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|  | **Passage 1**  April is the cruelest month, breeding  Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  Memory and desire, stirring  Dull roots with spring rain.  Winter kept us warm, covering  Earth in forgetful snow, feeding  A little life with dried tubers.  Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee  With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,  And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,  And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.  Bin gar keine Russin, stamm’ aus Litauen, echt deutsch.  And when we were children, staying at the arch-duke’s,  My cousin’s, he took me out on a sled,  And I was frightened. He said, Marie,  Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.  (T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*, 1-16) |
|  | **Passage 2**  “My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.  “Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.  “What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?  “I never know what you are thinking. Think.”  I think we are in rats’ alley  Where the dead men lost their bones.  (T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*,1.111-16) |
| **Passage 3**  Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος  οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί’ Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε’ ἔθηκε,  πολλὰς δ’ ἰφθιμοὺς ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν  ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν  οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ’ ἐτελείετο βουλή,  ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε  Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.  Τίς τ’ ἄρ’ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;  Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός· | Sing wrath, Muse, the wrath of Achilles son of Peleus  the destructive wrath, which laid countless pains on the Achaeans,  and sent forth (*proíapsen*) many strong souls to Hades,  the souls of heroes, and made them prey (*helṓria*) to dogs  and all the birds – and (*dé*) Zeus’ counsel was fulfilled –  from the time when first the two men stood apart in quarrel,  Atreidēs lord of men, and god-like Achilles.  Which of the gods sent those two together to quarrel and fight?  The son of Leto and of Zeus.  (*Il.* 1.1-9) |
| **Passage 4**  Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ’ ἔχουσαι,  ὅς τις δὴ πρῶτος βροτόεντ’ ἀνδράγρι’ Ἀχαιῶν  ἤρατ’, ἐπεί ῥ’ ἔκλινε μάχην κλυτὸς ἐννοσίγαιος. | Tell me now, Muses who hold Olympian homes,  who first of the Achaeans won bloody spoils/ man-quarry (*andrágri-*),  when the famous Earth-shaker tipped the balance of battle.  (*Il.* 14.508-10) |
| **Passage 5**  Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ’ ἔχουσαι –  ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστέ τε πάντα,  ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν –  οἵ τινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν·  πληθὺν δ’ οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ’ ὀνομήνω,  οὐδ’ εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ’ εἶεν,  φωνὴ δ’ ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δέ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη,  εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο  θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ’ ὅσοι ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθον·  ἀρχοὺς αὖ νηῶν ἐρέω νῆάς τε προπάσας. | Tell me now, Muses who hold Olympian homes –  for you are goddesses, you are present, and you know all things;  but we hear only the report, and know nothing –  who were the leaders and chieftains of the Danaans?  I will not tell of the multitude, nor will I name them,  not if I had ten tongues, ten mouths,  an unbreakable voice, and a bronze heart within me;  unless the Olympian Muses, daughters of aegis-bearing  Zeus, should remember how many came beneath Ilion;  I will mention the leaders of the ships, and all the ships.  (*Il.* 2.484-93) |

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| **Passage 6**  τὸν δ’ εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ, καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ’ ἀργύρεον ζυγὸν ἦεν,  τὴν ἄρετ’ ἐξ ἐνάρων πόλιν Ἠετίωνος ὀλέσσας·  τῇ ὅ γε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, ἄειδε δ’ ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.  Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οἶος ἐναντίος ἦστο σιωπῇ,  δέγμενος Αἰακίδην, ὁπότε λήξειεν ἀείδων. | They found him delighting (*terpómenon*) his mind with a shrill lyre,  beautiful and well-worked; and on it was a silver bridge;  he had won it from the spoils when he destroyed the city of Eētion;  with it he was delighting his mind, and he was singing of the glories of men (*kléa andrôn*).  Patroclus was sitting opposite him in silence, alone,  waiting for the descendant of Aeacus, until he should cease singing.  (*Il.* 9.186-91) |
| **Passage 7**  ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἐλθεῖν οὔτε λεϊστὴ  οὔθ’ ἑλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ κεν ἀμείψεται ἕρκος ὀδόντων.  μήτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεὰ Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα  διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.  εἰ μέν κ’ αὖθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,  ὤλετο μέν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται.  εἰ δέ κεν οἴκαδ’ ἵκωμι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,  ὤλετο μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δέ μοι αἰὼν  ἔσσεται, οὐδέ κέ μ’ ὦκα τέλος θανάτοιο κιχείη. | A man’s soul cannot be seized (*outh’ heletḗ*) to go back  nor won like spoil, when once it should pass the fence of his teeth.  My mother, the silver-footed goddess Thetis says that I bear  two different fates to the end of death.  If I should remain here and fight around the city of Troy,  my return home would die, but my glory (*kléos*) would be imperishable.  If I should reach my dear native land,  my noble glory would die, but my life would be  long, and the end of death would not find me swiftly.  (*Il.* 9. 408-16) |
| **Passage 8**  ἐχθρὰ δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρὸς αἴσῃ.  οὐδ’ εἴ μοι δεκάκις τε καὶ εἰκοσάκις τόσα δοίη  ὅσσά τέ οἱ νῦν ἔστι, καὶ εἴ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο,  οὐδ’ ὅσ’ ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσεται, οὐδ’ ὅσα Θήβας  Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,  αἵ θ’ ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ’ ἀν’ ἑκάστας  ἀνέρες ἐξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὄχεσφιν·  οὐδ’ εἴ μοι τόσα δοίη ὅσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε,  οὐδέ κεν ὧς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει’ Ἀγαμέμνων  πρίν γ’ ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λώβην. | His gifts are hateful to me, and I honor him in a portion of a shaving.  Not if he gave me ten and twenty times as much  As he now has, nor if there should be other gifts from somewhere,  Not as much as comes into Orchomenus, nor as much as [comes]  To Egyptian Thebes, where the most treasures lie in palaces,  And which has a hundred gates, and at each of them two hundred  Men sally forth with horses and chariots;  Nor if he should give me as much as is the sand and the dust,  Still not even so would Agamemnon persuade my spirit  Before he pays back all the spirit-paining insult I have suffered.  (*Il.* 9. 378-87) |

*The Waste Land* is quoted from Lawrence Rainey ed., *The Annotated* Waste Land *with Eliot’s Contemporary Prose*, 2nd edition, New Haven 2006; the *Iliad* from Thomas W. Allen ed., *Homeri Opera,* Oxford 1912-1920; the translations are my own.

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