Hour 03

There are two key words for this dialogue: *akhos* and *penthos*, and the meaning of both words is 'grief, sorrow; public expression of grief, sorrow, by way of lamentation or keening'.

Hour 03 Passage A, Iliad I 188-191

The son of Peleus [= Achilles] felt grief [*akhos*], and his heart within his shaggy breast was divided [190] whether to draw his sword, push the others aside, and kill the son of Atreus [= Agamemnon], or to restrain himself and check his anger [*kholos*].

Hour 03 Passage B, Proclus plot-summary of *Aithiopis* (p. 105 lines 26-27 ed. Allen)

The Amazon Penthesileia, daughter of Ares and Thracian by birth, comes to Troy as an ally of the Trojans. In the middle of her *aristeia* [= greatest epic moments], Achilles kills her and the Trojans arrange for her funeral. Thersites, reviling and reproaching Achilles by saying that he loved Penthesileia, is killed by Achilles.

Hour 03 Passage C, Iliad XXII 460-477

[460] Her heart beat fast, and as she spoke she rushed from the house like a Maenad, with her waiting-women following after. When she reached the battlements and the crowd of people, she stood looking out upon the wall, and saw Hector being taken away in front of the city –

[465] the horses dragging him without heed or care over the ground towards the ships of the Achaeans. Her eyes were then shrouded as with the darkness of night and she fell fainting backwards, losing her life-breath [*psukhē*]. She tore the headdress from her head and flung it away, also the frontlet and the snood with its plaited band,

[470] and the veil which golden Aphrodite had given her on the day when Hector of the shining helmet took her with him from the house of Eëtion, after having given countless gifts of wooing for her sake. Her husband's sisters and the wives of his brothers crowded round her and supported her, for she was stunned to the point of dying;

[475] when she again presently breathed and came to, she sobbed and made lament among the Trojans saying, “Woe is me, O Hector; woe, ...

Hour 03 Passage D, Iliad VI 407-416, 421-432

“Dear husband,” said she [= Andromache], “your valor will bring you to destruction; think of your infant son, and on my hapless self who before long shall be your widow - for the Achaeans will set upon you in a body and kill you. It would be better for me, should I lose
you, to lie dead and buried, for I shall have nothing left to comfort me when you are gone, except for grief (akhos 413) many times over. I have neither father nor mother now. Achilles slew my father when he destroyed Thebe the beautiful city of the Cilicians. ... I had seven brothers in my father’s house, but on the same day they all went down into the house of Hades. Achilles killed them as they were with their sheep and cattle. My mother - her who had been queen of all the land under Mount Placus - he brought here with the spoil, and freed her for a great sum, but the archer - queen Artemis took her away from the house of your father. O Hector - you who to me are father, mother, brother, and dear husband - have mercy on me; stay here at this wall; make not your child fatherless, and your wife a widow.”

review, from Hour 02 Passage D, Iliad IX 185-195

When they [= Phoenix along with his fellow delegates, Odysseus and Ajax] reached the ships and tents of the Myrmidons, they found Achilles playing on a lyre, a beautiful one, of exquisite workmanship, and its cross-bar was of silver. It was part of the spoils that he had taken when he destroyed the city of Eëtion, and he was now diverting himself with it and singing the glories of men [klea andrôn]. He was alone with Patroklos, who sat facing him and said nothing, waiting till he [= Achilles] would leave off singing.

review, from Hour 02 Passage E, Iliad IX 550-602

Her [= Andromache’s] father and mother then named her Alcyone, because her mother had lamented with the plaintive strains of the halcyon, a bird of much lamentation [penthos], when Phoebus Apollo had carried her off.

review, from Hour 01 Passage A, Iliad IX 413

I [= Achilles] shall lose my safe homecoming [nostos], but I shall have a kleos that is unwilting [aphthiton].

Hour 03 Passage E, Iliad XVIII 54-64

Ah me, the wretch! Ah me, the mother, so sad it is, of the very best.
I gave birth to a faultless and strong son,
the very best of heroes. And he shot up like a seedling.
I nurtured him like a shoot in the choicest spot of the orchard,
only to send him off on curved ships to fight at Troy.
And I will never be welcoming him
back home as returning warrior, back to the House of Peleus.
And as long as he lives and sees the light of the sun,
he will have sorrow [akh-nutai 62], and though I go to him I cannot help him.
Nevertheless I will go, that I may see my dear son and learn
what sorrow [penthos] has befallen him though he is still holding aloof from battle.