] *Nestor* [p. 667] rouses him.
- BkX194* [p. 201] He joins the counsel and volunteers to conduct a foray.
- BkX254* [p. 202] He arms and sets out with Odysseus to reconnoitre the Trojan camp.
- BkX299* [p. 204] *Odysseus* [p. 671] points out *Dolon* [p. 592] to him.
- BkX349* [p. 205] He and Odysseus capture Dolon.
- BkX412* [p. 206] He kills Dolon.
- BkX465* [p. 208] He kills thirteen Thracians, among them king *Rhesus* [p. 712].
- BkX515* [p. 211] He returns in triumph to the Greek camp with Odysseus.
- BkXI299* [p. 223] He and Odysseus make a stand against the Trojan onslaught.
- BkXI349* [p. 224] *BkXI655* [p. 232] *BkXVII* [p. 325] He is wounded by *Paris* [p. 682].
- BkXIV1* [p. 283] He and the other wounded generals are met by *Nestor* [p. 667].
- BkXIV82* [p. 285] He describes his lineage and offers his advice.
- BkXIV352* [p. 293] Though wounded he re-enters the fight.
- BkXIX1* [p. 393] He limps to the assembly.
- BkXXIII262* [p. 474] He competes in the chariot race.
- BkXXIII362* [p. 476] *BkXXIII448* [p. 478] *Athene* [p. 559] grants him the lead.
- BkXXIII499* [p. 479] He wins first prize.
- BkXXIII651* [p. 483] He seconds his cousin *Euryalus* [p. 607] in the boxing.
- BkXXIII799* [p. 488] He fights with Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] at the games.

Dion

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], east of modern Lichada village.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Dione

A female Titan, she was beloved by *Zeus* [p. 739], by whom she became the mother of *Aphrodite* [p. 546]. Her worship in the temples of Zeus suggests she may be an early incarnation of the primitive mother-goddess.

BkV352 [p. 107] She soothes her daughter Aphrodite after she is wounded.

Dionysus

The 'twice-born' god of the vine. The son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and Semele. His worship was celebrated with orgiastic rites borrowed from Phrygia. His female followers are the Maenades. He carries the *thyrsus*, a wand tipped with a pine-cone, the Maenads and Satyrs following him carrying ivy-twined fir branches as *thyrsi*. (See Caravaggio's painting –Bacchus – Uffizi, Florence)

BkVII119 [p. 129] He was persecuted by *Lycurgus* [p. 650], king of the Edones.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] The son of Zeus and Semele.

Diores, son of *Amarynceus* [p. 538]

A leader of the *Automedon* [p. 563].

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] Mentioned.

BkIV473 [p. 91] Killed by *Peiros* [p. 687].

Dius

A son of Priam.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Dodona

BkII681 [p. 53] A city in northern Thessaly near Mount Olympus? Possibly there was a sacred, and perhaps original, precinct of Zeus there, similar to that at the more famous Dodona in Epirus, originally sacred to Dione and later usurped by Zeus. If the latter is referred to here, the mysterious *Gouneus* [p. 613] ruled or roamed a very large tract of northern Greece which seems possible but unlikely.

BkXVI210 [p. 330] A reference to Dodona in Epirus? The priests there are the *Selloi* [p. 718] or Selli or Elloi or Elli, interpreters of Zeus' oracle there.

Dolon

A Trojan, the son of *Eumedes* [p. 606], who offers to spy on the Greeks.

BkX299 [p. 204] He sets out for the Greek camp.

BkX349 [p. 205] *BkX465* [p. 208] He is captured and questioned by *Odysseus* [p. 671] and *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkX412 [p. 206] Diomedes kills him.

Dolopians, Dolopes

The inhabitants of the south-western part of ancient Thessaly.

BkIX430 [p. 188] *Phoenix* [p. 696] became their king.

Dolopion

A Trojan priest of *Scamander* [p. 715].

BkVI1 [p. 95] 'The father of *Hypsenor*' [p. 632].

Dolops, a Greek

A leading Greek warrior, the son of Clytius.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Dolops, a Trojan

The son of *Lampus* [p. 642], son of *Laomedon* [p. 643].

BkXV514 [p. 316] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Doris

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666], named presumably after her mother, the wife of *Nereus* [p. 666].

Dorium

A city southeast of modern Dorion in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Doryclus

An illegitimate son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXI489 [p. 228] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Doto

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Dracius

An Epeian Greek leader.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack.

Dresus

BkVII [p. 123] A Trojan killed by *Euryalus* [p. 607].

Dryas, father of *Lycurgus* [p. 650]

BkVII119 [p. 129] Mentioned.

Dryas, a Lapith

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

Dryops

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Dulichium

Doulighion, an island near Ithaca. Its identification is problematic. Logically it would be the modern Levkas given the identification in the Odyssey of the other major islands.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Dymas

The Phrygian father of *Hecabe* [p. 616] and *Asius* [p. 556].

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He lived by the River *Sangarius* [p. 714].

Dynamene

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Earth

See *Ge* [p. 611]

Mother Earth, the personification of the planet. Mother of the Giants.

Echecles

A son of *Actor* [p. 521], and the nominal father of *Eudorus* [p. 606].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Mentioned.

Echeclus, son of *Agenor* [p. 531]

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Echeclus, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Echemmon

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Echepolus, a Trojan

A Trojan warrior, the son of *Thabysius* [p. 727].

BkIV422 [p. 88] Killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544], and first to die in the battle recounted in Book IV.

Echepolus, of Sicyon

A wealthy son of *Anchises* [p. 542] of *Sicyon* [p. 719].

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He gave *Agamemnon* [p. 528] his mare *Aetbe* [p. 527] to avoid going to the war.

Echinae

The islands east of Ithaca, in the Ionian Islands group.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Echius, father of *Mecisteus* [p. 653]

A Greek.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] *BkXIII402* [p. 269] Father of Mecisteus.

Echius, a Greek

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Polites* [p. 701].

Echius, a Lycian

BkXVI351 [p. 335] Killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Eeriboea, Eriboea

A wife of *Aloeus* [p. 537].

BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Eetion, father of *Andromache* [p. 543]

The father of *Hector's* [p. 617] wife, *Andromache*, he was the ruler of *Thebe* [p. 728] in Mysia. He was the father of *Podes*. [p. 701]

BkI357 [p. 22] *BkVIII157* [p. 162] Mentioned.

BkVI369 [p. 133] *BkIX162* [p. 181] *BkXXIII826* [p. 488] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517] at the taking of Thebe.

BkXVI101 [p. 327] Achilles won his horse *Pedasus* [p. 686] at the taking of Thebe.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] The father of *Andromache*.

Eetion, of Imbros

BkXXI34 [p. 431] He ransomed *Lycaon* [p. 648].

Eileithyiae

The goddesses of childbirth were daughters of *Hera* [p. 624], possibly also an epithet of *Artemis* [p. 555]. They (or she) were apparently worshipped in a cave near Amnisos on *Crete* [p. 581]. Cave sites near Amnisos have yielded evidence of Neolithic habitation, and Homer is possibly evoking memories of worship of the Great Goddess of Neolithic times into the later Bronze Age.

BkXI218 [p. 221] *BkXVI155* [p. 328] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] Mentioned.

Eilesium

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city near modern Arma in Tanagra.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Eionae

A city of the Argolid, near modern Ermioni town.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Eioneus, father of *Rhesus* [p. 712]

A king of Thrace.

BkX412 [p. 206] Mentioned.

Eioneus, a Greek

BkVII1 [p. 141] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Elasus

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Elatus

BkVII1 [p. 123] A Trojan killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Eleon

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, it lay southwest of modern Assopia near Arma in Tanagra.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkX254* [p. 202] Mentioned.

Elephenor

A son of *Abantes* [p. 515] in *Euboea* [p. 606].

BkII484 [p. 48] A leader of the Abantes at Troy.

BkIV422 [p. 88] Killed by *Agenor* [p. 531].

Elis

A city and country of the western Peloponnese. The city was near the modern village of Ilida, northeast of Amaliada.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned. The Ionian Islands lie west of Elis.

BkXI655 [p. 232] *Nestor* [p. 667] recounts a war between Elis and *Pylos* [p. 710].

Elong

A Thessalian city.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Emathia

Ancient Macedonia. The region next to *Pieria* [p. 699].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Mentioned.

Eneti

A Paphlagonian tribe who later migrated to become the Veneti of northern Italy.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Enienes

A tribe of southern Thessaly living on the banks of the River Spercheios.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Eniopeus

Charioteer to *Hector* [p. 617].

BkVIII112 [p. 161] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Enispe

A city in Arcadia, near modern Kamenitsa village north of Vytina.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Ennomus

A *Mysian* [p. 665] augur, he is an ally of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

Ennomus, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Ennosigaeus

See *Poseidon* [p. 705]

Enope

A city, Gerenia near Kalamata, in Messinia, near the coast east of the Pylian country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Enops, a Greek

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] The father of *Clytemedes* [p. 579].

Enops, a Trojan

BkXIV402 [p. 294] The father of *Satnius* [p. 715].

BkXVI351 [p. 335] The father of *Thestor* [p. 729].

Enosichthon

See *Poseidon* [p. 705]

Enyalios, see *Ares* [p. 551]

BkVII161 [p. 146] *BkVIII212* [p. 163] *BkXIII468* [p. 270] *BkXVIII198* [p. 358] *BkXXI* [p. 411]
An epithet for Ares.

Enyeus

Ruler of the city of *Scyros* [p. 717].

BkIX656 [p. 193] Mentioned.

Enyo

The goddess of war, who delighted in bloodshed and the destruction of towns, she accompanied *Ares* [p. 551] in battle. At Thebes and Orchomenos, a festival called Homolōia was celebrated in honour of Zeus, Demeter, Athene and Enyo. A statue of her, made by the sons of Praxiteles, stood in the temple of Ares at Athens.

BkV297 [p. 103] Mentioned.

BkV590 [p. 112] She fights alongside Ares.

Eos, Dawn

The goddess of the Dawn.

BkI428 [p. 24] *BkIX656* [p. 193] *BkXXIV776* [p. 512] Described as rosy-fingered.

BkVIII1 [p. 157] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] *BkXXIII192* [p. 472] *BkXXIV677* [p. 510] Described as saffron-robed.

BkXI1 [p. 215] Her husband is *Tithonus* [p. 735].

Eosphorus

Eosphorus was the Greek name for the planet Venus as the Morning Star. Hesperus was the planet as the Evening Star. Venus rising in the east in the morning is only visible before sunrise, dependent on its position in its orbit round the sun, and likewise setting in the west at evening is only visible after sunset.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] Mentioned.

Epaltēs

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Epeians

The rulers of *Elis* [p. 598], the people of King Epeius of Olympia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Their contingent at the war.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] They fight to repel the Trojan attack on the ships.

BkXV514 [p. 316] *Otus* [p. 680] a leader of the Epeians.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] King *Amarynceus* [p. 538] was commander of the Eleans.

Epeigeus

A *Myrmidon* [p. 664] leader, the son of *Agacles* [p. 528].

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Epeius

The son of *Panopeus* [p. 682], he was a Phocian from Parnassus. He was water-bearer to the House of *Atreus* [p. 561] and brought thirty ships to Troy from the Cyclades.

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] He wins the boxing contest.

BkXXIII826 [p. 488] He competes in the throwing contest.

Ephialtes

A son of *Aloeus*' [p. 537] wife Iphimedeia by *Poseidon* [p. 705]; brother of *Otus* [p. 679]. The Aloeidae were renowned for extraordinary strength and daring. They threatened the Olympian gods, and tried to pile Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa. They also put the god *Ares* [p. 551] in chains, and kept him imprisoned for thirteen months; so that he would have perished, had not *Hermes* [p. 626] been informed of it by *Eriboea* [p. 596], and secretly freed him.

BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Ephyre, see *Corinth* [p. 580]

BkVII119 [p. 129] Ancient Corinth, home of *Sisyphus* [p. 720].

Ephyre

A district near Corinth.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkXV514 [p. 316] The river *Selleis* [p. 718] there.

Ephyri

An unknown early Greek tribe in Macedonia and elsewhere - Strabo calls them Crannonians.

BkXIII239 [p. 265] Mentioned.

Epicles

A Trojan, friend of *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

BkXII378 [p. 251] Killed by *Ajax*. [p. 532]

Epidaurus

A city of the north-eastern Argolid, southeast of the modern township of Epidaurous.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Epistor

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Epistrophus

A leader of the *Haliζones* [p. 616].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Epistrophus, son of *Evenus* [p. 610]

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Epistrophus, son of *Iphitus* [p. 639]

A son of Iphitus by Hippolyte, he commanded the Phocians in the war against Troy, along with his brother *Schedius* [p. 717].

BkII484 [p. 48] A leader of the Phocians.

Epytus

See *Periphas* [p. 692]

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Father of Periphas.

Erebus

The Underworld. The realm of *Hades* [p. 614].

BkVIII335 [p. 166] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] Mentioned.

BkIX527 [p. 190] The dwelling place of the *Fury* [p. 604] (Furies)

Erectheus

Legendary hero-king of *Athens* [p. 561], son of Pandion, father of Orithyia and Procris.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Eretria

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], near modern Chalkida.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Ereuthalion

An Arcadian, who, in the armour of *Areithous* [p. 551], which *Lycurgus* [p. 650] had given him, fought against the Pylians at *Pheia* [p. 694], but was slain by *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkIV250 [p. 84] *BkVII120* [p. 145] Mentioned.

Erichthonius

A son of *Astyochē* [p. 558] and father of *Tros* [p. 736].

BkXX153 [p. 416] An ancestor of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Erinyes, Furies

Also called (by euphemism, the Eumenides, or beneficent ones) they were originally a personification of the curses pronounced on a guilty criminal. Subsequently they were the pursuers of the guilty (the voices of conscience).

BkIX430 [p. 188] Invoked by *Amyntor* [p. 541].

BkIX527 [p. 190] Roused (in the singular), by *Althaea's* [p. 538] curse, to pursue *Meleager* [p. 655], from her place in Erebus.

BkXV149 [p. 305] They support the first-born against the younger siblings.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] One of the three forces, with *Fate* [p. 610] and *Zeus* [p. 739], determining human destiny. Homer makes *Ate* [p. 559] a Fury, and the daughter of Zeus.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] invokes them as the punishers of perjurers.

BkXIX338 [p. 405] They silence the prophetic utterance of *Xanthus* [p. 738], *Achilles'* [p. 517] horse.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] Invoked by *Hera* [p. 624] against *Ares* [p. 551] for siding with the Trojans.

Eriopis

Wife to *Oileus* [p. 674].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] *BkXV328* [p. 311] *Medon* [p. 653] her stepson killed her kinsman.

Eris, Strife

The goddess who rouses strife and discord, she was a sister and companion to *Ares* [p. 551].

BkIV422 [p. 88] *BkV431* [p. 109] *BkXX1* [p. 411] Mentioned.

Eriunius

See *Hermes* [p. 626]

Erylaus

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Erymas, a Trojan

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

Erymas, a second Trojan

BkXVI351 [p. 335] Killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Erythini

A city in Paphlagonia, beneath two high reddish-coloured peaks, near Sesamus.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Erythrae

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Eteocles

The son of Oedipus and Iocaste, and brother of *Polyneices* [p. 704] and Antigone. After his father's flight from *Thebes* [p. 728], he and his brother Polyneices undertook the government of Thebes by turns. But, in consequence of disputes having arisen between the brothers, Polyneices fled to Adrastus, who then brought about the expedition of the Seven against Thebes. When many of the heroes had fallen, Eteocles and Polyneices resolved upon deciding the contest by a single combat, but both the brothers fell.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Eteonus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Ethiopia

A name the Greeks gave the regions furthest from Greece where the sun rises and sets, therefore the lands on the opposite side of the Earth, vaguely, also, the country in North Africa.

BkI428 [p. 24] *BkXXIII192* [p. 472] The edge of *Ocean* [p. 670].

Euaemon

Father of *Eurypylus* [p. 608] of Ormenion.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkV1* [p. 95] *BkVII161* [p. 146] *BkVIII212* [p. 163] *BkXI543* [p. 229] *BkXI804* [p. 235] Mentioned.

Euboea

The large island (modern Evvoia) close to eastern Greece separated from it by the Euboean Gulf. Also called Euripos, and Negropont. It contained *Aegae* [p. 523]. *Anthedon* [p. 544] was on the mainland across the Gulf from Euboea.

BkII484 [p. 48] Its Greek contingents at the war.

Euchenor

The son of the seer *Polyidus* [p. 703], of *Corinth* [p. 580].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] Killed by *Paris* [p. 682].

Eudorus

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Leader of a company of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

Euippus

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Eumedes

A Trojan herald, father of *Dolon* [p. 592] the spy.

BkX299 [p. 204] *BkX412* [p. 206] Mentioned.

Eumelus

A son of *Admetus* [p. 521] and *Alcestis* [p. 536].

BkII681 [p. 53] A Thessalian leader at Troy.

BkII760 [p. 55] He drove his father's horses.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He competes in the chariot race.

BkXXIII362 [p. 476] *BkXXIII448* [p. 478] *Athene* [p. 559] wrecks his chariot.

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] He comes in last in the race.

Euneos

A son of *Jason* [p. 634] by *Hypsipyle* [p. 632] he was King of *Lemnos* [p. 645].

BkVII433 [p. 153] He sends wine to the Greeks at Troy.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *BkXXIII740* [p. 486] He purchased *Lycaon* [p. 648], giving *Patroclus* [p. 684], on behalf of Achilles, a silver bowl in exchange.

Euphemus

A Ciconian leader of spearmen.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Euphetes

A King of *Ephyre* [p. 602] in Elis.

BkXV514 [p. 316] He gave *Phyleus* [p. 699] a metal-plated corselet.

Euphorbus

The Dardanian, son of *Panthous* [p. 682].

BkXVI777 [p. 345] He wounds *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] *BkXVIII82* [p. 355] He is killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Euryalus

A son of *Mecisteus* [p. 653], he was one of the Epigoni who took and destroyed Thebes.

BkII484 [p. 48] A leader of the Argives at Troy.

BkVI11 [p. 123] He kills *Opheltius* [p. 676], *Aeseopus* [p. 526] and *Pedasus* [p. 686].

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] He is defeated in the boxing.

Eurybates

Herald to *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkIII155 [p. 39] Eurybates of Ithaca. Mentioned as Odysseus' squire.

BkIX162 [p. 181] A member of the embassy to *Achilles* [p. 517].

Eurybates

Herald to *Agamemnon*. [p. 528]

BkI318 [p. 21] He is sent to seize *Briseis* [p. 567].

Eurydamas

A Trojan interpreter of dreams.

BkV84 [p. 97] His sons killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Eurymedon

Attendant to *Agamemnon* [p. 528], he was the son of *Ptolemy* [p. 709].

BkIV198 [p. 83] He tends Agamemnon's chariot and horses.

Eurymedon

Attendant and charioteer to *Nestor* [p. 667]

BkVIII112 [p. 161] Mentioned.

BkXI596 [p. 230] He attends to Nestor's chariot and horses.

Eurynome

She was a daughter of *Oceanus* [p. 670]. When *Hephaestus* [p. 623] was expelled by *Hera* [p. 624] from Olympus, Eurynome and *Thetis* [p. 730] received him in the bosom of the sea. By *Zeus* [p. 739] she became the mother of the *Charites* [p. 575].

BkXVIII368 [p. 384] Mentioned.

Eurypylus, son of *Euaemon* [p. 606]

A son of Euaemon and Ops, he led the men of Ormenion to Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkV1 [p. 95] He killed *Hypsenor* [p. 632].

BkVI1 [p. 123] He killed *Melanthius* [p. 655].

BkVIII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] He attacks the Trojans.

BkXI543 [p. 229] *BkXI655* [p. 232] *BkXVII* [p. 325] He supports *Ajax* [p. 532], but is wounded.

BkXI804 [p. 235] *BkXIII* [p. 241] *BkXV379* [p. 312] *Patroclus* [p. 684] assists him.

Eurypylus, of Cos

A son of Poseidon and Astypalaea, he was king of Cos, and was killed by Heracles who on his return from Asia Minor landed in Cos, and being taken for a pirate, was attacked by its inhabitants.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Eurystheus

King of Tiryns, he was a grandson of *Perseus* [p. 692]. He was prompted by *Hera* [p. 624] to set *Heracles* [p. 625] the Twelve Labours.

BkVIII335 [p. 166] *BkXV565* [p. 317] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] Mentioned.

Eurytus, son of Actor[p. 521]

He was one of the two Moliones, a patronymic name by which Eurytus and Cteatus, the sons of Actor, or Poseidon, by Molione, are designated. They were nephews of Augeas, king of the Epeians. As sons of Actor, they are also called Actoridae.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Eurytus

The King of *Oechalia* [p. 673] in Thessaly, and father of *Iphitus* [p. 639]. He was a fine archer, taught by *Apollo* [p. 547] himself. He competed with *Hercules* [p. 625] who subsequently killed Iphitus.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkII681* [p. 53] Mentioned.

Eussorus

BkVII [p. 123] The father of *Acamas* [p. 516] the Thracian.

Eutresis

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Kapareli.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Evenus, father of *Mynes* [p. 664]

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Evenus

See *Marpessa* [p. 652]

BkIX527 [p. 190] The father of Marpessa.

Exadius

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

Fate, Aesa, Cer, Moira

BkXVI777 [p. 345] etc. The power of fate or destiny.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] One of the three forces, with Zeus and the *Furies* [p. 604], determining human destiny.

Furies

See *Erinyes* [p. 604]

Galatea

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666]. According to Ovid (the only source) Acis was loved by Galatea, and Polyphemus the Cyclops, jealous of him, crushed him under a huge rock. His blood was changed by the nymph into the river Acis or Acinius at the foot of mount Aetna.

Ganymedes

A son of *Tros* [p. 736], and the most beautiful of all mortals, he was carried off by the gods to be cupbearer to Zeus. Zeus compensated the father for his loss with the present of divine horses.

BkV239 [p. 102] *BkXX153* [p. 416] Mentioned.

Gargarus

The highest peak of Mount *Ida* [p. 634] near Troy.

BkVIII1 [p. 157] Mentioned.

*BkXIV*292 [p. 290] *BkXIV*352 [p. 293] *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Hera* [p. 624] make love there.
*BkXV*149 [p. 305] A seat of Zeus.

Ge, Earth [p. 595]

Geranian

An epithet for *Nestor* [p. 667], it indicates his venerable age or possibly a placename. (For the latter see Strabo, *Geography*, Book VIII, 3.)

*BkII*333 [p. 45] *BkII*394 [p. 46] *BkII*581 [p. 51] *BkIV*250 [p. 84] *BkXIV*1 [p. 283] etc. An epithet for Nestor.

Glaphyrae

An ancient city in Thessaly near the modern Glafyra village northwest of Nea Ionia.

*BkII*681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Glauce

*BkXVIII*1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666]. A personification of the sea's blue-green colour.

Glaucus, father of *Bellerophon* [p. 565]

A grandson of *Aeolus* [p. 525], he was a son of *Sisyphus* [p. 720] and Merope, and father of Bellerophontes. He lived at Potniae, despised the power of *Aphrodite* [p. 546], and fed his horses on human flesh, to make them spirited and warlike. This excited the anger of Aphrodite or the gods in general, who punished him

*BkVI*119 [p. 129] The son of *Sisyphus* [p. 720].

Glaucus, son of *Hippolochus* [p. 628]

A son of Hippolochus, and grandson of Bellerophontes, he was a *Xanthus* [p. 738] to the assistance of Priam.

*BkII*811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

*BkVI*119 [p. 129] He meets *Diomedes* [p. 590] and exchanges armour with him.

*BkVII*1 [p. 141] He kills *Iphinous* [p. 639].

*BkXII*80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the fifth company.

BkXII290 [p. 249] *Sarpedon* [p. 714] urges him on.

BkXII329 [p. 250] He joins the battle.

BkXII378 [p. 251] He is wounded by *Tencer* [p. 725].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] He rouses the Lycians to save Sarpedon's corpse.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He kills *Bathycles* [p. 565].

BkXVII140 [p. 356] He berates *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] summons him to battle.

Glisas

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, on the site of modern Ypato village northeast of Thiva.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Gonoessa

An ancient city near Corinth, near modern Pellini village, southwest of Xylokastro township.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Gorgon, Gorgo, Medusa

Medusa was the best known of the Three Gorgons, the daughters of Phorcys. A winged monster with snake locks, glaring eyes and brazen claws whose gaze turned men to stone. Her sisters were Stheino and Euryale.

BkVIII335 [p. 166] Her glaring eyes.

BkXI1 [p. 215] Depicted on *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] shield.

Gorgythion

Hector's [p. 617] charioteer.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tencer* [p. 725].

Gortys, Gortyn

The ancient city in south central Crete, lay on the plain of Mesara, in modern Iraklion (near the village of Agioi Deka). Probably a term also for the region around.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Gouneus

A leader of the Eniemes and Perrhaebi at Troy. His city is Cyphus, location unknown but presumed to be in Thessaly near Mount Olympus.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Graces, Charites

The goddesses of beauty, they were the daughters of Eurynome and *Zeus* [p. 739]. Their names were *Pasithea* [p. 684], Cale, and Euphrosyne. In the Renaissance conceit they represent Giving, Receiving and Thanking.

BkV297 [p. 103] They made the divine robe worn by *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] promises Pasithea to *Hypnos* [p. 631], for his help.

Graea

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Granicus

A river flowing from the Ida range. It had its headwaters in the foothills of Mount Ida, and emptied into the Hellespont near the Mysian town of Priapos.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Gygaeon Lake

The modern lake, Marmara Gölü, near Sazköy, Manisa (Turkey).

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXX353* [p. 420] Mentioned.

Gyrtius

See *Hyrtius* [p. 633]

BkXIV458 [p. 296] The father of Hyrtius.

Gyrtone

A Thessalian city southwest of modern Makrychori.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Hades

The Halls of the Dead, which are in the underworld, it is also a title for their god. Hades is not the lowest pit, nor specifically a place of punishment, for which *Tartarus* [p. 724] is reserved. Hades was a son of *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Rhea* [p. 712]. He shares dominion of the world with his brothers *Zeus* [p. 739] who rules the Earth and Heavens, and *Poseidon* [p. 705] who rules the sea.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkIII310* [p. 70] *BkV166* [p. 100] *BkVI237* [p. 129] *BkVII313* [p. 150] *BkVIII1* [p. 157] *BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXV220* [p. 307] *BkXX259* [p. 418] *BkXXIII1* [p. 449] *BkXXII405* [p. 461] *BkXXIII192* [p. 472] *BkXXIV200* [p. 497] *BkXXIV552* [p. 507] The destination for the dead, in particular slain warriors.

BkV590 [p. 112] *BkXI401* [p. 226] *BkXVI569* [p. 340] Hades, its god, represented as Horse Lord.

BkV767 [p. 117] The Cyclopes gave Hades a helmet of darkness, or invisibility, (they gave Zeus a thunderbolt, and Poseidon a trident), here donned by *Athene* [p. 559] to hide her from *Ares* [p. 551] (an example of the elder gods possessing superior magic).

BkVIII335 [p. 166] *BkXIII402* [p. 269] Hades, its god, called the Closer and Warden of the Gate. The Hound of Hell, the Guardian of the Gate, was elsewhere named Cerberus.

BkIX79 [p. 179] Hated by mortals as the harshest and most unyielding of gods.

BkIX307 [p. 184] The Gates of Hades, an example of something hated.

BkIX430 [p. 188] Described as the Zeus of the Underworld. *Persephone* [p. 692] is his bride.

BkIX527 [p. 190] Invoked by *Althaea* [p. 538], when cursing her son.

BkXV149 [p. 305] He shares dominion over the world with his brothers, as King of the Dead.

BkXX1 [p. 411] Called Aidoneus, the lord of the dead. He is fearful of the earthquakes caused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXXII188 [p. 453] When weighed in the balance, *Hector's* [p. 617] lot sinks towards

Earth and therefore Hades.

BkXXII247 [p. 454] Hector's spirit flees to Hades, on death.

BkXXIII54 [p. 468] *Achilles* [p. 517] perceives Hades as a place of spirits with semblances but without powers of reason.

Haemon

See *Maeon* [p. 651]

The father of Maeon. A son of Creon of Thebes.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Haemon

See *Laerces* [p. 642]

BkXVII384 [p. 362] The father of Laerces, and grandfather of *Alcimedon* [p. 536].

Haemon

BkIV250 [p. 84] A leader of the Pylian contingent at Troy.

Halcyone

Haliartus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Halie

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666]. The plural Haliae is used as a name for sea nymphs in general.

Halius

A Lycian.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Halizones

A tribe allied to Troy, of unknown origin. Strabo (in his *Geography*) speculates that ‘distant Alybe’ may originally have read ‘distant Chalybe’, and he suggests that the Halizones may have been Chalybes, as well as Khaldi, thus associated with ancient metal-working, especially iron and steel. (The Chalybes settled in north Anatolia, near the shores of the Black Sea, from the Halys to Pharnakeia and Trabzon in the east and as far south as Lesser Armenia. Immediately to the east of these Khalib lived the related Khaldi or Kardu people, thought to be the ancestors of the Georgians (*Kartvelebi*). The Chalybs are also thought to be proto-Georgians.)

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkV1 [p. 95] *Odius* [p. 671] their leader is killed.

Harma

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Arma in Tanagra.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Harmon

See *Tecton* [p. 724]

BkV1 [p. 95] The father of Tecton.

Harpalion

A *Paphlagonian* [p. 682], the son of *Pylaemenes* [p. 710].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] Killed by *Meriones* [p. 658].

Hebe

The goddess personifying youth, she is a daughter of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Hera* [p. 624], and cupbearer to the gods.

BkIV1 [p. 79] She pouts nectar for the gods on Olympus.

BkV703 [p. 115] She readies Hera’s chariot.

BkV846 [p. 119] She bathes and dresses *Aras* [p. 551].

Hecabe

In Latin Hecuba, a daughter of *Dymas* [p. 594] of Phrygia, and second wife of *Priam* [p. 706], king of Troy, she was the mother of Hector.

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BkVI172 [p. 126] *Athene* [p. 559].

BkVI237 [p. 129] She goes to pray at the shrine of Athene on the Trojan Acropolis.

BkVI440 [p. 136] Hector foresees her fall.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] Her brother *Asius* [p. 556] the Phrygian.

BkXXIII [p. 449] She tries to persuade Hector to retreat within the city.

BkXXII188 [p. 453] The mother of *Deiphobus* [p. 587].

BkXXII405 [p. 461] She grieves for Hector.

BkXXIV141 [p. 496] Priam tells her of his message from *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] She tries to dissuade Priam from going to the Greek ships.

BkXXIV281 [p. 499] She encourages Priam to pray to Zeus and ask for an omen.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] *BkXXIV718* [p. 511] She mourns over the corpse of Hector.

Hecamede

The daughter of *Arsinous* [p. 555] of *Tenedos* [p. 725], she was given as a slave to *Achilles* [p. 517] took the island.

BkXI596 [p. 230] She serves refreshment to Nestor and his guest.

BkXIV1 [p. 283] She prepares a hot bath for *Machaon* [p. 651], Nestor's guest.

Hector

A son of *Priam* [p. 706] he was the chief hero of the Trojan army.

BkI223 [p. 17] The first mention of the Trojan hero.

BkII394 [p. 46] *BkXI804* [p. 235] The most noted of the Trojan warriors.

BkII760 [p. 55] *Iris* [p. 640] urges him to assemble the armies.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIV473* [p. 91] *BkV166* [p. 100] He is leader of the Trojan host.

BkIII1 [p. 63] *BkIII58* [p. 64] He berates *Paris* [p. 682] for his apparent cowardice.

BkIII310 [p. 70] He marks out the ground for the duel.

BkV431 [p. 109] *Sarpedon* [p. 714] exhorts him to fight.

BkV590 [p. 112] He leads the Trojans and kills *Anchialus* [p. 542].

BkV703 [p. 115] He wreaks havoc among the Greeks.

BkVI172 [p. 126] *BkVI237* [p. 129] He goes to the citadel of Troy to urge prayer.

BkVI312 [p. 132] He rouses Paris, and speaks to *Helen* [p. 621].

BkVI369 [p. 133] He takes leave of his wife *Andromache* [p. 543] and son *Astyanax* [p. 558].

BkVI440 [p. 136] He foresees the fall of Troy.

BkVI494 [p. 137] *BkVII1* [p. 141] He returns to the battlefield with Paris.

BkVII1 [p. 141] *BkVII54* [p. 143] *BkVII120* [p. 145] *BkVII161* [p. 146] *Athene* [p. 559] and *Apollo* [p. 547] lead him to issue a challenge.

BkVII233 [p. 147] He breaks off combat with *Ajax* [p. 532] and they exchange gifts.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] *BkVIII112* [p. 161] He moves to attack *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkVIII157 [p. 162] *BkVIII212* [p. 163] He taunts *Diomedes* [p. 590] and attacks the Greeks, penning them in by the ships.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] He wounds *Teucer* [p. 725].

BkVIII335 [p. 166] He drives the Greeks to their ships.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] Zeus prophesies his supremacy until *Achilles* [p. 517] returns to the fight.

BkVIII489 [p. 171] He addresses the troops encamped before Troy.

BkIX222 [p. 182] *BkIX307* [p. 184] The Greeks fear his onslaught.

BkIX606 [p. 192] Achilles vows not to fight till Hector reaches his ship.

BkX194 [p. 201] The Greeks assemble at the point where Hector had turned back.

BkX299 [p. 204] *BkX515* [p. 211] He assembles the Trojan leaders and asks for a volunteer, sending out Dolon to spy on the Greeks.

BkX349 [p. 205] *Odysseus* [p. 671] questions *Dolon* [p. 592] as to Hector's whereabouts.

BkXI1 [p. 215] He leads the Trojans into battle.

BkXI163 [p. 219] *Zeus* [p. 739] sends *Iris* [p. 640] to deliver instructions to him.

BkXI218 [p. 221] He is liberated by *Agamemnon's* [p. 528] withdrawal from the field, and follows Zeus' instructions to rouse the Trojans and attack.

BkXI299 [p. 223] He attacks the Greeks and in particular *Diomedes* [p. 590] and *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkXI349 [p. 224] Diomedes strikes him harmlessly with his spear.

BkXI489 [p. 228] He fights on the left flank by the Scamander then moves to the right avoiding *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkXIII1 [p. 241] *BkXII80* [p. 242] *BkXII290* [p. 249] *BkXIII723* [p. 277] He leads an attack on the Greek ships.

BkXII175 [p. 246] He rejects *Polydamas'* [p. 702] interpretation of the omen of eagle and snake.

BkXII251 [p. 248] *BkXII378* [p. 251] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] Zeus aids him and the Trojans.

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BkXII442 [p. 252] *BkXIII1* [p. 257] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] He shatters the gates in the Greek wall, and is first man inside. He drives the Greeks back towards the ships.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] He kills *Antimachus* [p. 545].

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He agrees to re-group, and finds *Paris* [p. 682] in the front ranks.

BkXIV352 [p. 293] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] He leads the Trojan attack on the ships.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He is wounded by *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkXV1 [p. 301] Zeus predicts his killing of *Patroclus* [p. 684], and his subsequent death at the hands of *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXV220 [p. 307] *Apollo* [p. 547] re-invigorates him, and assists the Trojans.

BkXV281 [p. 310] Hector and Apollo rout the Greeks.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Stichius* [p. 722] and *Arcesilaus* [p. 550].

BkXV379 [p. 312] He kills *Lycophron* [p. 649].

BkXV458 [p. 314] He rouses his troops.

BkXV514 [p. 316] He kills *Schedius* [p. 717].

BkXV565 [p. 317] He kills *Periphetes* [p. 692] and closes in on the ships.

BkXV653 [p. 319] He reaches the ship of *Protesilaus* [p. 708].

BkXVI101 [p. 327] He forces *Ajax* [p. 532] to retreat.

BkXVI351 [p. 335] His horses carry him from the field.

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Glaucus* [p. 611] seeks him on the battlefield.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He kills *Epegius* [p. 601].

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is urged by *Apollo* [p. 547] to return to the battle.

BkXVI726 [p. 344] He fights with *Patroclus* [p. 684] over *Cebriones*' [p. 573] body.

BkXVI777 [p. 345] *BkXVIII1* [p. 375] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] He finishes Patroclus off.

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] *Apollo* [p. 547] disguised as *Mentes* [p. 658] rouses him to fight.

BkXVIII82 [p. 355] He advances to secure Patroclus' armour, the armour of *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXVIII140 [p. 356] *BkXVIII656* [p. 369] He wears Achilles' armour.

BkXVIII198 [p. 358] Zeus grants him power, but predicts his death.

BkXVIII262 [p. 359] He kills *Schedius* [p. 717].

BkXVIII319 [p. 361] *Aeneas* [p. 524] calls for his support.

- BkXVII384* [p. 362] Zeus decides he shall not have *Achilles*' [p. 517] immortal horses.
- BkXVII481* [p. 365] He attacks *Automedon* [p. 563].
- BkXVII543* [p. 366] He reacts to the death of his friend *Podes* [p. 701].
- BkXVII597* [p. 368] He wounds *Coeranus* [p. 580].
- BkXVII722* [p. 371] *BkXVIII148* [p. 379] *BkXIX145* [p. 398] *BkXXI1* [p. 429] He leads an attack on the Greeks.
- BkXVIII78* [p. 377] *Achilles* [p. 517] intends to kill him.
- BkXVIII243* [p. 381] He foolishly rejects *Polydamas*' [p. 702] advice.
- BkXVIII310* [p. 383] Achilles promises to return to *Patroclus*' [p. 684] grave with Hector's severed head.
- BkXIX1* [p. 393] Hector had benefited from Achilles' absence from the field.
- BkXX75* [p. 414] Achilles is eager to fight him.
- BkXX153* [p. 416] *Aeneas* [p. 524] explains his and Hector's joint lineage.
- BkXX353* [p. 420] *Apollo* [p. 547] warns him to steer clear of *Achilles* [p. 517].
- BkXX419* [p. 422] Apollo saves him from Achilles.
- BkXXI200* [p. 435] His death at the hands of Achilles is again indicated by the gods.
- BkXXIII1* [p. 449] He awaits Achilles by the *Scaean* [p. 715] Gate, and ignores the pleas of *Priam* [p. 706] and *Hecabe* [p. 616].
- BkXXII90* [p. 451] He debates his options with himself.
- BkXXII131* [p. 452] Achilles pursues him round the walls of Troy.
- BkXXII188* [p. 453] *Athene* [p. 559] incites him to stand and fight Achilles.
- BkXXII247* [p. 454] Deceived by Athene, disguised as *Deiphobus* [p. 587], he is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517] whose fate he prophesies.
- BkXXII367* [p. 459] Achilles drags his corpse behind his chariot.
- BkXXII405* [p. 461] He is mourned for in Troy.
- BkXXIII1* [p. 467] *Achilles* [p. 517] drags his corpse to *Patroclus*' [p. 684] bier.
- BkXXIII108* [p. 469] *Aphrodite* [p. 546] and *Apollo* [p. 547] protect his corpse.
- BkXXIV1* [p. 493] *BkXXIV77* [p. 495] Achilles abuses his corpse, while *Zeus* [p. 739] determines it should be returned to *Priam* [p. 706].
- BkXXIV200* [p. 497] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] *BkXXIV468* [p. 504] Priam prepares to ransom his corpse.
- BkXXIV552* [p. 507] Achilles prepares the corpse for return to Troy.
- BkXXIV621* [p. 508] Achilles allows a truce for Hector's funeral.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] *BkXXIV718* [p. 511] Priam brings his body back to Troy.
BkXXIV776 [p. 512] His funeral rites.

Helen

The daughter of Leda and *Zeus* [p. 739] (Tyndareus was her putative father), sister of *Clytemnaestra* [p. 579], and the *Dioscuri* [p. 572]. The wife of *Paris* [p. 682], to *Troy* [p. 737], instigating the Trojan War, which she survived.

BkIII155 [p. 39] *BkII333* [p. 45] *BkII581* [p. 51] *BkIII58* [p. 64] *BkIX307* [p. 184] *BkXXII90* [p. 451]

The cause (or pretext) of the war, Helen of *Argos* [p. 553].

BkIII121 [p. 66] *Priam* [p. 706].

BkIII181 [p. 67] She points out the notable Greek warriors to Priam.

BkIII245 [p. 69] *BkIV1* [p. 79] *BkIV127* [p. 81] The prize of the duel between Menelaus and Paris.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkIII395* [p. 73] *Aphrodite* [p. 546] visits her and summons her to Paris' room.

BkVI1312 [p. 132] She speaks to *Hector* [p. 617].

BkVII313 [p. 150] *Antenor* [p. 543] proposes her return to Achaea.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] The loveliest of the women at Troy.

BkXI84 [p. 217] *Antimachus* [p. 545] opposed returning her to the Greeks.

BkXI349 [p. 224] *BkXI489* [p. 228] *BkXIII723* [p. 277] Paris described as her husband.

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] *BkXXIV776* [p. 512] She grieves for Hector.

Helenus

A Greek.

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Ares* [p. 551].

Helenus, son of *Priam* [p. 706]

A son of Priam and Hecabe, he was skilled in augury.

BkVI172 [p. 125] He urges *Aeneas* [p. 524] and *Hector* [p. 617] to rally the Trojans.

BkVII1 [p. 141] He is inspired to advise Hector to issue a challenge.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the third company.

The Iliad

BkXIII576 [p. 273] He kills *Deipyrus* [p. 588] and is wounded in the hand by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXIII723 [p. 277] Hector seeks but fails to find him in the front ranks.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Helicaon

A son of *Antenor* [p. 543], and husband of *Laodice* [p. 643] daughter of Priam.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Helice

An ancient city on the Gulf of Corinth, northwest of modern Eliki village, northwest of Diakopto town-ship, near the mouth of the Selinous River, 20 miles east of Pátrai, Helice was noted for its sanctuary of Poseidon, and was a seat of the First Achaean League confederation on the Gulf of Corinth. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 373 B.C. Its ruins and those of a 4,500-year-old Bronze Age settlement that met a similar fate were discovered in 2000 and 2001 respectively.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] *BkXX353* [p. 420] A site of worship of *Poseidon* [p. 705].

Helius, see *Hyperion* [p. 631]

BkVII379 [p. 152] The sun.

Hellas

Greece, also specifically northern Greece. In the Iliad it also refers to *Achilles'* [p. 517] territory in Thessaly.

BkII484 [p. 48] The pan-Hellene concept of Greece.

BkII681 [p. 53] Its contingent to the war at Troy.

BkIX307 [p. 184] *BkIX430* [p. 188] Achilles' homeland. The land of lovely women.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] The home of *Bathycles* [p. 565] son of *Chalcon* [p. 574].

Hellespont, Dardanelles

The straits that link the Propontis with the Aegean Sea, were named after Helle, and close to the site of Troy. Helle was the daughter of Athamas and Nephele, and

sister of Phrixus. Escaping from Ino's malice, on the golden ram, she fell into the sea and was drowned, giving her name to the straits.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXXIV468* [p. 504] The border of *Thrace* [p. 732].

BkVII54 [p. 143] *BkXIII* [p. 241] *BkXV220* [p. 307] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] *BkXVIII148* [p. 379] *BkXXIII* [p. 467]

BkXXIV281 [p. 499] The shore was a prominent site near Troy, where the Greek ships were drawn up.

Helos, in Laconia

A city in Laconia, it lay west of modern Skala.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Helos, in *Nestor's realm* [p. 667]

A city in Messinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Hephaestus

The son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkI568 [p. 29] He acts as peacemaker to the gods.

BkII48 [p. 35] He made the sceptre *Agamemnon* [p. 528] bears. Its history is given.

BkII394 [p. 46] Mythologically, Prometheus stole fire from the gods on behalf of man, and specifically from Hephaestus' forge.

BkVI [p. 95] *Dares* [p. 586], a priest of his at Troy.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] The maker of *Nestor's* [p. 667] golden shield.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] *BkXIV292* [p. 290] He had fashioned rooms for the gods, including Zeus and Hera, fitted with strong doors and hidden locks.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] The son of Hera, and a skilled artisan.

BkXV149 [p. 305] He supports the Greeks.

BkXV281 [p. 310] He made the aegis (sacred breastplate) for Zeus.

BkXVII82 [p. 355] The god of fire, as smith to the gods. Hector's armour gleams like fire.

BkXVIII78 [p. 377] *BkXVIII148* [p. 379] *Thetis* [p. 730] intends to ask him for fresh armour for *Achilles* [p. 517].

*BkXVIII*468 [p. 386] *BkXIX*1 [p. 393] *BkXIX*338 [p. 405] *BkXX*259 [p. 418] *BkXXII*247 [p. 454] He forges new armour for Achilles.

BkXXI [p. 411] He had built the colonnades of Zeus' palace. He enters the war supporting the Greeks.

*BkXXI*298 [p. 438] He opposes *Xanthus* [p. 715] with his fires, and the River-god capitulates.

Heptaporus

A river flowing from the Ida range.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Hera

The Queen of the Gods, she was the sister and wife of *Zeus* [p. 739].

*BkI*53 [p. 13] She prompts *Achilles* [p. 517] to speak. She is called white-armed Hera.

*BkI*188 [p. 16] She sends *Athene* [p. 559] to counsel Achilles.

*BkI*357 [p. 22] She once attacked and bound Zeus.

*BkI*488 [p. 26] Zeus anticipates her opposition to his support for the Trojans.

*BkI*531 [p. 27] *BkI*568 [p. 29] She argues with Zeus.

BkIII [p. 33] Zeus uses her name in a false dream sent to *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

*BkIII*155 [p. 39] She prompts Athene to stop the Greeks sailing home.

*BkIV*1 [p. 79] *BkIX*222 [p. 182] *BkXV*149 [p. 305] She insists on prolonging the war and supports the Greeks.

*BkV*352 [p. 107] She was once wounded by *Heracles* [p. 625].

*BkV*703 [p. 115] *BkV*767 [p. 117] *BkV*846 [p. 119] She rouses Athene to enter the fray with her to support *Diomedes* [p. 590].

*BkVII*379 [p. 152] *BkX*299 [p. 204] *BkXIII*136 [p. 262] *BkXVII* [p. 325] The wife of Zeus. He is therefore her lord.

*BkVIII*157 [p. 162] *BkVIII*212 [p. 163] She is angered by *Hector's* [p. 617] boasting, and prompts Agamemnon to rally the Greeks.

*BkVIII*335 [p. 166] She rouses Athene to halt the Trojan advance.

*BkVIII*397 [p. 168] *Zeus* [p. 739] indicates her habitual defiance of his commands.

*BkVIII*438 [p. 170] She speaks up in opposition to Zeus.

- BkXI1* [p. 215] She honours *Agamemnon* [p. 528].
- BkXI218* [p. 221] The *goddesses* [p. 597] of childbirth are her daughters.
- BkXIV135* [p. 286] She borrows *Aphrodite's* [p. 546] magic belt to seduce Zeus.
- BkXIV224* [p. 288] She elicits the help of Sleep (*Hypnos* [p. 631]).
- BkXIV292* [p. 290] *BkXIV352* [p. 293] She tempts Zeus into making love on *Gargarus* [p. 610].
- BkXV1* [p. 301] Zeus tells her the course of the war and his will, and issues his commands to her.
- BkXV78* [p. 304] Hera goes to Olympus to address the gods.
- BkXVI426* [p. 337] She persuades Zeus not to save *Sarpedon* [p. 714].
- BkXVIII78* [p. 377] Her persecution of Heracles.
- BkXVIII148* [p. 379] She sends *Achilles* [p. 517].
- BkXVIII310* [p. 383] Zeus admonishes her for her support of the Greeks.
- BkXVIII368* [p. 384] Ashamed of his lameness she hurled her son *Hephaestus* [p. 623] from the summit of Olympus.
- BkXIX74* [p. 397] She tricked Zeus by delaying the birth of *Heracles* [p. 625].
- BkXIX338* [p. 405] She grants Achilles' horse *Xanthus* [p. 738] power of utterance.
- BkXX1* [p. 411] *BkXX75* [p. 414] She enters the war again in support of the Greeks.
- BkXX259* [p. 418] She and *Atbene* [p. 559] have vowed opposition to the Trojans.
- BkXXI298* [p. 438] She calls on her son Hephaestus to oppose the River *Xanthus* [p. 715] and rescue *Achilles* [p. 517].
- BkXXI383* [p. 440] She boxes *Artemis's* [p. 555] ears.
- BkXXIV1* [p. 493] She approves of Achilles' treatment of *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.
- BkXXIV77* [p. 495] She welcomes *Thetis* [p. 730] to Olympus.

Heracles, Hercules

The hero was a son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Alcmene* [p. 536], the wife of *Amphitryon* [p. 540]. He was called Alcides from Amphitryon's father Alceus, also Amphitryoniades, also Tirynthius from Tiryns his home city in the Argolis. Zeus predicted at his birth that a scion of Perseus would be born, greater than all other descendants. Hera delayed Hercules birth and hastened that of *Eurystheus* [p. 609], grandson of Perseus, making Hercules subservient to him. Hercules was set the famous twelve labours by Eurystheus at Hera's instigation.

BkII645 [p. 52] *BkV590* [p. 112] Father of *Tlepolemus* [p. 735] and *Thessalus* [p. 729].

BkV352 [p. 107] He once wounded *Hera* [p. 624].

BkVIII335 [p. 166] *Athene* [p. 559] aided him in his tasks. Her comments are presumably also aimed at annoying Hera.

BkXI655 [p. 232] Heracles had attacked and burned *Pylas* [p. 710] after his conquest of *Elis* [p. 598].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *BkXX75* [p. 414] Heracles had attacked and sacked Troy, after its king Laomedon had cheated him, when Heracles rescued Hesione from a sea-monster. He had been driven to the island of Cos by Hera.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] The son of Zeus and *Alcmene* [p. 536].

BkXV1 [p. 301] Zeus had rescued him from *Cos* [p. 581], where *Argos* [p. 553].

BkXV565 [p. 317] *Copreus* [p. 580] was sent by King Eurystheus to inform Heracles of the twelve labours.

BkXVIII78 [p. 377] Heracles eventually died a victim of Hera's enmity.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] His birth delayed by Hera.

Hermes

The messenger god, he was the son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and the Pleiad Maia, the daughter of Atlas. His birthplace was Mount Cyllene. He had winged feet, and a winged cap, carried a scimitar, and had a magic wand, the caduceus, with twin snakes twined around it, that brought sleep and healing. The caduceus is the symbol of medicine. (See Botticelli's painting Primavera.) He was summoned by Zeus to lull Argus, the many-eyed monstrous guard of Io, to sleep and killed him.

BkII48 [p. 35] Recipient of the sceptre made by *Hephaestus* [p. 623].

BkV352 [p. 107] He once rescued *Ares* [p. 551].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] God of herds and flocks, wealth and trade.

BkXV149 [p. 305] He supports the Greeks.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Called Argeiphontes, for slaying *Argus* [p. 553] the hundred-eyed monster. The father of *Eudorus* [p. 606].

BkXXI [p. 411] He enters the war in support of the Greeks. He is called the Helper as he facilitates human transactions (trade, travel, treaties, games etc)

BkXXI383 [p. 440] He concedes to *Leto* [p. 646].

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] The gods propose he, being the god of thieves, should steal *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIV281 [p. 499] Zeus sends him, as god of travellers, to escort *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXXIV349 [p. 501] *BkXXIV468* [p. 504] He leads Priam to *Achilles'* [p. 517] hut,

disguised as a Myrmidon.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] He guides Priam back to the ford of *Xanthus* [p. 738].

Hermione

A city of the southern Argolid, west of modern Ermioni town.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Hermus

The modern Gediz River in Turkey, located in the Aegean region of ancient Lydia. It flowed past *Tmolus* [p. 735], and the ancient city of Sardis.

BkXX353 [p. 420] Mentioned.

Hicetaon

A son of *Laomedon* [p. 643], and father of *Melanippus* [p. 654].

BkIII121 [p. 66] *BkXV514* [p. 316] *BkXV565* [p. 317] *BkXX153* [p. 416] Mentioned.

Hippasus

See *Hypsenor* [p. 632]

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Father of Hypsenor.

Hippasus

See *Apisaon* [p. 547]

A Trojan.

BkXI401 [p. 226] Father of *Charops* [p. 575] and *Socus* [p. 720].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Father of *Apisaon* [p. 547].

Hippemolgi

These are probably the Scythians, termed ‘mare-milkers’ by Hesiod (as cited by Eratosthenes) also.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] Mentioned.

Hippocoön

A Thracian leader, he is a kinsman of *Rhesus* [p. 712].

BkX515 [p. 211] *Apollo* [p. 547] rouses him from sleep to witness the carnage.

Hippodamas

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXX353 [p. 420] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Hippodameia, daughter of *Anchises* [p. 542]

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Eldest daughter of Anchises, and wed to *Alcathous* [p. 536].

Hippodameia, wife of *Peirithous* [p. 686]

A daughter of Atrax, and wife of Peirithous.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Hippodamus

A Trojan warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Hippolochus, son of *Bellerophon* [p. 565]

He was a son of Bellerophon, and Philonoe or Anticleia, and father of *Glaucus* [p. 611], the Lycian prince.

BkVI119 [p. 129] *BkVII1* [p. 141] *BkXII290* [p. 249] *BkXII378* [p. 251] *BkXVII140* [p. 356]
Father of Glaucus.

Hippolochus, a Trojan

A son of *Antimachus* [p. 545].

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Hippomachus

A third son of *Antimachus* [p. 545].

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Hipponous

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Hipbothous, son of *Lethus* [p. 646]

A son of Lethus, grandson of Teutamus, and brother of *Pylaeus* [p. 710], he led a band of *Pelagian* [p. 688] auxiliaries from *Larissa* [p. 644] to the assistance of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] He is killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Hipbothous, son of *Priam* [p. 706]

A son of Priam.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Hippotion, of *Ascania* [p. 556]

The father of *Ascanius* [p. 556] and *Morys* [p. 662].

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Meriones* [p. 658].

Hire

A city, Ira, in Messinia, inland from the coast east of the Pylian country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Histiaea

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], east of modern Orei village.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Horae, the Hours

The Olympian divinities of the weather and the ministers of *Zeus* [p. 739], who guard the gates of *Olympus* [p. 675] and promote the fertility of the earth

BkVIII335 [p. 166] The guardians of the gates.

Hyades

The 'rainy ones' they were nymphs, the daughters of Atlas and Aethra and the half-sisters of the *Pleiades* [p. 700]. The constellation rising with the sun signalled the period of stormy weather. The constellation is a v-shaped cluster forming the face of Taurus the Bull on which the bright star Aldebaran, though distant from the cluster, is superimposed visually.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The constellation appears on *Achilles'* [p. 517] shield.

Hyampolis

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, west of modern Exarchos village near Atalanti.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Hyde

A Maeonian city it lay in the *Hermus* [p. 627] valley of ancient Lydia.

BkXX353 [p. 420] The home of *Otrynteus* [p. 679].

Hyle

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, it lay on the shores of Lake Cephisis (Modern Lake Hylice/near vanished Lake Copais).

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkV703* [p. 115] Mentioned.

BkVII161 [p. 146] The home of *Tychius* [p. 737] the master-currer.

Hyllus, Hyllos

A tributary of the river *Hermus* [p. 627], in Lydia, it flowed into Hermus from the north. In the time of Strabo (xiii. p. 626) the river was called *Pbrygius*.

BkXX353 [p. 420] Mentioned.

Hypeirochus, a Trojan

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Hypeirochus

See *Itymoneus* [p. 641]

BkXI655 [p. 232] A chieftain of *Elis* [p. 598] and father of Itymoneus.

Hypeiron

A Trojan general.

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Hypercia

The spring in Thessaly near modern Yperia village, northwest of Mega Evydrio. Also perhaps a typical name for a Greek fountain.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkVI440* [p. 136] Mentioned.

Hyperenor

A Trojan, the son of *Pantbous* [p. 682].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] *BkXVIII1* [p. 351] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Hyperesia

An ancient city near Corinth, modern Egira on the Gulf of Corinth.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Hyperion, Helios

A name used for the sun god, and his father. Created by Eurynome, the Goddess of All Things.

BkVII379 [p. 152] *BkVIII438* [p. 170] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] The physical sun.

Hypnos, Sleep

The personification of sleep, and twin brother of *Death* [p. 727].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] seeks his help.

BkXIV352 [p. 293] He puts *Zeus* [p. 739] to sleep, and informs *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXVI426 [p. 337] *BkXVI569* [p. 340] He and his brother carry *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] body to *Lycia* [p. 648].

Hypsenor, a Greek

Son of *Hippasus* [p. 627].

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Killed by *Deiphobus* [p. 587].

Hypsenor, a Trojan

A son of the Trojan priest *Dolopion* [p. 593].

BkV1 [p. 95] Killed by *Eurypylus* [p. 608].

Hypsipyle

The wife of *Thoas* [p. 731], King of Lemnos.

BkVII433 [p. 153] Mentioned.

Hyria, Hyrie

A town, site unknown, located close to *Aulis* [p. 563].

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Hyrmine

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Hyrtaeus

A Trojan, the husband of Arisbe, and father of *Asius* [p. 556] and Nisus, the Hyrtacides.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXIII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the third company.

BkXIII723 [p. 277] The father of Asius.

Hyrtius

A *Mysian* [p. 665] leader, son of *Gyrtius* [p. 614].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532] the Greater.

Iaera

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Ialmenus

BkII484 [p. 48] A son of *Ares* [p. 551] and *Astyochē* [p. 558], and brother of *Ascalaphus* [p. 555], together with whom he led the Minyans of *Orchomenos* [p. 676] against Troy

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

Ialysus

A city of Rhodes in the north of the island, near modern Trianda.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Iamenus

A Trojan leader.

BkXII80 [p. 242] He helps lead the attack on the Greek wall.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Ianassa

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Ianeira

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Iapetus

He was a brother of *Cronos* [p. 582], and a Titan.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] He is imprisoned in darkness in *Tartarus* [p. 724].

Iardanus

A small river in Elis in western Greece, near *Pheia* [p. 694].

BkVII120 [p. 145] Mentioned.

Iason

The son of Aeson, leader of the Argonauts, he was the hero of the adventure of the Golden Fleece. The fleece is represented in the sky by the constellation and zodiacal sign of Aries, the Ram. In ancient times it contained the point of the vernal equinox (The First Point of Aries) that has since moved by precession into Pisces.

BkVII433 [p. 153] *BkXXI34* [p. 431] *BkXXIII740* [p. 486] He fathered *Euneos* [p. 607] by *Hypsipyle* [p. 632] of *Lemnos* [p. 645].

Iasus

An Athenian leader. he was the son of *Sphelus* [p. 721] son to *Bucolus* [p. 568].

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Icarian Sea

Part of the Aegean Sea between Turkey and the Greek islands of Patmos and Leros, it includes the island of Icaria near which Icarus drowned and where he was buried. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

BkII109 [p. 37] Mentioned as prone to stormy seas due to southerly and easterly winds.

Ida

Mount Ida near Troy (not the sacred Mount Ida in Crete). Its topmost peak was called *Gargarus* [p. 610]. It is the modern Kaz Dağları, or Karataş Tepesi, a mountain range in northwestern Turkey, southeast of the ruins of Troy, along the north coast of the Gulf of Edremit.

BkII811 [p. 57] *Aeneas* [p. 524] born there. *Zeieia* [p. 739] a city on its slopes.

BkIII245 [p. 69] *BkIII310* [p. 70] *BkVIII1* [p. 157] *BkVIII53* [p. 159] *BkVIII157* [p. 162] *BkVIII397* [p. 168] *BkXI163* [p. 219] *BkXIII* [p. 241] *BkXIV135* [p. 286] *BkXV149* [p. 305] A seat of *Zeus* [p. 739], described as many-fountained (i.e. the source of many rivers)

BkIV473 [p. 91] *Simoeisus* [p. 719] born nearby.

BkXII251 [p. 248] Source of winds that blow across the plain.

Index

BkXIII1 [p. 257] Visible from *Samothrace* [p. 713].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] and *Hypnos* [p. 631] reach the mountain. *Ida* is described as the mother of the wild creatures.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] *BkXV1* [p. 301] *Hera* and *Zeus* make love on its summit, *Gargarus*.

BkXV149 [p. 305] *Apollo* [p. 547] and *Iris* [p. 640] meet *Zeus* there.

BkXX1 [p. 411] The Mountain is shaken by earthquakes.

BkXX75 [p. 414] *Achilles* [p. 517] had pursued *Aeneas* [p. 524] there.

BkXX153 [p. 416] Its slopes were the Trojans ancestral homeland.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] *Apollo* [p. 547] once worked as a herdsman for *Laomedon* [p. 643] there.

BkXXI526 [p. 443] A possible place of refuge for *Agenor* [p. 531].

BkXXII131 [p. 452] Its summit was a place of sacrifice.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] The logs for *Patroclus*' [p. 684] pyre are felled there.

Idaeus, the Herald

A Trojan herald.

BkIII245 [p. 69] Mentioned.

BkVII233 [p. 147] He intervenes in the combat.

BkVII313 [p. 150] *BkVII379* [p. 152] He is sent on an embassy to the Greek camp.

BkXXIV281 [p. 499] He accompanies *Priam* [p. 706] to the ships.

BkXXIV349 [p. 501] He sees *Hermes* [p. 626] approaching disguised as a *Myrmidon* [p. 664].

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] *BkXXIV552* [p. 507] He accompanies *Priam* to *Achilles*' [p. 517] hut.

BkXXIV621 [p. 508] He retires to rest, with *Priam*.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] He drives the mule-cart with *Hector*'s [p. 617] body back to Troy.

Idaeus, a Trojan

A son of *Dares* [p. 586].

BkV1 [p. 95] Brother of *Phegeus* [p. 694].

Idas

A son of Aphareus, and Arene the daughter of Oebalus, he was married to *Cleopatra* [p. 578] or Alcyone.

BkIX527 [p. 190] Mentioned.

Idomeneus

King of *Crete* [p. 581], leader of the Cretan contingent fighting against *Troy* [p. 737]. A son of Deucalion, and grandson of Minos and Pasiphae.

BkI101 [p. 14] A leader of the Greek armies at Troy.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists *Agamemnon* [p. 528] in sacrificing to the gods and rousing the troops.

BkII645 [p. 52] Leader of the Cretan contingent at Troy.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Pointed out by *Priam* [p. 706]. His previous visits to Argos.

BkIV250 [p. 84] *Agamemnon* talks with him before the battle.

BkV1 [p. 95] He kills *Phaestus* [p. 693].

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] *BkVIII212* [p. 163] He leaves the battlefield when Zeus displays his menace, but returns to the attack.

BkX72 [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] proposes summoning him.

BkXI489 [p. 228] He attacks the Trojan right.

BkXII80 [p. 242] Destined to kill *Asius* [p. 556].

BkXIII206 [p. 264] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII239 [p. 265] He re-enters the battle.

BkXIII330 [p. 267] He kills *Asius* [p. 556] and *Othryoneus* [p. 679].

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He kills *Alcathous* [p. 536].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He is attacked by *Aeneas* [p. 524], and kills *Oenomaus* [p. 673].

BkXV281 [p. 310] He forms part of the group of leaders opposing Hector.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Erymas* [p. 604].

BkXVII198 [p. 358] He goes to the support of *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] He fails to wound *Hector* [p. 617], and retreats.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] *BkXXIII850* [p. 489] *Meriones* [p. 658] is his squire.

BkXXIII448 [p. 478] He quarrels with *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser.

Ilean Plain

BkXXI526 [p. 443] The plain before Troy.

Ilioneus

A Trojan, the son of *Phorbas* [p. 697].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Peneleos* [p. 690].

Ilium, Ilion, Ilios, *Troy* [p. 737]

The citadel of Troy, named after Ilus great-grandson of *Dardanus* [p. 586].

BkI53 [p. 13] *Calchas* [p. 569] guided the Greeks to Troy.

BkII109 [p. 37] *BkIII245* [p. 69] *BkVI11* [p. 123] *BkXVIII1* [p. 375] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] The citadel, an alternative name for Troy itself.

BkVI440 [p. 136] *Hector* [p. 617] foresees its fall.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Noted for its pre-war wealth.

BkXI163 [p. 219] Described here and elsewhere as holy, sacred.

Ilus

A son of *Tros* [p. 736] and grandson of *Erichthonius* [p. 603], his mother was Calirrhoe, and being a great-grandson of *Dardanus* [p. 586], he is called Dardanide. He was a brother of *Assaracus* [p. 557], *Cleopatra* [p. 578], and married to Eurydice, the daughter of Adrastus, by whom he became the father of *Priam* [p. 706]. He was believed to be the founder of Troy. His tomb was in the neighbourhood of Troy.

BkX412 [p. 206] The Trojans meet by Ilus' tomb.

BkXI163 [p. 219] *BkXI349* [p. 224] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] His tomb mentioned as a landmark. There is some confusion here with an Ilios the 'son' of Dardanus, who purportedly died childless and left his kingdom to his brother Erichthonius (Apollodorus iii.12.1 etc). The word *scion*, descendant, covers both possibilities.

BkXX153 [p. 416] The son of Tros.

Imbrasmus

See *Peiros* [p. 687]

BkIV473 [p. 91] Father of Peiros.

Imbrius

A son of *Mentor* [p. 658], and husband of *Medesicaste* [p. 653], a daughter of Priam.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Imbros

The island located at the entrance to Saros Bay in the northern Aegean Sea, now referred to as Gökçeada in Turkey.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] Mentioned.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] passes it on her way from *Lemnos* [p. 645] to *Ida* [p. 634].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] The home of *Eëtion* [p. 596].

BkXXIV77 [p. 495] *Thetis*' [p. 730] cave is half-way between Imbros and *Samothrace* [p. 713].

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] Its slave-market.

Iolcus, Iolchos, Iolciacus

An ancient city in Thessaly it lay southwest of modern Iolkos village southwest of Anakassia.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Ionians

The Ionian Greeks occupied mainly the shores and islands of the eastern Aegean Sea. Ionian states were identified by tradition and by their use of Eastern Greek. Ionia proper comprised a narrow coastal strip from Phocaea in the north near the mouth of the river Hermus (now the Gediz), to Miletus in the south near the mouth of the river Maeander, and included the islands of Chios and Samos. It was bounded by Aeolia to the north, Lydia to the east and Caria to the south.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] They fight to repel the Trojan attack on the ships.

Ipheus

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Iphianassa

A daughter of *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Mentioned.

Iphiclus, Iphicles

King of *Phylace* [p. 698].

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] Father of *Podarces* [p. 701].

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] Once defeated in a foot-race by Nestor.

Iphidamas

A son of *Antenor* [p. 543], reared in Thrace.

BkXI218 [p. 221] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Iphinous

A Greek, the son of *Dexius* [p. 589].

BkVII1 [p. 141] Killed by *Glaucus* [p. 611].

Iphis

Mistress to *Patroclus* [p. 684], she was captured at the taking of *Scyrus* [p. 717].

BkIX656 [p. 193] Mentioned.

Iphition

A Trojan general, he was the son of *Otrynteus* [p. 679].

BkXX353 [p. 420] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Iphitus

A son of *Schedius* [p. 717], *Epistrophus* [p. 603], and Eurynome, in Phocis, he was one of the Argonauts.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] Father of Schedius.

Iphitus, the Trojan

The father of *Archeptolemus* [p. 550].

BkVIII112 [p. 161] Mentioned.

Iris

A daughter of Thaumas and Electra, and sister of the Harpies she was the minister of the Olympian gods, and carried messages from the gods to other gods and men.

BkII760 [p. 55] She carries a message to the Trojans.

BkIII121 [p. 66] She carries a message to *Helen* [p. 621].

BkV352 [p. 107] She escorts the wounded *Aphrodite* [p. 546] from the battlefield.

BkVIII397 [p. 168] She carries *Zeus*' [p. 739] message to *Athene* [p. 559].

BkXI163 [p. 219] She carries *Zeus*' message to *Hector* [p. 617], and is described as wind-footed and golden-winged.

BkXVI1 [p. 301] *BkXV78* [p. 304] She is to carry a message from *Zeus* to *Poseidon* [p. 705] on the battlefield.

BkXV149 [p. 305] She delivers her message to Poseidon.

BkXVIII148 [p. 379] She carries a message from *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] She carries Achilles' request to the Winds.

BkXXIV77 [p. 495] She carries *Zeus*' message to *Thetis* [p. 730].

BkXXIV141 [p. 496] She carries *Zeus*' message to *Priam* [p. 706].

Isander

Or Isandrus, a son of *Bellerophon* [p. 565], killed by *Ares* [p. 551] in the fight with the *Solyimi* [p. 720].

BkVII119 [p. 129] Mentioned.

Isus

A son of *Priam* [p. 706] and *Antiphus* [p. 545], he was made prisoner by *Achilles* [p. 517], but was restored to freedom after a ransom was given for him.

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Ithaca

The island home of *Odysseus* [p. 671], off the coast of Greece, in the Ionian Sea (to the west of mainland Greece) traditionally accepted as the modern Thiaki.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkIII181* [p. 67] Mentioned.

Ithaemenes

BkXVI569 [p. 340] The father of *Sthenelaus* [p. 721].

Ithome

A Thessalonian city near modern Agios Akakios, southwest of Fanari.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Iton

A city, ancient Thitonio, near modern Gefyria village, southeast of Sofades.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Itymoneus

A chieftain of *Elis* [p. 598], son of *Hypeirochus*. [p. 631]

BkXI655 [p. 232] Killed by *Pylos* [p. 710].

Ixion

King of the Lapithae or Phlegyes, he was the putative father of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

BkXIV292 [p. 290] His wife was Dia whom (in one variant of myth) *Zeus* [p. 739] seduced disguised as a stallion.

Laas

A city in Laconia, east of modern Chossiari village, southwest of Gythio.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Lacedaemon

The kingdom of *Sparta* [p. 721], ruled by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkII581 [p. 51] Its contingent sent to the war.

BkIII181 [p. 67] The home of the Dioscuri, *Castor* [p. 572] and Pollux.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkIII395* [p. 73] The Greek home of *Helen* [p. 621].

Laerces

A *Alcimedon* [p. 536].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] Mentioned.

Laertes

The father of *Odysseus* [p. 671], and son of Arceisius.

BkIII155 [p. 39] *BkIV326* [p. 86] *BkVIII53* [p. 159] *BkIX307* [p. 184] *BkXIX145* [p. 398] The father of Odysseus.

Lampus, a Trojan

A son of *Dolops* [p. 593], he was one of the Trojan elders.

BkIII121 [p. 66] *BkXV514* [p. 316] *BkXX153* [p. 416] Mentioned.

Lampus

BkVIII157 [p. 162] One of *Hector's* [p. 617] horses.

Laodamas

A son of *Antenor* [p. 543].

BkXV514 [p. 316] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Laodameia

A daughter of *Bellerophon* [p. 565], became by *Zeus* [p. 739] the mother of *Sarpedon* [p. 714], and was killed by *Artemis* [p. 555].

BkVI119 [p. 129] Mentioned.

Laodice, daughter of *Agamemnon* [p. 528]

A daughter of Agamemnon.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Mentioned.

Laodice, daughter of *Priam* [p. 706]

A daughter of Priam and Hecabe, she was the wife of *Helicaon* [p. 622].

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

BkVI237 [p. 129] Described as the fairest of the daughters.

Laodocus, a Greek

Charioteer to *Antilochus* [p. 544].

BkXVII656 [p. 369] He acts as squire to Antilochus.

Laodocus

A son of *Antenor* [p. 543].

BkIV68 [p. 80] *Athene* [p. 559] disguises herself as him.

Laogonus, son of *Bias* [p. 566]

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Laogonus, son of *Onetor* [p. 675]

A Trojan the son of Onetor, Idaean priest of Zeus.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Killed by *Meriones* [p. 658].

Laomedon

A king of Troy, he was the son of *Priam* [p. 706], *Tithonus* [p. 735], *Clytius* [p. 579], *Bucolion* [p. 568].

BkIII245 [p. 69] Mentioned.

BkV239 [p. 102] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] Zeus presented him with divine horses in exchange for his son *Ganymedes* [p. 610] who was carried off to become cupbearer to the gods.

The Iliad

BkV590 [p. 112] *Heracles* [p. 625] sacked Troy and slew Laomedon (see the extended myth sequence elsewhere).

BkVII [p. 123] He fathered *Bucolion* [p. 568] on the nymph Calybe.

BkVII433 [p. 153] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] *Poseidon* [p. 705] and *Apollo* [p. 547] built the walls of Troy for Laomedon. He reneged on the bargain and Poseidon punished him.

BkXV514 [p. 316] Grandfather of *Dolops* [p. 593], and father of Lampus.

BkXX153 [p. 416] The grandfather of *Hector* [p. 617].

Laothoe

A wife of *Priam* [p. 706], she was the daughter of *Altes* [p. 538].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *BkXXIII* [p. 449] The mother of *Polydorus* [p. 703].

Lapithae

They were an ancient people of south western Thessaly. The marriage of *Peirithoüs* [p. 686] and Hippodameia was disrupted by Eurytion one of the Centaurs invited to the feast, leading to the battle between the Lapiths and Centaurs. (See the sculpture from the west pediment of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia – e.g. the detail, Lapith Woman and Centaur)

BkXII80 [p. 242] *BkXII175* [p. 246] *Polypoetes* [p. 704], a son of Peirithous, and *Leonteus* [p. 646], both Lapiths, defend the Greek wall.

Larisa, Larissa

An ancient city in Turkey, it lay in the immediate vicinity of the Menemen district of İzmir, not to be confused with the Larisa in Greece.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] Home of *Hippothonus* [p. 629].

Lectum

Cape Lectum or Lecton (Modern Babakale) is the westernmost promontory of Anatolia, between Tenedos and Lesbos.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] crosses the shoreline there on her way from Lemnos to Ida.

Leitus

A son of Alector or *Alectryon* [p. 537], by Cleobule, he is mentioned among the Argonauts and commanded the *Boeotians* [p. 566] in the war.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkVII1 [p. 123] He kills *Phylacus* [p. 699].

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] Wounded by *Hector* [p. 617].

Leleges

One of the aboriginal peoples of southwest Anatolia they were conquered by the *Carians* [p. 571].

BkX412 [p. 206] *BkXX75* [p. 414] Allied to Troy.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *Altes* [p. 538] was their king.

Lemnos

The northern Aegean island, it was the mythical home of *Hephaestus* [p. 623] the blacksmith of the gods, to whom it was sacred.

BkI568 [p. 29] Hephaestus fell there when hurled from heaven by *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkII681 [p. 53] *Philoctetes* [p. 695] abandoned there.

BkVII433 [p. 153] *Euneos* [p. 607] sends wine from Lemnos to the Greeks at Troy. It was and still is noted for its red wines.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] The Greeks had touched at Lemnos on the way to Troy.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] seeks out the god Sleep (*Hypnos* [p. 631]) there.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *Lycraon* [p. 648] was sold there.

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] Its slave-market. The reference to the veil of cloud appears to indicate the sacred smoke from the shrine there. But the Giant's forge was located inside Aetna, and so the blacksmith Hephaestus' shrine here suggests volcanic activity, though no trace has yet been found.

Leocritus

A Greek, he was the son of *Arisbas* [p. 554] and friend to *Lycomedes* [p. 649].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Wounded by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Leonteus

A son of Coronus, and prince of the *Polypoetes* [p. 704], he led the Lapithae against Troy

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkXII80 [p. 242] *BkXIII175* [p. 246] He defends the Greek wall and kills a number of Trojans.

BkXXIII826 [p. 488] He competes in the throwing contest.

Lesbos

The island (modern Lesbos) in the eastern Aegean is off the west coast of Turkey. Among its ancient cities were Mytilene and Methymna. Famous as the home of Sappho the poetess, whose love of women gave rise to the term *lesbian*.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Taken by *Achilles* [p. 517] during an earlier year of the war.

BkIX656 [p. 193] Achilles' mistress was from there, *Diomedes* [p. 589].

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] It was once ruled by the legendary king *Priam's* [p. 706] rule.

Lethus

Father of *Pylaeus* [p. 710].

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXVII262* [p. 359] Mentioned.

Leto

Daughter of the Titan Coeus, she was the mother of *Apollo* [p. 547] and *Artemis* [p. 555] by *Zeus* [p. 739]. Pursued by a jealous *Hera* [p. 624], she was given sanctuary by Delos, a floating island. There between an olive tree and a date-palm she gave birth to Apollo and Artemis, by Mount Cynthus. Delos became fixed. A variant has Artemis born on the nearby islet of Ortygia.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI22* [p. 11] *BkXIV292* [p. 290] *BkXVI777* [p. 345] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] Mother of Apollo by Zeus.

BkV431 [p. 109] She tends *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXX1 [p. 411] She enters the war in support of the Trojans.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] *Hermes* [p. 626] concedes to her.

Leucus

A Greek warrior, the friend of *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkIV473 [p. 91] Killed by *Antiphus* [p. 545].

Licymnius

A son of Electryon and the Phrygian slave Mideia, and consequently a half-brother of Alcmena. He was married to Perimede, by whom he became the father of Oonus, Argeius, and Melas. He was a friend of Heracles, whose son Tlepolemus slew him, according to some unintentionally, and according to others in a fit of anger.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Lilaea

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, northeast of modern Lilea village near Polydrossos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Limnoreia

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Lindos

A city of Rhodes in the east of the island, modern Lindos village.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Linus, Linus

The personification of a dirge or lament associated with vegetation rites (the death of the harvest, birth of the new year etc, see *The Golden Bough*). Linus (with many variants) is the son of *Apollo* [p. 547] by a *Muse* [p. 662]. He is said to have received from his father the three-stringed lute, and is himself called the inventor of new melodies, of dirges (*thrênoi*), and of songs in general.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The singer, associated with him, is depicted on *Achilles'* [p. 517] shield, clearly in this case a vegetation rite is in progress.

Locrians

The region of Locria comprised two separate districts. Opuntian Locris or Eastern Locris was on the mainland coast stretching from Thermopylae to Larymna, opposite Euboea, while Ozolian Locris or Western Locris was on the northern coast of the Corinthian Gulf between Naupactus and Crisa, going inland up the Amphissa valley.

BkII484 [p. 48] The Locrian contingents at Troy.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] They fight to repel the Trojan attack on the ships.

Lycaon

A Lycian king and father of *Pandarus* [p. 681].

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIV68* [p. 80] *BkV166* [p. 100] Mentioned.

Lycaon, son of *Priam* [p. 706]

A son of Priam and *Polydorus* [p. 703].

BkIII310 [p. 70] *Paris* [p. 682] borrows his half-brother's cuirass.

BkXX75 [p. 414] *Apollo* [p. 547] disguises himself as Lycaon.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] *BkXXIII* [p. 449] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He had been bought from *Patroclus* [p. 684] for a silver bowl.

Lycastos

A city in Crete, near modern Profitis Elias.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned

Lycia

A region in the modern-day provinces of Antalya and Muğla on the southern coast of Turkey, it was a federation of ancient cities in the region and later a province of the Roman Empire.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIV68* [p. 80] *BkV84* [p. 97] *BkV166* [p. 100] Mentioned.

BkV431 [p. 109] *BkV590* [p. 112] *BkXII290* [p. 249] *BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXVI426* [p. 337] *Sarpedon's* [p. 714] country.

BkVI172 [p. 126] *BkX412* [p. 206] *BkXI218* [p. 221] *BkXIII136* [p. 262] *BkXV379* [p. 312] Major ally of the Trojans.

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BkVI119 [p. 129] *Bellerophon* [p. 565] sent there.

BkVIII [p. 141] *BkXII290* [p. 249] *BkXVI569* [p. 340] *BkXVII140* [p. 356] *Glaucus* [p. 611], leader of the Lycians.

BkXII329 [p. 250] *BkXII378* [p. 251] The Lycians attack the Greek wall.

BkXVI351 [p. 335] The Lycians flee before *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Apollo* [p. 547] worshipped there.

Lycó

A Trojan.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Peneleos* [p. 690].

Lycomedes

A Greek, the son of *Creon* [p. 581].

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkXII329 [p. 250] He is deputed by *Ajax* [p. 532] to lead a defence of the Greek wall.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] A friend of *Arisbas* [p. 554], he kills *Apisaon* [p. 547].

BkXIX238 [p. 400] He accompanies *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.

Lycophontes

BkVIII273 [p. 165] A Trojan killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Lycophron

A son of *Cythera* [p. 584], on account of a murder he had committed. He accompanied Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532] against Troy.

BkXV379 [p. 312] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Lyctus

A city in *Crete* [p. 581], near modern Xydas village, east of Kasteli.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkXVII597 [p. 368] Home city of *Coerannus* [p. 580].

Lycurgus

A son of *Dryas* [p. 594], he was king of the Edones in *Thrace* [p. 732]. He is famous for his persecution of *Dionysus* [p. 592] who was worshipped on the sacred mountain of *Thebis* [p. 730]. *Zeus* [p. 739] thereupon blinded the impious king, who died soon after, since he was hated by the immortal gods.

BkVII119 [p. 129] *Glaucus* [p. 611] narrates the tale.

Lycurgus, the Arcadian

A son of Aleus and Neaera, he was king in Arcadia, and killed Areithous with his lance, meeting him in a narrow valley. He took the club with which his enemy had been armed, and used it himself; and on his death he bequeathed it to his slave *Ereuthalion* [p. 603], his sons having died before him

BkVIII120 [p. 145] He killed *Areithous* [p. 551] and took his armour. *Nestor* [p. 667] relates the tale.

Lyrnessus

A city in Dardania (Asia Minor), inhabited by Cilicians. It was closely associated with the nearby Cilician *Thebe* [p. 728]. At the time of the Trojan War, it was ruled by King Mynes.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] *BkXX75* [p. 414] *Achilles* [p. 517] destroyed it and stole *Briseis* [p. 567].

BkXX153 [p. 416] *Aeneas* [p. 524] fled there, running before Achilles.

Lysander

A Trojan.

BkXI489 [p. 228] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Macar, Macareus

A son of Helios and Rhodos, or, according to others, a son of Crinacus, or Crineus, he fled, after the murder of Tenages, from Rhodes to *Lesbos* [p. 646], and became king of the island.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] Mentioned.

Machaon

A son of *Asclepius* [p. 556] and Epione or Arsinoe, he was a brother of *Podaleirius* [p. 701], with whom he led the Thessalians of Tricca against Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkIV127 [p. 81] *BkIV198* [p. 83] He is summoned to attend the wounded *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXI489 [p. 228] He is wounded by *Paris* [p. 682].

BkXI596 [p. 230] *BkXI804* [p. 235] *Nestor* [p. 667] helps him from the battlefield.

BkXIV1 [p. 283] Nestor grants him hospitality in his hut.

Meander

The Büyük Menderes River (historically the Maeander also spelled Meander) is in southwestern Turkey. It rises in west central Turkey near Dinar before flowing west through the Büyük Menderes graben until reaching the Aegean Sea in the proximity of the ancient Ionian city Miletus. The word ‘meander’ is also used metaphorically to describe a winding pattern, from the river’s wandering course.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Maemalus

BkXVII155 [p. 328] A *Peisander* [p. 687].

Maeon

A son of *Tydeus* [p. 737], in the war of the Seven against *Thebes* [p. 728]. Maeon was the only one whose life was spared by Tydeus, and when the latter fell, Maeon is said to have buried him.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Maonia

Ancient Lydia, an Iron Age kingdom of western Asia Minor located generally east of ancient Ionia in Turkey’s modern provinces of Manisa and inland İzmir.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIII395* [p. 73] Mentioned.

BkIV127 [p. 81] Noted for its working of ivory.

BkV1 [p. 95] *Phaestus* [p. 693] from there.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

BkXVIII243 [p. 381] Trojan possessions sold there to help finance the war.

Maera

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Magnetes

A tribe of south-eastern Thessaly, giving their name to the area known as Magnesia.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Mantineia

A city in Arcadia, west of modern Nestani in Mantinia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Maris

Brother of *Atymnius* [p. 562], the Trojan.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Thrasymedes* [p. 732].

Marpessa

A daughter of *Ereus* [p. 610] and Alcippe, she was the mother of *Cleopatra* [p. 578].

BkIX527 [p. 190] Mentioned.

Mases

A city of the southern Argolid, southeast of modern Kilada village.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Mastor

A Greek from *Cythera* [p. 584].

BkXV379 [p. 312] The father of *Lycophron* [p. 649].

Mecisteus, son of *Echius* [p. 596]

A comrade of *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Teucer* [p. 725].

BkVIII273 [p. 165] He helps carry Teucer from the battlefield.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He helps carry *Hypsenor* [p. 632] from the battlefield.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Polydamas* [p. 702].

Mecisteus, son of *Talaus* [p. 723]

A son of Talaus and Lysimache, he was the brother of Adrastus, and father of *Euryalus* [p. 607] of Thebes.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkVII1* [p. 123] *BkXXIII651* [p. 483] Mentioned.

Medeon

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, northeast of modern Aliartos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Medesicaste

A natural daughter of *Priam* [p. 706] married to *Imbrius* [p. 638].

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Mentioned.

Medon, an ally of the Trojans

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

Medon, son of *Oileus* [p. 674]

A son of Oileus and Rhene, he was a half-brother of the lesser *Ajax* [p. 534]. Having slain a kinsman of his step-mother *Eriopis* [p. 604], he fled to *Phylace* [p. 698]. When *Philoctetes* [p. 695] was wounded, Medon commanded in his place.

BkII681 [p. 53] A leader of the Thessalians at Troy.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack, leading the Pththians.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Megas

See *Perimus* [p. 691]

BkXVI684 [p. 343] The father of Perimus.

Meges

A son of *Phyleus* [p. 699] by Eustyoche, Ctimene, or Timandra, and a grandson of Augeas. He led the warriors from Dulichium and the Echinades against Troy.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkV1 [p. 95] He killed *Pedaeus* [p. 686].

BkX72 [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] proposes summoning him.

BkX131 [p. 200] *Diomedes* [p. 590] rouses him.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack.

BkXV281 [p. 310] He forms part of the group of leaders opposing *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXV514 [p. 316] He tries to avenge the death of his friend *Otus* [p. 680].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Amphichus* [p. 539].

BkXIX238 [p. 400] He accompanies *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.

Melanippus, of *Percote* [p. 690]

The son of *Dolops* [p. 593], the Trojan.

BkXV514 [p. 316] *Hector* [p. 617] urges him to avenge Dolops' death.

BkXV565 [p. 317] He is killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Melanippus, a Greek

BkXIX238 [p. 400] He accompanies *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.

Melanippus, a Trojan

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tencer* [p. 725].

Melanippus, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Melanthius

BkVII [p. 123] A Trojan killed by *Eurypylus* [p. 608].

Melas

A son of *Porteus* [p. 705].

BkXIV82 [p. 285] Mentioned.

Meleager

A son of Oeneus and Althaea, the daughter of Thestius. Other accounts call Meleager a son of Ares, by Althaea. He is one of the most famous Aetolian heroes of Calydon, and distinguished himself by his skill in throwing the javelin, as one of the Argonauts, and in the Calydonian boar hunt.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Meliboea

A city in Thessaly northeast of modern Sotiritsa.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Melite

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Menelaus

King of *Sparta* [p. 721]. The younger son of *Atreus* [p. 561], brother of *Agamemnon* [p. 528], hence called Atrides *minor*. Paris's theft of his wife *Trojan* [p. 737] War.

BkI148 [p. 15] *BkXXII90* [p. 451] The Trojan War fought to obtain recompense for Menelaus.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists Agamemnon in sacrificing to the gods. He is described as Menelaus of the loud war-cry.

BkII581 [p. 51] He leads the Laconian contingent to the war.

BkIII1 [p. 63] He sees *Paris* [p. 682] in the Trojan ranks.

BkIII58 [p. 64] *BkIII121* [p. 66] *BkIII245* [p. 69] He accepts the terms of a duel with *Paris* [p. 682].

BkXI84 [p. 217] *BkIII181* [p. 67]

His previous embassy to the Trojans, and his hospitality to Idomeneus of Crete.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkIII395* [p. 73] He fights Paris but *Aphrodite* [p. 546] thwarts his victory.

BkIV1 [p. 79] He has the goddesses *Athene* [p. 559] as supporters.

BkIV68 [p. 80] *BkV166* [p. 100] *Pandarus* [p. 681] attempts to kill him.

BkIV127 [p. 81] *Athene* [p. 559] saves him, though he is slightly wounded.

BkIV198 [p. 83] He is attended by the physician *Machaon* [p. 651].

BkV1 [p. 95] He kills *Scamandrius* [p. 716].

BkV519 [p. 111] He kills *Pylaemenes* [p. 710].

BkVII1 [p. 123] He captures *Adrastus* [p. 522], but releases him to *Agamemnon* [p. 528] who kills him.

BkVI369 [p. 133] He assaults the walls of Troy.

BkVII54 [p. 143] *BkVIII20* [p. 145] Agamemnon dissuades him from accepting *Hector's* [p. 617] challenge.

BkVII313 [p. 150] *BkVII379* [p. 152] Mentioned as one of the Atridae and the husband of Helen.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] He attacks the Trojans.

BkX72 [p. 198] *Nestor* [p. 667] reproaches him wrongly.

BkX194 [p. 201] He joins the counsel and wishes to carry out a mission.

BkXI401 [p. 226] He rescues *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkXIII576 [p. 273] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] He wounds *Peisander* [p. 687], and questions *Zeus'* [p. 739] support for the Trojans.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He kills *Hyperenor* [p. 631].

BkXV565 [p. 317] He rouses *Antilochus* [p. 544].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Thoas* [p. 731], a Trojan.

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] He defends the corpse of *Patroclus* [p. 684] and kills *Euphorbus* [p. 607].

BkXVII82 [p. 355] He elicits *Ajax's* [p. 532] aid in securing the corpse of Patroclus.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] He calls for support.

BkXVII481 [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] appeals to him for support.

BkXVII543 [p. 366] *Athene* [p. 559] inspires him and he kills *Podes* [p. 701].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] Ajax sends him to find Antilochus.

BkXVII656 [p. 369] He sends *Antilochus* [p. 544] to tell *Achilles* [p. 517] of *Patroclus'* [p. 684] death.

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BkXV/II722 [p. 371] He and *Meriones* [p. 658] carry Patroclus' body from the field.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He competes in the chariot race.

BkXXIII362 [p. 476] *BkXXIII499* [p. 479] *Antilochus* [p. 544] forces him into third place.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] Antilochus placates him.

Menesthes

A Greek veteran.

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Menestheus

A son of *Peteos* [p. 692], and an Athenian king, he led the Athenians against Troy.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] urges him to fight.

BkXII329 [p. 250] Defending the Greek wall, he sends to *Ajax* [p. 532] for help.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] A commander of the Athenians.

BkXV328 [p. 311] *Arceilaus* [p. 550] his friend is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Menesthius, a Boeotian

A Greek from *Arne* [p. 554]. A son of *Areithous* [p. 551] and *Philomedusa* [p. 699],

BkVIII1 [p. 141] He is slain by *Paris* [p. 682].

Menesthius, a Myrmidon

The son of the river-god *Spercheus* [p. 721] by *Polydora* [p. 703], *Peleus*' [p. 688] daughter: in name he was the son of *Borus* [p. 567], *Perieres*' [p. 691] son.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Leader of a company of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

Menoetius

The *Opoeian* [p. 676], a friend of *Heracles* [p. 625].

BkI285 [p. 20] *BkIX162* [p. 181] *BkXI596* [p. 230] *BkXVII1* [p. 325] *BkXVI426* [p. 337] *BkXV1777* [p. 345] *BkXVII319* [p. 361] *BkXXIII54* [p. 468] *BkXXIII192* [p. 472] The father

of *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXI762 [p. 234] His advice to *Patroclus* on leaving for the war.

BkXVIII310 [p. 383] *Achilles* [p. 517] had promised him that *Patroclus* would return from Troy.

Menon

A Trojan.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Mentes

Leader of the *Cicones* [p. 577].

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] *Apollo* [p. 547] disguises himself as *Mentes*.

Mentor

A Trojan ally from *Pedaenum* [p. 686], a horse-breeder, father of *Imbrius* [p. 638].

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Mentioned.

Meriones

A son of *Molus* [p. 662], conjointly with *Idomeneus* [p. 636] he led the Cretans against Troy.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkIV250 [p. 84] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] sees him before the battle.

BkV1 [p. 95] He kills *Phereclus* [p. 695].

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] He attacks the Trojans, with his comrades.

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkX194 [p. 201] He joins the counsel and wishes to volunteer for a mission.

BkX254 [p. 202] He acts as squire to *Odysseus* [p. 671]. He inherited the helmet he gives to him.

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII136 [p. 262] He attacks *Deiphobus* [p. 587] unsuccessfully.

BkXIII239 [p. 265] He re-enters the battle.

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- BkXIII468* [p. 270] He fights alongside *Idomeneus* [p. 636].
- BkXIII526* [p. 272] He wounds Deiphobus.
- BkXIII526* [p. 272] He kills *Adamas* [p. 521].
- BkXIII643* [p. 275] He kills *Harpalion* [p. 616].
- BkXIV458* [p. 296] He kills *Morys* [p. 662] and Hippotion, a Trojan.
- BkXV281* [p. 310] He forms part of the group of leaders opposing *Hector* [p. 617].
- BkXVI257* [p. 331] He kills *Acamas* [p. 516].
- BkXVI569* [p. 340] He kills *Laogonus* [p. 643].
- BkXVII198* [p. 358] He goes to the support of *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Menelaus* [p. 655].
- BkXVII597* [p. 368] *Coerannus* [p. 580] his charioteer is killed.
- BkXVII656* [p. 369] He helps to defend *Patroclus*' [p. 684] corpse.
- BkXVII722* [p. 371] He and Menelaus carry Patroclus' body from the field.
- BkXIX238* [p. 400] He accompanies *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.
- BkXXIII108* [p. 469] He commands the wood-gathering for Patroclus' pyre.
- BkXXIII262* [p. 474] He competes in the chariot race.
- BkXXIII499* [p. 479] *BkXXIII566* [p. 481] He comes in fourth in the chariot race.
- BkXXIII850* [p. 489] He wins the archery contest.
- BkXXIII884* [p. 490] He receives second prize for the javelin competition without competing.

Mermerus

A Trojan leader.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Merops

A king of Rhindacus, of *Percote* [p. 690], on the Hellespont, is also called Macar, or Macareus. He was a celebrated soothsayer and the father of Cleite, Arisbe, *Amphius* [p. 541], and *Adrastus* [p. 522].

BkIII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXI299 [p. 223] His two sons killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Messe

A city in Laconia, southwest of modern Mina, southeast of Diros.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Messeis

BkVI440 [p. 136] A spring, perhaps in Thessaly, perhaps a generic name for a typical Greek fountain.

Mesthles

A *Maenian* [p. 651] leader at Troy.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

Mestor

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father bemoans his loss.

Methone

A city in Thessaly southwest of modern Kala Nera near Mount Pelion.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Mideia

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, on the site of modern Levadia.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Miletus, in Asia

An ancient seaport of Western Asia Minor, in Caria, on the mainland not far from Sámos.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Miletus, in Crete

A city in Crete, north of modern Milatos village, northwest of Neapoli.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned

Minos

King of *Crete* [p. 581]. A son of *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkXIII402 [p. 269] Father of *Deucalion* [p. 589].

BkXIV292 [p. 290] His mother was Europa.

Minyan

The post-Pelasgian culture Greeks, with an eponymous founder, Minyas, associated with Boeotian Orchomenus.

BkII484 [p. 48] The Greek contingent from Orchomenus and its environs.

Minyeius

A river meeting the sea near *Arene* [p. 551].

BkXI655 [p. 232] Mentioned.

Mnesus, a Paeonian

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Moirā

See *Fate* [p. 610]

Molion

Charioteer and squire to *Thymbraeus* [p. 733].

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Moliones

Eurytus and Cteatus, the sons of *Actor* [p. 521], or *Poseidon* [p. 705], by Molione, are so designated. They were nephews of *Augeas* [p. 562], king of the *Epeians* [p. 601].

BkXI655 [p. 232] They took part in the war on *Pylos* [p. 710].

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] They once defeated Nestor in a chariot race.

Molus

A son of the Cretan *Deucalion* [p. 589], and father of *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkX254 [p. 202] Mentioned as receiving the stolen cap from *Aphidamas* [p. 539].

Morys

A *Phrygian* [p. 697] leader from *Ascania* [p. 556]. A son of *Hippotion* [p. 629].

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Meriones* [p. 658].

Mulius, an Epeian

An *Epeian* [p. 601] chieftain, a son-in-law of *Augeias* [p. 562].

BkXI655 [p. 232] He had been killed by *Nestor* [p. 667].

Mulius, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Mulius, a Trojan

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Muse

The daughter of Mnemosyne, goddess of Memory, and *Zeus* [p. 739], she was patroness of poetry and literature. Homer also speaks of the Muses, of whom there are nine in later mythology.

BkI568 [p. 29] Mentioned as singing in harmony to *Apollo*'s [p. 547] lyre.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkII760* [p. 55] As Goddesses of Memory, the poet requires them to prompt him with the long list of leaders and place-names in the catalogue of ships.

BkII581 [p. 51] The Muses punished *Thamyris* [p. 727] by robbing him of his sight and powers of song.

BkXI218 [p. 221] *BkXIV458* [p. 296] *BkXVI101* [p. 327] The poet asks the Muses to prompt him. They dwell on *Olympus* [p. 675].

Mycale

Mycale, or Samsun Dağı and Dilek Dağı, in modern Turkey is a mountain on the west coast of central Anatolia north of the mouth of the Maeander and divided from the Greek island of Samos by the Samos Strait.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Mycalessus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Ritsona and Vathy.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Mycenae

The royal city in the Argolis, north of the cities of *Argos* [p. 553] and *Tiryns* [p. 734], was sited northeast of modern Mykines village. It was excavated by Schliemann who opened the ‘beehive’ tombs of the royal tomb circle. Famous for its Lion Gate once topped perhaps by a statue of the *Cretan* [p. 581] Great Goddess.

BkII484 [p. 48] Its contingents at the war.

BkIV1 [p. 79] A city beloved of the goddess *Hera* [p. 624].

BkIV326 [p. 86] Visited by *Tydeus* [p. 737].

BkVII161 [p. 146] *BkIX1* [p. 177] *BkXI1* [p. 215] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] is king of the city, and surrounding area.

BkXV565 [p. 317] *Periphetes* [p. 692], a Mycenaean.

Mydon, a Paeonian

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Mydon, a Paphlagonian

Charioteer, and friend of *Pylaemenes* [p. 710].

BkV519 [p. 111] Killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Mygdon

A son of Acmon, a Phrygian king. He fought with Otreus and Priam against the Amazons.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Mentioned.

Mynes

A son of Evenus of *Briseis* [p. 567], he was slain by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXIX282* [p. 403] Mentioned.

Myrine

A daughter of Teucer and the wife of *Dardanus* [p. 586].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Myrmidons

The Myrmidons were a race of men led by *Achilles* [p. 517] to the war against *Troy* [p. 737]. The name presumably derived from the Greek word for ant, *μύρμηξ*. In later mythology said to be a race created from ants.

BkI148 [p. 15] *BkI318* [p. 21] *BkII681* [p. 53] *BkIX162* [p. 181] *BkIX606* [p. 192] *BkXI762* [p. 234] *BkXVI1* [p. 325] *BkXIX282* [p. 403] *BkXXI136* [p. 433] *BkXXIII54* [p. 468] *BkXXIV468* [p. 504] Led by Achilles at Troy, ruled still by *Peleus* [p. 688] his father.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] They prepare to enter the battle.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] They drive back the Trojans from the ships.

BkXVI426 [p. 337] Myrmidons restrain the masterless horses.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] *Epeigeus* [p. 601], son of *Agacles* [p. 528], a Myrmidon leader is killed.

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] Achilles hears of the death of their leader, *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVIII310 [p. 383] *BkXXIII1* [p. 467] *BkXXIII108* [p. 469] They mourn for Patroclus.

BkXIX1 [p. 393] They are awed by Achilles' new armour.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] They return *Briseis* [p. 567] and the gifts to Achilles.

BkXXIV349 [p. 501] *Hermes* [p. 626] pretends to be a Myrmidon.

Myrsinus

A city in Elis, it was sited near modern Areti village northeast of Lechena.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Mysia

A region in the northwest of ancient *Asia Minor* or Anatolia (part of modern Turkey), it was located on the south coast of the Sea of Marmara. It was bounded by Bithynia on the east, Phrygia on the southeast, Lydia on the south, Aeolis on the southwest, Troad on the west and by the Propontis on the north.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] Hand to hand fighters according to Homer.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] *Hyrtius* [p. 633] a Mysian leader is killed.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] They had gifted *Priam* [p. 706] a team of mules.

Naiads

Minor divinities of nature, they are nymphs of fresh water, such as rivers, lakes, brooks, or wells.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] A Naiad bore *Satnius* [p. 715] to *Enops* [p. 599].

BkXX353 [p. 420] A Naiad bore *Otrynteus* [p. 679].

Nastes

A son of *Carians* [p. 571] to the assistance of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Naubolus

A son of Ornytus, and father of *Iphitus* [p. 639], he was king of Phocis.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Neleus

King of *Pylus* [p. 710], son of *Poseidon* [p. 705] and the nymph Tyro. Father of *Nestor* [p. 667], and his eleven brothers including Periclymenus.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] *BkXI489* [p. 228] *BkXIV1* [p. 283] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] The father of Nestor.

BkXI596 [p. 230] His famous breed of horses.

BkXI655 [p. 232] His war with *Elis* [p. 598].

Nemertes

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus)

The son of *Achilles* [p. 517], and Deidameia the daughter of Lycomedes, he was also called Pyrrhus. Alternatively he was a son of Achilles and Iphigeneia, and after the sacrifice of his mother was carried by his father to the island of *Scyros* [p. 717], where he was brought up in the house of Lycomedes, and was subsequently taken to Troy to assist the Greeks, his presence being essential according to prophecy.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] Achilles thinks of him, as he grieves for *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXXIV349 [p. 501] Mentioned, but not by name.

Nereids, Nereides

Daughters of *Nereus* [p. 666], and Doris, they were marine nymphs of the Mediterranean, as distinct from the Naiades, or nymphs of fresh water, and the Oceanides, the nymphs of the great ocean.

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] They gather round *Thetis* [p. 730].

BkXVIII78 [p. 377] They act as messengers for Thetis.

Nereus

A son of Pontus and Gaea, he was the husband of Doris, by whom he became the father of the *Nereides* [p. 666]. He is described as the wise and unerring old man of the sea.

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] *BkXVIII78* [p. 377] *BkXXIV552* [p. 507] Father of *Thetis* [p. 730].

Neritum, Neriton

A mountain on Homer's Ithaca. Or perhaps Mount Enos or another mountain on nearby Kefallonia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Nesaea

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Nestor

King of *Pyllos* [p. 710], and son of *Neleus* [p. 665], he is noted in the Iliad for his wisdom and eloquence. Described as *Geranian* [p. 611] Nestor.

BkI223 [p. 17] He offers his advice to *Achilles* [p. 517] and *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkIII1 [p. 33] Zeus sends a dream to Agamemnon in the guise of Nestor.

BkII48 [p. 35] The assembly beside Nestor's ship.

BkII333 [p. 45] Nestor rouses the troops and advises Agamemnon.

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists Agamemnon in sacrificing to the gods and rousing the troops.

BkII484 [p. 48] The most experienced of the Greeks in the handling of chariots and troops.

BkII581 [p. 51] Leader of a contingent to the war from Messinia.

BkIV250 [p. 84] Agamemnon talks with him before the battle.

BkV519 [p. 111] *BkVI11* [p. 123] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] *BkXIII526* [p. 272] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] *BkXVII597* [p. 368]

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] Father of *Antilochus* [p. 544].

BkVI11 [p. 123] He urges the Greeks to forgo looting and attack the Trojans.

BkVII120 [p. 145] He rebukes the Greeks.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He chooses *Ajax* [p. 532] by lot to face *Hector* [p. 617].

BkVII313 [p. 150] He suggests building a defensive wall.

BkVIII112 [p. 161] He fights alongside *Diomedes* [p. 590], and takes the reigns.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] Nestor's golden shield described.

BkIX1 [p. 177] He advises the council.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkXVI257* [p. 331] Father of *Thrasymedes* [p. 732].

BkIX162 [p. 181] He chooses ambassadors to go to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkX72 [p. 198] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] seeks him out.

BkX131 [p. 200] He rouses *Odysseus* [p. 671] and *Diomedes* [p. 590] and visits the sentries.

BkX515 [p. 211] He welcomes Odysseus and Diomedes back after their raid.

BkXI489 [p. 228] He attacks the Trojan right.

The Iliad

BkXI596 [p. 230] His chariot carries the wounded *Machaon* [p. 651] from the battle.

BkXI655 [p. 232] He recounts the war between *Pyllos* [p. 710] and *Elis* [p. 598].

BkXI804 [p. 235] He urges *Patroclus* [p. 684] to use his influence on *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXIV1 [p. 283] He suggests the wounded leaders devise some stratagem to respond to the Trojan attack on the ships.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He prays to *Zeus* [p. 739] for help.

BkXV653 [p. 319] He exhorts the Greeks to stand fast at the ships.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] His orders to his sons Thrasymedes and Antilochus.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] His sons accompany *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] *BkXXIII651* [p. 483] Achilles awards him a prize.

Nicippe

A daughter of *Pelops* [p. 689], and wife of *Sthenelus* [p. 722], she was the mother of *Eurystheus* [p. 609].

BkXIX74 [p. 397] Homer does not give her name, but mentions her role.

Niobe

A daughter of Tantalus, she was the sister of *Pelops* [p. 689], and married to Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom she became the mother of six sons and six daughters. Being proud of the number of her children, she deemed herself superior to *Apollo* [p. 547] and *Artemis* [p. 555], indignant at such presumption, slew all the children of Niobe, who was turned to stone.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Achilles mentions her.

Nireus

A son of Charopus and Aglaia, was, next to Achilles, the handsomest among the Greeks at Troy. He led the contingent from Syme.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Nisa

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Nisyros

Modern Nisyros Island in the Dodecanese, 30km southwest of Kos.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Noemon, a Greek

A friend of *Antilochus* [p. 544].

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] Mentioned.

Noemon, a Trojan

BkV590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Nomion

He was the father of Nastes and Amphimachus.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Notus

The South Wind, bringer of the storms of late summer and autumn.

BkXXI298 [p. 438] *Hera* [p. 624] summons a westerly wind from the sea.

Nymphs

They were the lesser female divinities of streams, water, hills, trees etc.

BkVI119 [p. 129] The nymphs of Mount *Nysa* [p. 670] who nurtured Dionysus were Macris, Nysa, Erato, Bromie and Bacche.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Those that dance on the banks of the River *Achelous* [p. 517].

Nysa

Mount Nyseion, variously located, but here in Thrace, where *Dionysus* [p. 592] was nurtured in a cave by the nymphs. He invented the process of wine-making there.

BkVII119 [p. 129] *Lycurgus* [p. 650] attacked him there.

Nyx, Night

The personification of night, she was the mother of *Tbanatos* [p. 727], Sleep and Death.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Hypnos fled to her for sanctuary.

Ocalea

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, near modern Aliatos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Ocean, Oceanos

The river encircling the world, the Ocean, personified as a sea-god, son of Earth and Air, and husband of *Tethys* [p. 725] his sister. Oceanus and Tethys are also the Titan and Titaness ruling the planet Venus. Some say from his waters all living things originated and Tethys produced all his children.

BkI428 [p. 24] *Zeus* [p. 739] visits him.

BkVII379 [p. 152] *BkXIX1* [p. 393] *BkXXIII192* [p. 472] The sun rises from its stream.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] The sun sets in its stream.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] Homer makes Oceanus and Tethys the source of gods and mortals. Their quarrel is presumably a metaphor for the conflict of sea and shore.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] *Hera* [p. 624] pretends to be about to visit Oceanus and Tethys.

BkXVIII368 [p. 384] *Eurynome* [p. 608] was his daughter.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The constellation of the Great Bear [p. 565] never dips below the horizon, that is into Ocean's stream, in northern latitudes.

BkXXI [p. 411] Ocean alone does not attend the gathering of divinities, thus remaining neutral.

Ochesius

An Aetolian.

BkV767 [p. 117] The father of *Periphas* [p. 691].

Odius, a Greek herald

BkIX162 [p. 181] A member of the embassy to *Achilles* [p. 517].

Odius

Leader of the *Halizones* [p. 616], Trojan allies.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkV1 [p. 95] He is killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Odysseus (Ulysses)

The son of *Laertes* [p. 642] (son of Arceisius) and husband of Penelope, he is, after the Trojan War, the hero of the Odyssey.

BkI101 [p. 14] One of the leaders of the Greeks at Troy.

BkI428 [p. 24] Sent to carry *Chryses*' [p. 577] daughter to the island of *Chryse* [p. 576].

BkII155 [p. 39] *Athene* [p. 559] encourages him to prevent the Greeks sailing. Symbolising Mind, she is the enabling intellect, and he the most cunning of the Greeks.

BkII211 [p. 42] He puts down *Thersites* [p. 729], who symbolises rebellion.

BkII278 [p. 43] He reminds the troops of *Calchas*' [p. 569] prophecy at *Aulis* [p. 563].

BkII394 [p. 46] He assists *Agamemnon* [p. 528] in sacrificing to the gods.

BkII581 [p. 51] He leads the contingent to Troy from the Ionian Islands.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Helen points him out to *Priam* [p. 706]. His noted eloquence.

BkIII245 [p. 69] He assists at the sacrifice before the duel.

BkIII310 [p. 70] He marks out the ground for the duel.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] urges him to fight.

BkIV473 [p. 91] He kills *Democoon* [p. 588] in revenge for the death of his friend *Leucus* [p. 647].

BkV519 [p. 111] He urges on the Greeks.

BkV590 [p. 112] He kills a number of Lycians.

BkVII [p. 123] He kills *Pidytes* [p. 699].

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] He leaves the battlefield when Zeus displays his menace.

BkVIII212 [p. 163] *BkXI804* [p. 235] His large-hulled black ship is beached in the centre of the Greek line. It is also a place of assembly and judgement, and site of the Greek altars to the gods.

BkIX162 [p. 181] *BkIX606* [p. 192] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] A member of the embassy to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkIX222 [p. 182] His speech to Achilles, urging him to rejoin the fight.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Achilles replies to him.

BkIX656 [p. 193] He returns to give the Achaeans Achilles' reply.

BkX131 [p. 200] *Nestor* [p. 667] rouses him.

BkX194 [p. 201] *Diomedes* [p. 590] selects him to join him in a foray.

BkX254 [p. 202] He arms and sets out to reconnoitre the Trojan camp, after praying to *Athene* [p. 559].

BkX299 [p. 204] He detects *Dolon* [p. 592] leaving the Trojan camp.

BkX349 [p. 205] He and *Diomedes* capture *Dolon*.

BkX412 [p. 206] He questions *Dolon*.

BkX465 [p. 208] He looses the horses of the Thracian king *Rhesus* [p. 712].

BkX515 [p. 211] He returns in triumph to the Greek camp with *Diomedes*.

BkIII181 [p. 67] His previous embassy to the Trojans.

BkXI299 [p. 223] He and *Diomedes* make a stand against the Trojan onslaught.

BkXI349 [p. 224] He protects the wounded *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkXI401 [p. 226] *BkXI655* [p. 232] *BkXVII* [p. 325] He is wounded and rescued by *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXI762 [p. 234] While recruiting, he and *Nestor* [p. 667] had visited *Peleus* [p. 688].

BkXIV1 [p. 283] He and other wounded generals are met by *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkXIV82 [p. 285] He reproaches *Agamemnon* [p. 528] for counselling flight.

BkXIV352 [p. 293] Though wounded he re-enters the fight.

BkXIX1 [p. 393] He limps to the assembly.

BkXIX145 [p. 398] He argues for a delay before attacking the Trojans.

BkXXIII700 [p. 485] He wrestles with Telamonian *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He comes first in the foot-race.

Oechalia

A Thessalonian city, modern Ichnia.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkII681* [p. 53] Mentioned.

Oedipus, Oidipodes

King of *Thebes* [p. 728]. He killed his own father Laius, and married his mother, Jocaste.

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] His funeral games mentioned.

Oeneus

A son of *Agrius* [p. 532] and *Melas* [p. 655] and husband of Althaea, by whom he became the father of *Tydeus* [p. 737] and *Meleager* [p. 655], he was thus the grandfather of *Diomedes* [p. 590]. He was king of *Calydon* [p. 570] in Aetolia.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkV767* [p. 117] Mentioned.

BkVI119 [p. 129] He had once entertained *Bellerophon* [p. 565].

BkIX527 [p. 190] He offended *Artemis* [p. 555], and was punished by her sending the Calydonian Boar to persecute Calydon.

BkX465 [p. 208] *BkXIV82* [p. 285] The grandfather of Diomedes.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving *Achilles* [p. 517].

Oenomaus, a Greek

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617] or *Ares* [p. 551].

Oenomaus, a Trojan

BkXII80 [p. 242] He helps lead the attack on the Greek wall.

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He is killed by *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

Oenops

See *Helennus* [p. 621]

BkV703 [p. 115] Father of Helenus, a Greek.

Oetylus

A city in Laconia, southwest of modern Itylo.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Oileus

A son of Hodoedocus and Laonome, grandson of Cynus, and great-grandson of Opus, was a king of the Locrians, and married to Eriopis, by whom he became the father of *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser, who is hence called Oïlides or Oïliades.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkXII329* [p. 250] Mentioned.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] *BkXV328* [p. 311] Father of *Medon* [p. 653] by Rhene.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] *BkXIII136* [p. 262] *BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXXIII740* [p. 486] Father of Ajax the Lesser.

Oileus, a Trojan

Charioteer to *Bienor* [p. 566].

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Olen

The Olenian Rock, modern Skollis Mountain.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXI655* [p. 232] Mentioned.

Olenus

A city of Aetolia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Olizon

A city in Thessaly south of modern Milina southwest of Lafkos.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Oloosson

A Thessalian city north of modern Ellassonia.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Olympus

The mountain in northern Thessaly supposed to be the home of the gods.

BkI22 [p. 11] *Apollo* [p. 547] descends from the mountain.

BkI188 [p. 16] *Athene* [p. 559] returns there after speaking with *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkI357 [p. 22] *BkI428* [p. 24] *BkI488* [p. 26] etc. The home of the gods.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkXI218* [p. 221] *BkXIV458* [p. 296] *BkXVI101* [p. 327] The home of the *Muses* [p. 662] according to Homer.

BkV352 [p. 107] *Aphrodite* [p. 546] and *Hades* [p. 614] retire there when hurt.

BkXI1 [p. 215] The home of the immortals, where they live in houses built for them among the folds of the mountain.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] *Hera* [p. 624] sees the battlefield at Troy from Olympus.

BkXVIII78 [p. 377] The home of *Hephaestus* [p. 623], the master-craftsman to the gods.

BkXX1 [p. 411] Zeus watches the battle from Olympus.

Onchestus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, northeast of modern Mavrommati near Thespies.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Onetor

A Trojan priest of Idaean *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkXVI569 [p. 340] The father of *Laogonus* [p. 643].

Ophelestes, a Paeonian

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Ophelestes, a Trojan

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Opheltius, a Greek

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Opheltius, a Trojan

BkVII [p. 123] Killed by *Euryalus* [p. 607].

Opites

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Opocis

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city, it lay southeast of modern Kyparissi village near Atalanti.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXVIII310 [p. 383] *BkXXIII54* [p. 468] It was the home of *Menoetius* [p. 657] and *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Orchomenus, in Arcadia

A city in Arcadia, it lay west of modern Orchomenos village near Levidi.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Orchomenus, in Boeotia

A *Minyan* [p. 661] town, it lay on the site of modern Orchemenos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Noted for its wealth.

Oreithyia

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Oresbius

A Greek from *Hyle* [p. 630].

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617] or *Ares* [p. 551].

Orestes

The son of *Agamemnon* [p. 528] and *Clytaemnestra* [p. 579], who returned from exile to avenge his father's murder.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Mentioned, as at home in *Argos* [p. 553].

Orestes, a Greek

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617] or *Ares* [p. 551].

Orestes, a Trojan

BkXII80 [p. 242] He helps lead the attack on the Greek wall.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Leonteus* [p. 646].

Orion

A hunter from Boeotian Hyria, renowned for his beauty. He was loved by *Eos* [p. 587] and killed by *Artemis* [p. 555], perhaps unintentionally, while swimming near Ortygia to escape the scorpion *Apollo* [p. 547] sent to attack him. The brightest constellation in the sky, it is an area of star formation in a nearby arm of the Galaxy centred on M42 the Orion Nebula, which marks Orion's sword. He is depicted as brandishing a club and shield at Taurus the Bull. He was stung to death by a scorpion, and now rises when Scorpio sets and vice versa. His two dogs are Canis Major, which contains Sirius the brightest star in the sky after the sun, and Canis Minor, which contains the star Procyon, forming an equilateral triangle with Sirius and Betelgeuse the red giant in Orion.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The constellation appears on *Achilles'* [p. 517] shield.

BkXXIII [p. 449] Sirius the Dog-star is mentioned, its appearance in Aegean latitudes was associated with the dry 'dog-days' of August, and the harvest period. A misted rising indicated threat of pestilence and fever.

Ormenius, Ormenion

A city in Thessaly southwest of modern Ali Meria village, southwest of Portaria.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Ormenus

A son of Cercaphus, and grandson of Aeolus, he was believed to have founded the town of Ormenium, in Thessaly.

BkIX430 [p. 188] The father of *Amyntor* [p. 541].

Ormenus, a Trojan

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tencer* [p. 725].

Ormenus, a second Trojan

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Polyboetes* [p. 704].

Orneiae

A city of the northern Argolid near Corinth.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Orsilochus, father of *Diocles* [p. 589]

The father of Diocles.

BkV519 [p. 111] Son of the river god Alpheus.

Orsilochus, son of *Diocles* [p. 589]

A son of Diocles.

BkV519 [p. 111] Killed by *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Orsilochus, a Trojan

BkVIII273 [p. 165] Killed by *Tencer* [p. 725].

Orthaeus

A Trojan leader.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

Orthe

A Thessalian city.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Orus

A leading Greek warrior.

BkXI299 [p. 223] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Ossa, Rumour

The personification of rumour or report, the Latin *Fama*. As it is often impossible to trace a report to its source, it is said to come from Zeus, and hence Ossa is called the messenger of Zeus.

BkII48 [p. 35] Mentioned.

Othryoneus

A Trojan ally from *Cabesus*. [p. 568]

BkXIII330 [p. 267] Killed by *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII723 [p. 277] *Hector* [p. 617] seeks for him in the front ranks and fails to find him.

Otreus

A king of Phrygia, whom Priam assisted against the Amazons.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Mentioned.

Otrynteus

See *Iphition* [p. 639]

BkXX353 [p. 420] The father of Iphition.

Otus, brother of *Ephialtes* [p. 601]

A son of *Aloeus*' [p. 537] wife Iphimedeia by *Ares* [p. 551] in chains, and kept him imprisoned for thirteen months; so that he would have perished, had not *Hermes* [p. 626] been informed of it by *Eriboea* [p. 596], and secretly freed him.

BkV352 [p. 107] Mentioned.

Otus, leader of the Epeians

A Greek of *Cyllene* [p. 583], a friend of *Meges* [p. 654], and leader of the *Epeians* [p. 601].

BkXV514 [p. 316] Killed by *Polydamas* [p. 702].

Paeon, Paeon

A god of medicine. A god in Egypt (Thoth), and in Greece. *Apollo* [p. 547] later had the epithet of Paeon the Healer, taken from the earlier god.

BkV352 [p. 107] Apollo once healed *Hades* [p. 614].

BkV846 [p. 119] He heals *Ares* [p. 551].

Paeon

See *Agastrophus* [p. 530]

BkXI299 [p. 223] *BkXI349* [p. 224] A Trojan, father of Agastrophus.

Paeonia

The land of the Paeonians lay in the region of Thrace. In the time of Classical Greece, Paionia originally including the whole Axios River valley and the surrounding areas, in what is now the northern part of the Greek region of Macedonia, most of the Republic of Macedonia, and a small part of western Bulgaria.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] *Pyraechmes* [p. 711] a leader of the Paeonians is killed.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] The land of *Apisaon* [p. 547].

BkXXI136 [p. 433] The land of *Asteropaens* [p. 557].

BkXXI200 [p. 435] *Achilles* [p. 517] slaughters the Paeonian charioteers in the river-bed.

Paesus

A city in the Troad.

BkV590 [p. 112] Mentioned.

Pallas

The 'Maiden'. An epithet of *Athene* [p. 559].

Palmys

A Trojan leader.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

Pammon

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Pandarus

A son of *Lycaon* [p. 648], a Lycian, commanded the inhabitants of *Zeleia* [p. 739] near Mount Ida, in the war.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIV68 [p. 80] *Athene* [p. 559] seeks him out and rouses him to attack *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkV84 [p. 97] *BkV767* [p. 117] He wounds *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkV166 [p. 100] He joins *Aeneas* [p. 524] in fighting Diomedes.

BkV239 [p. 102] He is killed by Diomedes.

Pandion

Squire to *Teucer* [p. 725].

BkXII329 [p. 250] He helps defend the wall.

Pandocus

A Trojan.

BkXI489 [p. 228] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Panope, Panopeia

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Panopeus, a Greek

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] The father of *Epeius* [p. 601].

Panopeus

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, south of modern Agios Vlassios, near Cheronia.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] The home of *Schedius* [p. 717].

Panthous

One of the elders at Troy, married to *Euphorbus* [p. 607], *Hyperenor* [p. 631].

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

BkXIII723 [p. 277] *BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXV379* [p. 312] *BkXV514* [p. 316] *BkXVI508* [p. 339] *BkXVIII243* [p. 381] The father of Polydamas.

BkXVI777 [p. 345] *BkXVIII1* [p. 351] The father of Euphorbus, who wounds *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Paphlagonians

Paphlagonia was an ancient region on the Black Sea coast of north central Anatolia, situated between Bithynia to the west and Pontus to the east.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkV519 [p. 111] *Pylaemenes* [p. 710] leads the contingent at Troy.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] *Harpalion* [p. 616], son of Pylaemenes, is killed.

Paris

A son of *Helen* [p. 621] to Troy.

BkIII1 [p. 63] He avoids *Menelaus* [p. 655] as the armies meet.

BkIII58 [p. 64] *BkIII121* [p. 66] *BkIII245* [p. 69] He accepts the challenge to fight Menelaus.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkIV68* [p. 80] He fights Menelaus and is rescued by *Aphrodite* [p. 546].

BkIII395 [p. 73] He and Helen are reconciled by Aphrodite.

BkV1 [p. 95] *Phereclus* [p. 695] built the fleet with which he carried off Helen.

BkVI237 [p. 129] *BkVI312* [p. 132] *BkVI494* [p. 137] *BkVII1* [p. 141] *BkXIII723* [p. 277]

Hector rouses him to battle.

BkVII313 [p. 150] *BkVII379* [p. 152] He proposes a gift to the Greeks in exchange for keeping Helen.

BkXI84 [p. 217] *Antimachus* [p. 545] hoped for gifts from him for opposing the return of Helen.

BkXI349 [p. 224] He wounds *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkXI489 [p. 228] He wounds *Machaon* [p. 651].

BkXI543 [p. 229] He wounds *Eurypylos* [p. 608].

BkXII80 [p. 242] He leads the second company under *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXIII468 [p. 270] He fights alongside *Aeneas* [p. 524].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He kills *Euchenor* [p. 606].

BkXIII788 [p. 278] He joins Hector at the front.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Deiobus* [p. 587].

BkXXII90 [p. 451] *BkXXIV718* [p. 511] His abduction of *Helen* [p. 621] was the cause of the war.

BkXXII247 [p. 454] *Hector* [p. 617] prophesies that Paris will kill *Achilles* [p. 517] with *Apollo's* [p. 547] help, i.e. by means of a divinely-assisted arrow.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] Paris had judged *Aphrodite* [p. 546] more beautiful than *Hera* [p. 624] or *Athene* [p. 559], leading to their hatred of Troy, Priam and his race.

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Parrhasia

A city in Arcadia, it was southeast of modern Lykossoura village west of Megalopoli.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Parthenius

According to Strabo, the river Parthenius formed the western limit of *Paphlagonia* [p. 682], which was bounded on the east by the Halys River.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Pasithea

One of the three *Graces* [p. 613].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *Hera* [p. 624] promises her in marriage to *Hypnos* [p. 631], for his help.

Patroclus

Achilles' [p. 517] beloved friend, whose death, at the hands of *Hector* [p. 617], caused Achilles to re-enter the fight against the *Trojans* [p. 737].

BkI285 [p. 20] He is mentioned for the first time, as the son of *Menoetius* [p. 657].

BkI318 [p. 21] He hands *Briseis* [p. 567] over to the ambassadors.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] *Zeus* [p. 739] prophesies his death in battle.

BkIX162 [p. 181] *BkIX606* [p. 192] He is present when Achilles receives the embassy from *Agamemnon* [p. 528]. He is described as Achilles' dear comrade.

BkIX656 [p. 193] He carries out Achilles' orders.

BkXI596 [p. 230] Achilles sends him to ask news of *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkXI804 [p. 235] *BkXII1* [p. 241] He tends *Eurypylos'* [p. 608] wound.

BkXVI1 [p. 301] Zeus predicts his death at Hector's hands.

BkXV379 [p. 312] He goes to try and persuade Achilles to join the battle.

BkXVI1 [p. 325] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] *BkXXII247* [p. 454] He persuades *Achilles* [p. 517] to let him fight in his armour.

BkXVI101 [p. 327] He arms for battle.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] *BkXVI210* [p. 330] He prepares to lead the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Areilycus* [p. 551].

BkXVI351 [p. 335] He kills *Thestor* [p. 729], *Erylaus* [p. 604], *Erymas* [p. 605], *Amphoterus* [p. 541], *Epaltus* [p. 601], *Tlepolemus* [p. 735], *Echius* [p. 596], *Ipheus* [p. 638], *Euippus* [p. 606], and *Polymelus* [p. 704].

BkXVI426 [p. 337] He kills *Thrasymelus* [p. 733] and then *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *BkXXIII799* [p. 488] He urges the Greeks to despoil Sarpedon's body.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He kills *Sthenelaus* [p. 721].

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He kills *Adrastus* [p. 522], *Autonous* [p. 564], *Echeclus* [p. 595], *Epistor* [p. 602], *Melanippus* [p. 654], *Elasus* [p. 597], *Mulius* [p. 662], and *Pylartes* [p. 710].

BkXVI726 [p. 344] He kills Cebriones and fights with *Hector* [p. 617] over *Cebriones'* [p. 573] body.

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BkXVI777 [p. 345] He is attacked by *Apollo* [p. 547], wounded by *Euphorbus* [p. 607] and finally killed by Hector.

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] *BkXVII82* [p. 355] *BkXVII140* [p. 356] *BkXVIII198* [p. 358] *BkXVII262* [p. 359] *BkXVII543* [p. 366] *Ajax* [p. 532] and *Menelaus* [p. 655] defend his corpse.

BkXVII319 [p. 361] *BkXVII543* [p. 366] The Greeks and Trojans war over his corpse.

BkXVII384 [p. 362] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] Only Patroclus, acting as charioteer to Achilles, had been able to fully master the immortal *horses* [p. 738].

BkXVII481 [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] partially avenges him, by killing *Aretus* [p. 552].

BkXVII656 [p. 369] *Menelaus* [p. 655] hesitates to leave his corpse.

BkXVII722 [p. 371] His body is carried from the field by Menelaus and *Meriones* [p. 658].

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] *BkXVIII78* [p. 377] The news of his death reaches *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXVIII148 [p. 379] The Greeks finally retrieve his body.

BkXVIII310 [p. 383] The Greeks lament him.

BkXIX1 [p. 393] *Thetis* [p. 730] preserves his body.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] *Briseis* [p. 567] and Achilles grieve for him.

BkXXI1 [p. 429] Achilles takes twelve Trojan youths captive as a blood-price for Patroclus' death.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] Achilles is determined to avenge him by killing Trojans.

BkXXII367 [p. 459] Having killed *Hector* [p. 617] in revenge, Achilles vows never to forget Patroclus.

BkXXIII1 [p. 467] Achilles and the Myrmidons mourn beside his bier.

BkXXIII54 [p. 468] His shade appears to Achilles in dream.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] The Greeks build his funeral pyre.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] The Greeks collect his ashes and build his funeral mound.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] The Greeks perform games in his honour.

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He had received a silver bowl in exchange for *Lycan* [p. 648].

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] *BkXXIV468* [p. 504] *Achilles* [p. 517] continues to grieve for him.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Achilles asks his forgiveness for ransoming *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] Achilles had dragged Hector's corpse repeatedly round his barrow, and there is a suggestion here of an attempted resurrection ritual.

Pedacon, Pedaecum

Pedeon was a city in the Troad.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Home of *Imbrius* [p. 638] and his father *Mentor* [p. 658].

Pedaeus

BkVI1 [p. 95] A bastard son of *Antenor* [p. 543], killed by *Megeus* [p. 654].

Pedasmus, in Agamemnon's realm [p. 528]

A city, Pidassos, in Messinia, near the coast east of the Pylian country.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Pedasmus, in the Troad

A town in the Troad it lay the banks of the river *Satnioös* [p. 714].

BkVII1 [p. 123] Home of *Elatus* [p. 597].

BkXX75 [p. 414] Sacked by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] Ruled by *Altes* [p. 538], king of the *Leleges* [p. 645].

Pedasmus, a Trojan

BkVI1 [p. 123] Killed by *Euryalus* [p. 607].

Pedasmus, a horse of Achilles [p. 517]

BkXVI101 [p. 327] A mortal horse captured by Achilles when he took *Thebe* [p. 728].

BkXVI426 [p. 337] He is killed by *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

Peiraeus

A son of Clytius of Ithaca, he was a friend of Telemachus in Homer's *Odyssey*.

BkIV198 [p. 83] The father of *Ptolemaeus* [p. 709].

Peirithous

Son of *Ixion* [p. 641], king of the *Lapithae* [p. 644] in Thessaly and friend of *Theseus* [p. 729], he married *Hippodameia* [p. 628], the daughter of Butes.

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought the *Centaurs* [p. 573] at his marriage feast.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXII80* [p. 242] *BkXII175* [p. 246] Father of *Polypoetes* [p. 704].

BkXIV292 [p. 290] Homer repeats the myth which has *Zeus* [p. 739] father Peirithous on Dia the wife of Ixion.

Peiros, Peiroos, Peirous

A son of *Imbrusus* [p. 638] of *Aenus* [p. 525], he was a commander of the Thracians who were allied with Priam in the Trojan War.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIV473 [p. 91] He kills *Diores* [p. 592] and is in turn killed by *Thoas* [p. 731].

BkXX455 [p. 424] His son *Rhigmus* [p. 712] killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Peisander, a Myrmidon

The son of *Maemalus* [p. 651].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Leader of a company of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

Peisander

See *Antimachus* [p. 545]

A son of *Antimachus* [p. 545].

BkXI84 [p. 217] Killed by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Peisander, a Trojan

BkXIII576 [p. 273] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Peisenor

A Trojan leader.

BkXV379 [p. 312] The father of *Cleitus* [p. 578].

Pelagon, a Lycian

He was a close companion to *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

BkV590 [p. 112] He pulls the spear from Sarpedon's wound.

Pelagon, a Pylian

BkIV250 [p. 84] A leader of the Pylian contingent at Troy.

Pelasgus, Pelasgians

The father of the Pelasgian people, apparently he gave his name to the pre-Hellenic inhabitants of Northern Greece and Macedonia as far as Thrace. Mythologically Pelasgus was the son of Phoroneus.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkII811* [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkX412 [p. 206] Probably here an Anatolian tribe, they were allied to Troy.

BkXVI210 [p. 330] *Zeus* [p. 739] is described as a god of the Pelasgians, by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXVII262 [p. 359] *Hippobous* [p. 629], son of *Lethus* [p. 646] is a Pelasgian leader.

Pelegon

The Paconian, he was son of the river-god *Axius* [p. 564] and *Periboëa* [p. 691].

BkXXI136 [p. 433] The father of *Asteropaëus* [p. 557].

Peleus

The father of *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Thetis* [p. 730], he was the son of Aeacus. *Zeus* [p. 739] chose him as the Nereid Thetis' husband after the Fates prophesied that any son of hers would be more powerful than the father.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI101* [p. 14] *BkI188* [p. 16] *BkI223* [p. 17] *BkI357* [p. 22] *BkVIII438* [p. 170] *BkIX79* [p. 179] *BkIX162* [p. 181] etc. *BkIX656* [p. 193] *BkX299* [p. 204] *BkXVI1* [p. 301] *BkXV565* [p. 317] *BkXVII1* [p. 325] *BkXVIII1* [p. 375] *BkXVIII310* [p. 383] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] *BkXX153* [p. 416] *BkXXI136* [p. 433] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] The father of Achilles.

BkVII120 [p. 145] An example of a Greek hero. He is still living, but not at Troy.

BkIX222 [p. 182] *BkXI762* [p. 234] His admonition to his son Achilles.

BkIX307 [p. 184] He was still alive at the time of the war, and ruling in Phthia.

BkIX430 [p. 188] He made *Phoenix* [p. 696] Achilles' guardian.

BkXVI101 [p. 327] *Cheiron* [p. 575] gave him the ash spear that Achilles uses at Troy.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] His daughter *Polydora* [p. 703].

BkXVI351 [p. 335] *BkXVI777* [p. 345] *BkXVII384* [p. 362] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] Achilles' immortal *borses* [p. 738] were a gift of *Poseidon* [p. 705] to Peleus.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He offered sanctuary to *Epeigeus* [p. 601].

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BkXV/III140 [p. 356] *BkXV/III198* [p. 358] *BkXV/III368* [p. 384] Achilles' armour taken by *Hector* [p. 617] was a gift of the gods to Peleus, when he married *Thetis* [p. 730].

BkXIX282 [p. 403] Achilles assumes he is still alive in Phthia.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] *Priam* [p. 706] mentions him, and assumes he is still living.

BkXXIII54 [p. 468] He had reared *Patroclus* [p. 684] in his own house.

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] He had made a vow to the River-god *Sperchios* [p. 721].

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] *Hera* [p. 624] had married *Thetis* [p. 730], her ward, to him.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] *Achilles* [p. 517] is touched by Priam's reference to his father.

Pelias

King of *Iolcus* [p. 638], he was the son of *Neleus* [p. 665].

BkII681 [p. 53] Father of *Alcestis* [p. 536].

Pelion

A mountain range in Thessaly in Northern Greece, the highest peaks of Pelion (Pliasidi 1548 m. and Pourianos Stavros 1610 m.) are in the northern part of the range.

BkII681 [p. 53] The *Centaur*s [p. 573] expelled from there by *Magnetes* [p. 652].

BkXVI101 [p. 327] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] *BkXXI136* [p. 433] *BkXXIII131* [p. 452] Achilles' spear is made from an ash tree from its summit.

Pellene

An ancient city near Corinth, it lay west of modern Pellini village.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Pelops

Peneius

The the main river of the Thessalian plain, flowing down from the Pindaros Mountains, to enter the Aegean Sea via the Vale of Tempe, cutting a path between Mount Olympos and Mount Ossa.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Peneleos

The son of Hippalcmus and Asterope, and one of the Argonauts, he is one of the leaders of the *Boeotians* [p. 566] in the war.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He kills *Ilioneus* [p. 637].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] He kills *Lycos* [p. 649].

BkXVII597 [p. 368] He is killed by *Polydamas* [p. 702].

Penelope

The wife of *Odysseus* [p. 671], and daughter of Icarus and the Naiad Periboa.

(See J R Spencer Stanhope's painting- Penelope – The De Morgan Foundation)

Perrhaebi

A tribe of northern Thessaly, their most significant town was *Oloosson* [p. 675].

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Percote

A town or city it lay on the southern (Asian) side of the Hellespont, to the northeast of Troy.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXI218* [p. 221] Mentioned.

BkVII [p. 123] *Pidytes* [p. 699] came from there.

BkXI299 [p. 223] *Merops* [p. 659], a soothsayer, came from there.

BkXV514 [p. 316] *Melanippus* [p. 654] came from there.

Pereia

Probably a reference to the springs and district of Hypereia at *Admetus*' [p. 521] city.

BkII760 [p. 55] Mentioned.

Pergamus

The citadel of *Troy* [p. 737].

BkIV473 [p. 91] *Apollo* [p. 547] watches the battle from there.

BkV431 [p. 109] *Aeneas* [p. 524] is taken there by Apollo for sanctuary.

BkVI494 [p. 137] *Paris* [p. 682] strides down from the citadel.

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] *Cassandra* [p. 572], the priestess of Apollo, sees the returning *Priam* [p. 706] from there.

Pergasus

See *Deicoon* [p. 587]

The father of Deicoön.

BkV519 [p. 111] Mentioned.

Periboea

A daughter of *Accesamennus* [p. 516], she was the mother of *Axius* [p. 564].

BkXXI136 [p. 433] Mentioned.

Perieres

BkXVI155 [p. 328] The father of *Borus* [p. 567].

Perimedes

The *Schedius* [p. 717].

BkXV514 [p. 316] Mentioned.

Perimus

A Trojan, the son of *Megas* [p. 654].

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Periphas, an Aetolian

A son of the Aetolian *Ochesius* [p. 671].

BkV767 [p. 117] *BkV846* [p. 119] Killed by *Ares* [p. 551].

Periphas, a Trojan

The son of *Epytus* [p. 603], he was herald to *Anchises* [p. 542].

BkXVII319 [p. 361] Apollo disguises himself as Periphas.

Periphetes, a Trojan

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Periphetes, of Mycenae

A *Mycenean* [p. 663], the son of *Copreus* [p. 580].

BkXV565 [p. 317] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Persephone

The daughter of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Demeter* [p. 588], she was the wife of *Hades* [p. 614]. Abducted from Enna in Sicily, and raped by him, she was forced to remain in the Underworld for half the year. Her story formed the basis of the ritual worship at Eleusis, where she was revered as Kore, the Maiden.

BkIX430 [p. 188] The dread Queen of the Underworld.

BkIX527 [p. 190] Invoked by *Althaea* [p. 538] when cursing her son.

Perseus

The hero, he was the son of *Zeus* [p. 739] and *Danaë* [p. 585].

BkXIV292 [p. 290] Mentioned.

BkXIX74 [p. 397] The father of *Sthenelus* [p. 722].

Peteon

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, it lies east of modern Mouriki near Thiva.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Peteos

A son of Orneus, and father of *Menestheus* [p. 657], he was expelled from Athens by Aegeus, and is said to have gone to Phocis, where he founded the town of Stiris.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkIV326* [p. 86] *BkXII329* [p. 250] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] Mentioned.

Phaenops

The son of *Asius* [p. 556] of *Abydos* [p. 515], and a friend of *Hector* [p. 617], he was the father of *Xanthus* [p. 738], *Thoon* [p. 731].

BkV84 [p. 97] Xanthus and Thoon killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkXVII262 [p. 359] Phorcys killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkXVII543 [p. 366] *Apollo* [p. 547] disguises himself as Phaenops.

Phaestus, a Maeonian

A Maeonian, the son of *Borus* [p. 567].

BkV1 [p. 95] Killed by *Idomenus* [p. 636].

Phaestus

The ancient city of southern *Crete* [p. 581] lies near the modern coastal resort of Matala, and the Bay of Mesara.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned

Phalces

A Trojan leader.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] Killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Pharis

A city in Laconia, west of modern Skoura, southwest of Goritsa.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Phausius

See *Apisaon* [p. 547]

BkXI543 [p. 229] Father of Apisaon.

Phegeus

A son of *Dares* [p. 586], the Trojan priest.

BkV1 [p. 95] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Pheia

An ancient city, Iliia, in Elis in western Greece.

BkVIII120 [p. 145] Site of a battle in which *Nestor* [p. 667] played a part.

Pheidias

BkXIII643 [p. 275] An Athenian repelling the Trojan attack.

Pheidippus

A son of Thessalus, the Heracleid, and brother of Antiphos, he led the warriors of the Sporades against Troy.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Pheneos

A city in Arcadia, south of modern Feneos near Goura.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Pherae, Pheres

A city in Thessaly, near modern Velestino.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Pherae

An ancient city (near modern Kalainai on the Gulf of Messinia) between *Sparta* [p. 721].

BkV519 [p. 111] Home city of *Diocles* [p. 589].

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Promised to *Achilles* [p. 517] by *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

Phereclus

A grandson of *Harmon* [p. 616], he built the fleet of ships with which *Helen* [p. 621].

BkV1 [p. 95] He is killed by *Meriones* [p. 658].

Pheres

See *Eumelus* [p. 606]

A son of Cretheus and Tyro, and brother of Aeson and Amythaon; he was married to Periclymene, by whom he became the father of *Admetus* [p. 521], Lycurgus, Eidomene, and Periapis. He was believed to have founded the town of *Pherae* [p. 694] in Thessaly.

BkII760 [p. 55] Father of Admetus.

Pherusa

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Philetor

See *Demuchus* [p. 589]

BkXX455 [p. 424] The father of Demuchus.

Philoctetes

The son of Poias, he lit *Heracles'* [p. 625] funeral pyre and received from him the bow, quiver and arrows that would enable the Greeks to finally win at *Troy* [p. 737], and that had been with Hercules when he rescued Hesione there. Bitten by a snake on *Lemnos* [p. 645] he was abandoned there, on *Odysseus'* [p. 671] advice. Odysseus subsequently brought Philoctetes and the weapon to Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Phlegyes, Phlegyans

An unknown early Greek tribe, Strabo calls them Gyrtonians. The Gyrtonians were led in the Trojan War by *Polypoetes* [p. 704] according to Apollodorus.

BkXIII239 [p. 265] Mentioned.

Phobos, Panic

A personification of Panic or Rout, he was a son of *Ares* [p. 551] and *Aphrodite* [p. 546], brother of *Deimos* [p. 587], and one of the ordinary companions of Ares.

BkIV422 [p. 88] *BkXIII239* [p. 265] Mentioned.

BkXV78 [p. 304] He harnesses Ares' horses.

Phocians

Phocis was the region of ancient Greece, north of the Gulf of Corinth and west of *Boeotia* [p. 566].

BkII484 [p. 48] Their contingents at Troy.

BkXV514 [p. 316] *BkXVII262* [p. 359] *Schedius* [p. 717], a Phocian.

Phoebus

A familiar name for *Apollo* [p. 547] as the sun-god and so the sun itself.

BkXV220 [p. 307] *BkXV328* [p. 311] See Apollo.

Phoenix, father of Europa

Homer makes Phoenix the grandfather of *Minos* [p. 661] and *Rhadamanthus* [p. 711], and therefore by inference the father of Europa their mother. She is usually described as a daughter of Agenor, King of Phoenicia, and Phoenix is her brother.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] *Zeus* [p. 739] seduced Europa in the form of a bull from the sea.

Phoenix

A son of *Amyntor* [p. 541], he took part in the Calydonian hunt, and accompanied *Achilles* [p. 517] to Troy. His father had neglected his wife and taken a mistress. Phoenix yielded to his mother's request to dishonour her rival. Amyntor cursed him, and he fled to *Peleus* [p. 688], who made him king of the Dolopes, on the frontiers of *Phthia* [p. 698], and guardian to Achilles.

BkIX162 [p. 181] *BkIX222* [p. 182] Sent with the embassy to Achilles.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Achilles offers to give him passage home on his ship.

BkIX430 [p. 188] He tells his history, and advises Achilles to quench his anger.

BkIX606 [p. 192] Achilles refuses to listen to his advice.

BkIX656 [p. 193] He remains with Achilles, by the ships.

BkXVI1155 [p. 328] Leader of a company of the *Myrmidons* [p. 664].

BkXVII543 [p. 366] *Athene* [p. 559] disguises herself as Phoenix.

BkXIX282 [p. 403] He and the other generals try to comfort the grieving *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] He acts as umpire in the chariot race.

Phorbas, a Trojan

A wealthy Trojan, owner of herds.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] The father of *Ilioneus* [p. 637].

Phorbas, of Lesbos

BkIX656 [p. 193] The father of *Diomedes* [p. 589].

Phorcys

A son of *Ascania* [p. 556], he assisted Priam in the Trojan War.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Phradmon

See *Agelaus* [p. 531]

BkVIII212 [p. 163] Father of Agelaus.

Phrontis

The wife of *Pantbous* [p. 682].

BkXVIII1 [p. 351] Mentioned.

Phrygia

Ancient Phrygia was a country in the western Anatolian plateau, the country around the sources of the Sakarya Nehri (river) within the triangle of the modern cities of Afyon, Eskisehir and Ankara.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkIII395* [p. 73] Mentioned.

BkIII181 [p. 67] *Priam* [p. 706] had visited Phrygia.

BkX412 [p. 206] Allied to Troy.

BkXVIII243 [p. 381] Trojan possessions sold there to help finance the war.

BkXXIV468 [p. 504] The Trojans rule was bounded by upper Phrygia.

Phthia, Phthie

Modern Fthii is a region of Greece, in Phthiotis Prefecture, on both sides of Othrys Mountain, in Thessaly, and near the Euboean Gulf. It was the homeland of the Myrmidones tribe, who took part in the Trojan War under Achilles. The birthplace of *Achilles* [p. 517], and ruled by his father *Peleus* [p. 688].

BkI148 [p. 15] Achilles in his anger threatens to return there.

BkII681 [p. 53] Its contingent to the war at Troy.

BkIX222 [p. 182] *BkIX430* [p. 188] *BkXVII1* [p. 325] *BkXIX282* [p. 403] Achilles' homeland. It is fertile with deep soil.

BkXI762 [p. 234] *Patroclus*' [p. 684] homeland.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] The Phthians fight to repel the Trojan attack on the ships.

Phthires

Probably Latmos, Turkish Beşparmak Dağı, a mountain ridge running east-west along the the north shore of the former Latmian Gulf on the coast of Caria, it became part of Hellenised Ionia. The city of Latmus, located on the south slopes of Mount Latmus 25 kilometres east of Miletus was originally a port on the narrow gulf, as reported by Strabo.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Phylace

A city in Thessaly, founded by *Phylacus* [p. 698], it lay northwest of modern Fylaki, northwest of Almyros.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] *BkXV328* [p. 311] *Medon*'s [p. 653] place of exile.

Phylacus

See *Iphiclus* [p. 639]

A son of Deion and Diomede, was married to Periclymene or Clymene, the

daughter of Minyas, by whom he became the father of *Iphiclus* [p. 639] and Alcimedea. The founder of *Phylace* [p. 698], in Thessaly.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] The grandfather of *Podarces* [p. 701].

Phylacus, a Trojan

BkVII1 [p. 123] Killed by *Leitus* [p. 645].

Phylas

BkXVI155 [p. 328] The father of *Polymele* [p. 703].

Phyleus

A son of *Angeias* [p. 562], he was expelled by his father from Ephyra, because he gave evidence in favour of Heracles. He then emigrated to *Dulichium* [p. 594].

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkV1 [p. 95] *BkX72* [p. 198] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] *BkXV514* [p. 316] *BkXIX238* [p. 400] The father of *Megea* [p. 654].

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] Once defeated in a spear-throwing contest by Nestor.

Phylomedusa

The wife of *Areithous* [p. 551].

BkVIII1 [p. 141] Mentioned.

Pidytes

BkVII1 [p. 123] A Trojan from *Percote* [p. 690] killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Pieria

The mountainous region containing *Olympus* [p. 675], on the Greek mainland, bordered the north-eastern Aegean (Myrtoan Sea).

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Mentioned.

Pittheus

A son of Pelops and Dia, he was king of Troezen, father of *Aethra* [p. 527], and grandfather and instructor of Theseus.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Pityeia

A city in ancient Mysia, perhaps an ancient name for Lampsacus.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Placus

Mount Placus lay east of Mount *Ida* [p. 634] in Mysian *Cilicia* [p. 577].

BkVI369 [p. 133] Mentioned.

BkXXII405 [p. 461] The city of Cilician *Thebe* [p. 728] lay below.

Plataea

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, north of modern Platees near Kapareli.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Pleiads, Pleiades

The Seven Sisters, the daughters, with the *Hyades* [p. 630] and the Hesperides, of Atlas the Titan. Their mother was Pleione the naiad. They were chased by Orion rousing the anger of *Artemis* [p. 555] to whom they were dedicated and changed to stars by the gods. The Pleiades are the star cluster M45 in the constellation Taurus. Their names were Maia, the mother of *Hermes* [p. 626] by *Zeus* [p. 739], Taygeta, Electra, Merope, Asterope, Alcyone (the brightest star of the cluster), and Celaeno.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] The constellation appears on *Achilles'* [p. 517] shield.

Pleuron

A city of *Aetolia* [p. 527] northwest of modern Messolongi.

BkII581 [p. 51] *BkXIII206* [p. 264] A city ruled by *Thoas* [p. 731].

BkXIV82 [p. 285] *Oeneus* [p. 673] was once king of Pleuron.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] Home of *Ancaeus* [p. 542].

Podaleirius

A son of Asclepius and Epione or Arsinoe, he was brother to Machaon, with whom he led the Thessalians of Tricca against Troy.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkXI804* [p. 235] Mentioned.

Podarces

A son of *Iphichus* [p. 639] and *Astyochē* [p. 558], and a brother of *Protesilaus* [p. 708].

BkII681 [p. 53] A leader of Thessalians at Troy.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack, leading the Pththians.

Podarge

She was one of the Harpies, who were ‘the swift snatchers’, personified storm winds.

BkXVI1101 [p. 327] *BkXIX338* [p. 405] She conceived *Achilles’* [p. 517] immortal horses, *Xanthus* [p. 738] and *Balius* [p. 565], by the West Wind (*Zephyrus* [p. 739]).

Podargus, horse of *Hector* [p. 617]

BkVIII157 [p. 162] One of *Hector’s* [p. 617] horses.

Podargus, horse of *Menelaus* [p. 655]

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] One of Menelaus’ horses.

Podes

The son of *Eëtion* [p. 596] and a friend of *Hector’s* [p. 617].

BkXVII543 [p. 366] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Polites

A son of *Priam* [p. 706] and Hecabe, and father of Priam the younger.

BkII760 [p. 55] *Iris* [p. 640] is disguised as him.

BkXIII526 [p. 272] Brother of *Deiphobus* [p. 587] whom he rescues from the fight.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Echius* [p. 596].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father berates him.

Polyaemon

See *Amopaon* [p. 539]

BkVIII273 [p. 165] A Trojan, father of Amopaon.

Polybus

A son of *Antenor* [p. 543].

BkXII1 [p. 215] Mentioned.

Polyctor

BkXXIV349 [p. 501] A *Myrmidon* [p. 664]. *Hermes* [p. 626] pretends to be his son.

Polydamas

A son of *Hector* [p. 617], born on the same day as him, and brother of Euphorbus.

BkXII1 [p. 215] He is mentioned as a leader of the Trojans.

BkXIII1 [p. 241] *BkXII80* [p. 242] He proposes attacking the Greek wall on foot.

BkXIII175 [p. 246] He interprets the eagle and snake omen as indicating retreat.

BkXIII723 [p. 277] He advises Hector to re-group.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He goes to aid the wounded *Hector* [p. 617]. He kills *Prothoenor* [p. 708].

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He retreats before *Ajax* [p. 532].

BkXV328 [p. 311] He kills *Mecisteus* [p. 653].

BkXV379 [p. 312] His friend *Cleitus* [p. 578] is killed.

BkXV514 [p. 316] He kills *Otus* [p. 680].

BkXVI508 [p. 339] *Glaucus* [p. 611] seeks him on the battlefield.

BkXVII597 [p. 368] He kills *Peneleos* [p. 690].

BkXVIII243 [p. 381] *BkXVIII310* [p. 383] *BkXXII90* [p. 451] He advises a retreat to the city which is foolishly rejected by Hector.

Polydeuces, Pollux

One of the two Dioscuri, the sons of Leda and Tyndareus, king of Lacedaemon, or of Leda and Zeus, he was consequently a brother of Helen. *Castor* [p. 572] was famous for his skill in taming and managing horses, and Pollux for his skill in boxing.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Mentioned.

Polydora

A daughter of *Achilles* [p. 517], and married to Borus, but loved by *Spercheius* [p. 721] the river-god by whom she became the mother of *Menesthius* [p. 657].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] Mentioned.

Polydorus, a Greek

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] An Elian once defeated in a spear-throwing contest by Nestor.

Polydorus, son of Priam [p. 706]

The youngest son of Priam, his mother was *Laotboe* [p. 644]. He was a swift runner.

BkXX353 [p. 420] *BkXXIII1* [p. 449] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXI34 [p. 431] He was the brother of *Lycan* [p. 648].

Polyidus, a Corinthian

A seer.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] The father of *Euclenor* [p. 606].

Polyidus, a Trojan

A son of *Eurydamas* [p. 608].

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Polymele

A daughter of *Echeclus* [p. 595], but became by *Hermes* [p. 626] the mother of *Eudorus* [p. 606].

BkXVI155 [p. 328] The mother of Eudorus.

Polymelus

The son of *Argeas* [p. 552].

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Polyneices

The son of Oedipus and Iocaste, and brother of *Eteocles* [p. 605] and Antigone. After his father's flight from *Thebes* [p. 728], he and his brother Eteocles undertook the government of Thebes by turns. But, in consequence of disputes having arisen between the brothers, Polyneices fled to Adrastus, who then brought about the expedition of the Seven against Thebes. When many of the heroes had fallen, Eteocles and Polyneices resolved upon deciding the contest by a single combat, but both the brothers fell.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Polyphemus

The son of Elatus, the Arcadian. Not to be confused with the Cyclops of that name.

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

Polyphetes

A Trojan leader.

BkXIII788 [p. 277] He fights at the front.

Polyphontes, or Lycophontes

A son of *Autophonus* [p. 564], a Theban, who, in conjunction with *Maeon* [p. 651], lay in ambush, with fifty men, against *Tydeus* [p. 737], but was slain by him.

BkIV326 [p. 86] Mentioned.

Polypoetes

A son of *Hippodameia* [p. 628], he was one of the *Lapithae* [p. 644], who joined the Greeks in the Trojan War.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkVII [p. 123] He kills *Astyalus* [p. 558].

BkXII80 [p. 242] *BkXII175* [p. 246] He defends the Greek wall, killing a number of

Trojans.

BkXXIII826 [p. 488] He wins the throwing contest.

Polyxeinus

A son of Agasthenes, grandson of Augeas, he was a commander of the Epeians in the war against Troy.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Portheus, Porthaon

A son of Agenor and Epicaste, was king of Pleuron and Calydon in Aetolia, and married to EurYTE, by whom he became the father of *Agrius* [p. 532], *Alcathous*, *Melas* [p. 655], *Leucopeus*, and *Sterope*.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] Grandfather of *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Poseidon

The god of the sea, earthquakes and other natural forces, he was a son of *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Rhea* [p. 712]. He shares dominion of the world with his brothers *Zeus* [p. 739] who rules the Earth and Heavens, and *Hades* [p. 614] who rules the Dead.

BkI357 [p. 22] He once attacked and bound Zeus.

BkII394 [p. 46] Mentioned.

BkII484 [p. 48] His sacred grove at *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkVII433 [p. 153] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] *BkXXI526* [p. 443] He objects to the Greeks building their defensive wall. He and *Apollo* [p. 547] built the walls of Troy for *Laomedon* [p. 643].

BkVIII157 [p. 162] He resists *Hera's* [p. 624] request to oppose Zeus.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] He unyokes Zeus' horses.

BkXI655 [p. 232] The *Pylians* [p. 710] sacrificed to Poseidon.

BkXI655 [p. 232] True father of the *Moliones* [p. 661].

BkXIII1 [p. 241] After the war he and Apollo erased all signs of the Greek camp.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] *BkXIII81* [p. 260] He intervenes to rouse the Greeks.

BkXIII206 [p. 264] He grieves for his grandson *Amphimachus* [p. 540] and in the guise of *Thoas* [p. 731] rouses *Idomeneus* [p. 636].

BkXIII239 [p. 265] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] He re-enters the battle, favouring the Greeks.

BkXIII402 [p. 269] He aids Idomeneus.

BkXIII526 [p. 272] He protects *Antilochus* [p. 544], as a son of *Nestor* [p. 667].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He supports *Ajax* [p. 532] and the Greek left.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] Disguised as an old man, he reassures *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkXIV352 [p. 293] *BkXIV458* [p. 296] Informed by *Sleep* [p. 631] that *Zeus* [p. 739] is resting he re-energises the Greeks, and turns the tide of war in their favour.

BkXV1 [p. 301] *Zeus* [p. 739] wakes and sees Poseidon among the Greeks. He issues commands which will force Poseidon to desist.

BkXV149 [p. 305] *BkXV220* [p. 307] Poseidon withdraws from the battle.

BkXX1 [p. 411] He enters the war again on the side of the Greeks.

BkXX75 [p. 414] He dissuades *Hera* [p. 624] from over-aggressive involvement in the war.

BkXX259 [p. 418] He rescues *Aeneas* [p. 524], confirming Poseidon's bi-partisan role in the war.

BkXXI200 [p. 435] *BkXXI298* [p. 438] He goes to *Achilles'* [p. 517] assistance.

BkXXI383 [p. 440] He berates *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] Poseidon gave *Peleus* [p. 688] the famous horses that Achilles uses.

BkXXIII566 [p. 481] *Menelaus* [p. 655] proposes an oath in the name of the god of horses.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] He approves of Achilles' treatment of *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse.

Practius

A city in *Mysia* [p. 665].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Priam

The King of *Troy* [p. 737] at the time of the Trojan War, the son of *Laomedon* [p. 643], and husband of Hecuba, by whom he had many children including *Hector* [p. 617], *Heleneus* [p. 621], *Deiphobus* [p. 587], *Cassandra* [p. 572] and Polyxena.

BkI1 [p. 9] *BkI223* [p. 17] *BkII1* [p. 33] *BkII155* [p. 39] *BkXIII1* [p. 241] *BkXX153* [p. 416] *BkXXIII131* [p. 452] etc. Troy, his city.

BkII760 [p. 55] *Iris* [p. 640] brings a message to the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXII378* [p. 251] *BkXXII188* [p. 453] Father of Hector.

BkIII58 [p. 64] He is sought for as guarantor of a treaty.

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- BkIII121* [p. 66] His daughter *Laodice* [p. 643].
- BkIII245* [p. 69] *BkIII310* [p. 70] He witnesses the sacrifice before the duel.
- BkIV473* [p. 91] *BkXI84* [p. 217] Father of *Antiphus* [p. 545].
- BkV84* [p. 97] His sons *Echemmon* [p. 595] and *Chromius* [p. 576] killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].
- BkVI72* [p. 125] *BkVII1* [p. 141] Father of *Helennus* [p. 621].
- BkVI237* [p. 129] His palace described.
- BkVI440* [p. 136] *Hector* [p. 617] foresees his fall.
- BkVII313* [p. 150] *BkVII379* [p. 152] He orders an embassy to the Greeks.
- BkVIII273* [p. 165] Father of *Gorythion* [p. 612] by *Castianeira* [p. 572].
- BkXI84* [p. 217] Father of *Isus* [p. 640].
- BkXI489* [p. 228] His natural son *Doryclus* [p. 593] killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].
- BkXII80* [p. 242] *BkXIII136* [p. 262] *Deiphobus* [p. 587] is his son.
- BkXIII330* [p. 267] His daughter *Cassandra* [p. 572].
- BkXIII402* [p. 269] *Aeneas* [p. 524] resents the lack of honour shown him by Priam.
- BkXIII136* [p. 262] His natural daughter *Medesicaste* [p. 653].
- BkXVI726* [p. 344] *Cebriones* [p. 573] was his natural son.
- BkXX75* [p. 414] The father of *Lycaon* [p. 648].
- BkXX259* [p. 418] Zeus has turned against Priam and his children.
- BkXX353* [p. 420] His sons *Hippodamas* [p. 628] and *Achilles* [p. 517].
- BkXXI34* [p. 431] His son *Lycaon* [p. 648] by his wife *Laotboe* [p. 644], daughter of *Altes* [p. 538], is killed by Achilles.
- BkXXI526* [p. 443] He orders the city gates opened to the fleeing army.
- BkXXII1* [p. 449] He tries to persuade *Hector* [p. 617] to retreat within the city.
- BkXXII405* [p. 461] He laments the death of Hector.
- BkXXIV1* [p. 493] *Hera* [p. 624], *Athene* [p. 559] are inimical to Priam because of the judgement of *Paris* [p. 682] (q.v.)
- BkXXIV77* [p. 495] Zeus determines that he shall go and ransom Hector's body.
- BkXXIV141* [p. 496] *Iris* [p. 640] brings him Zeus' message.
- BkXXIV200* [p. 497] He berates his remaining sons, and prepares to go to the Greek ships.
- BkXXIV281* [p. 499] He prays to Zeus and sets off for the ships.
- BkXXIV349* [p. 501] *Hermes* [p. 626] guides him to *Achilles'* [p. 517] hut.

BkXXIV/468 [p. 504] He begs Achilles to release *Hector's* [p. 617] corpse to him.

BkXXIV/552 [p. 507] Achilles releases Hector's corpse to him.

BkXXIV/621 [p. 508] He retires to sleep.

BkXXIV/677 [p. 510] *BkXXIV/718* [p. 511] He returns to Troy with Hector's body.

BkXXIV/776 [p. 512] He arranges the details of Hector's funeral rites.

Proetus

A son of Abas and Ocaleia, he was twin-brother of Acrisius.

BkVII/119 [p. 129] King of Argos, with his brother. His persecution of *Bellerophon* [p. 565].

Promachus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566], son of *Alegenor* [p. 537].

BkXIV/458 [p. 296] Killed by *Acamas* [p. 516].

Pronous

BkXVI/351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Protesilaus

A son of *Iphiclus* [p. 639] and *Astychoe* [p. 558], and a brother of *Podarces* [p. 701], he belonged to *Phylace* [p. 698] in Thessaly, and so called Phulakios, though this name may also be traced to his being a grandson of the Aeolid *Phylacus* [p. 698]. He led the warriors of several Thessalian cities against Troy, and was the first of the Greeks killed there.

BkII/681 [p. 53] *BkXIII/643* [p. 275] Mentioned.

BkXV/653 [p. 319] *Hector* [p. 617] lays hand on his ships stern.

BkXVI/257 [p. 331] The Trojans are driven back from his ship.

Prothoenor

A Greek, the son of *Areilycus* [p. 551], he was one of the leaders of the *Boeotians* [p. 566] against Troy.

BkII/484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXIV/402 [p. 294] *BkXIV/458* [p. 296] Killed by *Polydamas* [p. 702].

Prothoon

A Trojan.

BkXIV/458 [p. 296] Killed by *Teucer* [p. 725].

Prothous

A son of *Tentredon* [p. 725], commander of the Magnetes from Mount Pelion and the river Peneius.

BkII/681 [p. 53] A leader of the Magnetes at Troy.

Protiaon

A Trojan.

BkXV/379 [p. 312] The father of *Astynous* [p. 558].

Proto

BkXVIII/1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Prytanis

A Lycian.

BkV/590 [p. 112] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Pteleos, in *Nestor's realm* [p. 667]

A city in Messinia.

BkII/581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Pteleos, in Thessaly

A city in Thessaly south of modern Pteleos.

BkII/681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Ptolemaeus

The son of *Eurymedon* [p. 608].

BkIV/198 [p. 83] Mentioned.

Pylaemenes

A king of the *Paphlagonians* [p. 682], and an ally of Priam in the Trojan War.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkV519 [p. 111] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

BkXIII643 [p. 275] The father of *Harpalion* [p. 616], he appears to be still alive here despite his death in Book V.

Pylaeus

A son of Lethus, grandson of Teutamus, and brother of Hippothous, he led a band of Pelasgian auxiliaries from Larissa to the assistance of the Trojans.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Pylartes, a Trojan

BkXI489 [p. 228] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Pylartes, a Trojan

A Trojan.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Pylene

A city of Aetolia near modern Simos.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Pylon

A Trojan.

BkXII175 [p. 246] Killed by *Polyboetes* [p. 704].

Pylos

The city in Elis (modern Pilos, in Messinia), in the western Peloponnese, was the home of *Nestor* [p. 667] the wise.

BkI223 [p. 17] *BkII48* [p. 35] *BkII581* [p. 51] *BkVII120* [p. 145] *BkXI655* [p. 232] The home of Nestor.

BkV352 [p. 107] This or another Pylas or Pylos, signifying ‘the gate’ of Hell to which *Heracles* [p. 625] descended?

BkV519 [p. 111] The River Alpheus ran through Elis, and *Pherae* [p. 694] was near Pylos.

BkIX79 [p. 179] *BkIX222* [p. 182] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] promises cities on the border between his domains and Pylos.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] Famous for its horses.

Pyraechmes

An ally of the Trojans and commander of the *Paeonians* [p. 680].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Pyrasus, in Thessaly

A city in Thessaly, northwest of modern Nea Anchialos, with a sanctuary of *Demeter* [p. 588].

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Pyrasus, a Trojan

BkXI489 [p. 228] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532].

Pyris

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Pytho

A *Phocian* [p. 696] city, ancient and modern Delphi.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Famous for the wealth of its shrine to *Apollo* [p. 547].

Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthys

Brother to *Minos* [p. 661] of *Crete* [p. 581]. Appointed one of the three judges of the dead by *Zeus* [p. 739], with Minos, and Aeacus.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] His mother was Europa, his father Zeus.

Rhea

The wife and sister of *Cronos* [p. 582], she bore him the elder gods and goddesses; Hestia, *Demeter* [p. 588], *Hera* [p. 624], *Hades* [p. 614], *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIV135 [p. 286] Mentioned as mother of Hera.

BkXV149 [p. 305] The mother of Zeus, Poseidon and Hades who co-rule the world.

Rhene

The mother of *Medon* [p. 653] by Oileus.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Rhesus, in the Troad

A river flowing from the Ida range.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Rhesus, the Thracian king

A son of King *Eioneus* [p. 597] of Thrace, he was an ally of the Trojans. He had a noted team of horses.

BkX412 [p. 206] *Dolon* [p. 592] identifies his camp.

BkX465 [p. 208] *BkX515* [p. 211] He is killed in his sleep by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Rhigmus

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Rhipe

A city in Arcadia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Rhodes

A Greek island approximately 18 kilometres (11 m) southwest of Turkey in the eastern Aegean Sea, it is the largest of the Dodecanese.

BkII645 [p. 52] Its contingent at Troy.

Rhodium

A river flowing from the Ida range. The River Rhodios had its headwaters in the foothills of Mount Ida near the town of Astyra, flowing through the region of Dardania, to finally empty into the waters of the Hellespont near Abydos.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

Rhytium

A city in ancient Crete.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned

Salamis

The island, in eastern Greece, lies in the Saronic Gulf, west of Athens. It early belonged to Aegina but was later under Athenian control, except for a brief period after it was occupied (c.600 BC) by Megara. In the Persian Wars the allied Greek fleet, led by Themistocles, decisively defeated (480 BC) the Persians off Salamis.

BkII484 [p. 48] Its contingent of troops for Troy.

BkVIII161 [p. 146] The birthplace of *Ajax* [p. 532] the Greater.

Same, Samos

An island near *Ithaca* [p. 641]. Probably modern Kefallonia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Samothrace, Samos

The island in the northern Aegean which contained a sanctuary to the Great Gods: a corresponding set of mysteries was practised there.

BkXIII1 [p. 257] *Poseidon* [p. 705] gazes at Troy from there.

BkXXIV77 [p. 495] *Imbrois* [p. 638].

BkXXIV718 [p. 511] Its slave-market.

Sangarius

The Sakarya (Sangarius) river in Asia Minor, is the third longest river of Turkey, and runs through ancient Phrygia. The source of the river is the Bayat Plateau which is located to the northeast of Afyon. The river runs through the Adapazarı Plains before reaching the Black Sea.

BkIII181 [p. 67] Mentioned.

BkXVI684 [p. 343] *Dymas* [p. 594] lived beside its banks.

Sarpedon

A son of *Laodameia* [p. 642], or according to others of Evander by Deidameia, and a brother of Clarus and Themon, he was a *Lycian* [p. 648] prince. In the Trojan War, he was an ally of the Trojans, and distinguished himself by his valour.

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkVI119* [p. 129] Mentioned.

BkV431 [p. 109] He exhorts *Hector* [p. 617] to fight.

BkV590 [p. 112] He kills *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXII80 [p. 242] He is a leader of the fifth company, the allies of Troy.

BkXII290 [p. 249] *BkXII378* [p. 251] He leads the charge on the gates.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] He goes to aid the wounded *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXVI1 [p. 301] Zeus predicts his death at the hands of *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVI257 [p. 331] *Atymnius* [p. 562] and *Maris* [p. 652], were his comrades.

BkXVI351 [p. 335] He reproaches his Lycians for fleeing.

BkXVI426 [p. 337] *BkXVI508* [p. 339] *BkXVI569* [p. 340] He is killed by Patroclus, Apollo and Sleep and Death remove his corpse at Zeus' command.

BkXVII140 [p. 356] His corpse was taken to Lycia from the battlefield.

BkXXIII799 [p. 488] His armour is used as a prize in the funeral games.

Satnioeis, Satniois

The modern Tuzla, the river rises in the western part of Mt Ida, south of the plain of Bairamich, from which its valley is divided by hills, and, after flowing for many miles almost parallel with the south coast of the Troad, from which, at Assus, it is less than a mile distant, it enters the Aegean about 10 m. north of Cape Lectum.

BkVI11 [p. 123] *BkXXI34* [p. 431] *Pedasus* [p. 686] was on its banks.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] *Naiad* [p. 665] by its banks.

Satnius

The Trojan son of *Enops* [p. 599] and a *Naiad* [p. 665].

BkXIV402 [p. 294] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 534] the Lesser.

Scaean Gate

One of the main gates of Troy, it was possibly the south-eastern gate in the Level VI/VIIa excavations at Hissarlik.

BkIII121 [p. 66] *BkIII245* [p. 69] *BkVI369* [p. 133] *BkXVI684* [p. 343] Mentioned.

BkVI237 [p. 129] *BkXI163* [p. 219] The oak tree (presumably sacred to Zeus) by the Gate is mentioned.

BkIX307 [p. 184] *Hector* [p. 617] had previously stayed close to the Gate and the tree, according to *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXVIII368 [p. 384] The struggle over *Patroclus*' [p. 684] body took place before the gate.

BkXXIII1 [p. 449] *BkXXIII188* [p. 453] Hector awaits Achilles there.

BkXXII247 [p. 454] Hector prophesies that Achilles will be killed there.

Scamander, Xanthus

A river god, son of Oceanus and Tethys according to Hesiod, Scamander is also deemed a son of *Ida* [p. 634] across the plain beneath the city of Troy, joining the Hellespont north of the city. He was called Xanthus by gods and Scamander by men.

BkII394 [p. 46] *BkVI1* [p. 95] The river plain before *Troy* [p. 737].

BkV767 [p. 117] *BkVI11* [p. 123] *BkVII313* [p. 150] One of the two great rivers of the plain.

BkVIII489 [p. 171] The Trojans camp between it and the Greek ships.

BkXI489 [p. 228] *Hector* [p. 617] fights by the river, on the Trojan left flank.

BkXIII1 [p. 241] After the war, Poseidon diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

BkXIV402 [p. 294] The wounded *Hector* [p. 617] rests there. The river-god is deemed a son of Zeus.

BkXX1 [p. 411] The river-god supports the Trojans.

BkXXI1 [p. 429] *Achilles* [p. 517] drives the Trojans into its waters.

BkXXI34 [p. 431] Achilles hurls *Lycaon's* [p. 648] body into its waters. The Trojans sacrificed bulls to the river-god, and threw live horses into the river.

BkXXI136 [p. 433] The river-god is angered at Achilles' slaughter, and aids *Asteropaeus* [p. 557].

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He opposes Achilles, and sends his flood after him.

BkXXI298 [p. 438] *BkXXI383* [p. 440] Opposed by *Hephaestus'* [p. 623] flames, he capitulates and vows not to aid the Trojans.

BkXXI526 [p. 443] *Apollo* [p. 547] leads Achilles towards the river.

BkXXII131 [p. 452] Two springs form its source, one hot, one cold (here symbolising life and death?).

BkXXIV677 [p. 510] *Priam* [p. 706] returns there bringing *Hector's* [p. 617] body back to Troy.

Scamandrius

See *Astyanax* [p. 558]

BkVI369 [p. 133] *Hector's* [p. 617] name for his son.

Scamandrius

See *Strophius* [p. 722]

A Trojan, the son of Strophius.

BkVI1 [p. 95] He is killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Scandeia

Skandia was the ancient port of the island of *Cythera* [p. 584], near modern Mitata.

BkX254 [p. 202] A home port of *Amphidamas* [p. 539].

Scarphe

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Schedius, son of *Iphitus* [p. 639]

A son of Iphitus by Hippolyte, he commanded the *Phocians* [p. 696] in the war against Troy, along with his brother *Epistrophus* [p. 603].

BkII484 [p. 48] A leader of the Phocians.

BkXVII262 [p. 359] He is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Schedius, son of *Perimedes* [p. 691]

A *Phocian* [p. 696].

BkXV514 [p. 316] He is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Schoenus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Scolus

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Scyros, Scyrus

An island in the central Aegean off the coast of *Euboea* [p. 606], it was ruled by *Pyrrhus* [p. 666].

BkXIX282 [p. 403] Neoptolemus (Pyrrhus) was raised there, and became its king.

Scyrus, in Phrygia

A city allied to Troy, captured by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkIX656 [p. 193] *Iphis* [p. 639] was from there.

Selagus

Father of *Amphius* [p. 541].

BkV590 [p. 112] Mentioned.

Selepus

See *Evenus* [p. 610]

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned, father of Evenus of Lyrnessus.

Selleis, in Elis

A river rising in Mount Pholoe (according to Strabo), and falling into the sea south of the Pheneus, in Elis.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

BkXV514 [p. 316] King *Euphetes* [p. 607] ruled there.

Selleis, in the Troad

A river in the Troad, near *Arisbe* [p. 554].

BkII811 [p. 57] *BkXII80* [p. 242] Mentioned.

Selli, Seloi, Elloi, Elli

The priests, interpreters of the oracle of Zeus at *Dodona* [p. 592], who avoid washing their feet and sleep on the ground. (Suggesting that they are adherents of the earlier worship of Dione the earth-goddess?)

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Semele

A daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia, at Thebes, she was a sister of Ino, Agave, Autonoe, and Polydorus. She was beloved by Zeus, and jealous *Hera* [p. 624] induced her to pray Zeus to visit her in the same splendour with which he appeared to Hera herself. Zeus who had promised that he would grant her every request, appeared to Semele as the god of thunder. Semele was consumed by lightning, but Zeus saved their child *Dionysus* [p. 592].

BkXIV292 [p. 290] Mother of Dionysus by Zeus.

Sesamus

Ancient Sesamus, modern Amasra, is a small Black Sea port town in the Bartın Province of Turkey.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Sestus

An ancient city on the Thracian shore of the Hellespont (now Dardanelles) opposite Abydos (in present-day Turkey).

BkIII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Sicyon

An ancient city near *Corinth* [p. 580], the site of modern Sikyona village southwest of Kiato township.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkXXIII262 [p. 474] Home of *Echepolus* [p. 595]. Famous for its horses.

Sidon

The coastal city of the Phoenicians, in the Lebanon.

BkVI237 [p. 129] A source of dyed and embroidered cloth. (Tyrian and Sidonian scarlet and purple dyes were obtained from sea-snails)

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] The beauty of a silver bowl attributed to its Sidonian craftsmanship.

Simoeisius

A Trojan, the son of *Anthemion* [p. 544], named from the river *Simois* [p. 719].

BkIV473 [p. 91] Killed by *Ajax* [p. 532] the Greater.

Simois

The river-god and river Simois, which flows from Mount *Ida* [p. 634], and in the plain of Troy joins the *Xanthus* [p. 738] or Scamander.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *Simoeisius* [p. 719] named from the river.

BkV767 [p. 117] *BkVI1* [p. 123] *BkXX1* [p. 411] One of the two great rivers of the plain.

BkXIII [p. 241] After the war, *Poseidon* [p. 705] diverted its streams to destroy the Greek wall.

BkXXI298 [p. 438] The River Xanthus (*Scamander* [p. 715]) asks for his help.

Sintians

The islanders of *Lemnos* [p. 645]. Hecataeus claims the earliest inhabitants as a Thracian tribe, whom the Greeks called *Sintians*, 'the robbers'.

BkI568 [p. 29] They aided *Hephaestus* [p. 623].

Sipylos

Situated near the city of Manisa in Turkey's Aegean Region its summit towers over the city of Manisa and the road to İzmir. Located in ancient Lydia, it rises above the site of *Magnesia ad Sipylum* (in the southern portion of modern Manisa), on the Hermus River (Gediz River). The tragic *Niobe* [p. 668] is associated with the Weeping Rock (*Ağlayan Kaya*), a natural formation facing the city.

BkXXIV552 [p. 507] Niobe, turned to stone, stands there.

Sisyphus

The son of *Aeolus* [p. 525], and brother of Athamas, he was famous for his cunning and thievery. He was punished in *Hades* [p. 614], continually having to push a stone to the top of a hill, and then pursuing it as it rolled down again.

BkVII119 [p. 129] The father of *Glaucus* [p. 611].

Smintheus

See *Apollo* [p. 547]

BkI22 [p. 11] Robert Graves speculates that the god was worshipped as Mouse (*Sminthos*) Apollo in Crete. See *The Greek Myths* 158.2 for an elaboration of the theory.

Socus

A wealthy Trojan, son of *Hippasus* [p. 627].

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Solymi

The Solymi or Solymoi were inhabitants of Milyas in Asia Minor, whose lands were taken by the Lycians.

BkVII119 [p. 129] *Bellerophon* [p. 565] and his son *Isander* [p. 640] were killed fighting them.

Sparta

The chief city of Laconia on the River Eurotas, in the southern Peloponnese, also called Lacadaemon. The home of *Menelaus* [p. 655] and *Helen* [p. 621].

BkIII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkIV1 [p. 79] A city beloved of the goddess *Hera* [p. 624].

Speio

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Sperchius, Spercheius

The River Spercheios had its headwaters in the Pindaros range of mountains. It flowed into the Gulf of Malis. The most important neighbouring rivers were the Peneus and Anauros of Thessalia to the north, and the Cephisos of Boiotia and Phokis in the south.

BkXVI155 [p. 328] The father of *Menesthius* [p. 657].

BkXXIII108 [p. 469] *Peleus* [p. 688] had made a vow to the river.

Sphelus

The father of *Iasus* [p. 634].

BkXV328 [p. 311] Mentioned.

Stentor

A herald of the Greeks at Troy, his voice was as loud as that of fifty other men together. His name became proverbial.

BkV767 [p. 117] *Hera* [p. 624] imitates his loud voice.

Sthenelaus

A Trojan or Lycian, son of *Ithaemenes* [p. 641].

BkXVI569 [p. 340] Killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Sthenelus, son of *Capaneus* [p. 570]

A son of Capaneus and Evadne, he belonged to the family of the Anaxagoridae in Argos, and was the father of Cylarabes. He was one of the Epigoni, by whom

Thebes was taken, and commanded the Argives under *Diomedes* [p. 590], in the Trojan War, being the faithful friend and companion of Diomedes.

BkII484 [p. 48] A leader of the Argives.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *BkIV422* [p. 88] *Agamemnon* [p. 528] urges him to fight and he responds.

BkV84 [p. 97] *BkV239* [p. 102] *BkV297* [p. 103] *BkV767* [p. 117] *BkVIII112* [p. 161] *BkIX1* [p. 177] A companion charioteer of *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkXXIII499 [p. 479] He claims the first prize for the chariot race on behalf of Diomedes.

Sthenelus, son of *Perseus* [p. 692]

BkXIX74 [p. 397] The father of *Eurystheus* [p. 609].

Stichius

He was a commander of the Athenians in the war.

BkXIII136 [p. 262] Mentioned.

BkXIII643 [p. 275] He fights to repel the Trojan attack.

BkXV328 [p. 311] He is killed by *Hector* [p. 617].

Stratia

A city in Arcadia.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Strophius

BkV1 [p. 95] The father of *Scamandrius* [p. 716].

Stymphalus

A city in Arcadia, south of modern Stymfalia village west of Kaliani.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Styra

A city of the *Abantes* [p. 515], near the modern port of Nea Styra.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Styx

A river of the underworld, with its lakes and pools, used to mean the underworld or the state of death itself. Geographically it is usually sited in Arcadia, but the Titaressus in Thessaly is here described as flowing from its underworld stream.

BkII681 [p. 53] *BkVIII335* [p. 166] Mentioned.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *BkXVI1* [p. 301] The gods swore by the Styx, and even Zeus was bound by such an oath. *Hera* [p. 624] swears an oath.

Sun-god, Helius, see *Hyperion* [p. 631]

Syme

Modern Symi Island 41km north northwest of Rhodes in the Dodecanese chain.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Talaemenes

A Maeonian, the father of Antiphus and Mesthles.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Talaus

A son of Bias and Pero, and king of Argos. He was married to Lysimache. He was one of the Argonauts.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkXXIII651* [p. 483] Father of *Mecistens* [p. 653].

Talhybius

Herald to *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkI318 [p. 21] He is sent to seize *Briseis* [p. 567].

BkIII58 [p. 64] He is sent to fetch a sacrificial lamb.

BkIV127 [p. 81] He is sent to fetch *Machaon* [p. 651].

BkVII233 [p. 147] He intervenes in the combat.

BkXIX145 [p. 398] He is nominated to prepare a sacrificial boar.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] He attends at the sacrifice.

BkXXIII884 [p. 490] He receives the king's prize from *Achilles* [p. 517].

Tarne

The River Pactolus flowed from the fountain of Tarne in the Tmolus Mountains, through the centre of Sardis, into the Hermus. This may be the Tarne referred to.

BkV1 [p. 95] *Borus* [p. 567] was from there.

Tarphe

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city near modern Agios Konstantinos.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Tartarus

The deepest abyss, it is also a place of punishment.

BkVIII1 [p. 157] It lies beneath *Hades* [p. 614] which is the primary realm of the dead.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] *BkXIV224* [p. 288] *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Iapetus* [p. 633] are imprisoned there in the darkness.

Tecton

BkV1 [p. 95] The father of *Phereclus* [p. 695].

Tegea

A city in Arcadia, within modern Stadio.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Telamon

The son of *Aeacus* [p. 522], he was a companion of *Heracles* [p. 625], one of the Calydonian hunters and an Argonaut.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkIV473* [p. 91] *BkXIII643* [p. 275] By Periboea or Eriboea, a daughter of Alcathous, he became the father of *Ajax* [p. 532]. He was one of the Calydonian hunters and of the Argonauts.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] *BkXIII136* [p. 262] *Teucer* [p. 725] is his natural son, and half-brother to Ajax the Greater.

Telemachus

The son of *Odysseus* [p. 671] and *Penelope* [p. 690].

BkII211 [p. 42] *BkIV326* [p. 86] He is mentioned.

Tenedos

An island in the Aegean, near the *Trojan* [p. 737] coast.

BkI22 [p. 11] *BkI428* [p. 24] Sacred to *Apollo* [p. 547].

BkXI596 [p. 230] Ruled by *Arsinous* [p. 555], and taken by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXIII1 [p. 257] Mentioned.

Tenthredon

King of the Magnetes from Pelion and the river Peneius. The father of *Protibous* [p. 709].

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Tereia

A mountain city in ancient Mysia. Strabo says ‘As for the mountain of Tereia, some say that it is the range of mountains in Peirossus which are occupied by the Cyziceni and are adjacent to Zeleia, where a royal hunting ground was arranged by the Lydians, and later by the Persians, but others point out a hill forty stadia from Lampsacus, on which there is a temple sacred to the mother of the gods, entitled Tereia’s temple.’

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Tethys

The wife and sister of *Oceanus* [p. 670], she was goddess of the sea.

BkXIV135 [p. 286] She nursed the infant *Hera* [p. 624] according to Homer.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] *Hera* [p. 624] pretends to be about to visit Oceanus and Tethys.

Teucer

A son of *Ajax* [p. 532], and the best archer among the Greeks at Troy.

BkVI11 [p. 123] He kills *Aretaon* [p. 552].

BkVIII212 [p. 163] He attacks the Trojans, firing his arrows from the protection of

Ajax's shield.

BkVIII273 [p. 165] He kills *Orsilochus* [p. 678], *Ormenus* [p. 678], *Ophelestes* [p. 675], *Daector* [p. 585], *Chromius* [p. 576], *Lycophontes* [p. 649], *Amopaon* [p. 539], and *Melanippus* [p. 654]. He is then wounded by *Hector* [p. 617].

BkXII329 [p. 250] He fights alongside Ajax to defend the Greek wall.

BkXII378 [p. 251] *BkXVI508* [p. 339] He wounds *Glaucus* [p. 611].

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII136 [p. 262] He kills *Imbrius* [p. 638].

BkXIII239 [p. 265] He defends the Greek centre.

BkXIV458 [p. 296] He kills *Prothoön* [p. 709] and *Periphetes* [p. 692].

BkXV281 [p. 310] He forms part of the group of leaders opposing Hector.

BkXV379 [p. 312] He kills *Cleitus* [p. 578].

BkXV458 [p. 314] His bowstring is broken by *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkXXIII850 [p. 489] He competes in the archery but forgets his vow to *Apollo* [p. 547].

Teutamus

Father of *Lethus* [p. 646].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Teuthras, a Greek

A Greek from Magnesia.

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617] or *Ares* [p. 551].

Teuthras, a Trojan

BkVII [p. 123] The father of *Axylus* [p. 564].

Thaleia

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Thalpius

A son of *Eurytus* [p. 609], and one of the leaders of the Epeians in the Trojan War.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Thalysius

See *Echepolus* [p. 595]

BkIV422 [p. 88] A Trojan, the father of Echepolus.

Thamyris

An ancient Thracian bard, he was a son of Philammon and the nymph Argiope. He boasted he could surpass the Muses in song; in consequence of which he was deprived of his sight and of the power of singing.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Thanatos, Death

The personification of death, and brother of *Hypnos* [p. 631], Sleep.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] *BkXVI426* [p. 337] Mentioned.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] He and his brother carry *Lydia* [p. 648].

Thaumacia

A city in Thessaly near Mount Pelion.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Theano

A daughter of *Cisses* [p. 578], she was the wife of *Antenor* [p. 543], and a priestess of *Athene* [p. 559] at Troy.

BkVI1 [p. 95] Mentioned.

BkVI237 [p. 129] She leads the prayer at the shrine of Athene.

BkXI218 [p. 221] Mother of *Iphidamas* [p. 639].

Thebaeus

BkVIII112 [p. 161] The father of *Eniopous* [p. 599].

Thebes

The city in Egypt, on the Nile.

BkIX307 [p. 184] Hundred-gated and noted for its wealth.

Thebes

The city in north-central Greece was founded by *Cadmus* [p. 569]. It was a *Boeotian* [p. 566] city on the site of modern Thiva.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

BkIV326 [p. 86] *BkVII119* [p. 129] The War of the Seven against Thebes is mentioned.

BkV767 [p. 117] *BkX254* [p. 202] *Tydeus* [p. 737] went there as a messenger.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] Tydeus buried there.

BkXIV292 [p. 290] *BkXIX74* [p. 397] *Amphitryon* [p. 540] and *Alcmene* [p. 536] fled to Thebes where Zeus impersonated Amphitryon and seduced her, fathering *Heracles* [p. 625].

BkXXIII651 [p. 483] *Oedipus* [p. 673] was king there.

Thebes, Thebe, Placia or Hypoplacia, in Mysia

An ancient town in *Mysia* [p. 665], it lay at the southern foot of Mt. Placus, often mentioned by Homer. Ruled by *Eetion* [p. 596].

BkI357 [p. 22] *BkII681* [p. 53] *BkVI369* [p. 133] Sacked by *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXII405 [p. 461] It was ruled by Eetion, *Andromache's* [p. 543] father.

Themis

The goddess of justice and law, in Greek mythology also a Titaness, she was co-ruler of the planet Jupiter (*Zeus* [p. 739]), and daughter of heaven and earth. Her daughters are the Seasons and the Three Fates. She is the Triple-Goddess with prophetic powers.

BkXV78 [p. 304] She greets *Hera* [p. 624] on Olympus, and questions her.

BkXXI [p. 411] She is sent by Zeus to gather the divinities to assembly.

Thersilochus

A Trojan ally.

BkXVII198 [p. 358] *Hector* [p. 617] rouses him to battle.

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Thersites

An ugly dissenter from the ranks, he is suppressed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

BkII211 [p. 42] His criticism of *Agamemnon* [p. 528] and its result.

Theseus

King of *Athens* [p. 561], son of *Aegeus* [p. 523]. His mother was *Aethra* [p. 527], daughter of *Pittheus* [p. 700] king of *Troezen* [p. 736].

BkI223 [p. 17] He fought at the marriage feast of *Peirithous* [p. 686].

Thespeia

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Thessalus

A son of Heracles and Chaliope, he was the father of Pheidippus and Antiphus.

BkII645 [p. 52] Mentioned.

Thestor

See *Enops* [p. 599]

The son of Enops.

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Thestor

See *Alcmaeon* [p. 536]

BkXII378 [p. 251] The father of Alcmaon.

Thestor

See *Calchas* [p. 569]

BkI53 [p. 13] Mentioned.

Thetis

The Nereid and the wife of *Peleus* [p. 688], she was the mother of *Achilles* [p. 517]. She was the daughter of *Nereus* [p. 666], the Old Man of the Sea.

BkI318 [p. 21] Achilles prays to her.

BkI428 [p. 24] She promises to plead with *Zeus* [p. 739].

BkI488 [p. 26] *BkI531* [p. 27] *BkVIII335* [p. 166] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] *BkXVI1* [p. 301] *BkXV565* [p. 317] She pleads with Zeus on behalf of her son Achilles.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *BkX349* [p. 205] *BkXI762* [p. 234] *BkXVI1* [p. 325] *BkXVI777* [p. 345] *BkXVIII1* [p. 351] *BkXVIII310* [p. 383] *BkXX75* [p. 414] *BkXX153* [p. 416] *BkXXIV349* [p. 501] The mother of Achilles.

BkVI119 [p. 129] She protected *Dionysus* [p. 592].

BkIX307 [p. 184] She had told Achilles of the prophecy that he would have a short life and fame, or a long life and obscurity.

BkXVI210 [p. 330] She had given Achilles a chest filled with warm clothing.

BkXVI569 [p. 340] The wife of Peleus.

BkXVII384 [p. 362] *BkXXI200* [p. 435] She had warned Achilles' that he would not take Troy.

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] She responds to *Achilles'* [p. 517] sorrow over *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXVIII78 [p. 377] She prophesies Achilles' death and promises him a gift of fresh armour.

BkXVIII148 [p. 379] *BkXVIII368* [p. 384] She journeys to Olympus to ask *Hephaestus* [p. 623] for armour. She had helped rescue Hephaestus when he was hurled from Olympus.

BkXVIII468 [p. 386] She takes Achilles his new armour.

BkXIX1 [p. 393] She preserves Patroclus' corpse.

BkXXIII1 [p. 467] She arouses grief for Patroclus in the Myrmidons.

BkXXIV1 [p. 493] Zeus summons her.

BkXXIV77 [p. 495] *BkXXIV552* [p. 507] She persuades *Achilles* [p. 517] to release *Hector's* [p. 617] body.

Thisbe

A *Boeotian* [p. 566] city, it lay on the site of the modern village of Thisvi near Domvrena.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Thoas, father of *Hypsipyle* [p. 632]

A son of Dionysus and Ariadne, he was king of *Lemnos* [p. 645] and married to Myrina, by whom he became the father of Hypsipyle and Sicinus.

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Mentioned.

BkXXIII740 [p. 486] He was given a Phoenician silver bowl.

Thoas

Son of *Andraemon* [p. 542] and Gorge, he was king of Calydon and Pleuron, in Aetolia, and sailed with forty ships against Troy.

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

BkIV473 [p. 91] He kills *Peiros* [p. 687] the Thracian leader.

BkVII161 [p. 146] He offers to fight *Hector* [p. 617] in single combat.

BkXIII81 [p. 260] He is roused by *Poseidon* [p. 705].

BkXIII206 [p. 264] Poseidon adopts his guise to rouse *Idomenus* [p. 636].

BkXV281 [p. 310] He advises the Greeks on resisting Hector's advance.

BkXIX238 [p. 400] He accompanies *Odysseus* [p. 671] to bring the gifts.

Thoas, a Trojan

BkXVI257 [p. 331] Killed by *Menelaus* [p. 655].

Thoe

BkXVIII1 [p. 375] A *Nereid* [p. 666].

Thoön, son of *Phaenops* [p. 738]

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Thoön, a Trojan

BkXI401 [p. 226] Killed by *Odysseus* [p. 671].

Thoön, a Trojan

BkXII80 [p. 242] He helps lead the attack on the Greek wall.

BkXIII526 [p. 272] Killed by *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Thootes

A Greek herald.

BkXII329 [p. 250] He is sent to *Ajax* [p. 532] to ask for assistance.

Thrace

The country bordering the Black Sea, and the north-eastern Aegean.

BkII811 [p. 57] The Thracian contingent to the war.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *BkXX455* [p. 424] The Thracians are led by *Peiros* [p. 687].

BkVII [p. 123] *Acamas* [p. 516] is a Thracian.

BkVI237 [p. 129] *Lycurgus* [p. 650] was king of the Edones there.

BkIX1 [p. 177] The North and West Winds (Boreas and Zephyrus) blow from there. The Greeks receive wine from there.

BkXI218 [p. 221] *Iphidamas* [p. 639] reared there at the court of *Cisjes* [p. 578].

BkXIII1 [p. 257] The Thracians were noted horsemen.

BkXIII239 [p. 265] *Ares* [p. 551] the war-god is located (worshipped) there.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] The Thracian Sea is the Black Sea.

BkXXIII799 [p. 488] A Thracian sword given as a prize.

Thrasius, a Paeonian

BkXXI200 [p. 435] He is killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Thrasymedes

One of *Nestor's* [p. 667] sons, by Anaxibia, he accompanied his father on the expedition against Troy, and returned with him to Pylos.

BkIX79 [p. 179] He leads a contingent of guards on sentry duty.

BkX254 [p. 202] He acts as squire to *Diomedes* [p. 590].

BkXIV1 [p. 283] Nestor borrows his shield.

*BkXVI*257 [p. 331] He kills *Maris* [p. 652].

*BkXVII*319 [p. 361] He is unaware of *Patroclus*' [p. 684] death.

*BkXVII*656 [p. 369] *Menelaus* [p. 655] sends him to take over from *Antilochus* [p. 544].

Thrasymelus

Charioteer and squire to *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

*BkXVI*426 [p. 337] He is killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Thronium

A *Locrian* [p. 648] city.

*BkII*484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Thryoessa

Thryon, a city in ancient *Elis* [p. 598].

*BkXI*655 [p. 232] Besieged in the war between *Elis* and *Pylos* [p. 710].

Thryum

A city in Messinia.

*BkII*581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Thyestes

The son of *Pelops* [p. 689] and brother of *Atreus* [p. 561]. The blood feud between Thyestes and Atreus led to a fatal chain of events.

*BkII*48 [p. 35] Recipient of the sceptre made by *Hephaestus* [p. 623].

Thymbraeus

A Trojan prince.

*BkXI*299 [p. 223] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Thymbre

An inland location near Troy, it was perhaps a town or river or a sacred wood of Apollo Thymbraean.

BkX412 [p. 206] Mentioned.

Thymoetes

One of the elders of Troy.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Tiryns

A city of the Argolid, near *Argos* [p. 553].

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Titans

The sons and daughters of Uranus and Ge, the Titans are *Oceanus* [p. 670], Coeus, Crius, Hyperion, *Iapetus* [p. 633], *Cronus* [p. 582], Theia, *Rhea* [p. 712], Themis, Mnemosyne, Phoebe, and *Tethys* [p. 725].

BkXIV224 [p. 288] Cronos and Iapetus were imprisoned beneath Tartarus.

Titanus, Titanos

A mountain range and city in Thessaly. Modern Tyrnavos?

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Titaressus

A major tributary of the Peneios, it flowed south from the foothills of Mounts Olympus and Titanos (or Titarios), through the northern half of Thessalia, to merge with the Peneios near the Lapith capital of *Gyrtona* [p. 614]. The river was also known as the Europos.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Tithonus

The son of *Laomedon* [p. 643], husband of *Eos* [p. 587], the Dawn, he was father of Memnon.

BkXI1 [p. 215] *BkXX153* [p. 416] Mentioned.

Tlepolemus, son of *Damastor* [p. 585]

BkXVI351 [p. 335] A Trojan killed by *Patroclus* [p. 684].

Tlepolemus, son of *Heracles* [p. 625]

A son of Heracles by Astyoche, the daughter of Phylas. Tlepolemus was king of Argos, but after slaying his uncle Licymnius, he was obliged to take flight, and commanded by the oracle, settled in Rhodes, where he built the towns of Lindos, Ialysos and Cameiros.

BkII645 [p. 52] Leader of the contingent from Rhodes at Troy.

BkV590 [p. 112] He wounds *Sarpedon* [p. 714] but is killed by him in turn.

Tmolus

Mount Tmolus (modern Bozdağ) lies in ancient Lydia (in modern-day Turkey), with Sardis at its foot and Hypaepa on its southern slope.

BkIII811 [p. 57] *BkXX353* [p. 420] Mentioned.

Trachis

An ancient city near modern Thermopyles southeast of Lamia, in Hellas.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

Trechus

An Aetolian spearman.

BkV703 [p. 115] Killed by *Hector* [p. 617] or *Ares* [p. 551].

Tricca, Trica

A Thessalonian city, it lay northeast of modern Trikkala.

BkII681 [p. 53] Mentioned.

BkIV198 [p. 83] The home of *Machaon* [p. 651].

Tritogeneia

See *Athene* [p. 559]

The worship and, variously, the birth and primary locale of Athene were associated with the Tritonian Lake, located in Libya (or alternatively Boeotia or Crete). Plato considered her an incarnation of Neith the Libyan goddess.

BkIV473 [p. 91] *BkVIII1* [p. 157] *BkXXII131* [p. 452] Her epithet.

Troezen

A city and region of the Argolid, it lay on the Saronic Gulf. Modern Trizina village is near Galatas town-ship.

BkII484 [p. 48] Mentioned.

Trozenus

Father of *Euphemus* [p. 607].

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

Troilus

A son of *Priam* [p. 706].

BkXXIV200 [p. 497] His father bemoans his loss.

Tros, son of *Alastor* [p. 535]

A Trojan.

BkXX455 [p. 424] Killed by *Achilles* [p. 517].

Tros, son of *Erichthonius* [p. 603]

A son of Erichthonius and *Astychoe* [p. 558], and a grandson of *Dardanus* [p. 586], he was married to Calirrhoë, by whom he became the father of *Ilus* [p. 637], *Assaracus* [p. 557]

and *Ganymedes* [p. 610], and was king of Phrygia. The country and people of Troy derived their name from him. He gave up his son Ganymedes to Zeus for a gift of horses.

BkV166 [p. 100] *BkV239* [p. 102] *BkVIII53* [p. 159] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] A reference to the horse breed descended from Zeus' gift.

BkXX153 [p. 416] An ancestor of *Aeneas* [p. 524].

Trojans, Troy

Troy is the district named after *Dardanus's* [p. 586] son Tros, in northern Asia Minor, modern Turkey. The name is commonly used for the city of Ilus, Ilium, named after Ilus the son of Dardanus. The site (Hissarlik), near the northern Aegean Sea and the entrance to the *Hellespon* [p. 622]t, was excavated by Schliemann.

BkI101 [p. 14] *BkIII* [p. 33] *Zeus* [p. 739] holds the fate of the city in his hands.

BkI148 [p. 15] *Achilles* [p. 517] stresses that he has no personal quarrel with the Trojans.

Tychius

Of *Hyle* [p. 630], a mythical carrier and artificer, (*skutotomôn uch aristos*), the maker of *Ajax's* [p. 532] shield of seven ox-hides, covered with a plate of bronze.

BkVII161 [p. 146] Mentioned.

Tydeus

King of *Argos* [p. 553], father of *Diomedes* [p. 590] by Deipyle. A son of Oeneus and Periboea he was king of Calydon, and one of the princes who joined *Polyneices* [p. 704] in the expedition against *Thebes* [p. 728], where he died.

BkII394 [p. 46] *BkIV326* [p. 86] *BkV1* [p. 95] *BkVII161* [p. 146] *BkX465* [p. 208] *BkXVII* [p. 325] *BkXXIII262* [p. 474] Father of Diomedes.

BkV84 [p. 97] Athene endows Diomedes with his father's strength.

BkV767 [p. 117] *BkX254* [p. 202] He went to Thebes as a messenger.

BkXIV82 [p. 285] Buried at Thebes.

Typhoeus

Typhon, a monster of the primitive world, is described sometimes as a destructive hurricane, and sometimes as a fire-breathing giant.

BkII760 [p. 55] Mentioned.

Ucalegon

One of the elders of Troy, whose house was burnt at the destruction of the city.

BkIII121 [p. 66] Mentioned.

Wain, *Amaza* [p. 539]

The Wagon. A name for the constellation of the *Great Bear* [p. 565].

Xanthus, horse of *Achilles* [p. 517]

An immortal horse sired by *Podarge* [p. 701].

BkXVI101 [p. 327] One of Achilles' two immortal horses, the other is *Balius* [p. 565].

BkXVII384 [p. 362] He weeps for *Patroclus* [p. 684].

BkXIX338 [p. 405] Given the power of utterance by *Hera* [p. 624], he prophesies Achilles' death.

Xanthus, horse of *Hector* [p. 617]

BkVIII157 [p. 162] One of *Hector's* [p. 617] horses.

Xanthus River of Troy

See *Scamander* [p. 715]

Xanthus, or Xanthos in Lycia

Xanthos was the name of the capital city of ancient Lycia, and its river, the site of present day Kınık, Turkey, beside the Eşen Çayı River. In early sources, 'Xanthos' is used synonymously for Lycia as a whole.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkV431 [p. 109] *BkXII290* [p. 249] Home of *Sarpedon* [p. 714].

BkVI119 [p. 129] Bellerephon is sent to the royal court there.

Xanthus, son of *Phacnops* [p. 738]

BkV84 [p. 97] Killed by *Diomedes* [p. 590].

Zacynthus

An island near *Ithaca* [p. 641]. Probably modern Zante, twenty miles south of Ithaca (Thiaki).

BkII581 [p. 51] Mentioned.

Zeleia

A city of Lycian foundation on the slopes of Ida.

BkII811 [p. 57] Mentioned.

BkIV68 [p. 80] City of *Pandarus* [p. 681], and a site sacred to Apollo.

Zephyrus

The West Wind, bringer of light breezes in spring and early summer.

BkXIX338 [p. 405] Father of the *Achilles* [p. 517].

BkXXI298 [p. 438] *Hera* [p. 624] summons a westerly wind from the sea.

BkXXIII192 [p. 472] *Achilles* [p. 517] calls for his help.

Zeus

The King of the Gods, a son of *Cronos* [p. 582] and *Hera* [p. 624]. Zeus, a sky-god, was worshipped at Dodona, in the sacred oracular oak grove, where his cult succeeded the earlier cult of the Great Goddess, as Dione. He shares dominion of the world with his brothers *Poseidon* [p. 705] who rules the sea, and *Hades* [p. 614] who rules the Dead.

BkI1 [p. 9] The Trojan War was willed by him.

BkI53 [p. 13] Dreams come from him.

BkI101 [p. 14] The outcome of the war determined by him.

BkI148 [p. 15] Called the lord of counsel.

BkI188 [p. 16] Bearer, of the aegis, the shield of Zeus or Pallas Athena, which was fashioned by Hephaestus, furnished with golden tassels and carried the *Gorgoneion* (the Gorgon head) in the central boss.

BkI223 [p. 17] The law-giver.

BkI318 [p. 21] *BkII394* [p. 46] *BkII760* [p. 55] *BkX299* [p. 204] *BkXIII788* [p. 277] *BkXIV1* [p. 283] *BkXV379* [p. 312] The Thunderer. Heralds are his ambassadors. *Iris* [p. 640] is his messenger and that of the gods.

BkI357 [p. 22] The son of *Cronos* [p. 582], he was once attacked and bound by the

Olympians.

BkI428 [p. 24] *Thetis* [p. 730] promises to plead with him.

BkI488 [p. 26] Thetis petitions him. Called the cloud-gatherer. His nod is final.

BkI531 [p. 27] *BkI568* [p. 29] Zeus admonishes *Hera* [p. 624].

BkII1 [p. 33] *BkII109* [p. 37] He sends a false dream to *Agamemnon* [p. 528].

BkII188 [p. 41] *BkIX79* [p. 179] He favours kings, and gives them power of command.

BkII278 [p. 43] He sent a sign portending the ten year war at *Aulis* [p. 563].

BkII333 [p. 45] *BkVII379* [p. 152] *BkVIII273* [p. 165] Agamemnon invokes him.

BkII484 [p. 48] *BkII581* [p. 51] The *Muses* [p. 662] are his daughters, by Mnemosyne.

BkII484 [p. 48] *Athene* [p. 559], is his daughter, favouring the Greeks.

BkIII245 [p. 69] The subject of sacrificial prayers before the duel.

BkIII310 [p. 70] *BkXIV135* [p. 286] *Aphrodite* [p. 546] is his daughter, favouring the Trojans.

BkIV1 [p. 79] He allows Hera to prolong the war.

BkIV198 [p. 83] He detests oath-breakers.

BkV352 [p. 107] He soothes Aphrodite after she is wounded.

BkV703 [p. 115] Hera complains to him about Ares.

BkV846 [p. 119] *Ares* [p. 551] complains to him of his wound.

BkVI119 [p. 129] He blinded *Lycurgus* [p. 650].

BkVII54 [p. 143] The oak tree sacred to him. The priestesses (the doves) at *Dodona* [p. 592] would interpret the oracle based on the sounds of the breeze in the oak leaves of the sacred grove.

BkVII433 [p. 153] He plans evil against the Greeks.

BkVIII1 [p. 157] He warns the immortals not to intervene in the battle.

BkVIII53 [p. 159] He weighs the fates of the Greeks and Trojans, favouring the Trojans.

BkVIII157 [p. 162] He thunders to signal temporary victory for the Trojans.

BkVIII335 [p. 166] He inspires the Trojans to attack the Greek ships.

BkVIII397 [p. 168] He sends *Iris* [p. 640] to deter the goddesses *Hera* [p. 624] and *Athene* [p. 559] from intervening.

BkVIII438 [p. 170] He predicts the course of the war.

BkIX222 [p. 182] He sends the Trojans favourable omens.

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- BkXI163* [p. 219] *BkXI299* [p. 223] He sends *Iris* with instructions for *Hector* [p. 617], which Hector subsequently implements, favouring the Trojan attack.
- BkXI543* [p. 229] He causes *Ajax* [p. 532] to retreat.
- BkXI762* [p. 234] *Peleus* [p. 688] sacrificed to him.
- BkXII175* [p. 246] The omen of eagle and snake is interpreted as coming from him.
- BkXII251* [p. 248] He aids the Trojans with a gale directed at the Greek ships.
- BkXII378* [p. 251] *BkXII442* [p. 252] *BkXIII136* [p. 262] *BkXIII330* [p. 267] *BkXIII576* [p. 273] He favours Hector and the Trojans.
- BkXIII723* [p. 277] Called the Far-Echoer, he distributes wisdom to mortals.
- BkXIV292* [p. 290] *BkXIV352* [p. 293] *Hera* [p. 624] tempts him to make love and neglect the battle.
- BkXIV402* [p. 294] *BkXXII* [p. 429] *BkXXIV677* [p. 510] The father of the river-god, *Xanthus* (*Scamander* [p. 715])
- BkXV1* [p. 301] Zeus expresses his will, and predicts the course of the war.
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- BkXV458* [p. 314] He breaks *Teucer’s* [p. 725] bowstring.
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- BkXVI210* [p. 330] *Achilles* [p. 517] prays to Zeus for *Patroclus* [p. 684] to win glory and return safely, Zeus fulfilling only the first part of the prayer.
- BkXVI426* [p. 337] *Hera* [p. 624] persuades him not to save *Sarpedon* [p. 714].
- BkXVI508* [p. 339] He clouds Sarpedon’s body in the fog of war.
- BkXVI569* [p. 340] He determines to spare Patroclus a little longer, and instructs Apollo to bear Sarpedon’s body from the field.
- BkXVI684* [p. 343] He makes Patroclus over-bold.
- BkXVII198* [p. 358] He predicts *Hector’s* [p. 617] death.
- BkXVII262* [p. 359] He protects the Greeks.
- BkXVII384* [p. 362] He gives Achilles’ immortal *horses* [p. 565] fresh strength.

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- BkXVII481* [p. 365] *Automedon* [p. 563] prays to him, and Zeus fills him with strength.
- BkXVII543* [p. 366] He inspires Hector and the Trojans.
- BkXVIII310* [p. 383] He admonishes *Hera* [p. 624] for supporting the Greeks.
- BkXIX74* [p. 397] One of the three forces, with *Fate* [p. 610] and the *Furies* [p. 610], determining human destiny.
- BkXIX338* [p. 405] He sends *Athene* [p. 559] to sustain *Achilles* [p. 517].
- BkXX1* [p. 411] He allows the gods to enter the war.
- BkXX75* [p. 414] He had once saved *Aeneas* [p. 524] from Achilles.
- BkXX153* [p. 416] He had helped Achilles take *Lyrnessus* [p. 650].
- BkXX259* [p. 418] He recognises Aeneas is destined to rule the remaining Trojans after the fall of Troy.
- BkXXI200* [p. 435] He allows *Poseidon* [p. 705] and Athene to help Achilles.
- BkXXI383* [p. 440] He enjoys the gods' quarrel, and consoles *Artemis* [p. 555].
- BkXXIII1* [p. 449] *Priam* [p. 706] recognises Zeus' apparent hatred of his race.
- BkXXIII188* [p. 453] He weighs the fates of *Hector* [p. 617] and *Achilles* [p. 517], and grants victory to Achilles.
- BkXXIV1* [p. 493] *BkXXIV77* [p. 495] *BkXXIV552* [p. 507] He determines that Priam should be allowed to ransom Hector's body.
- BkXXIV141* [p. 496] He sends *Iris* [p. 640] to Priam with a message.
- BkXXIV281* [p. 499] He sends an omen to Priam, and *Hermes* [p. 626] to guide him.
- BkXXIV468* [p. 504] He deals out good and bad experiences to men (over and above their destiny determined at birth by the Fates).

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



he true authorship and dating of the Iliad and the other great poem attributed to Homer, the Odyssey, has been much disputed. The consistency of language and treatment lends itself to the view that a single author Homer created, or at least consolidated and edited, the literary material. This was the view of ancient Greek authorities, though they differ widely on the question of who Homer was, and at what period he lived. Many mythical elements gathered around the name Homer, until the image of a blind bard from the island of Chios gained prominence, despite there being no evidence of his blindness or his bardic wanderings, and despite many places claiming to have been his birthplace or residence. Equally there is no absolutely definitive text rather the currently accepted text is the result of the work of many editors over a long period of time, from at least the 3rd century BC to modern times. There is much fascinating and erudite scholarship concerning the Homeric ethos, involving literary, linguistic, cultural, archaeological, and other evidence, and debate is ongoing. However the issue of literary authorship in no way detracts from the power and integrity of the epic poems themselves.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR



Anthony Kline lives in England. He graduated in Mathematics from the University of Manchester, and was Chief Information Officer (Systems Director) of a large UK Company, before dedicating himself to his literary work and interests. He was born in 1947. His work consists of translations of poetry; critical works, biographical history with poetry as a central theme; and his own original poetry. He has translated into English from Latin, Ancient Greek, Classical Chinese and the European languages. He also maintains a deep interest in developments in Mathematics and the Sciences.

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