

A. Mori, "The Vision of the Cyclops in Theocritus' *Idylls* 6 and 11" (MoriA@missouri.edu)
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1. Hesiod, *Theogony* 99-104

εἰ γάρ τις καὶ πένθος ἔχων νεοκηδέϊ θυμῷ
ἄζηται κραδίην ἀκαχήμενος, αὐτὰρ ἀοιδὸς
Μουσάων θεράπων κλέεα προτέρων ἀνθρώπων
ὑμνήσῃ μάκαράς τε θεοῦς, οἳ Ὀλυμπον ἔχουσιν,
αἶψ' ὃ γε δυσφροσυνέων ἐπιλήθεται οὐδέ τι κηδέων
μέμνηται: ταχέως δὲ παρέτραπε δῶρα θεάων.

(100)

A man, freshly grieved in spirit,
Groans, troubled at heart, but the bard,
A servant of the Muses, sings the fame of men in former days
And the blessed gods who hold Olympus.
In that moment he escapes his heavy thoughts and remembers
nothing of his sorrow:
The gifts of the goddesses quickly divert him.

2. Homer, *Odyssey* 8.75-78

νεῖκος Ὀδυσσῆος καὶ Πηλεΐδew Ἀχιλλῆος,
ὥς ποτε δηρίσαντο θεῶν ἐν δαιτὶ θαλεῖῃ
ἐκπάγλοις ἐπέεσσιν, ἄναξ δ' ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων
χαίρε νόω, ὃ τ' ἄριστοι Ἀχαιῶν δηριόωντο.

(75)

The quarrel of Odysseus and Achilles son of Peleus,
How they fought at a rich feast of the gods
With terrible words, and Agamemnon lord of men
Rejoiced because the best of the Achaeans were fighting.

3. Homer, *Odyssey* 8.83-86

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀοιδὸς ἄειδε περικλυτός· αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεύς
πορφύρεον μέγα φάρος ἔλων χειρσὶ στιβαρῆσι
κὰκ κεφαλῆς εἴρυσσε, **κάλυψε δὲ καλὰ πρόσωπα**: (85)
αἶδετο γὰρ Φαίηκας ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυα λείβων.

(85)

This was the song of the famous bard. But Odysseus
Took his great purple cloak with his strong hands,
And drew it over his head, **and hid his fine face**,
For he feared shedding tears beneath his brows before the
Phaeacians.

4. Homer, *Odyssey* 9.1-11

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
Ἄλκίνοε κρεῖον, πάντων ἀριδείκετε λαῶν,
ἦ τοι μὲν τόδε καλὸν ἀκουέμεν ἐστὶν ἀοιδῶ
τοιοῦδ' οἷος ὃδ' ἐστὶ, θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος αὐδήν.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ γέ τί φημι τέλος χαριέστερον εἶναι
ἢ ὅτ' εὐφροσύνη μὲν ἔχη κάτα δῆμον ἅπαντα,
δαιτυμόνες δ' ἀνά δώματ' ἀκουάζωνται ἀοιδῶ
ἤμενοι ἐξείης, παρὰ δὲ πλήθωσι τράπεζαι
σίτου καὶ κρειῶν, μέθυ δ' ἐκ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσω
οἰνοχόος φορέησι καὶ ἐγχείῃ δεπάεσσι·
τοῦτό τί μοι κάλλιστον ἐνὶ φρεσὶν εἶδεται εἶναι.

(5)

(10)

Odysseus, rich in plans, answered him and said:
"Lord Alcinous, well known among all peoples,
I tell you it is truly fine to hear a singer such as this,
One like to the gods in his voice.
In my view there is no service more pleasing
Than when good cheer holds sway over all people,
And the guests sit lining the hall and hear a singer,
By tables full of baked breads and cuts of meat,
The wine bearer drawing wine from the bowl,
Pouring again and refilling the goblets:
This to my mind is the finest thing there is."

5. Homer, *Odyssey* 8.62-64

κῆρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἄγων ἐρίηρον ἀοιδόν,
τὸν πέρι μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε·
ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἠδέϊαν ἀοιδίην.

The herald came near with the faithful bard,
He whom the muse loved most but gave good and ill:
She removed his sight, but gave sweet song.

6. Theocritus, *Idyll* 11.80-81

οὕτω τοι Πολύφημος **ἐποίμαιεν** τὸν ἔρωτα
μουσίσδων, ῥᾶον δὲ διὰ γ' ἢ εἰ χρυσὸν ἔδωκεν.

So it was that Polyphemus **held the borders** of his love
With song, and carried on more easily than if he paid gold.

7. Theocritus, *Idyll* 11.30-54

γινώσκω χαρίεσσα κόρα, τίνος οὔνεκα φεύγεις · (30)
οὔνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὄφρυς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετώπῳ
ἔξ ὧτός τέταται ποτὶ θῶτερον ὡς μία μακρά,
εἷς δ' ὄφθαλμὸς ὑπεστι, πλατεία δὲ ῥίς ἐπὶ χεῖλει.
 ἀλλ' οὗτος τοιοῦτος ἐὼν βοτὰ χίλια βόσκω, (35)
 κῆκ τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα πίνω ·
 τυρὸς δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὔτ' ἐν θέρει οὔτ' ἐν ὀπώρα,
 οὐ χειμῶνος ἄκρω · ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπεραχθέες αἰεὶ.
 συρίσδεν δ' ὡς οὔτις ἐπίσταμαι ὧδε Κυκλώπων,
 τίν, τὸ φίλον γλυκύμαλον ἀρῆ κήμαυτὸν αἰείδων (40)
 πολλαὶ νυκτὸς ἄωρί. τράφω δέ τοι ἔνδεκα νεβρῶς
 πάσας μαννοφόρως καὶ σκύμνωσ τέσσαρας ἄρκτων.
 ἀλλ' ἀφίκευσο ποθ' ἀμέ, καὶ ἐξεῖς οὐδὲν ἔλασσον,
 τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἕα ποτὶ χέρσον ὀρεχθεῖν.
 ἄδιον ἐν τῶντρῳ παρ' ἐμὶν τὰν νύκτα διαζεῖς. (45)
 ἐντὶ δάφναι τινεῖ, ἐντὶ ῥαδινὰι κυπάρισσοι,
 ἔστι μέλας κισσός, ἔστ' ἄμπελος ἅ γλυκύκαρπος,
 ἔστι ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, τό μοι ἅ πολυδένδρεος Αἴτνα
 λευκάς ἐκ χιόνος ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον προῖητι.
 τίς κα τῶνδε θάλασσαν ἔχειν καὶ κύμαθ' ἔλοιτο; (50)
 αἱ δέ τοι αὐτὸς ἐγὼν δοκέω λασιώτερος ἦμεν,
 ἐντὶ δρυὸς ζύλα μοι καὶ ὑπὸ σποδῶ ἀκάματον πῶρ.
 καιόμενος δ' ὑπὸ τεύς καὶ τὰν ψυχὰν ἀνεχοίμαν
 καὶ τὸν ἔν' ὄφθαλμόν, τῷ μοι γλυκερώτερον οὐδέν.

8. Theocritus, *Idyll* 6.6-14

βάλλει τοι, Πολόφαμε, τὸ ποίμνιον ἅ Γαλάτεια
 μάλοισιν, δυσέρωτα καὶ αἰπόλον ἄνδρα καλεῖσα ·
 καὶ τύ νιν οὐ ποθόρησθα, τάλαν τάλαν, ἀλλὰ κάθησαι
 ἀδέα συρίσδων. πάλιν ἄδ', ἴδε, τὰν κύνα βάλλει,
 ἅ τοι τὰν οἴων ἔπεται σκοπός · ἅ δὲ βαύσδει (10)
εἷς ἅλα δερκομένα, τὰ δὲ νιν καλὰ κύματα φαίνει
ἄσυχᾶ καχλάζοντος ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο θεοῖσαν.
 φράζεο μὴ τὰς παιδὸς ἐπὶ κνάμαισιν ὀρούσῃ
 ἐξ ἄλός ἐρχομένας, κατὰ δὲ χροᾶ καλὸν ἀμόζη.

9. Homer, *Iliad* 15.579-81

Ἄντιλοχος δ' ἐπόρουσε κύων ὧς, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ νεβρῶ
 βλημένῳ αἴζη, τόν τ' ἐξ εὐνήφι θορόντα (580)
 θηρητῆρ ἐτόχησε βαλὼν, ὑπέλυσε δὲ γυῖα

10. Theocritus, *Idyll* 6.29-38

σίζα δ' ἄλακτεῖν νιν καὶ τῆ κυνί · καὶ γὰρ ὄκ' ἦρων,
 αὐτὰς ἐκνυζειτο ποτ' ἰσχία ῥύγχος ἔχοισα. (30)
 ταῦτα δ' ἴσως ἐσορεῦσα ποεῦντά με πολλαὶ πεμφεῖ
 ἄγγελον. αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κλαζῶ θύρας, ἔστε κ' ὁμόσση
 αὐτὰ μοι στορεσεῖν καλὰ δέμνια τᾶσδ' ἐπὶ νάσω ·
 καὶ γὰρ θην οὐδ' εἶδος ἔχω κακὸν ὧς με λέγοντι.
 ἦ γὰρ πρᾶν ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον, ἧς δὲ γαλάνα, (35)
 καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δὲ μευ ἅ μία κῶρα,
 ὧς παρ' ἐμὶν κέκριται, κατεφαίνετο, τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδόντων
 λευκοτέραν αὐγὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθιο.

I know, gracious girl, why it is you flee:

Mine is a hairy brow stretching from one ear
To the other across the whole forehead in a long line
With a single eye below it; a wide nose over my lip.

Still, though I am like this, I feed a thousand grazing beasts
 And from them press and drink the finest milk
 And I do not want for cheese in summer or fall
 Nor even at the end of winter: my crates are always heavy.
 And piping I know like nobody among the Cyclopes
 Singing of you, sweet apple, and myself often,
 At odd hours of the night. I am rearing for you eleven fawns,
 All wearing collars, and four bear whelps.
 But come to me and you will not be the poorer,
 Leave the grey sea to beat against the shore
 More sweetly in the cave with me will you pass the night
 I have laurels there, and slim cypresses,
 And black ivy, and the sweet-fruited vine,
 And cool water, which to me tree-covered Aitna
 Sends forth, an undying drink, from white snow.
 Who would choose salt water and waves over these?
 But if I myself seem to you too coarse,
 I have oak timbers there, and immortal fire beneath the ash.
 Burning by you I could bear, of my soul
 And my one eye too, than which I have nothing sweeter.

Galatea is hitting your flock, Polyphemus,

With apples, and calls you a poor lover and a goat herder,
 And you don't see her—loser, loser!—but sit
 Sweetly piping. Again, see! it's your dog she's hitting,
 The watchdog that follows your sheep, and she's barking,
Looking at the sea, and the lovely waves reflect her,
Running along the gently sounding shore.
 Mind that she doesn't leap against the legs of the girl
 Coming from the sea, and rake her lovely skin.

And Antilochus sprang on him, like a dog darting
 Against a wounded fawn, one that leaps from its bed
 And a hunter hits, and loosens its limbs.

I sicked my howling dog at her, for also when I was in love
 With her the dog whined, with her nose on her legs.
 Maybe if she sees me doing this often she'll send
 A messenger, but I will shut the door until she swears
 She'll make her lovely bed with me on this island.
 And really, I don't look as bad as they say I do:
 And the other day I looking into the sea, when it was calm,
 And fair was my beard, and fair my single eye,
 As I judged it, reflected back, and from my teeth
 A gleam whiter than Parian marble.

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