**1. Hesiod, *Theogony*, 143-146**

οἳ δή τοι τὰ μὲν ἄλλα θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιοι ἦσαν,

μοῦνος δ᾽ ὀφθαλμὸς μέσσῳ ἐνέκειτο μετώπῳ.

Κύκλωπες δ᾽ ὄνομ᾽ ἦσαν ἐπώνυμον, οὕνεκ᾽ ἄρα σφέων

κυκλοτερὴς ὀφθαλμὸς ἕεις ἐνέκειτο μετώπῳ:

They resembled the gods in every other way,

but a single eye sat square their brow,

and “Cyclopes” was the name they received, because

a rounded eye sat alone in their brow.

**2. *Odyssey*, 9.345-347**

καὶ τότ᾽ ἐγὼ Κύκλωπα προσηύδων ἄγχι παραστάς,

κισσύβιον μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων μέλανος οἴνοιο:

“Κύκλωψ, τῆ, πίε οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγες ἀνδρόμεα κρέα...”

Then I stood close and addressed the Cyclops,

holding a bowl of the dark wine in my hands,

“Cyclops, here, drink wine to follow your meal of human meat...”

 **3. *Odyssey*, 9.355-359**

δός μοι ἔτι πρόφρων, καί μοι τεὸν οὔνομα εἰπὲ

αὐτίκα νῦν, ἵνα τοι δῶ ξείνιον, ᾧ κε σὺ χαίρῃς:

καὶ γὰρ Κυκλώπεσσι φέρει ζείδωρος ἄρουρα

οἶνον ἐριστάφυλον, καί σφιν Διὸς ὄμβρος ἀέξει:

ἀλλὰ τόδ᾽ ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρός ἐστιν ἀπορρώξ.

Give me more, please, and tell me your name

right away, so I can give you a guest gift you’ll love,

for the grain-giving earth offers [us] Cyclopes

grape-rich wine that Zeus’s rain augments,

but this is an effusion of ambrosia and nectar!

**4. *Odyssey*, 9.362-364**

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ Κύκλωπα περὶ φρένας ἤλυθεν οἶνος,

καὶ τότε δή μιν ἔπεσσι προσηύδων μειλιχίοισι:

“Κύκλωψ, εἰρωτᾷς μ᾽ ὄνομα κλυτόν...”

But when the wine had encompassed the wits of the Cyclops,

I addressed him with coaxing words:

“Cyclops, you asked me for my famous name...”

**5. *Odyssey*, 9.382-388**

οἱ μὲν μοχλὸν ἑλόντες ἐλάινον, ὀξὺν ἐπ᾽ ἄκρῳ,

ὀφθαλμῷ ἐνέρεισαν: ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἐφύπερθεν ἐρεισθεὶς

δίνεον, ὡς ὅτε τις τρυπῷ δόρυ νήιον ἀνὴρ

τρυπάνῳ, οἱ δέ τ᾽ ἔνερθεν ὑποσσείουσιν ἱμάντι

ἁψάμενοι ἑκάτερθε, τὸ δὲ τρέχει ἐμμενὲς αἰεί.

ὣς τοῦ ἐν ὀφθαλμῷ πυριήκεα μοχλὸν ἑλόντες

δινέομεν, τὸν δ᾽ αἷμα περίρρεε θερμὸν ἐόντα.

They grabbed the olivewood stake, sharp at the tip, and into his

eye they drove it, and I pressed down from above and

whirled it round, like when a man bores into ship timber

with a drill and those below spin it with a thong

they grip at either end so it turns without stopping.

In his eye, like that, we took the stake, burning at the point,

and whirled it round, and blood flowed around the heated shaft.

**6. Euripides, *Cyclops*, 457-463**

κᾆθ᾽ ὅταν κεκαυμένον

ἴδω νιν, ἄρας θερμὸν ἐς μέσην βαλῶ

Κύκλωπος ὄψιν ὄμμα τ᾽ ἐκτήξω πυρί.

ναυπηγίαν δ᾽ ὡσεί τις ἁρμόζων ἀνὴρ

διπλοῖν χαλινοῖν τρύπανον κωπηλατεῖ,

οὕτω κυκλώσω δαλὸν ἐν φαεσφόρῳ

Κύκλωπος ὄψει καὶ συναυανῶ κόρας.

...and then, when I see that it’s caught fire,

I’ll raise the heated stake, thrust it into

the Cyclops’ eye, and melt that orb out with flame.

Just like a man building a ship

plies his drill with a twin thong,

I’ll whirl the firebrand in the

Cyclops’ gleaming eye till I’ve dried up his sight!

**7. *Odyssey*, 9.403-408**

“τίπτε τόσον, Πολύφημ᾽, ἀρημένος ὧδ᾽ ἐβόησας

νύκτα δι᾽ ἀμβροσίην καὶ ἀύπνους ἄμμε τίθησθα;

ἦ μή τίς σευ μῆλα βροτῶν ἀέκοντος ἐλαύνει;

ἦ μή τίς σ᾽ αὐτὸν κτείνει δόλῳ ἠὲ βίηφιν;”

τοὺς δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἐξ ἄντρου προσέφη κρατερὸς Πολύφημος:

“ὦ φίλοι, Οὖτίς με κτείνει δόλῳ οὐδὲ βίηφιν.”

“Why so much, Polyphemus, in distress did you cry out like that

through the immortal night and keep us from sleeping?

Surely nobody among mortals is stealing your flocks against your will?

Surely nobody is killing you yourself by trickery or force?”

Then from inside the cave mighty Polyphemus answered them,

‘Friends, No-one is killing me by trickery, and not by might.’

**8. *Odyssey*, 9.446-460**

τὸν δ᾽ ἐπιμασσάμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Πολύφημος:

*<SPEECH TO RAM...>*

                                    ...κὰδ δέ κ᾽ ἐμὸν κῆρ

λωφήσειε κακῶν, τά μοι οὐτιδανὸς πόρεν Οὖτις.”

Mighty Polyphemus felt [his ram] and said,

“*SPEECH TO RAM…>*

                                                ...and my heart would find

rest from the ills that that nobody “No-one” has brought me.”

**9. *Odyssey*, 9.502-505**

“Κύκλωψ, αἴ κέν τίς σε καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων

ὀφθαλμοῦ εἴρηται ἀεικελίην ἀλαωτύν,

φάσθαι Ὀδυσσῆα πτολιπόρθιον ἐξαλαῶσαι,

υἱὸν Λαέρτεω, Ἰθάκῃ ἔνι οἰκί᾽ ἔχοντα.”

“Cyclops, if any among mortal men

asks you of your eye’s unseemly blindness,

tell them Odysseus the city-sacker did the blinding,

the son of Laertes, who has his home in Ithaca.”

**10. *Odyssey*, 6.4-6**

οἳ πρὶν μέν ποτ᾽ ἔναιον ἐν εὐρυχόρῳ Ὑπερείῃ,

ἀγχοῦ Κυκλώπων ἀνδρῶν ὑπερηνορεόντων,

οἵ σφεας σινέσκοντο, βίηφι δὲ φέρτεροι ἦσαν.

...who before had inhabited spacious Hypereia

near the Rounded-Eyed Ones, men of excessive manhood

who kept doing them harm and were greater in might.

**11. *Odyssey*, 1.70-71**

...ἀντίθεον Πολύφημον, ὅου κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον

πᾶσιν Κυκλώπεσσι...

...godlike Polyphemus, whose might is greatest

among all the Drilled-Eyed...

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