

TRIPHODORUS' AESTHETIC OF DÉTOURNEMENT

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1. McKenzie Wark, *Détournement*, pages 145-6; 150

Détournement – a diversion, a detour, a seduction, a plagiarism, an appropriation, even perhaps a hijacking – is the integration of present or past artistic productions into a construction that surpasses them [...]. Détournement attacks a kind of fetishism, where the products of collective human labour in the cultural realm become mere property. But what is distinctive about this fetishism is that it does not rest directly on the status of the thing as a commodity. It is, rather, a fetishism of memory. Not so much commodity fetishism as co-memory fetishism – collective remembrance as fetish

2. Triphiodorus, *The Capture of Troy*, lines 1-5

Τέρμα πολυκμήτοιο μεταχρόνιον πολέμοιο
καὶ λόχον Ἀργεΐης ἱππήλατον ἔργον Ἀθήνης,
αὐτίκα μοὶ σπεύδοντι πολὺν διὰ μῦθον ἀνεῖσα
ἔννεπε, Καλλιόπεια, καὶ ἀρχαίην ἔριν ἀνδρῶν
κεκριμένου πολέμοιο ταχείη λῦσον ἄοιδῆ.

Sing the end - which comes after time - of a war that caused many sufferings, and the ambush of the Argives, a work of Athena fit for horsemanship: sing it to me, Calliope, **to me in a rush**, while you let it go through a long speech. And put an end to that ancient fight against heroes, with the war having been solved, **with a quick song**.

3. Callimachus, *Aetia* fr. 1 Pfeiffer, lines 19-30

μηδ' ἀπ' ἐμεῦ διφᾶτε μέγα ψοφέουσαν ἀοιδήν
τίκτεσθαι· βροντᾶν οὐκ ἐμόν, ἰλλά Διός.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἐπ' ἰστίον ἐμοῖς ἐπὶ δέλτον ἔθηκα
γούνασι, Ἀ[πό]λλων εἶπεν ὃ μοι Λύκιος·
'.....]... ἀοιδέ, τὸ μὲν θύος ὅττι πάχιστον
θρέψαι, τῆν Μοῦσαν δ' ὠγαθὲ λεπταλέην·
πρὸς δέ σε] καὶ τόδ' ἄνωγα, τὰ μὴ πατέουσιν ἄμαξαι
τὰ στειβεῖν, ἑτέρων ἴχνια μὴ καθ' ὁμά
δίφρον ἐλ[ᾶν μηδ' οἶμον ἀνά πλατύν, ἀλλὰ κελεύθους
ἀτρίπτο]υς, εἰ καὶ στεῖνοτερην ἐλάσεις·
τῷ πιθόμη]ν· ἐνὶ τοῖς γὰρ ἀείδομεν οἱ λιγὸν ἦχον
τέττιγος, θ]όρυβον δ' οὐκ ἐφίλησαν ὄνων.

And do not expect that I bore a song that greatly thunders: thunder is not mine, but Zeus'. For when I first put the tablet on my knees, Lycian Apollo told me: «[...] singer, raise a fat sacrificial victim, but **a slender Muse**. I also bid you not to thread where wagons go, nor to lead your chariot along the footsteps of others, nor on the highway, but untrodden paths, if you will also go the narrowest way». We obey him, for we sing among those who love **the thin sound of cicadas**, not the braying of asses.

4. Callimachus, *Hymn to Apollo*, lines 105-13

ὁ Φθόνος Απόλλωνος ἐπ' οὐάτα λάθριος εἶπεν·
'οὐκ ἄγαμαι τὸν ἀοιδὸν ὃς οὐδ' **ὄσα πόντος ἀεῖδει**·
τὸν Φθόνον ὠπόλλων ποδί τ' ἤλασεν ὧδέ τ' ἔειπεν·
Ἄσσυρίου ποταμοῖο μέγας ῥόος, ἀλλὰ τὰ πολλὰ
λύματα γῆς καὶ πολλὸν ἔφ' ὕδατι συρφετὸν ἔλκει.
Δηοῖ δ' οὐκ ἀπὸ παντὸς ὕδωρ φορέουσι μέλισσαι,
ἀλλ' ἥτις καθαρὴ τε καὶ ἀχράαντος ἀνέρπει
πίδακος ἐξ ἱερῆς ὀλίγη λιβάς ἄκρον ἄωτον·
χαῖρε, ἄναξ· ὁ δὲ Μῶμος, ἴν' ὁ Φθόνος, ἔνθα νέοιτο.

Envy treacherously said into Apollo's ears: «I do not appreciate the singer who does not **sing as much as the sea**». Apollo pushed Envy with his foot and thus spoke: «**Big is the flow of the Assyrian river, but much dirt of the land and much weed on the water does it carry**. But bees do not carry all sort of water to Deo, but that, which pure and untainted flows from a holy spring, a small drop, the choicest one». Farewell, lord: and may Blame, where is Envy, go there.

5. Callimachus, *Aetia* fr. 1 Pfeiffer, lines 1-6

.....]ι μοι Τελχῖνες ἐπιτρύζουσιν ἀοιδῆ,
νήιδε, οἱ Μούσης οὐκ ἐγένοντο φίλοι,
εἶνεκεν οὐχ ἐν ἄεισμα διηνεκὲς ἢ **βασίλῃ**
.....]ας ἐν πολλαῖς ἦνυσσα χιλιάσιν
ἢ]ους ἦρωας, **ἔπος δ' ἐπὶ τυτθὸν** ἐλ[ίσσω
παῖς ἄτ,ε, τῶν δ' ἐτέων ἢ δεκάτ,ε οὐκ ὀλίγη.

The Telchines often mutter against me and my song, ignorants!, they who are not friends of the Muse, because I did not achieve a single continuous poem in many thousands of lines and I do not sing kingly deeds or **ancient heroes**, but I twist **my word little by little**, like a child, even though the decades of my years are not few.

6. Triphiodorus, *The Capture of Troy*, lines 6-20

ἦδη μὲν δεκάτοιο κυλινδομένου λυκάβαντος
γηραλέῃ τετάνυστο φόνων ἀκόρητος **Ἐνωῶ**
Τρωσί τε καὶ Δαναοῖσιν· ἐναιρομένων δ' ἄρα φωτῶν
δοῦρατα κεκμήκει, ξιφέων δ' ἔθνησκον ἀπειλαί,
σβέννυτο θωρήκων ἐνοπή, μινύθεσκε δ' ἔλικτή
ἀρμονίη ῥηχθεῖσα φερεσσακέων τελαμώνων,
ἀσπίδες οὐκ ἀνέχοντο μένειν ἔτι δοῦπον ἀκόντων,
λύετο καμπύλα τόξα, κατέρρεον ὠκέες ἰοί.
ἵπποι δ' οἱ μὲν ἀνευθεν ἀεργηλῆς ἐπὶ φάτνης
οἰκτρὰ κάτω μύοντες ὁμόζυγας ἔστενον ἵππουσ,
οἱ δ' αὐτοὺς ποθέοντες ὀλωλότας ἠνιοχῆας.
κεῖτο δὲ Πηλεΐδης μὲν ἔχων ἅμα νεκρὸν ἐταῖρον,
Ἀντιλόχῳ δ' ἐπὶ παιδί γέρων ὠδύρευτο Νέστωρ,
Αἴας δ' αὐτοφόνῳ βριαρὸν δέμας ἔλκει λύσας
φάσγανον ἐχθρὸν ἔλουσε μεμνηνὸς αἵματος ὄμβρω.

Old Envo, always hungry for slaying, had already extended for Trojans and Greeks to the return of the tenth year. **The weapons** of the spoiled men **were tired, the threats of daggers were dying, the roar of cuirasses had gone down**, the twisted joint of shield-bearing straps was broken and waning, the shields were not able anymore to bear the thud of javelins, the curve bows were loosened, the swift arrow fell to the ground. Of the horses, some were crying their companions of yoke far from the abandoned manger, sadly shutting down their eyes, others in desire of their dead drivers. The son of Peleus was lying down together with his dead companion, the old Nestor was crying on his son Antilochus, Ajax - having loosened his strong body with a suicidal blow - washed the hateful dagger in a rain of mad blood.

7. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, book 1, lines 5-14

Ante mare et terras et quod tegit omnia caelum
unus erat toto naturae vultus in orbe,
quem dixere chaos: rudis indigestaque moles
nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque eodem
non bene iunctarum discordia semina rerum.
nullus adhuc mundo praebebat lumina Titan,
nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phoebae,
nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
ponderibus librata suis, **nec** brachia longo
margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite.

Before sea and lands and sky - which covers everything -, one was the aspect of nature in the whole globe. They called it chaos: an unfinished, imperfect mass, in which **nothing** was but mere weight, and the discordant seeds of **ill**-conjoined things. **No** Titan gave yet light to the world, **nor** did Phoebae recreate new horns in her growing, **nor** did Earth hover in the surrounding air, well balanced in her weight, **nor** had Amphitrite stretched her arms along the edge of the continent

8. Triphiodorus, *The Capture of Troy*, *passim*

245: ὀσσόμενοι καὶ γῆρας ἐλεύθερον· οὐ μὲν ἔμελλον
γηθήσειν **ἐπὶ δηρόν**, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἤθελε βουλή.

They were seeing a free old age. For they were **not** going to rejoice **for long**: thus was the wish of Zeus.

257: **ὑστερον** Ἀργείοιο μόθου σημήιον εἶναι.

It was the last sign of Argive toils.

376-8: ὦ μέλει, τίνα τοῦτον ἀνάρσιον ἵππον ἄγοντες
δαιμόνιοι μαίνεσθε καὶ **ὑστατίην** ἐπὶ νύκτα
σπεύδετε καὶ πολέμοιο **πέρας** καὶ νήγρετον ὕπνον;

Wretched, what kind of horse is this that you foolishly bring around? Why do you hurry towards the **last** night, the **end** of the war, and a night from which you will not wake up?

282: αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ἐπάρκιος ἔσσομαι ὑμῖν
μηκέτι δεμαίνειν πόλεμον **παλίνορσον** Ἀχαιῶν.

But I will be the helper of you all, so that you will **not** be afraid **anymore** lest the Achaean war should **come back**.

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