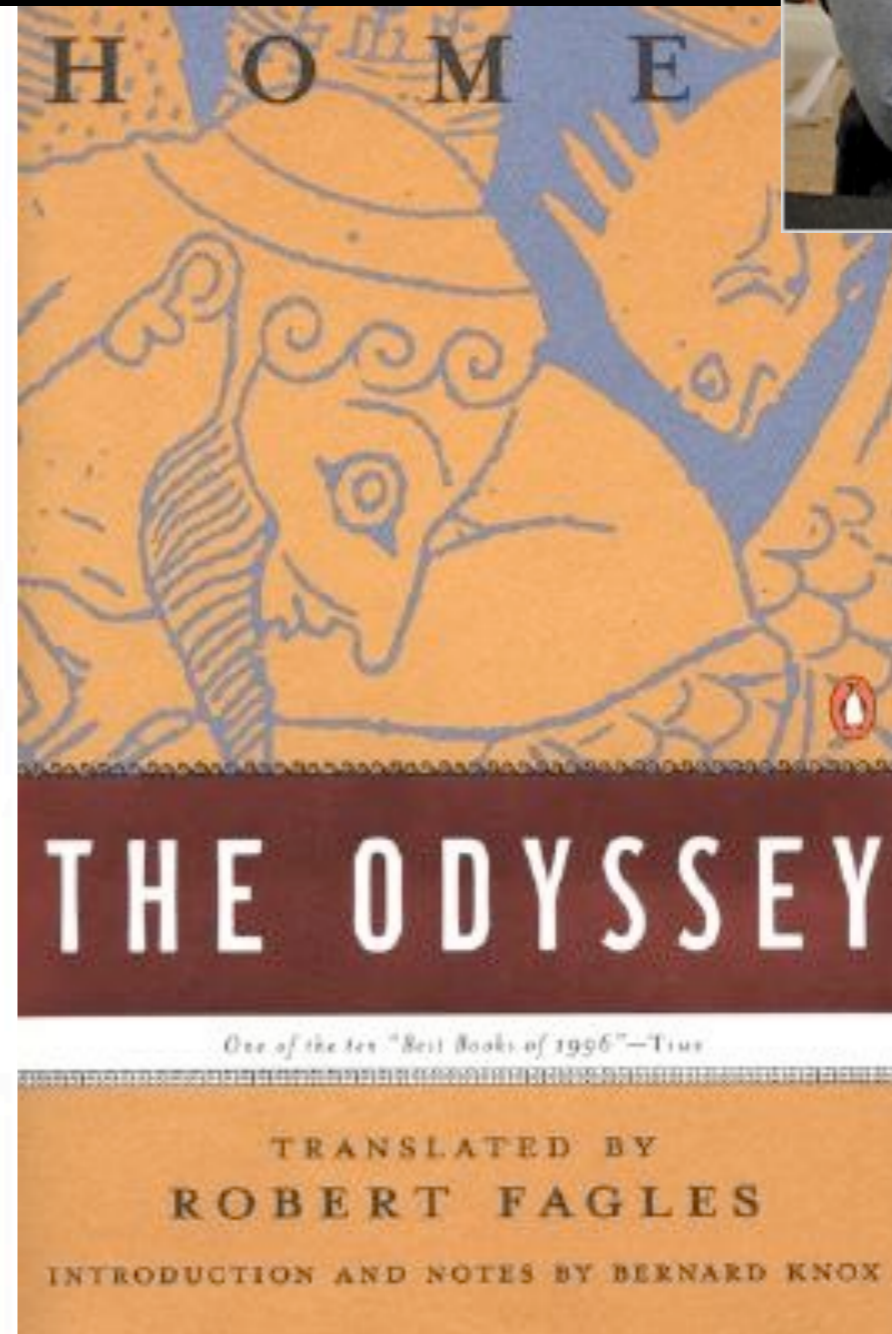
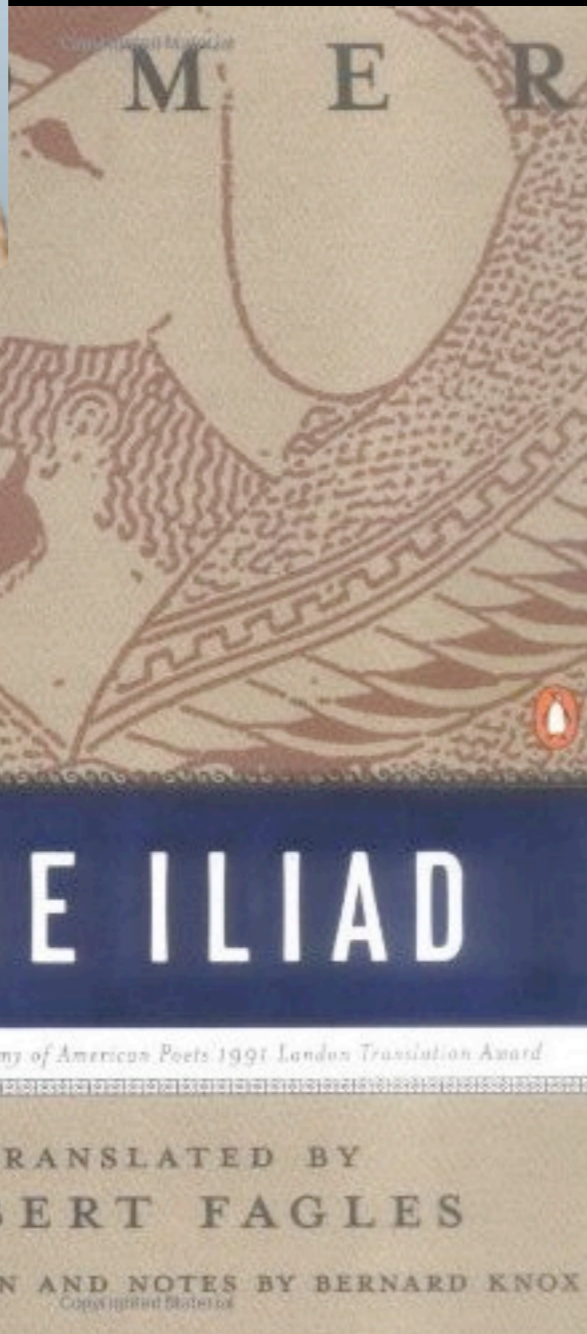
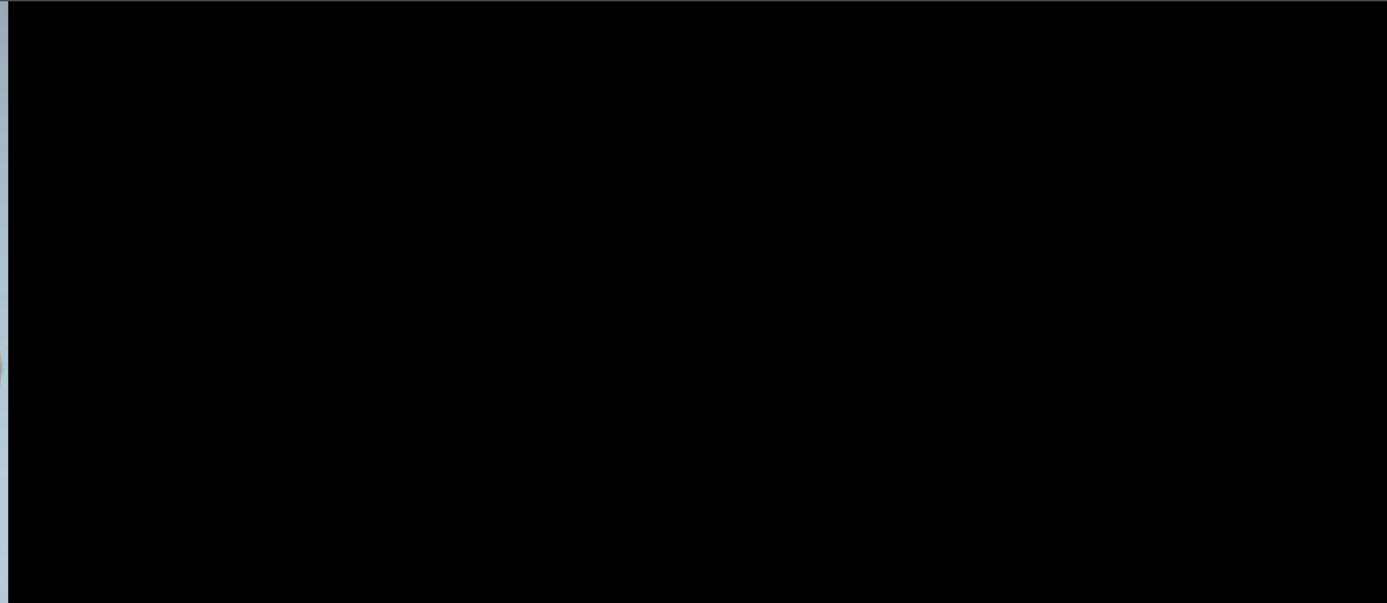
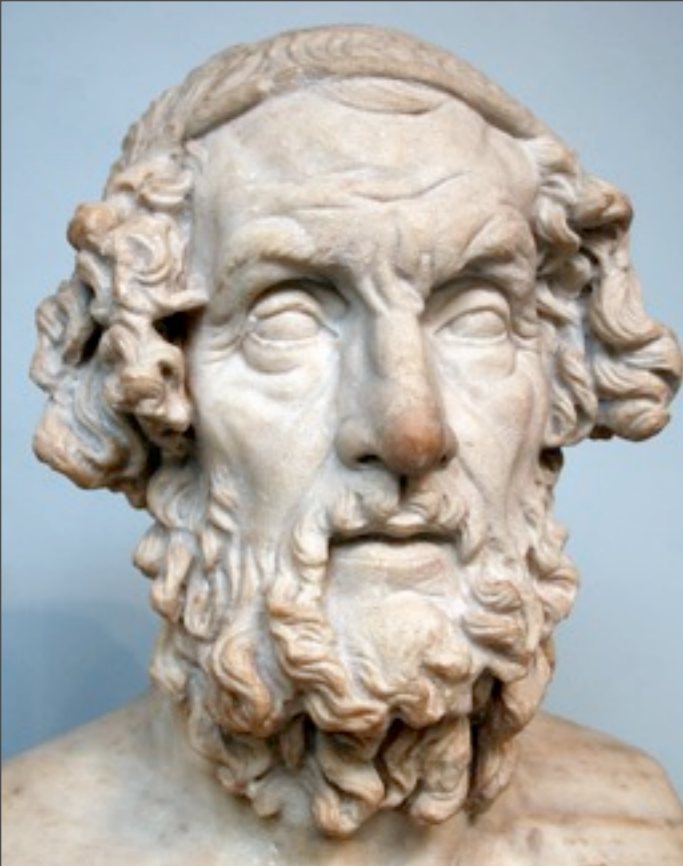


History of Ancient Greece
Institute for the Study of Western Civilization
Week 10: Odyssey
Dec 18. 2019

ODYSSEUS



The Iliad and the Odyssey

The Odyssey

For Longinus, the Odyssey was a sadly deficient product of Homer's old age.

To Samuel Butler the Odyssey showed signs of a woman's interests and intellect.

For T. E. Lawrence, the author of the Odyssey was a "bookish house-bred man."

The Iliad and the Odyssey

The structure of Odyssey is totally different than Iliad.

Iliad starts with RAGE of Achilles, then story roles on right to the burial of Hector.

The Odyssey on other hand starts with Telemachus and Penelope, then we get Ody telling his story-flashback then we get the story going again, and then back to Ithaca where we started. More complex.

Could it be same writer? YES. Why?

The Iliad and the Odyssey

Another difference:

Miraculous apparitions, amazing giants, mysterious ladies, caves, sirens, etc. Seems to incorporate whole list of amazing tales.

Scholars: no one writer just lot of stories cobbled together.

FROM THE ILIAD TO THE ODYSSEY * R. B. RUTHERFORD

Source: *Bulletin of the Institute of Classical Studies*, No. 38 (1991-1993)

has been interpreted in different ways. The late Sir Denys Page held that the *Odyssey* was a wholly independent poem, composed by a poet working in a different place and in a different tradition from the poet of the *Iliad*, one who did not even know the story recounted in the *Iliad*.⁴ This was a challenging proposition, but eccentric and perhaps wilfully provocative; it has been challenged on a number of levels and can by now be considered refuted.⁵ A more plausible position would be that the *Odyssey* deliberately neglects the central story of the *Iliad* because it could not be surpassed, could not be challenged direct. The *Odyssey* does, however, perform some of the functions of a sequel or epilogue (as Longinus and other ancient critics already noted).⁶ That is, it does do a most efficient job of filling in the story since *Iliad* 24. The death of Achilles, the dispute over the armour, the Wooden Horse, the sack of Troy, the recovery of Helen, the murder of Agamemnon, the misfortunes of the other Greeks on the homeward voyage, all find a place somewhere. Few characters are left unaccounted-for, few questions unanswered. This would be a remarkable coincidence if the *Odyssey*-poet had never heard or encountered the *Iliad*.

Homer's, about a thousand lines.

More important is the resemblance between the poems in terms of structure and design. Both poems deal only with a part of their nominal subject. The *Iliad* is not the tale of the whole war of Troy but of a central episode, a matter of days, which is treated with exceptional fullness and made to include or imply an account of the Trojan war as a whole. The *Odyssey* extends this technique: it does not narrate Odysseus' adventures sequentially, bringing him from Troy to Ithaca, but concentrates on the final stages, again treating a few crucial days in detail, but embracing retrospective accounts of the earlier episodes. Both poems, then, begin *in mediis rebus*; both end with the hero's future partly known but awaiting fulfilment. The resolution of the themes of the poem does not coincide with the end of the tale. This structural principle permits both expansive narration and a broader perspective. The mode of narration adopted by the Cyclic epics seems to have been markedly different: in poems such as the *Cypria* and the *Iliupersis*, it appears that events followed one another sequentially, without a clear central figure or primary focus to the action. There is no single hero of the *Cypria*: in the summary of Proclus, the action moves from Paris to Menelaus, from Telephus to Agamemnon and Iphigenia to the marooning of Philoctetes, with Achilles only entering the limelight towards the end of the poem, when the war at last begins. Our direct quotations from and summaries of these early epics are late and of doubtful value, but the verdict of Aristotle and Horace confirms that they lacked the coherence and structural unity of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

The Iliad and the Odyssey: similarities

1. Length, Iliad 16,000 lines, Ody 12,000

No other epic poem like this at the time

2. Begins: In media res, in the middle of things (only tells part of the story. Iliad, one brief part of Trojan war)

3. Both have great rhetorical speeches (reveal character)

4. Both have great extended rich similies.

5. Moral dilemmas shown but authorial voice absent, no moralizing on events, events speak for selves.

6. Both have gods watching and intervening.

Are they same in both epics?

7. Two poems seem a pair. Violent hero of Iliad dies early death (War poem). Wily man of intellect in Ody lives long life, comes home dies among family and friends (Peace poem).

The Iliad and the Odyssey: differences

The Iliad is intense and sublime; Ody is diffuse and diverse.

Iliad action all concentrated in one location, Troy, beach, palace. Ody spreads all over the Mediterranean

Iliad is Tragedy. Ends sadly. Achilles doomed. Troy doomed.

Odyssey is happy story of getting home (he does) of reunion (they do) and happy ending. All together.

Achilles and Odysseus opposites: Violent Romantic warrior, the careful, wily, planner, organizer, thinker, schemer.

Odysseus and the Sirens



For the free Greek male of the mid-eighth to sixth centuries, identification with the seafaring, resourceful, soulful Odysseus and his overseas adventures must have been profound. Odysseus may be a king, but he is also the definitive self-sufficient farmer whose small island produces all that his personal household requires, and who asserts his rights to autonomy as a result. Odysseus is also exciting company.



ODYSSEUS

Practical

Resourceful

Brain as well as brawn

A supreme orator

Brilliant warrior

Excellent navigator

Excellent swimmer

Diplomatic

Good carpenter, builds ship

Built beautiful bed for him
& Pen.



ODYSSEUS

A good farmer

Knows how to plow

Knows how to plant

What to plant

While a boy got his

own trees to tend



ODYSSEUS

A prize winning athlete
Wins discus throwing
Also an able wrestler
Javelin thrower



ODYSSEUS is very attractive to women.

2 gorgeous Goddesses want him

Athena flirts with him

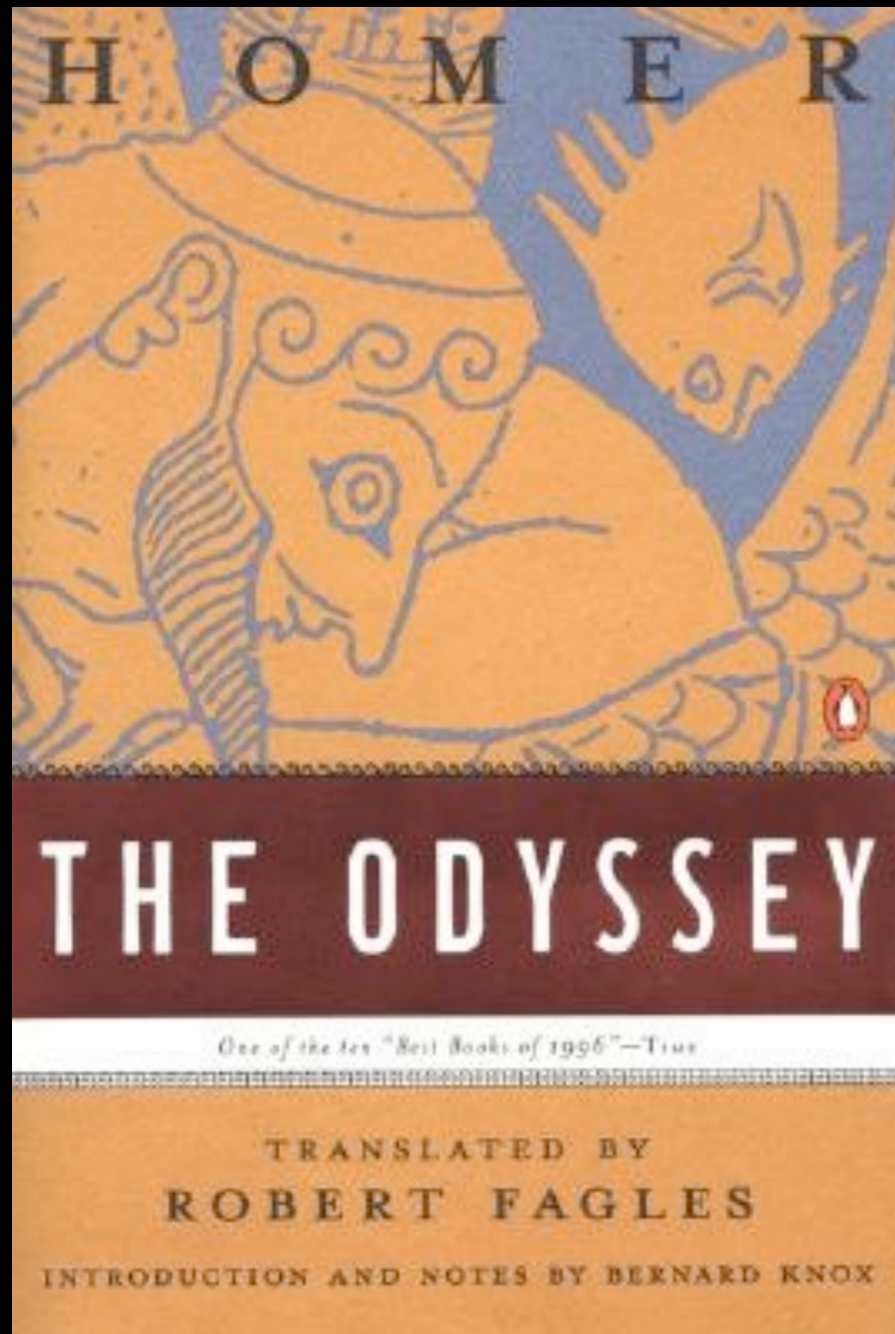
Only major Ancient Greek hero
who is exclusively heterosexual.

Odysseus and Women

He goes into encounters with feminine power from which he invariably emerges with the upper hand. The *Odyssey* defines the male psychology that went with patriarchy by presenting various versions of the feminine—as desirable and nubile (Nausicaa), sexually predatory and matriarchal (Calypso, Circe), politically powerful (Arete, queen of the Phaeacians), domineering (the Laestrygonian king Antiphates has a huge daughter and a wife “the size of a mountain”), monstrous and all-devouring (Scylla, Charybdis), seductive and lethal (Sirens), but also as faithful, domesticated, and maternal (Penelope). In the “real” world of Greek island peasant farming, a good wife protects her husband’s interests and in his absence keeps her legs crossed for twenty years.

Edith Hall

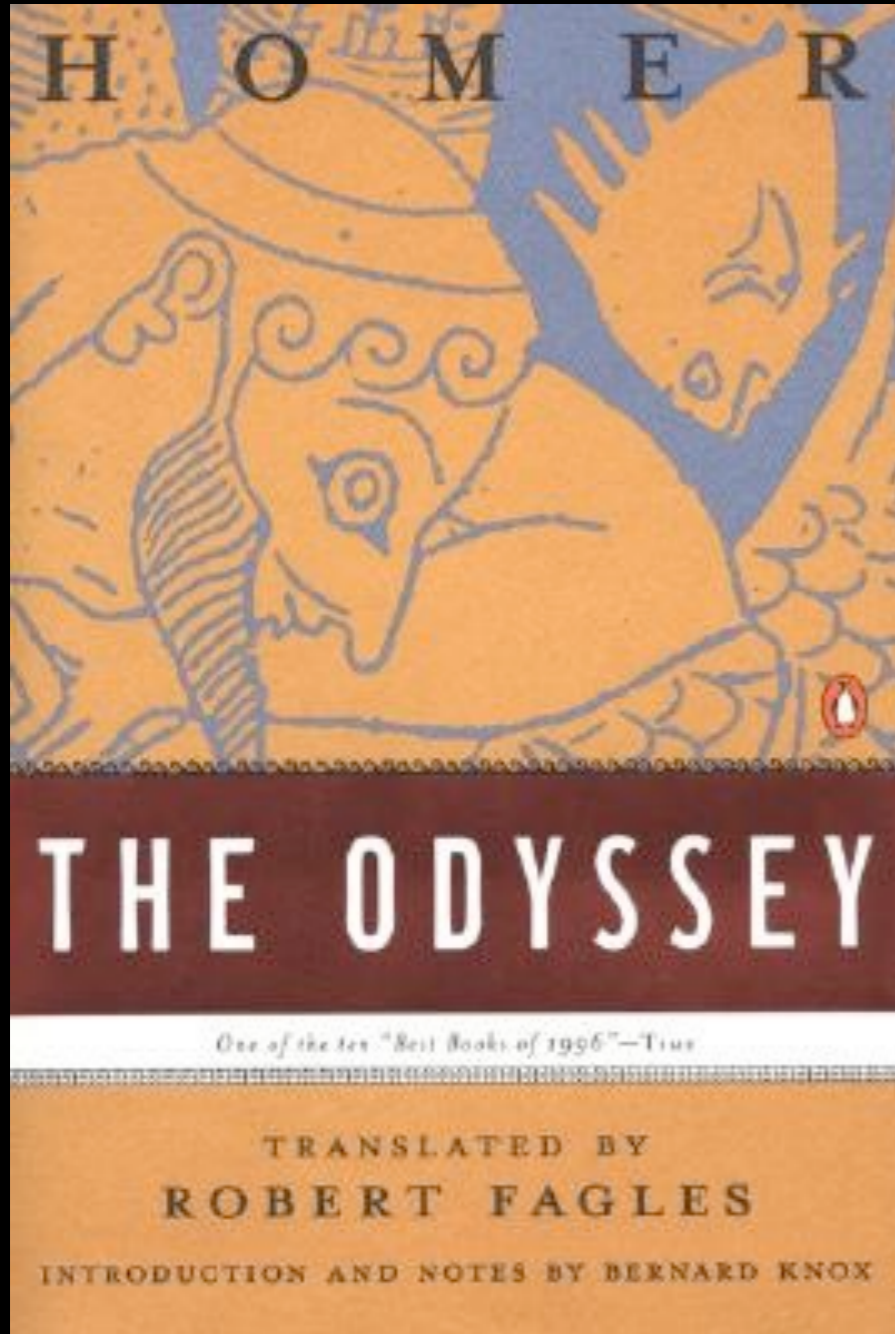
The Iliad and the Odyssey



It continues the story of the Iliad
It finishes Bk 24.

Death of Achilles
the Wooden Horse
the Sack of Troy
Recovery of Helen
Murder of Agamemnon
Misfortunes of Greeks on way home

The *Telémachia*.

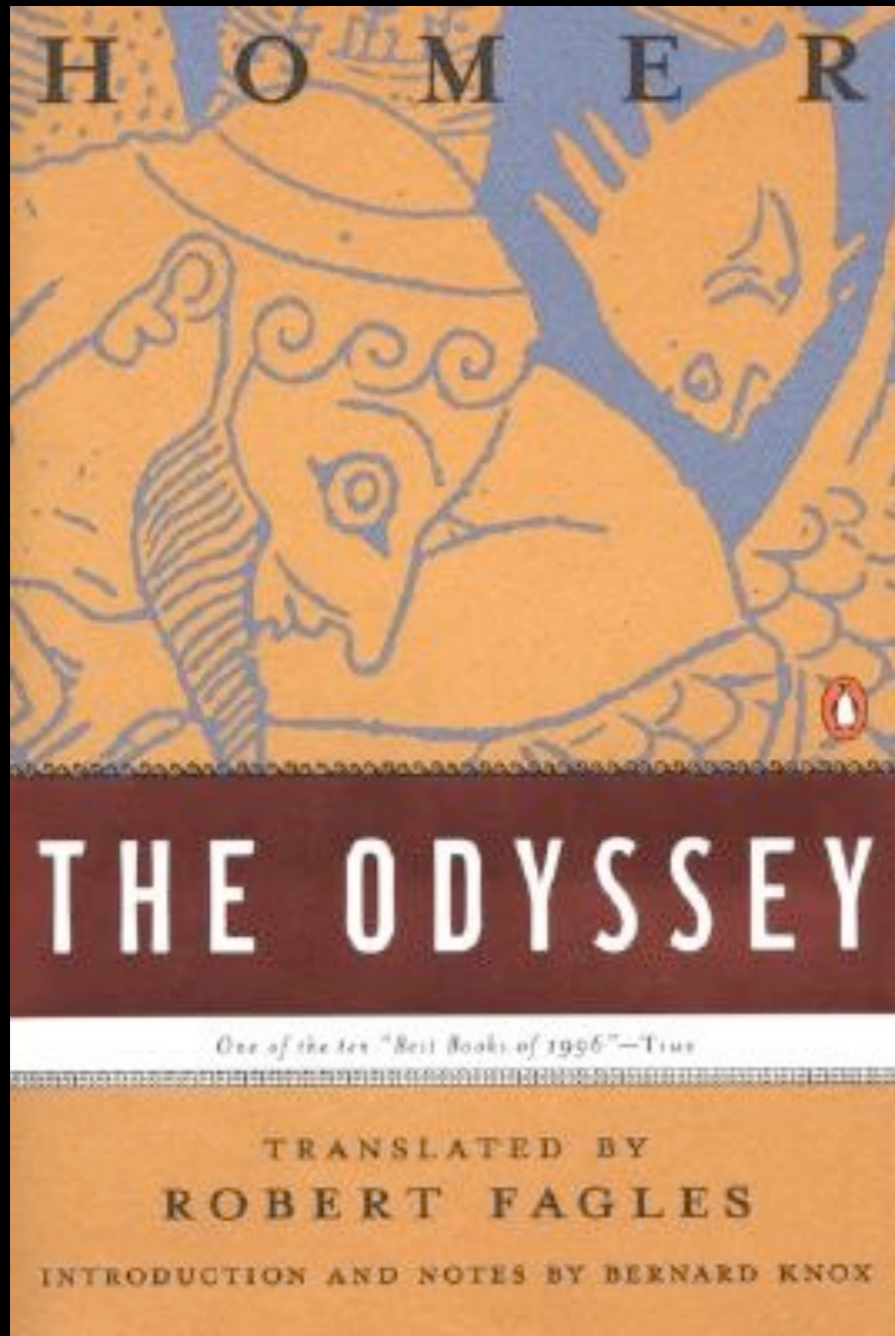


Telémachus

Book 1: Homer invokes the muse. He begins his story with Odysseus trapped on the island of Calypso, a nymph who wants to take Odysseus as her lover. Athena talks Zeus into pulling strings to set Odysseus free. Then Athena disguises herself to visit Odysseus's son, Telémachus in Ithaca. There, she finds out that Odysseus's house is overrun by greedy suitors who have infested the place. They are trying to woo Penelope, Odysseus's wife.

The *Telémachia*.

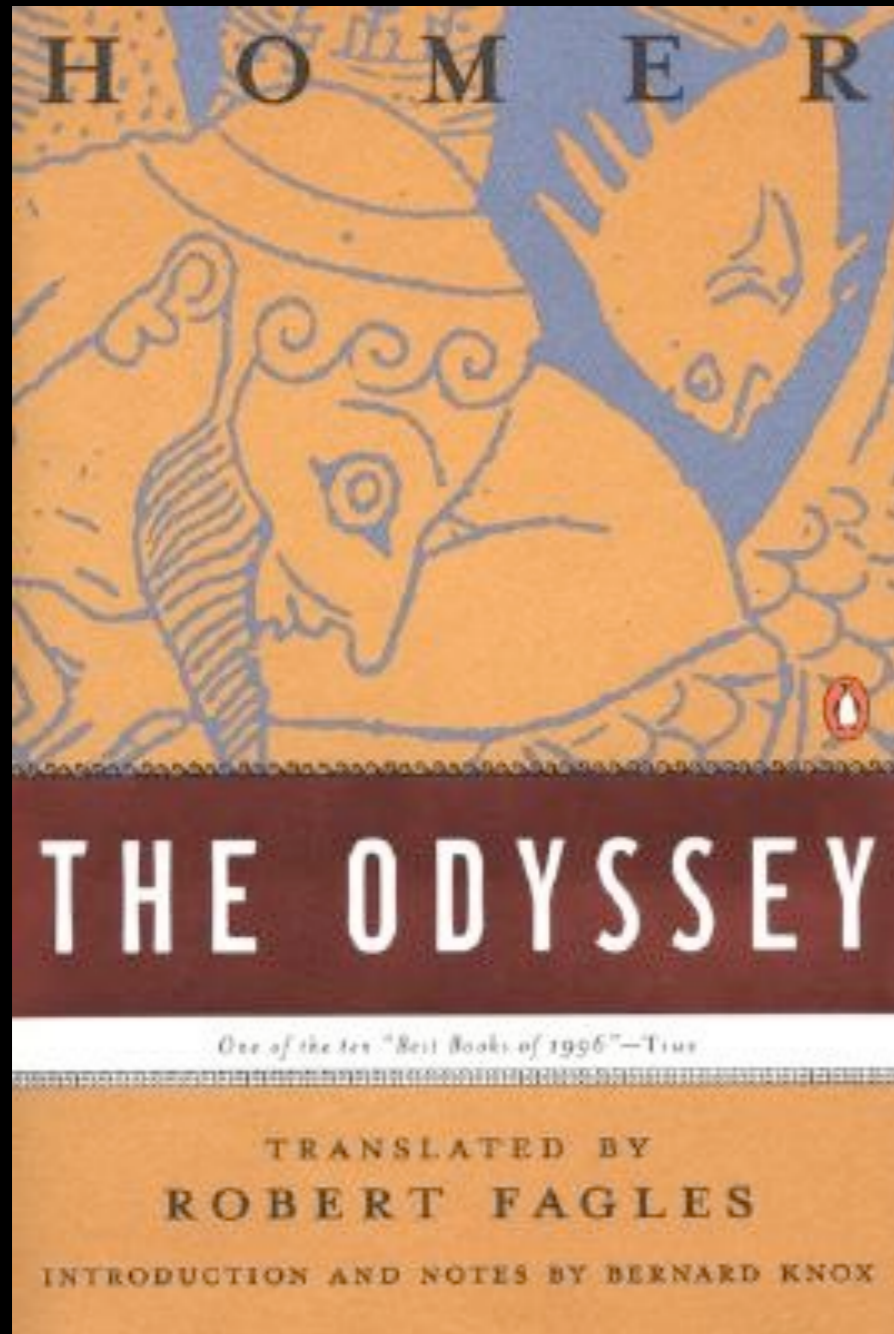
Telémachus



Book 2: Telémachus calls the council and denounces the suitors. The gods send an omen of fighting eagles, which a soothsayer claims indicates Odysseus will soon come home. Eurymachus accuses this prophet of being bribed by Telémachus. He states the suitors won't leave until Penelope picks one. Telémachus proposes that he be given a ship and crew. He will sail out to seek news. If Odysseus is dead, Penelope will be available for marriage after the funeral is held.

The *Telémachia*.

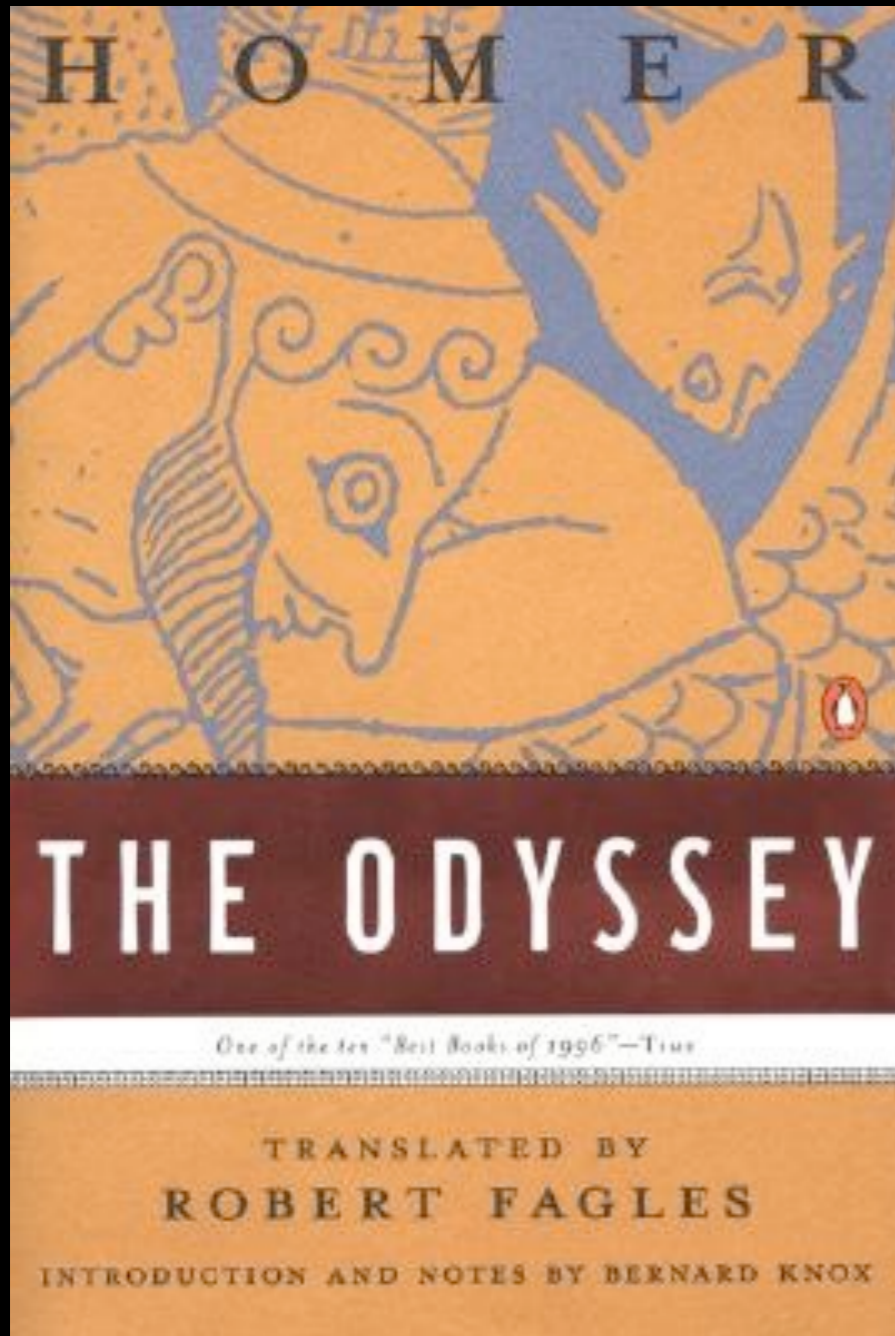
Telémachus



Book 3: Telémachus sails to King Nestor at Pylos, who tells him stories of the Trojan War and when Odysseus was last seen. Telémachus takes a chariot to travel to Sparta to speak with Menelaus and find further clues.

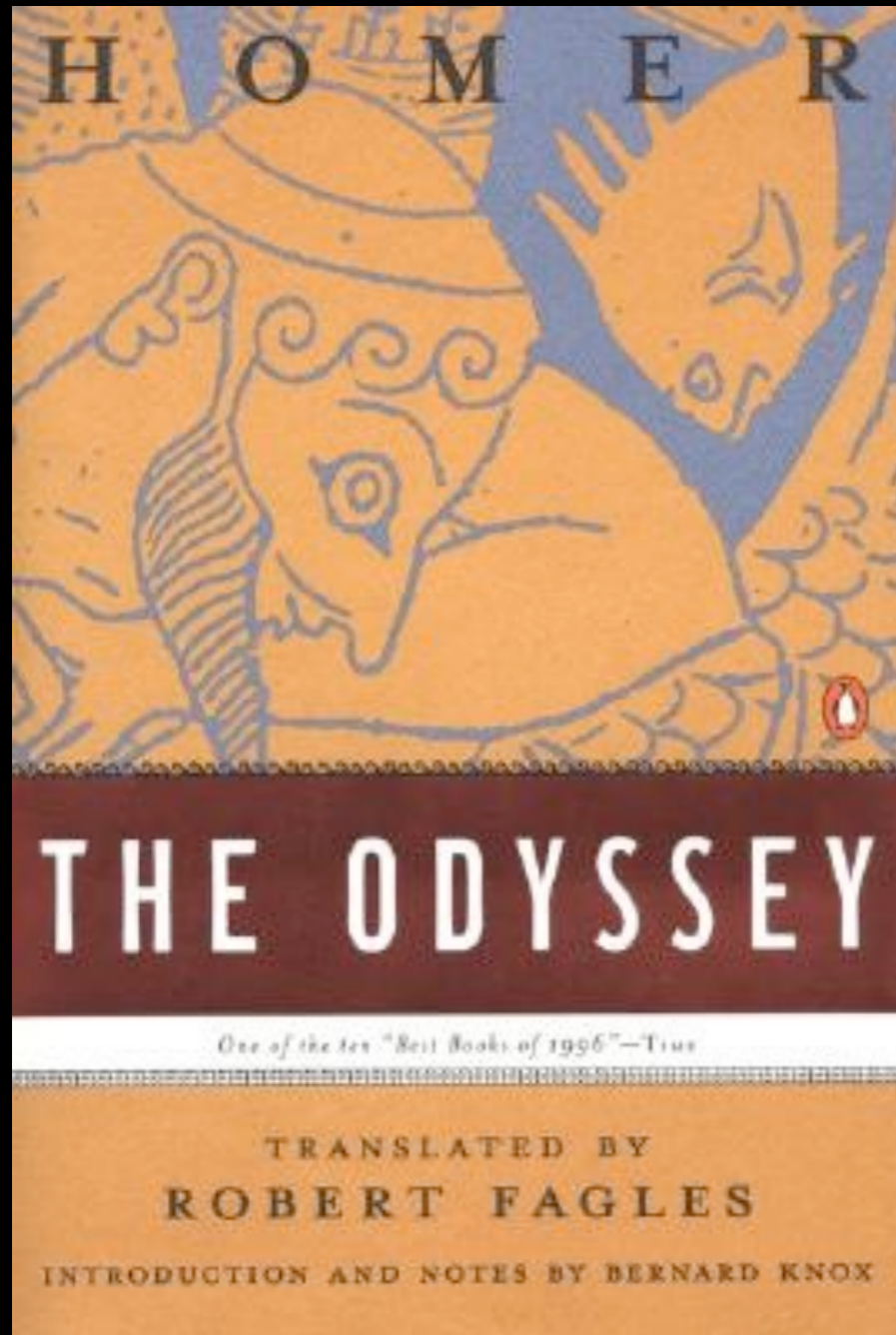
The *Telémachia*.

Telémachus



Book 4: Telémachus visits King Menelaus. The King weeps because Telémachus resembles Odysseus so much, reminding Menelaus of his lost friend. He and Queen Helen tell more stories of Odysseus's exploits. Meanwhile, at Ithaca, the suitors are arranging to murder Telémachus so he won't be able to inherit the throne.

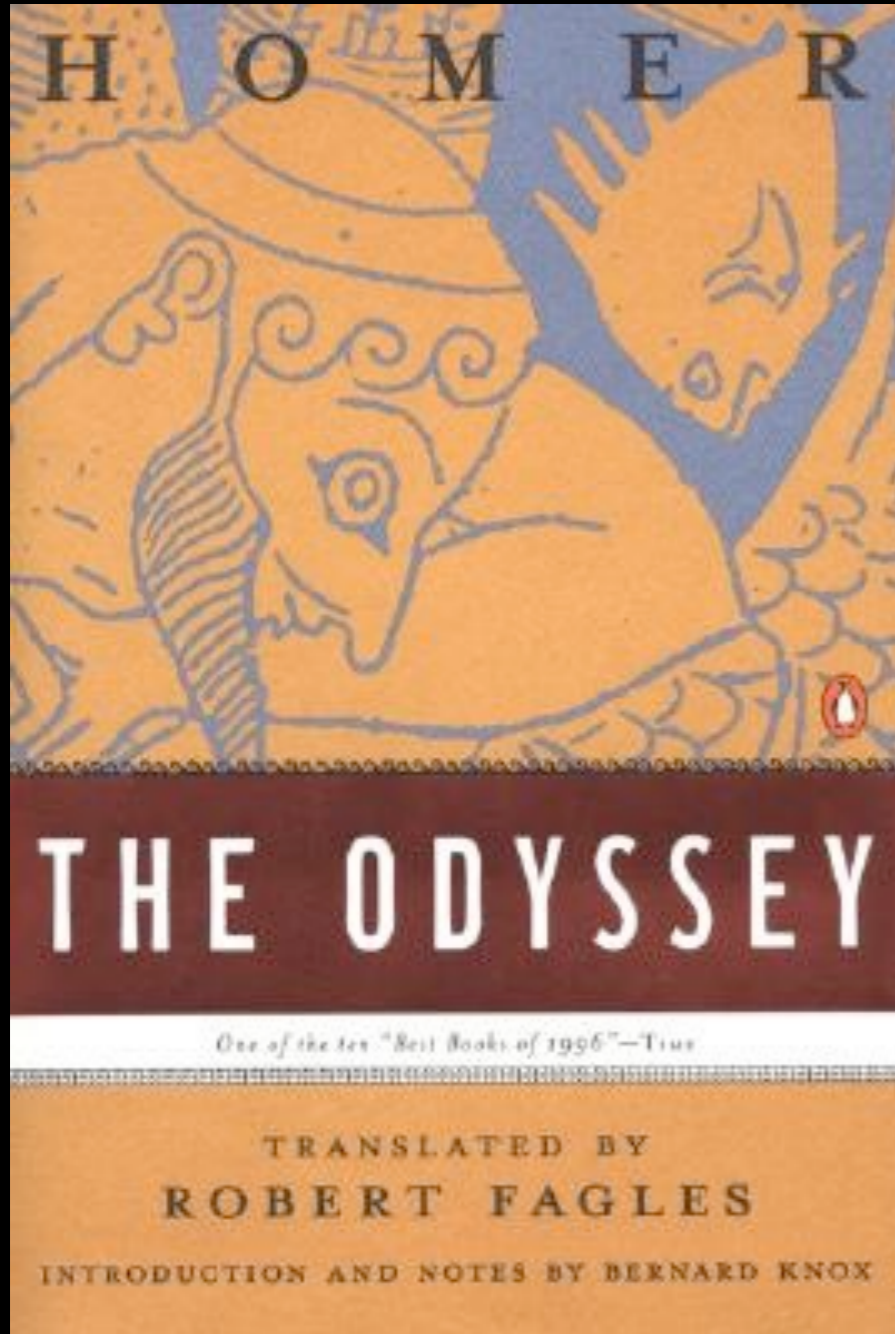
Calypso



Book 5: The God Hermes, sent by Zeus in Book 1, arrives on Ogygia, where Calypso has trapped Odysseus. He finds Odysseus weeping on the beach, yearning for his family, and he orders Calypso to release him. Odysseus builds a raft from palm trees and sets sail. Poseidon spots Odysseus, and raises sea-storms to shipwreck him.

Odysseus Tells His Story

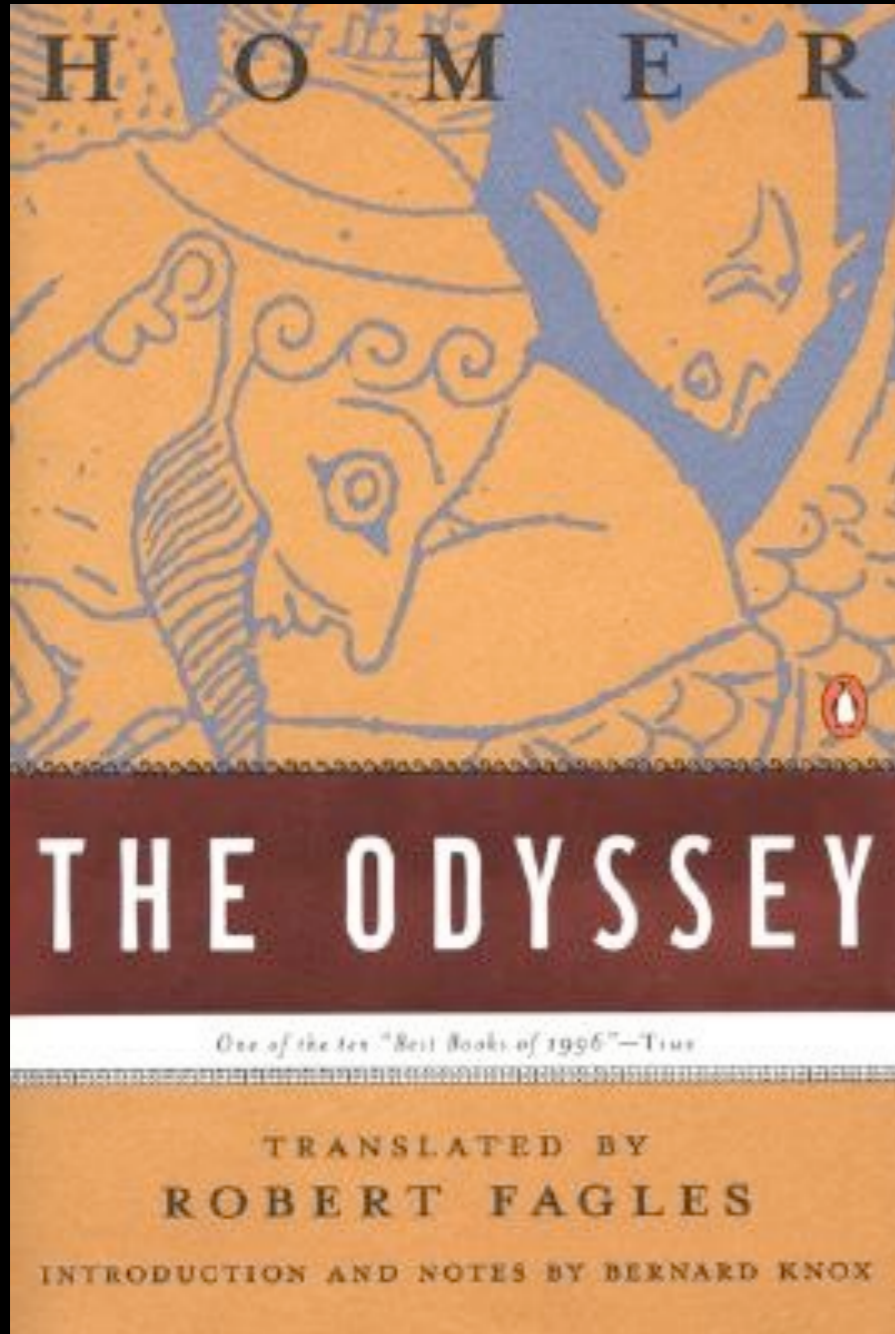
Princess Nausicaä



Book 6-8: Odysseus washes ashore among the Phaeacians. Princess Nausicaä finds him, and he is treated to a banquet, where he retells the story of how he came to this situation, filling in the details of his journey after he left King Menelaus.

Odysseus Tells His Story

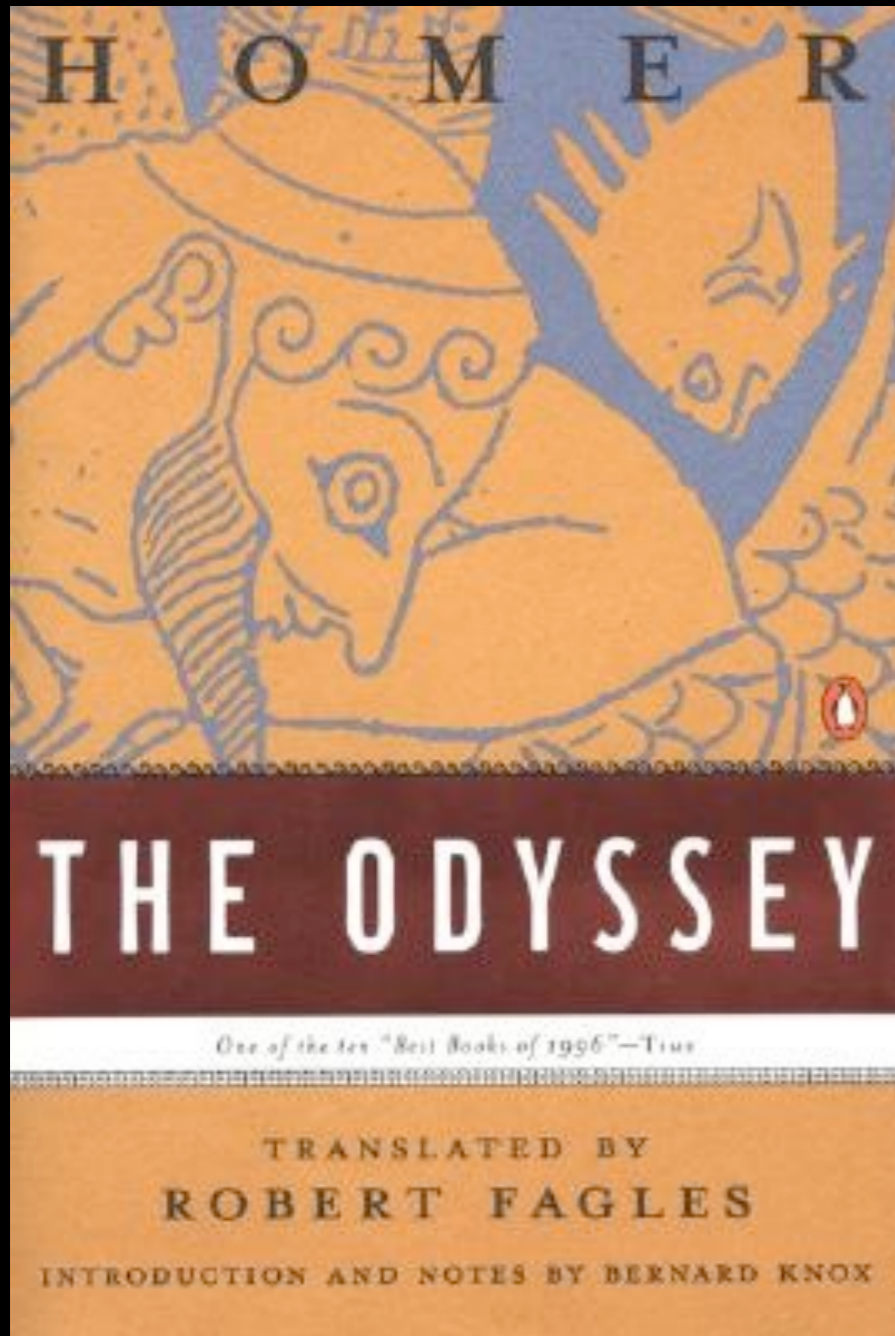
Princess Nausicaä



Book 9: Odysseus tells about his raid on Ismarus, his stop at the country of the Lotus-Eaters, his trip to the island of the Cyclopes and his quick-thinking in blinding the Cyclops (Polyphemus) and escaping his lair. He explains how this angered Poseidon.

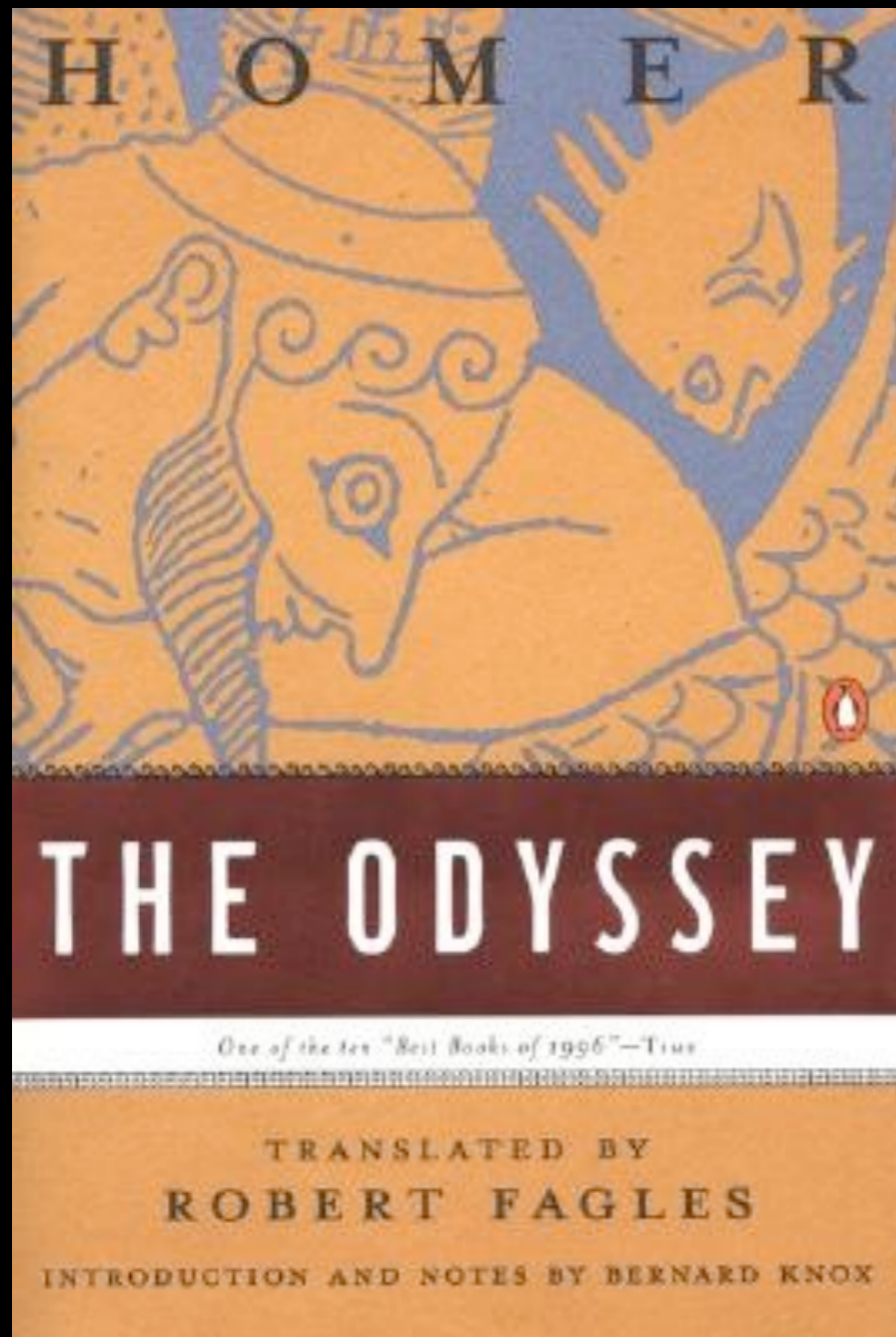
Odysseus Tells His Story

Cīrcē



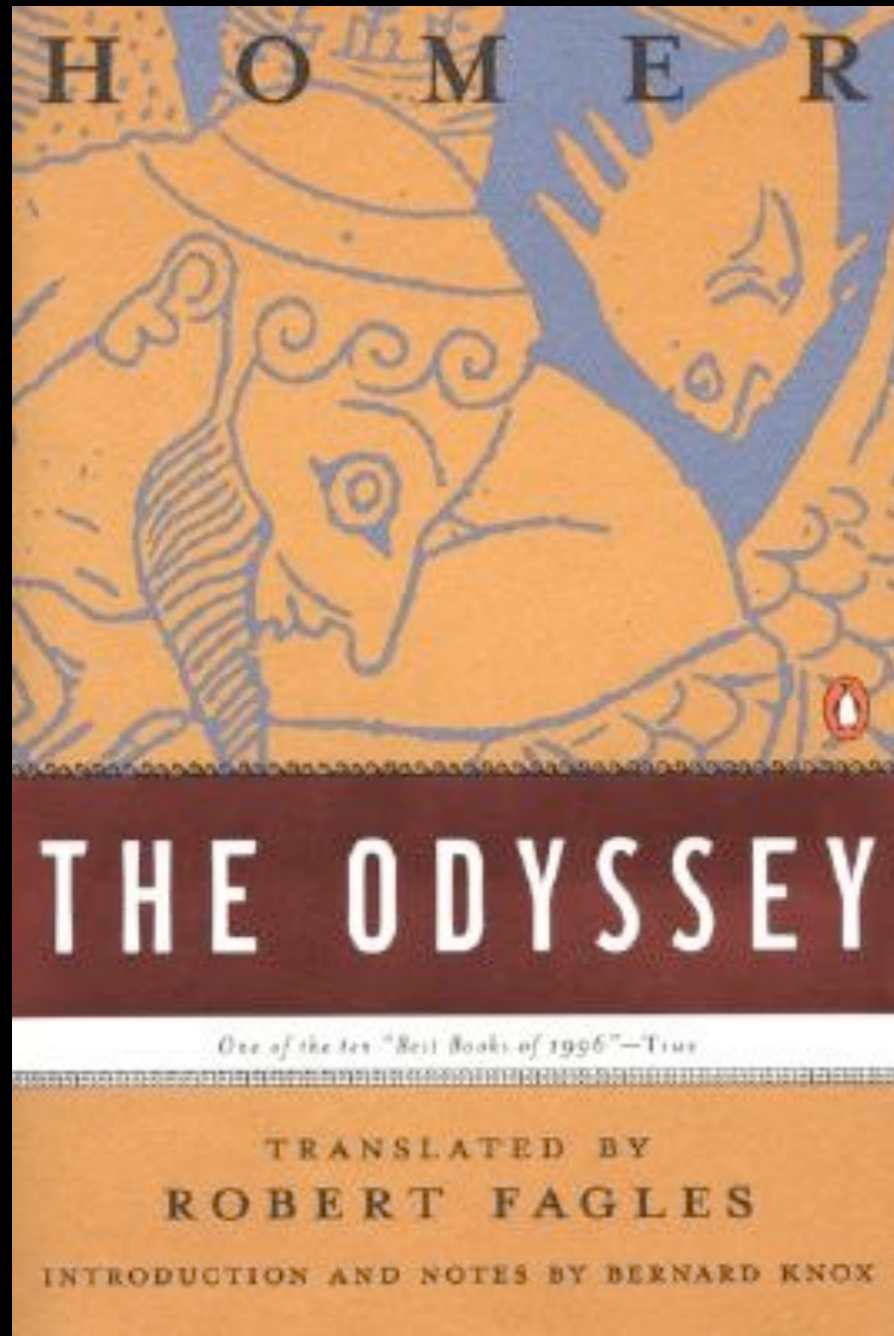
Book 10: Odysseus tells about Aeolus's gift of a bag filled with winds. His crew next barely escapes from the Island of the Laestrygonians, vicious cannibals. (The Laestrygonians destroy all his men and boats except the one boat Odysseus and a handful of his men are on). The survivors next land at Aeaëa, where the witch Cīrcē lives. She lures the scouting party. Only Odysseus escapes because of his suspicious nature. The other crewmen are too terrified to help, but Odysseus uses the magical herb "Moly" to protect himself. When her spells don't affect Odysseus, he threatens her life until she relents and restores his men to human shape. He and his men spend nearly a year with her on the island, and in the end Cīrcē agrees to help Odysseus get home.

Circe and Getting Home



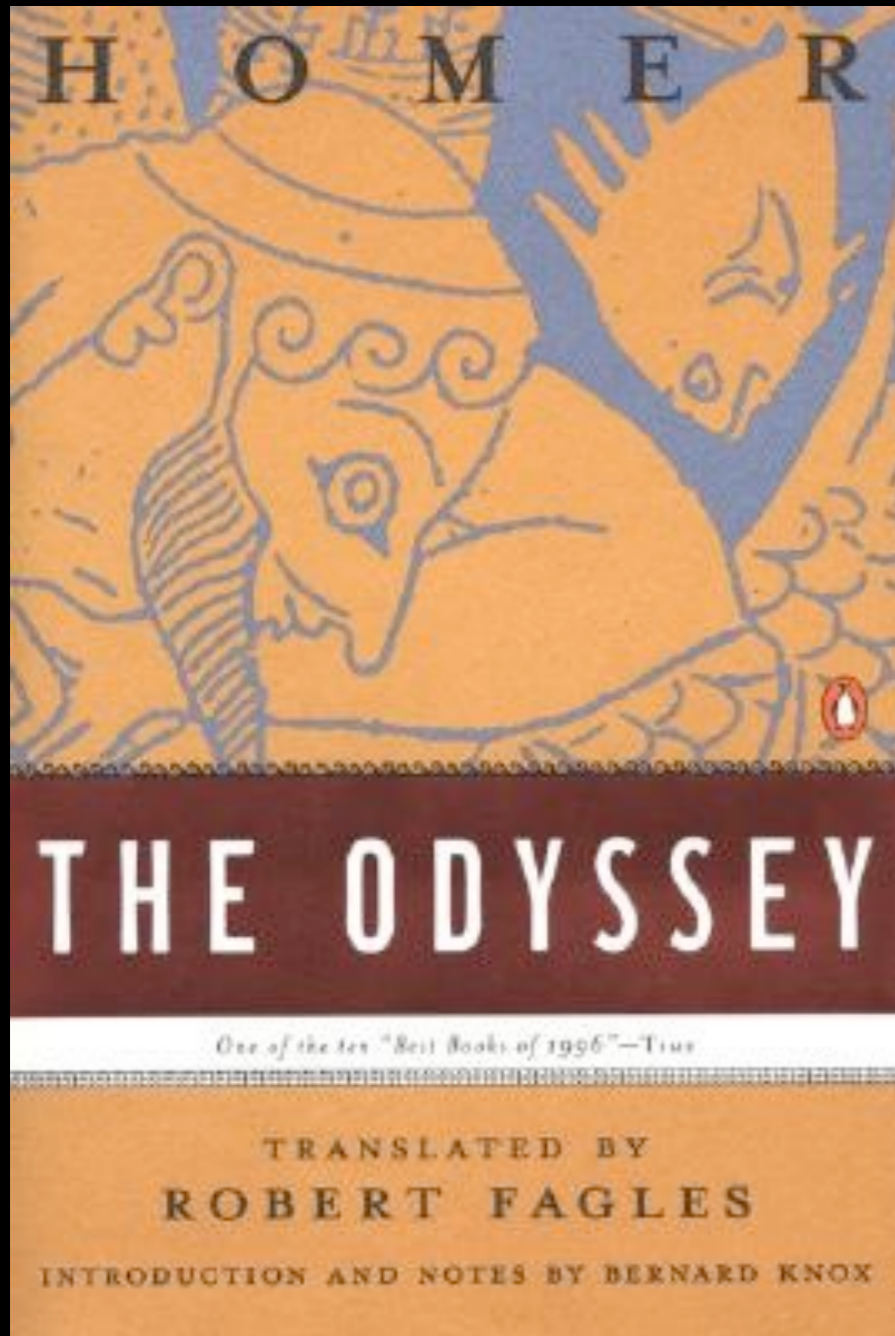
Book 11: Círcë gives Odysseus directions on how to make a magical journey into Hades, the land of the dead, where he can learn from ancient spirits how to safely make it home. He sacrifices a ram and a black ewe, and he feeds the blood to the ghosts so they can take form and talk.

The Storm and The Wreckage



Book 12: Following Círcē's advice, Odysseus succeeds in getting past the sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis. His starving crew, however, kill and eat sacred cows belong to Helio's (the Greek Sun-God). The gods raise storms that drive the boat all the way back to Charybdis. There, Odysseus's ship sinks and his men drown. Only Odysseus thinks quickly enough to save himself, and he washes ashore on Ogygia, where Calypso enslaves him. [This spot is chronologically where Book 1 and Book 5 begin *in medias res.*]

Odysseus Gets Home

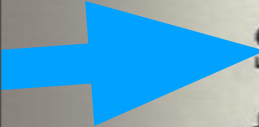


Books 13-16: The generous Phaeacians help Odysseus get home even though this angers Poseidon. Odysseus arrives on Ithaca and disguises himself as a beggar to scout out the land. His kingdom is in shambles. One of his old servants, Eumaeus the swineherd, takes pity on the "bum" and takes him home for a meal. While Eumaeus is not around, Odysseus drops his disguise and reveals himself to Telémachus.

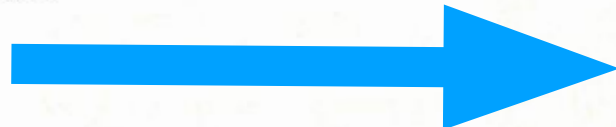
Book Six

The Princess and the Stranger

So there he lay at rest, the storm-tossed great Odysseus,
borne down by his hard labors first and now deep sleep
as Athena traveled through the countryside
and reached the Phaeacians' city. Years ago
they lived in a land of spacious dancing-circles,
Hyperia, all too close to the overbearing Cyclops,
stronger, violent brutes who harried them without end.
So their godlike king, Nausithous, led the people off
in a vast migration, settled them in Scheria,
far from the men who toil on this earth—
he flung up walls around the city, built the houses,
raised the gods' temples and shared the land for plowing.
But his fate had long since forced him down to Death
and now Alcinous ruled, and the gods made him wise.




Straight to his house the clear-eyed Pallas went,
full of plans for great Odysseus' journey home.
She made her way to the gaily painted room
where a young girl lay asleep . . .
a match for the deathless gods in build and beauty,
Nausicaa, the daughter of generous King Alcinous.
Two handmaids fair as the Graces slept beside her,
flanking the two posts, with the gleaming doors closed.
But the goddess drifted through like a breath of fresh air,
rushed to the girl's bed and hovering close she spoke,
in face and form like the shipman Dymas' daughter,
a girl the princess' age, and dearest to her heart.
Disguised, the bright-eyed goddess chided, "Nausicaa,
how could your mother bear a careless girl like you?
Look at your fine clothes, lying here neglected—
with your marriage not far off,
the day you should be decked in all your glory
and offer elegant dress to those who form your escort.
That's how a bride's good name goes out across the world
and it brings her father and queenly mother joy. Come,



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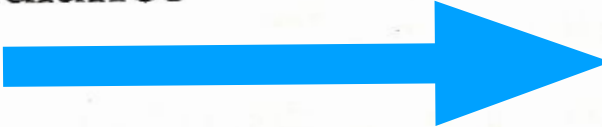


and it brings her father and queenly mother joy. Come,
let's go wash these clothes at the break of day—
I'll help you, lend a hand, and the work will fly!
You won't stay unwed long. The noblest men
in the country court you now, all Phaeacians
just like you, Phaeacia-born and raised. So come,
first thing in the morning press your kingly father
to harness the mules and wagon for you, all to carry
your sashes, dresses, glossy spreads for your bed.
It's so much nicer for you to ride than go on foot.
The washing-pools are just too far from town."

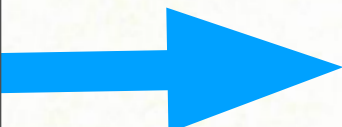
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With that

the bright-eyed goddess sped away to Olympus, where,
they say, the gods' eternal mansion stands unmoved,
never rocked by galewinds, never drenched by rains,
nor do the drifting snows assail it, no, the clear air
stretches away without a cloud, and a great radiance
plays across that world where the blithe gods

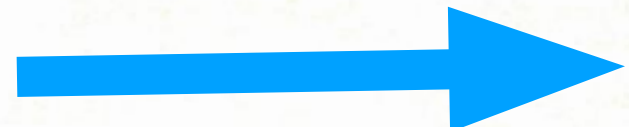


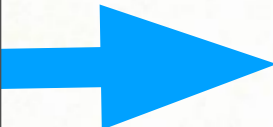
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live all their days in bliss. There Athena went,
once the bright-eyed one had urged the princess on.

Dawn soon rose on her splendid throne and woke
Nausicaa finely gowned. Still beguiled by her dream,
down she went through the house to tell her parents now,
her beloved father and mother. She found them both inside.
Her mother sat at the hearth with several waiting-women,
spinning yarn on a spindle, lustrous sea-blue wool.
Her father she met as he left to join the lords
at a council island nobles asked him to attend.
She stepped up close to him, confiding, "Daddy dear,
I wonder, won't you have them harness a wagon for me,
the tall one with the good smooth wheels . . . so I
can take our clothes to the river for a washing?
Lovely things, but lying before me all soiled.
And you yourself, sitting among the princes,
debating points at your council,
you really should be wearing spotless linen.
Then you have five sons, full-grown in the palace,





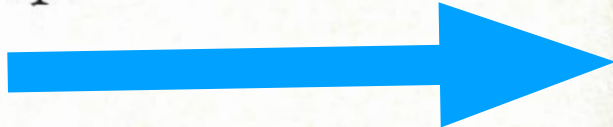
Then you have five sons, full-grown in the palace,
two of them married, but three are lusty bachelors
always demanding crisp shirts fresh from the wash
when they go out to dance. Look at my duties—
that all rests on me.”

So she coaxed, too shy
to touch on her hopes for marriage, young warm hopes,
in her father’s presence. But he saw through it all
and answered quickly, “I won’t deny you the mules,
my darling girl . . . I won’t deny you anything.
Off you go, and the men will harness a wagon,
the tall one with the good smooth wheels,
fitted out with a cradle on the top.”

With that

80

he called to the stablemen and they complied.
They trundled the wagon out now, rolling smoothly,
backed the mule-team into the traces, hitched them up,
while the princess brought her finery from the room





and piled it into the wagon's polished cradle.

Her mother packed a hamper—treats of all kinds,
favorite things to refresh her daughter's spirits—
poured wine in a skin, and as Nausicaa climbed aboard,
the queen gave her a golden flask of suppling olive oil
for her and her maids to smooth on after bathing.

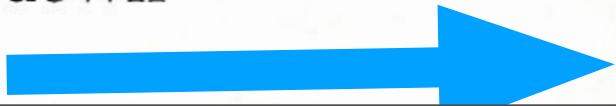
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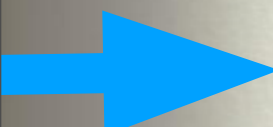
Then, taking the whip in hand and glistening reins,
she touched the mules to a start and out they clattered,
trotting on at a clip, bearing the princess and her clothes
and not alone: her maids went with her, stepping briskly too.

Once they reached the banks of the river flowing strong
where the pools would never fail, with plenty of water
cool and clear, bubbling up and rushing through
to scour the darkest stains—they loosed the mules,
out from under the wagon yoke, and chased them down
the river's rippling banks to graze on luscious clover.

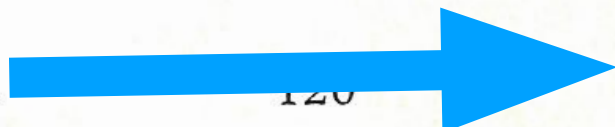
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Down from the cradle they lifted clothes by the armload,
plunged them into the dark pools and stamped them down
in the hollows, one girl racing the next to finish first





in the hollows, one girl racing the next to finish first
until they'd scoured and rinsed off all the grime,
then they spread them out in a line along the beach
where the surf had washed a pebbly scree ashore.
And once they'd bathed and smoothed their skin with oil,
they took their picnic, sitting along the river's banks
and waiting for all the clothes to dry in the hot noon sun.
Now fed to their hearts' content, the princess and her retinue
threw their veils to the wind, struck up a game of ball.
White-armed Nausicaa led their singing, dancing beat . . .
as lithe as Artemis with her arrows striding down
from a high peak—Taygetus' towering ridge or Erymanthus—
thrilled to race with the wild boar or bounding deer,
and nymphs of the hills race with her,
daughters of Zeus whose shield is storm and thunder,
ranging the hills in sport, and Leto's heart exults
as head and shoulders over the rest her daughter rises,
unmistakable—she outshines them all, though all are lovely.



110

120



So Nausicaa shone among her maids, a virgin, still unwed.

But now, as she was about to fold her clothes
and yoke the mules and turn for home again,
now clear-eyed Pallas thought of what came next,
to make Odysseus wake and see this young beauty
and she would lead him to the Phaeacians' town.
The ball—

the princess suddenly tossed it to a maid
but it missed the girl, splashed in a deep swirling pool
and they all shouted out—

and *that* woke great Odysseus.

He sat up with a start, puzzling, his heart pounding:

130

"Man of misery, whose land have I lit on now?

What *are* they here—violent, savage, lawless?

or friendly to strangers, god-fearing men?

Listen: shouting, echoing round me—women, girls—

or the nymphs who haunt the rugged mountaintops

and the river springs and meadows lush with grass!

Or am I really close to people who speak my language?

Up with you, see how the land lies, see for yourself now



Or am I really close to people who speak my language?
Up with you, see how the land lies, see for yourself now . . ."

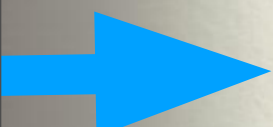
P. 172

Muttering so, great Odysseus crept out of the bushes,
stripping off with his massive hand a leafy branch
from the tangled olive growth to shield his body,
hide his private parts. And out he stalked
as a mountain lion exultant in his power
strides through wind and rain and his eyes blaze
and he charges sheep or oxen or chases wild deer
but his hunger drives him on to go for flocks,
even to raid the best-defended homestead.
So Odysseus moved out . . .

140

about to mingle with all those lovely girls,
naked now as he was, for the need drove him on,
a terrible sight, all crusted, caked with brine—
they scattered in panic down the jutting beaches.
Only Alcinous' daughter held fast, for Athena planted
courage within her heart, dissolved the trembling in her limbs,

150



and she firmly stood her ground and faced Odysseus, torn now—
Should he fling his arms around her knees, the young beauty,
plead for help, or stand back, plead with a winning word,
beg her to lead him to the town and lend him clothing?

This was the better way, he thought. Plead now
with a subtle, winning word and stand well back,
don't clasp her knees, the girl might bridle, yes.
He launched in at once, endearing, sly and suave:

160

"Here I am at your mercy, princess—
are you a goddess or a mortal? If one of the gods
who rule the skies up there, you're Artemis to the life,
the daughter of mighty Zeus—I see her now—just look
at your build, your bearing, your lithe flowing grace . . .
But if you're one of the mortals living here on earth,
three times blest are your father, your queenly mother,
three times over your brothers too. How often their hearts
must warm with joy to see you striding into the dances—
such a bloom of beauty. True, but *he* is the one
more blest than all other men alive, that man
who sways you with gifts and leads you home, his bride!
I have never laid eyes on anyone like you,

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more blest than all other men alive, that man
who sways you with gifts and leads you home, his bride!
I have never laid eyes on anyone like you,
neither man nor woman . . .

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I look at you and a sense of wonder takes me.

Wait,

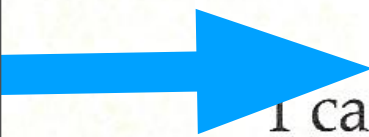
once I saw the like—in Delos, beside Apollo's altar—
the young slip of a palm-tree springing into the light.
There I'd sailed, you see, with a great army in my wake,
out on the long campaign that doomed my life to hardship.
That vision! Just as I stood there gazing, rapt, for hours . . .
no shaft like that had ever risen up from the earth—
so now I marvel at *you*, my lady: rapt, enthralled,
too struck with awe to grasp you by the knees
though pain has ground me down.

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Only yesterday,

the twentieth day, did I escape the wine-dark sea.
Till then the waves and the rushing gales had swept me on
from the island of Ogygia. Now some power has tossed me here,
doubtless to suffer still more torments on your shores.

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I can't believe they'll stop. Long before that
the gods will give me more, still more.

Compassion—

princess, please! You, after all that I have suffered,
you are the first I've come to. I know no one else,
none in your city, no one in your land.

Show me the way to town, give me a rag for cover,
just some cloth, some wrapper you carried with you here.

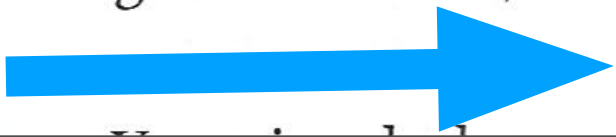
And may the good gods give you all your heart desires:
husband, and house, and lasting harmony too.

No finer, greater gift in the world than that . . .

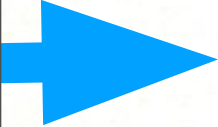
200

when man and woman possess their home, two minds,
two hearts that work as one. Despair to their enemies,
joy to all their friends. Their own best claim to glory."

"Stranger," the white-armed princess answered staunchly,
"friend, you're hardly a wicked man, and no fool, I'd say—
it's Olympian Zeus himself who hands our fortunes out,
to each of us in turn, to the good and bad,
however Zeus prefers . . ."



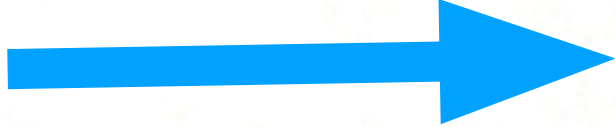
however Zeus prefers . . .



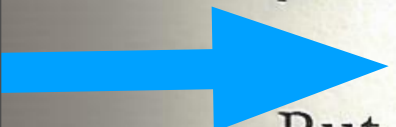
He gave you pain, it seems. You simply have to bear it.
But now, seeing you've reached our city and our land,
you'll never lack for clothing or any other gift,
the right of worn-out suppliants come our way.
I'll show you our town, tell you our people's name.
Phaeacians we are, who hold this city and this land,
and I am the daughter of generous King Alcinous.
All our people's power stems from him."

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She called out to her girls with lovely braids:
"Stop, my friends! Why run when you see a man?
Surely you don't think *him* an enemy, do you?
There's no one alive, there never will be one,
who'd reach Phaeacian soil and lay it waste.
The immortals love us far too much for that.
We live too far apart, out in the surging sea,
off at the world's end—
no other mortals come to mingle with us.



220

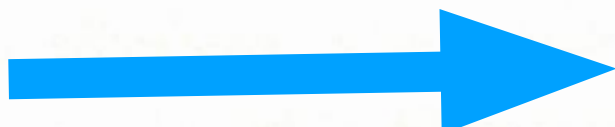


But here's an unlucky wanderer strayed our way
and we must tend him well. Every stranger and beggar
comes from Zeus, and whatever scrap we give him
he'll be glad to get. So, quick, my girls,
give our newfound friend some food and drink
and bathe the man in the river,
wherever you find some shelter from the wind."

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At that

they came to a halt and teased each other on
and led Odysseus down to a sheltered spot
where he could find a seat,
just as great Alcinous' daughter told them.
They laid out cloak and shirt for him to wear,
they gave him the golden flask of suppling olive oil
and pressed him to bathe himself in the river's stream.
Then thoughtful Odysseus reassured the handmaids,
"Stand where you are, dear girls, a good way off,
so I can rinse the brine from my shoulders now
and rub myself with oil . . .
how long it's been since oil touched my skin!



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and rub myself with oil . . .

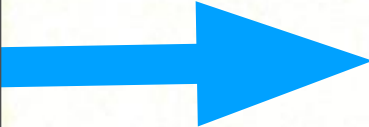
how long it's been since oil touched my skin!

But I won't bathe in front of you. I would be embarrassed—
stark naked before young girls with lovely braids."

The handmaids scurried off to tell their mistress.
Great Odysseus bathed in the river, scrubbed his body
clean of brine that clung to his back and broad shoulders,
scoured away the brackish scurf that caked his head.
And then, once he had bathed all over, rubbed in oil
and donned the clothes the virgin princess gave him,
Zeus's daughter Athena made him taller to all eyes,
his build more massive now, and down from his brow
she ran his curls like thick hyacinth clusters
full of blooms. As a master craftsman washes
gold over beaten silver—a man the god of fire
and Queen Athena trained in every fine technique—
and finishes off his latest effort, handsome work,
so she lavished splendor over his head and shoulders now.
And down to the beach he walked and sat apart,

250

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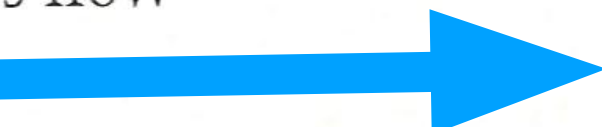
glistening in his glory, breathtaking, yes,
and the princess gazed in wonder . . .
then turned to her maids with lovely braided hair:
“Listen, my white-armed girls, to what I tell you.
The gods of Olympus can’t be all against this man
who’s come to mingle among our noble people.
At first he seemed appalling, I must say—
now he seems like a god who rules the skies up there!
Ah, if only a man like *that* were called my husband,
lived right here, pleased to stay forever . . .

270

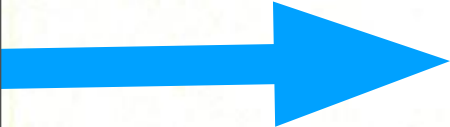
Enough.

Give the stranger food and drink, my girls.”

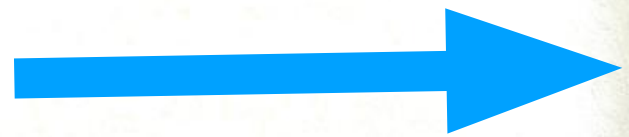
They hung on her words and did her will at once,
set before Odysseus food and drink, and he ate and drank,
the great Odysseus, long deprived, so ravenous now—
it seemed like years since he had tasted food.



The white-armed princess thought of one last thing.
Folding the clothes, she packed them into her painted wagon,
hitched the sharp-hoofed mules, and climbing up herself,

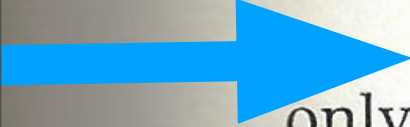


The white-armed princess thought of one last thing.
Folding the clothes, she packed them into her painted wagon,
hitched the sharp-hoofed mules, and climbing up herself,
Nausicaa urged Odysseus, warmly urged her guest,
"Up with you now, my friend, and off to town we go.
I'll see you into my wise father's palace where,
I promise you, you'll meet all the best Phaeacians.
Wait, let's do it this way. You seem no fool to me.
While we're passing along the fields and plowlands,
you follow the mules and wagon, stepping briskly
with all my maids. I'll lead the way myself.
But once we reach our city, ringed by walls
and strong high towers too, with a fine harbor either side . . .
and the causeway in is narrow; along the road the rolling ships
are all hauled up, with a slipway cleared for every vessel.
There's our assembly, round Poseidon's royal precinct,
built of quarried slabs planted deep in the earth.
Here the sailors tend their black ships' tackle,
cables and sails, and plane their oarblades down.
Phaeacians, you see, care nothing for bow or quiver,



280

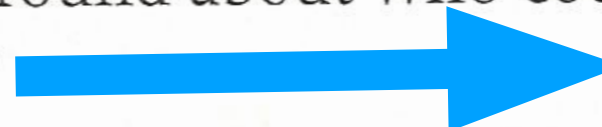
290



only for masts and oars and good trim ships themselves—
we glory in our ships, crossing the foaming seas!
But I shrink from all our sea-dogs' nasty gossip.
Some old salt might mock us behind our backs—
we have our share of insolent types in town
and one of the coarser sort, spying us, might say,
'Now who's that tall, handsome stranger Nausicaa has in tow?
Where'd she light on *him*? Her husband-to-be, just wait!
But who—some shipwrecked stray she's taken up with,
some alien from abroad? Since nobody lives nearby.
Unless it's really a god come down from the blue
to answer all her prayers, and to have her all his days.
Good riddance! Let the girl go roving to find herself
a man from foreign parts. She only spurns her own—
countless Phaeacians round about who court her,
nothing but our best.'

300

310



So they'll scoff . . .

just think of the scandal that would face me then.
I'd find fault with a girl who carried on that way,
flouting her parents' wishes—father, mother, still alive—


So they'll scoff . . .

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just think of the scandal that would face me then.
I'd find fault with a girl who carried on that way,
flouting her parents' wishes—father, mother, still alive—
consorting with men before she'd tied the knot in public.
No, stranger, listen closely to what I say, the sooner
to win your swift voyage home at my father's hands.
Now, you'll find a splendid grove along the road—
poplars, sacred to Pallas—
a bubbling spring's inside and meadows run around it.
There lies my father's estate, his blooming orchard too,
as far from town as a man's strong shout can carry.
Take a seat there, wait a while, and give us time
to make it into town and reach my father's house.
Then, when you think we're home, walk on yourself
to the city, ask the way to my father's palace,
generous King Alcinous. You cannot miss it,
even an innocent child could guide you there.
No other Phaeacian's house is built like that:
so grand, the palace of Alcinous, our great hero.
Once the mansion and courtyard have enclosed you, go,
quickly, across the hall until you reach my mother.

320

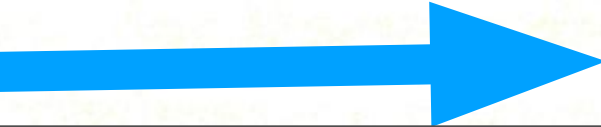
330



Beside the hearth she sits in the fire's glare,
spinning yarn on a spindle, sea-blue wool—
a stirring sight, you'll see . . .
she leans against a pillar, her ladies sit behind.
And my father's throne is drawn up close beside her;
there he sits and takes his wine, a mortal like a god.
Go past him, grasp my mother's knees—if you want
to see the day of your return, rejoicing, soon,
even if your home's a world away.
If only the queen will take you to her heart,
then there's hope that you will see your loved ones,
reach your own grand house, your native land at last."

340

At that she touched the mules with her shining whip
and they quickly left the running stream behind.
The team trotted on, their hoofs wove in and out.
She drove them back with care so all the rest,
maids and Odysseus, could keep the pace on foot,
and she used the whip discreetly.
The sun sank as they reached the hallowed grove,



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End Of BK 6

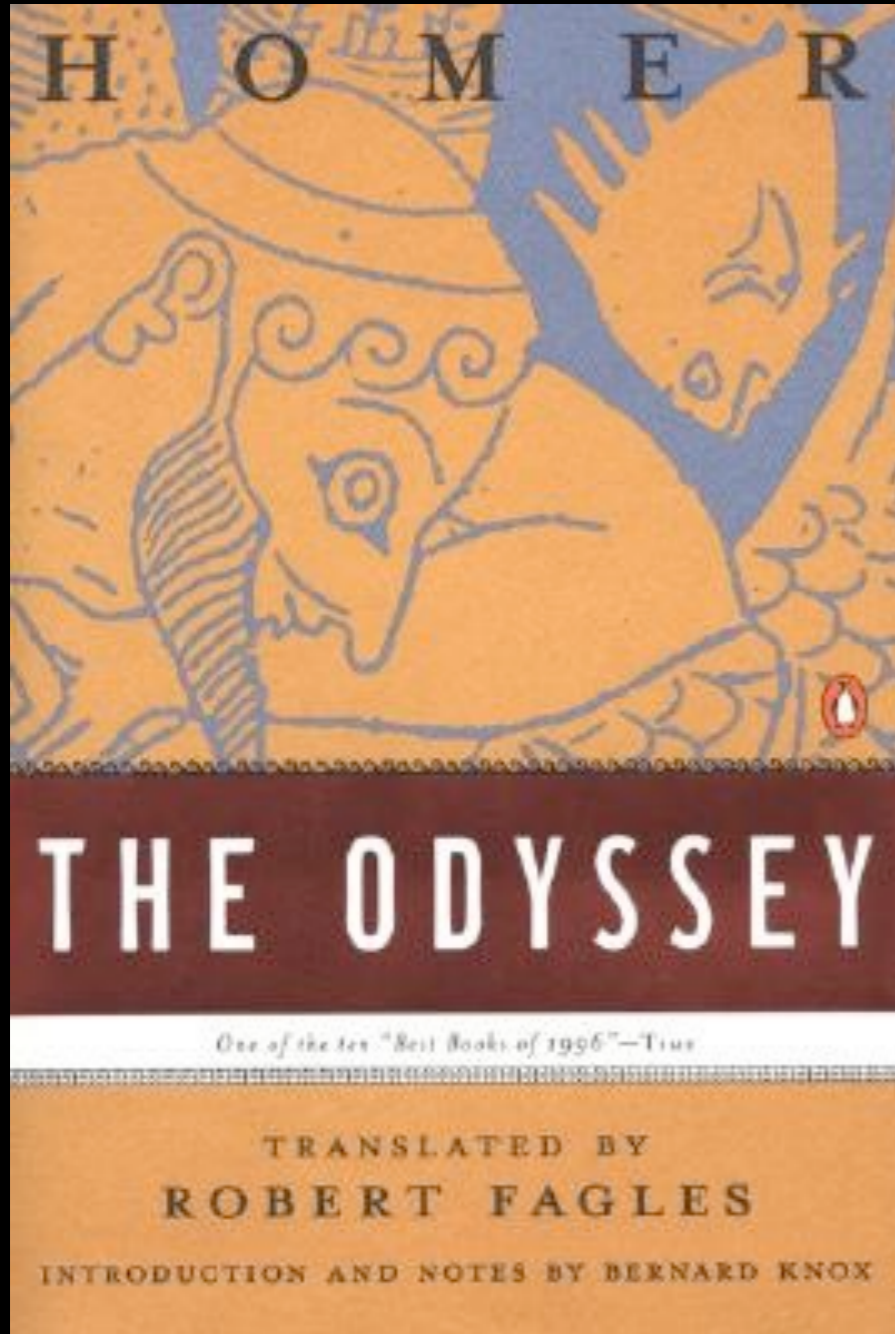
and she used the whip discreetly.
The sun sank as they reached the hallowed grove,
sacred to Athena, where Odysseus stopped and sat
and said a prayer at once to mighty Zeus's daughter:
"Hear me, daughter of Zeus whose shield is thunder—
tireless one, Athena! Now hear my prayer at last,
for you never heard me then, when I was shattered,
when the famous god of earthquakes wrecked my craft.
Grant that here among the Phaeacian people
I may find some mercy and some love!"

360

So he prayed and Athena heard his prayer
but would not yet appear to him undisguised.
She stood in awe of her Father's brother, lord of the sea
who still seethed on, still churning with rage against
the great Odysseus till he reached his native land.

Odysseus Tells His Story

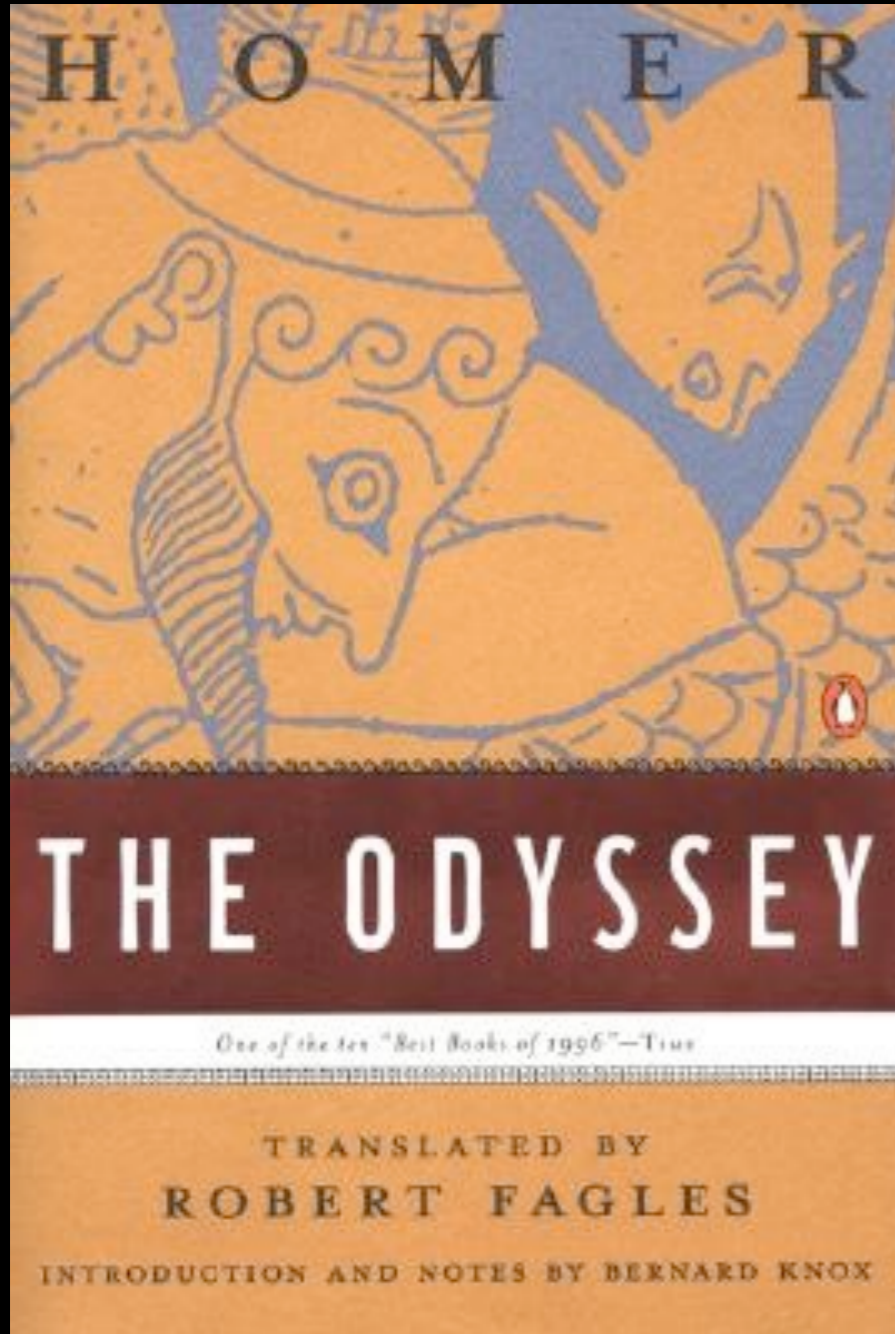
Princess Nausicaä



Book 6-8: Odysseus washes ashore among the Phaeacians. Princess Nausicaä finds him, and he is treated to a banquet, where he retells the story of how he came to this situation, filling in the details of his journey after he left King Menelaus.

Odysseus Tells His Story

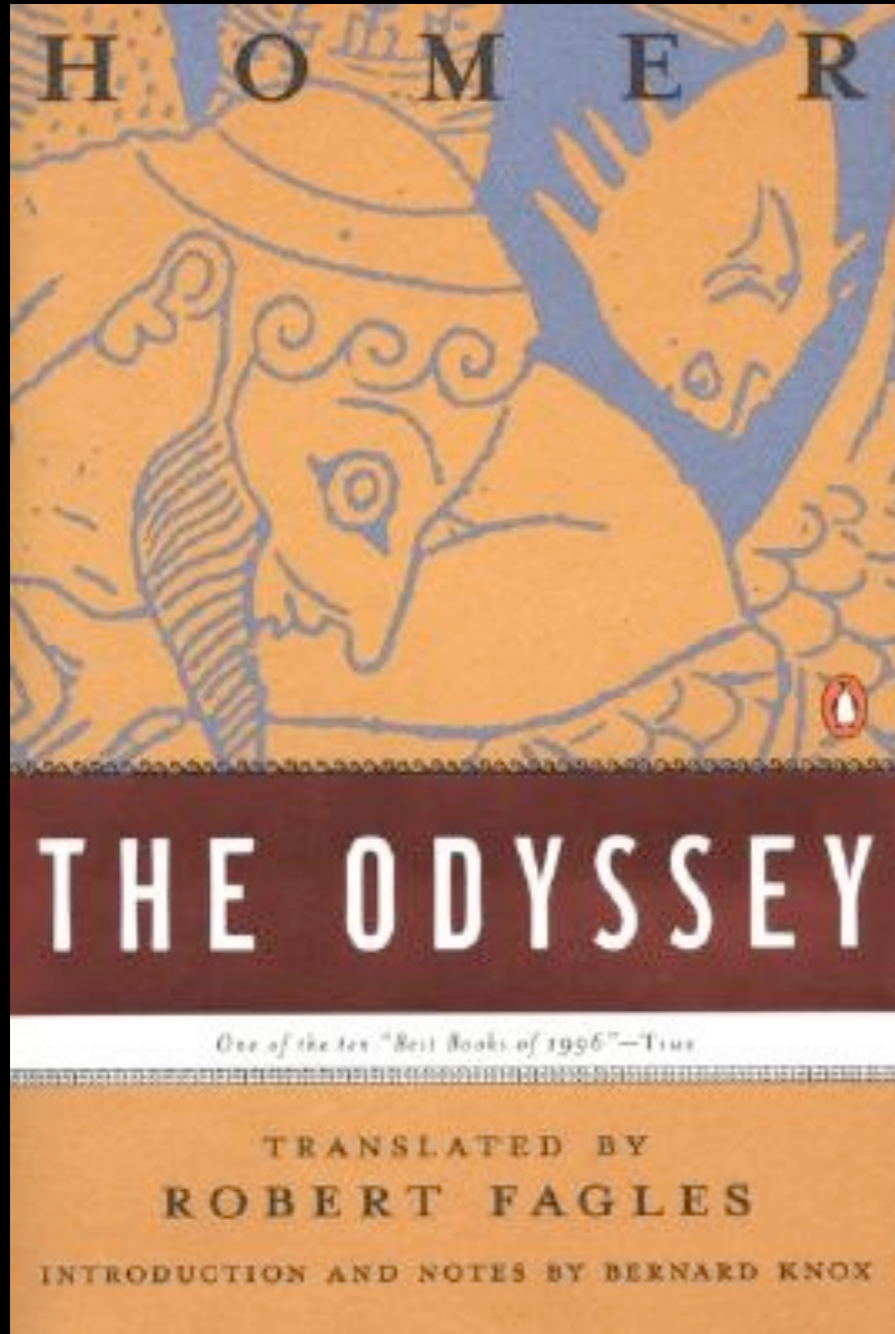
Princess Nausicaä



Book 9: Odysseus tells about his raid on Ismarus, his stop at the country of the Lotus-Eaters, his trip to the island of the Cyclopes and his quick-thinking in blinding the Cyclops (Polyphemus) and escaping his lair. He explains how this angered Poseidon.

Odysseus Tells His Story

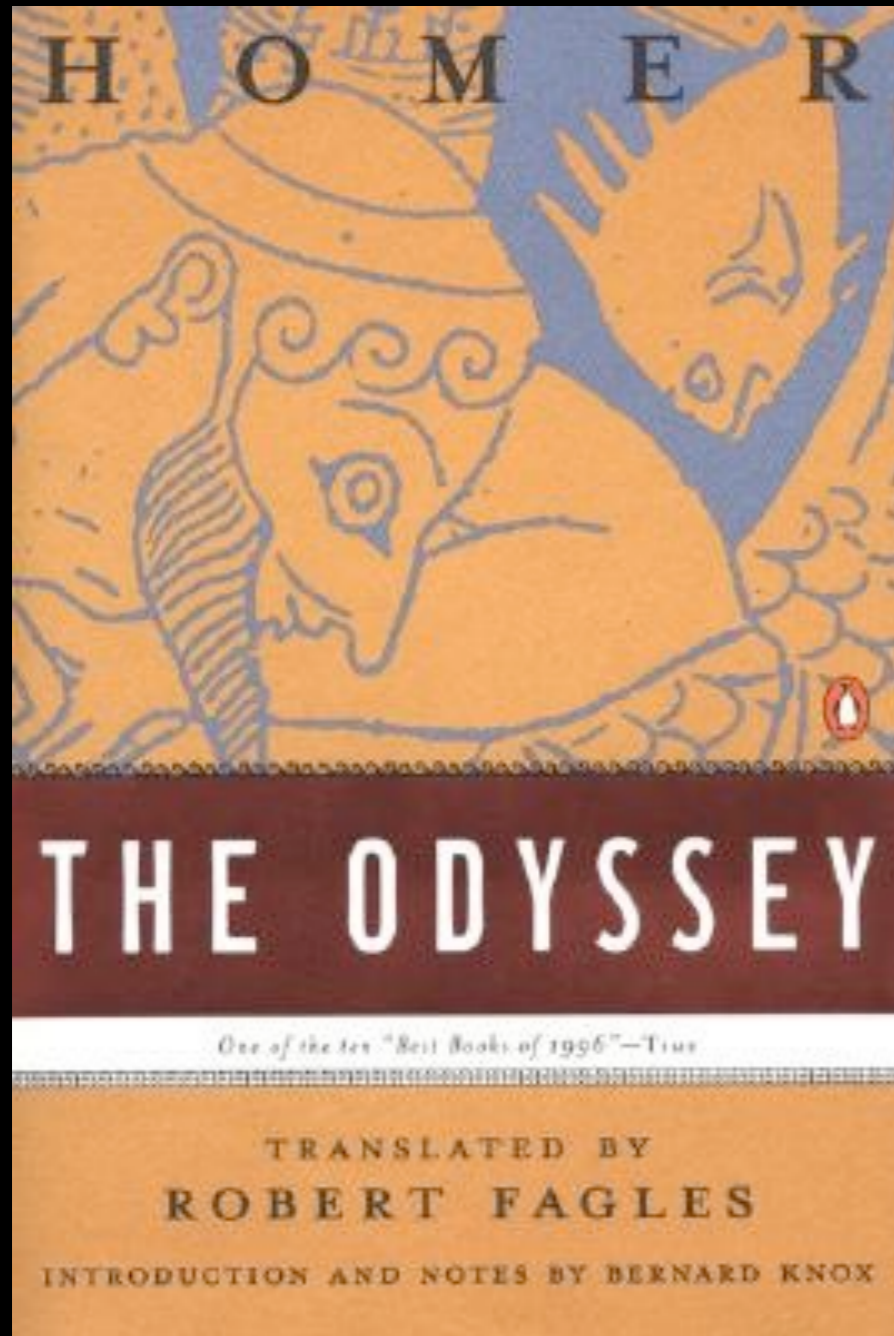
Cīrcē



Book 10: Odysseus tells about Aeolus's gift of a bag filled with winds. His crew next barely escapes from the Island of the Laestrygonians, vicious cannibals. (The Laestrygonians destroy all his men and boats except the one boat Odysseus and a handful of his men are on). The survivors next land at Aeaëa, where the witch Cīrcē lives. She lures the scouting party. Only Odysseus escapes because of his suspicious nature. The other crewmen are too terrified to help, but Odysseus uses the magical herb "Moly" to protect himself. When her spells don't affect Odysseus, he threatens her life until she relents and restores his men to human shape. He and his men spend nearly a year with her on the island, and in the end Cīrcē agrees to help Odysseus get home.

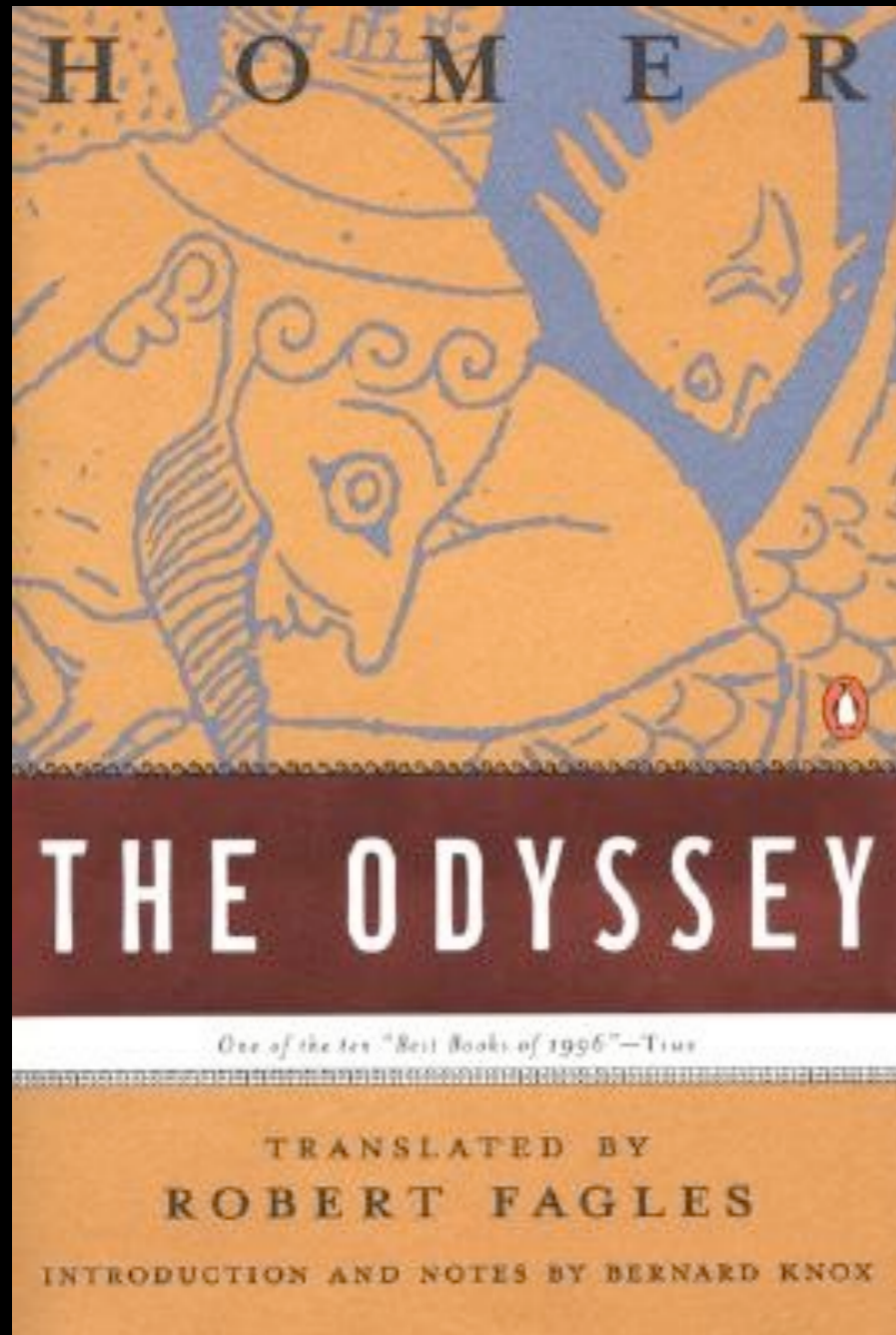
Circe and Getting Home

Círcë



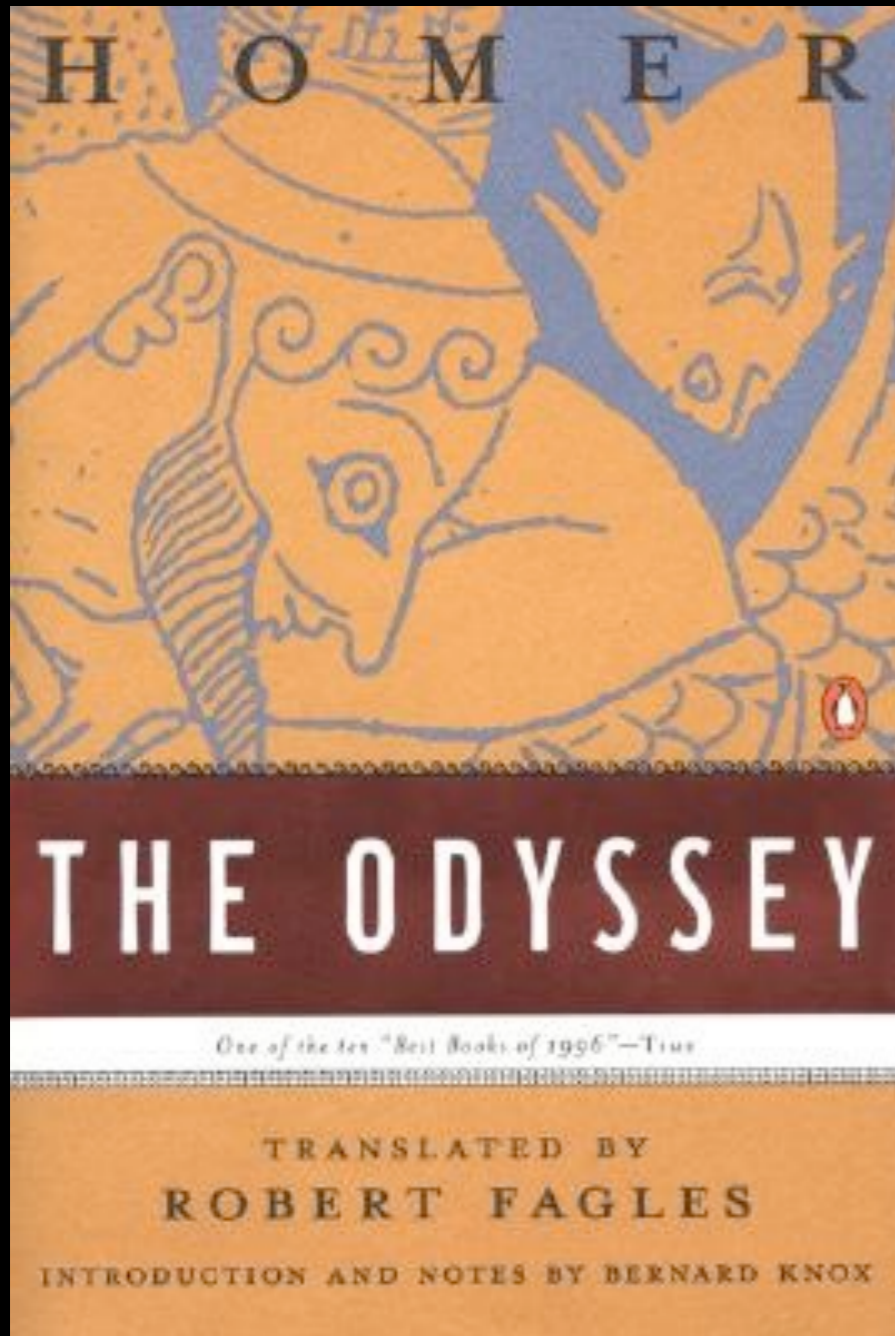
Book 11: Círcë gives Odysseus directions on how to make a magical journey into Hades, the land of the dead, where he can learn from ancient spirits how to safely make it home. He sacrifices a ram and a black ewe, and he feeds the blood to the ghosts so they can take form and talk.t

The Storm and The Wreckage



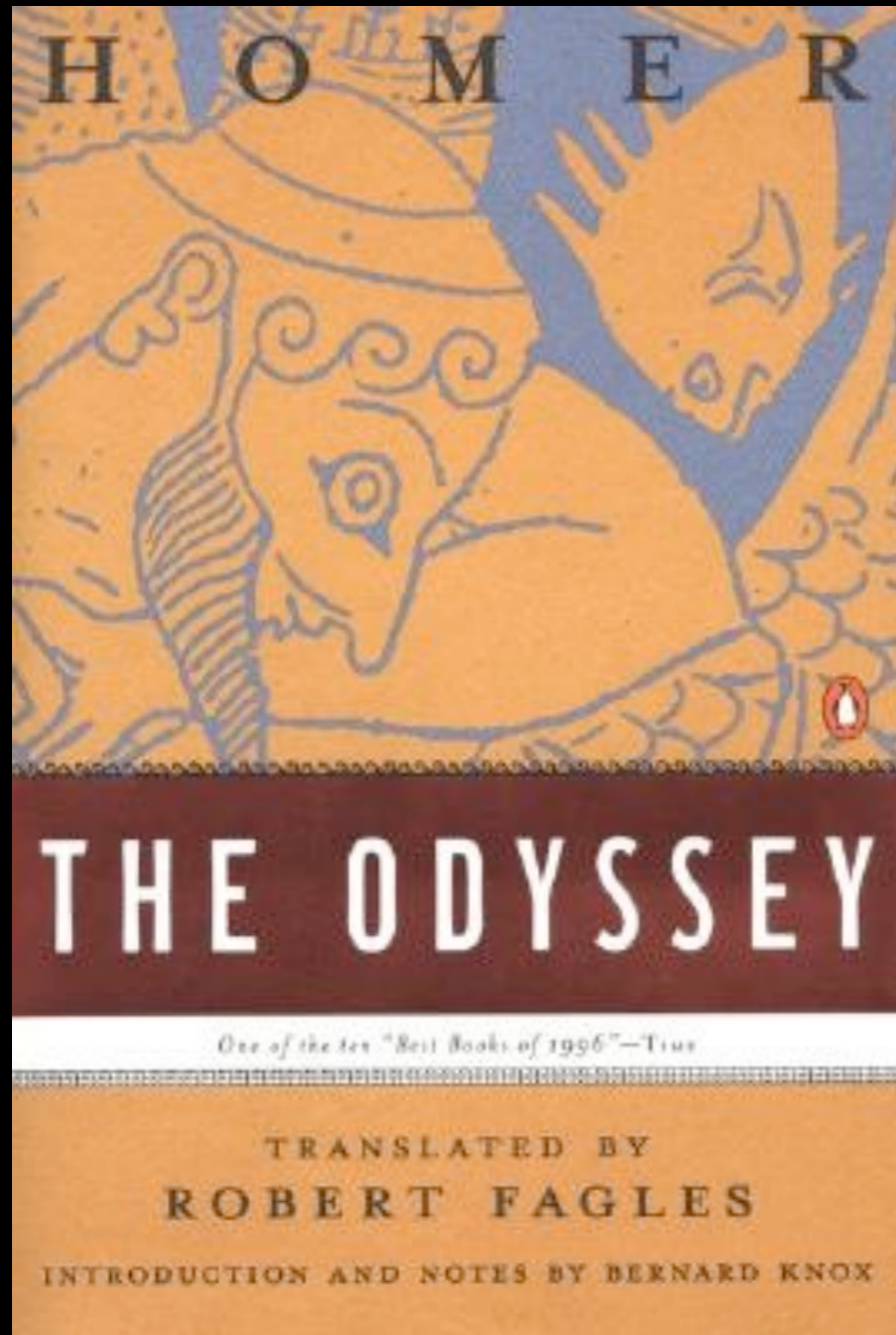
Book 12: Following Círcē's advice, Odysseus succeeds in getting past the sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis. His starving crew, however, kill and eat sacred cows belong to Helio's (the Greek Sun-God). The gods raise storms that drive the boat all the way back to Charybdis. There, Odysseus's ship sinks and his men drown. Only Odysseus thinks quickly enough to save himself, and he washes ashore on Ogygia, where Calypso enslaves him. [This spot is chronologically where Book 1 and Book 5 begin *in medias res*.]

Odysseus Gets Home



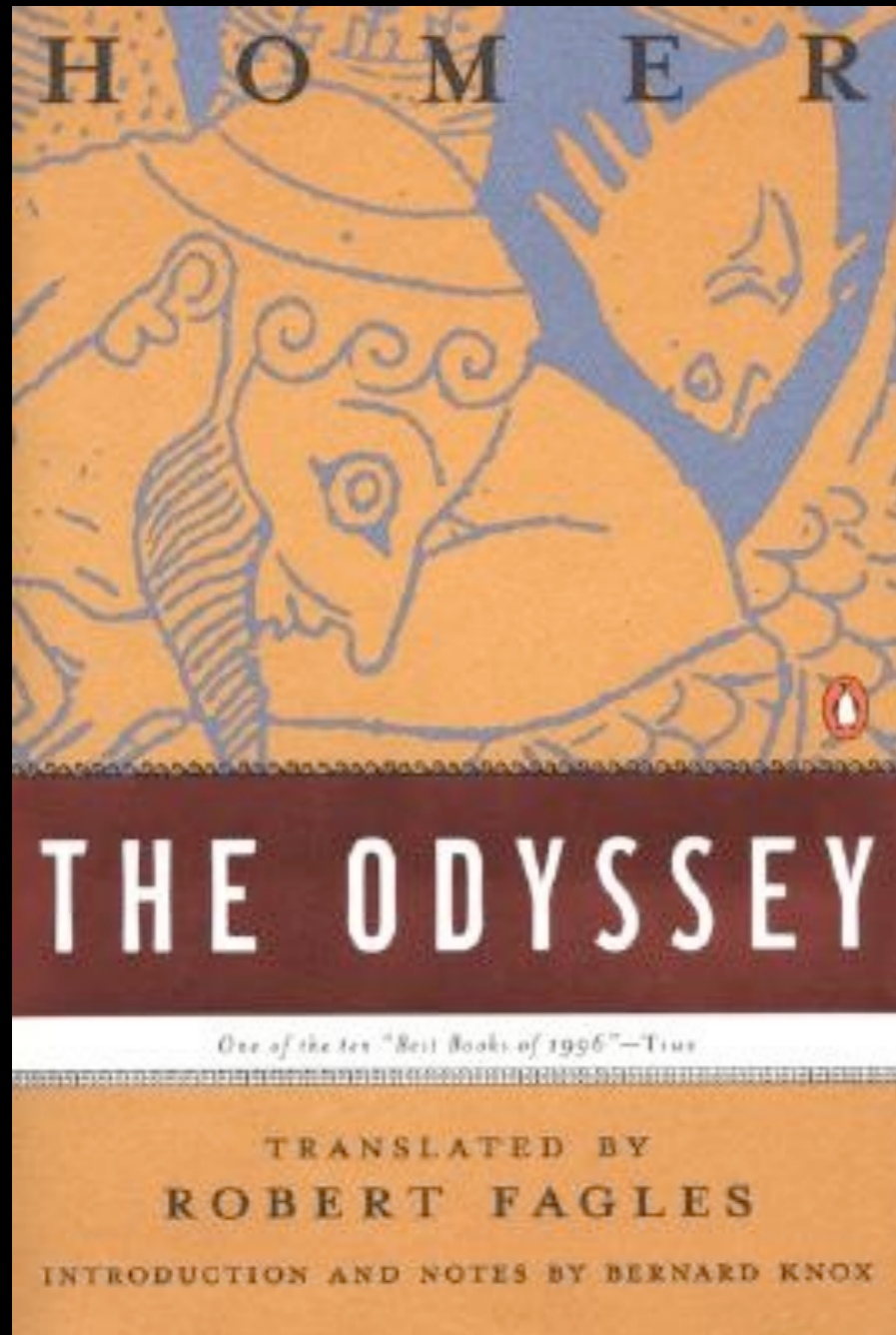
Books 13-16: The generous Phaeacians help Odysseus get home even though this angers Poseidon. Odysseus arrives on Ithaca and disguises himself as a beggar to scout out the land. His kingdom is in shambles. One of his old servants, Eumaeus the swineherd, takes pity on the "bum" and takes him home for a meal. While Eumaeus is not around, Odysseus drops his disguise and reveals himself to Telémachus.

Odysseus Gets Home



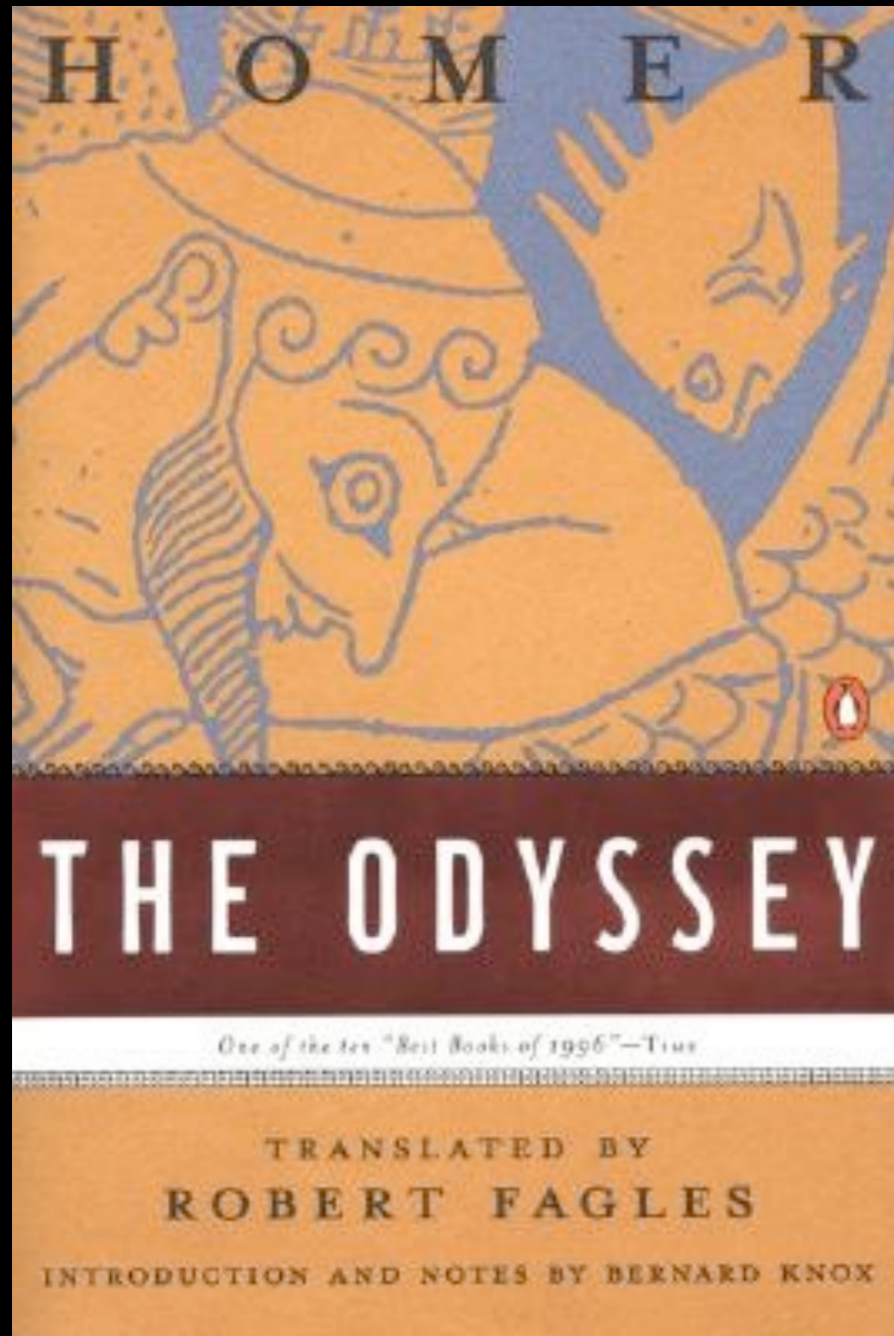
Book 17: Odysseus enters the main city. His disguise is so good Penelope and others do not recognize him. Only an aged, toothless, abandoned dog covered with sores, lying in a pile of dung, reacts to Odysseus by wagging its tail. Eumaeus explains that this wretched creature was Argus, once Odysseus's favorite hunting dog. The dog lifts its head, whimpers, and then dies--forcing Odysseus to hide his tears. At the palace, Antinoös curses the "ragged beggar" and hits him with a footstool. Penelope rebukes Antinoös and gives the beggar (Odysseus) permission to stay at the palace.

Odysseus Gets Home



Book 18: Another beggar, Irus, gets enraged and tries to bully Odysseus for intruding in his favorite panhandling location. Antinoüs, bored and filled with bloodlust, arranges a boxing match between the two. They are surprised when the wiry Odysseus displays potent muscles by breaking Irus's jaw. Odysseus manages to find out that Melantho, one of the palace maidservants, has become the mistress of Eurymachus, and that the other maidservants are being abused by the suitors

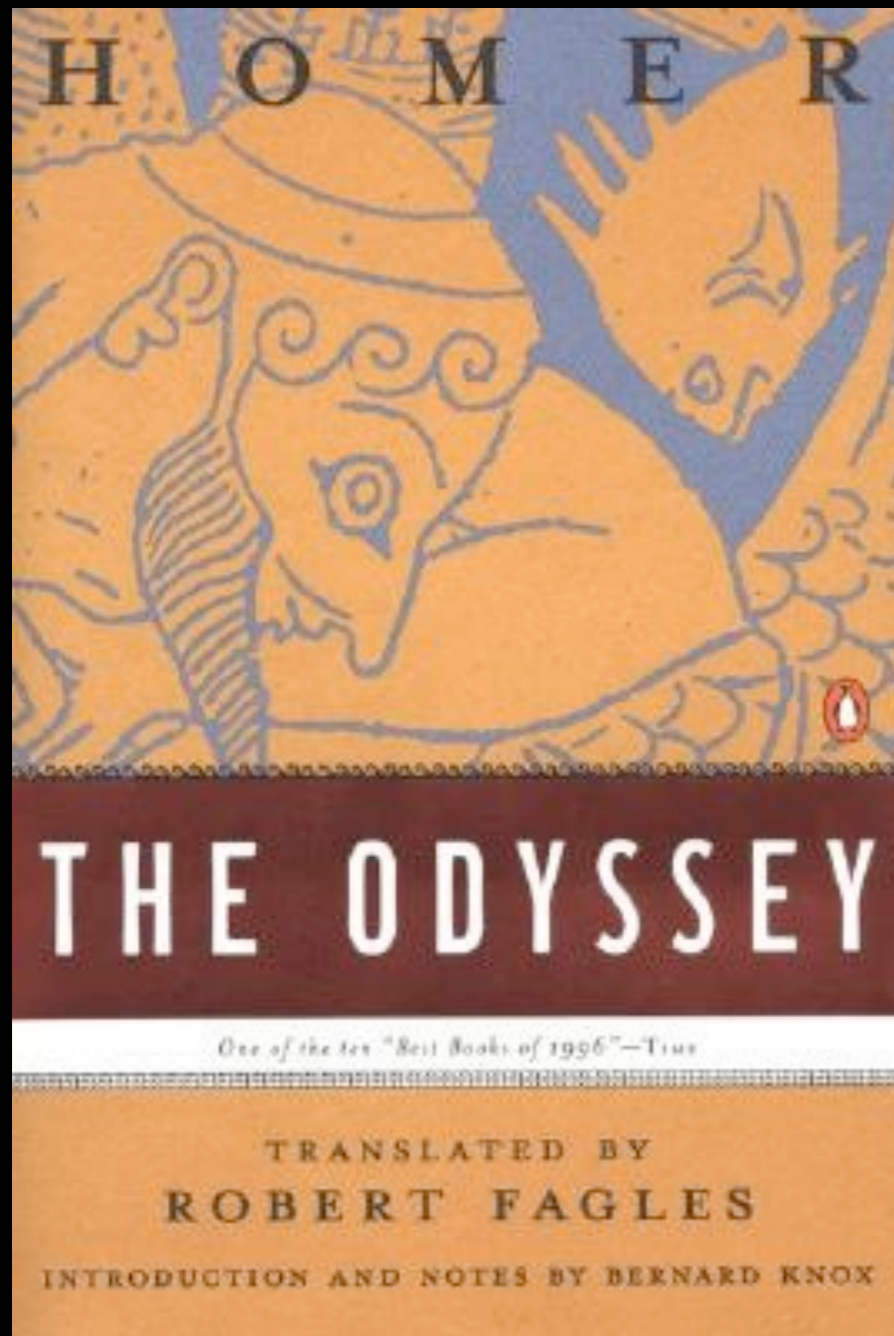
Odysseus at Home



Book 19: Eurycleia, an aged nurse who cared for Odysseus as a child, sees through Odysseus's disguise. Odysseus barely prevents the truth from coming out. Penelope declares her decision: she will marry tomorrow whichever suitor can duplicate her husband's feat of shooting an arrow through twelve straight rows of axes after stringing his bow.

Book 20: That night, Odysseus and Penelope both toss and turn, worrying about the outcome of events. Penelope prays that she die before she is ever forced to marry one of the repugnant suitors. The suitors put in motion their plot to kill Telémachus.

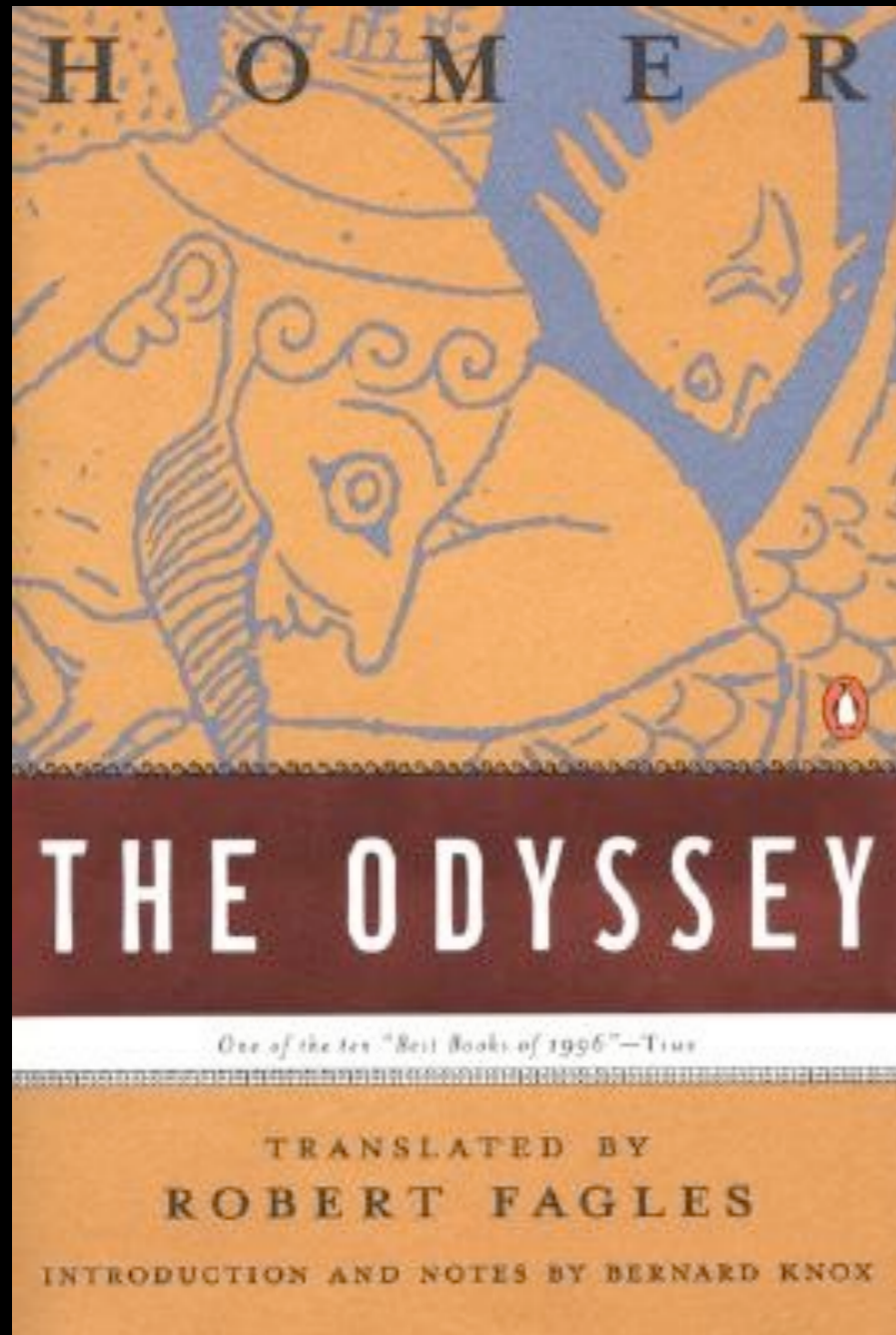
Odysseus at Home



Book 21: The contest begins, and the suitors have trouble stringing the bow. In the meantime, Telémachus orders all the women in the household to stay in their quarters and out of sight. Eumaeus and Philoetius arrange to remove all weapons from the hall and lock all the doors. Odysseus takes the bow (while being mocked by the suitors) and successfully strings it and shoots through the rows of axes, dumbfounding those watching.

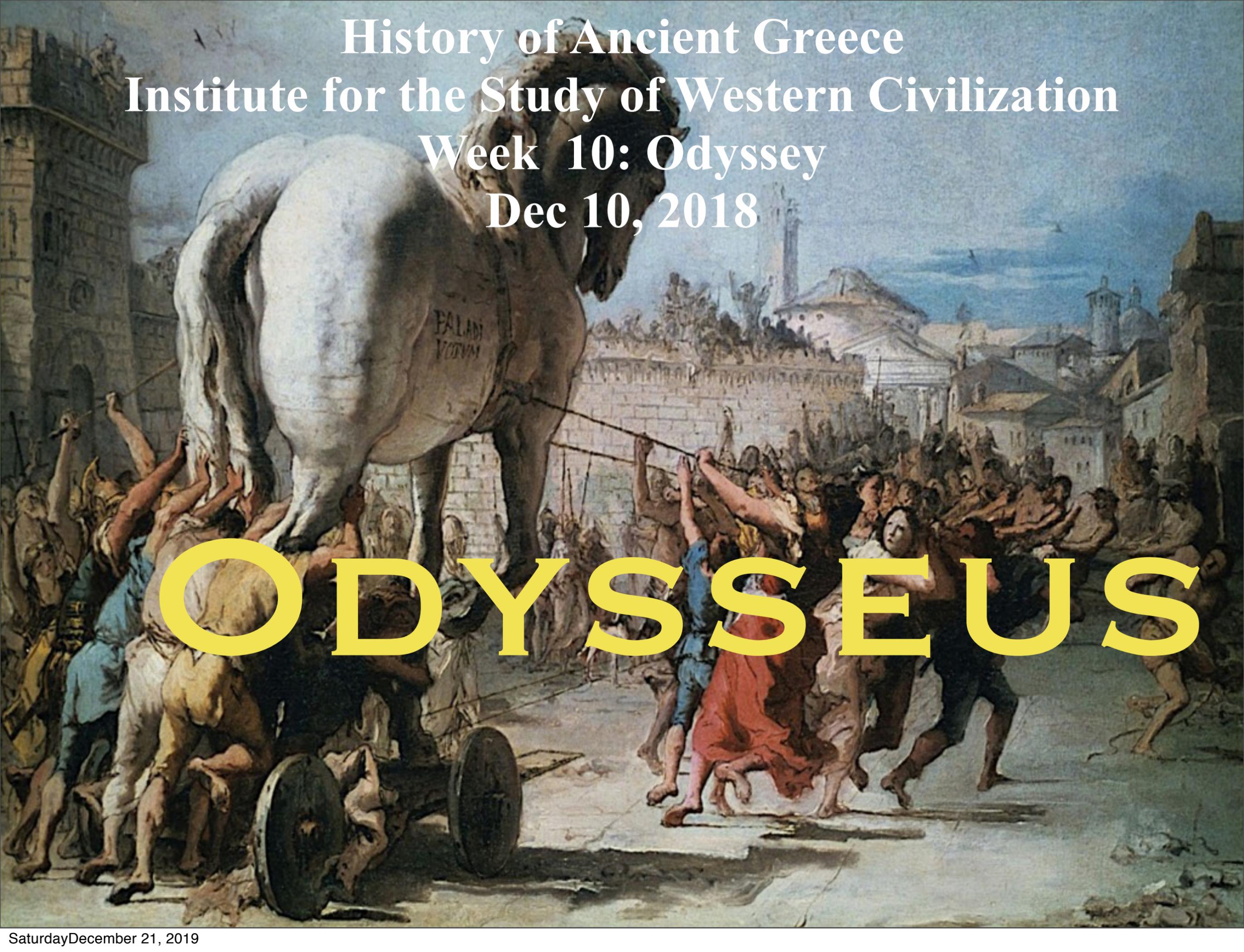
Book 22: While everyone is gaping, Odysseus enacts his plan and begins killing the suitors, shooting them like cardboard targets while they are unarmed and helpless. His son and the loyal servants help keep them trapped.

Odysseus at Home



Book 23: Odysseus and Penelope are reunited. Athena arranges for the goddess Aurora (the Dawn) to take the morning off. The sun delays its rise for a full twenty-four hours so Odysseus and Penelope can have a truly epic night for their romantic reunion.

Book 24: In Hades, the dead spirits of old Greek warriors are surprised at the sudden incursion of so many young men all at once. Agamemnon is greatly impressed by stories of Odysseus's cunning and Penelope's fidelity. The kinsmen of the slain suitors are angry, and they try to revolt. The Ithacan civil war comes to a quick halt, however, when Zeus sends thunderbolts to strike down the rebels. Odysseus resumes his reign as king.



History of Ancient Greece
Institute for the Study of Western Civilization
Week 10: Odyssey
Dec 10, 2018

ODYSSEUS

