**Hour 04. The Lyric Hero.**

Key word for this hour: *aphthiton* ‘unwilting, imperishable’, as applied to the poetic *kleos* ‘glory’ of Achilles in *Iliad* IX 413.

**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*].

Even when he [= Achilles] died, the songs did not leave him, but the Heliconian Maidens [= the Muses] stood by his pyre and his funeral mound, pouring forth a song of lamentation [*thrēnos*] that is famed far and wide. And so it was that the gods decided to hand over the man, worthy as he was when he had wilted [*phthinein*] in death, to the songs of the goddesses [Muses]. And this, even now, wins as a prize the words of song, as the chariot-team of the Muses starts moving on its way to glorify the memory of Nikokles the boxer.

**review, from Hour 02 Passage B, Iliad IX 524-525**

This is the way [*houtōs*] that we [= I, Phoenix] learned it, the glories [*klea*] of men [*andrōn*] of an earlier time

who were heroes [*hērōes*], whenever one of them was overcome by tempestuous anger.

**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 Eētion, and he was now diverting himself with it and singing the glories of men [*klea andrōn*]. He was alone with Patroklos, who sat facing him and said nothing, waiting till he [= Achilles] would leave off singing. Odysseus and Ajax now came in - Odysseus leading the way - and stood before him. Achilles sprang from his seat with the lyre still in his hand, and Patroklos, when he saw the guests, rose also.

**Hour 04 Passage A, Pindar Isthmian 8 (a victory ode honoring the athlete Kleandros of Aegina and commemorating his cousin Nikokles of Aegina) lines 56a-60**

Even when he [= Achilles] died, the songs did not leave him, but the Heliconian Maidens [= the Muses] stood by his pyre and his funeral mound, pouring forth a
song of lamentation [thrēnos] that is famed far and wide. And so it was that the gods decided to hand over the man, worthy as he was when he had wilted [phthinein] in death, to the songs of the goddesses [Muses]. And this, even now, wins as a prize the words of song, as the chariot-team of the Muses starts moving on its way to glorify the memory of Nikokles the boxer.

Hour 04 Passage B. Verses, some fragmentary, from Song 44 of Sappho (“The Wedding of Hector and Andromache”)

4   ... and the rest of Asia...unwiltling glory [kleos Aphthiton].
5   Hector and his companions led the dark-eyed luxuriant Andromache from holy Thebes and...Plakia in ships upon the salty sea.
    Many golden bracelets and purple robes..., intricately-worked ornaments,
10   countless silver cups and ivory.
    Thus he spoke. And his dear father quickly leapt up.
    And the story went to his friends through the broad city.
    And the Trojans joined mules to smooth-running carriages.
    And the whole band of women and...maidens got on.

...  looking like gods [ikeloi theois]
21   ...holy
    set forth into Troy...
    And the sweet song of the pipe mixed...
25   And the sound of the cymbals, and then the maidens sang in clear tones a sacred song and a divinely-sweet echo reached the sky...
    And everywhere through the streets...
    Mixing bowls and cups...
30   And myrrh and cassia and frankincense were mingled.
    And the older women cried out elelu.
    And all the men gave forth a high-pitched song, calling on Apollo, the far-shooter, skilled in the lyre.
    And they sang the song of Hector and Andromache, both looking like gods [theoeikeloi].
Hour 04 Passage C. Song 31 of Sappho

He appears [phainetai] to me, that one, to look just like the gods [isos theoisin], that man who, facing you is seated and, up close, that sweet voice of yours he hears, and how you laugh a laugh that brings desire. It just makes my heart flutter within my breast. You see, the moment I look at you, right then, for me to make any sound at all won’t work any more. My tongue has a breakdown and a delicate - all of a sudden - fire rushes under my skin. With my eyes I see not a thing, and there is a roar my ears make. Sweat pours down me and a trembling seized all of me; paler than grass am I, and a little short of death do I appear [phainomai] to myself.

Hour 04 Passage D. Sappho Fragment 105a

Just like the sweet apple that blushes on top of a branch, the topmost apple on the topmost branch. It has eluded the notice of the apple pickers.

Oh, but no. It’s not that they haven’t noticed it. They couldn’t reach it.

Hour 04 Passage E. Sappho Fragment 105b

Himerius (Orations 1.16) reports: ‘Sappho compared the girl to an apple....she compared the bridegroom to Achilles, and likened the young man’s deeds to the hero’s.’

Hour 04 Passage F. Sappho Fragment 115

To what shall I liken you, dear bridegroom, to make the likeness beautiful?

To a tender seedling, I liken you to that most of all.

Hour 04 Passage G, 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 seedling 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.

**Hour 04 Passage H, Odyssey xxiv 58-64**

The daughters of the Old One of the sea stood round you weeping bitterly, and clothed you [= the corpse of Achilles] in immortal raiment.

[60] The nine Muses also came and lifted up their sweet voices in lament [thrēnos], calling and responding to one another; and one couldn’t find a single Argive who was not in tears. That is the kind of shrill song that swelled up among them. Days and nights seven and ten we mourned you, mortals and immortals.

**Hour 04 Passage I. Proclus plot-summary of Aithiopis (p. 106 lines 12-16 ed. Allen)**

Thetis comes with the Muses and her sisters and makes a lament [thrēnos] for her son.

20 After that, Thetis snatches him off the pyre and carries him over to the island Leuke. But the Achaeans heap up his burial mound and hold funeral games

**Hour 04 Passage J. Iliad XIX 282-302**

Then Briseis, looking like golden Aphrodite, saw Patroklos all cut apart by the sharp bronze, and, when she saw him, she poured herself all over him in tears and wailed with a voice most shrill, and with her hands she tore at her breasts and her tender neck and her beautiful face.

And then she spoke, weeping, this woman who looked like the goddesses:

“O Patroklos, you have been most gracious to me in my terrible state and most gratifying to my heart. You were alive when I last saw you on my way out from the shelter - and now I come back to find you dead, you, the protector of your people - that is what I come back to find. Oh, how I have one misfortune after the next to welcome me.

The man to whom I was given away by my father and by my mother the queen - I saw that man lying there in front of the city, all cut apart by the sharp bronze, and lying near him were my three brothers - all of us were born of one mother -
they are all a cause for my sorrow, since they have all met up with their time of destruction.

295 No, you did not let me - back when my husband was killed by swift-footed Achilles,
killed by him, and when the city of my godlike Mynes [= my husband] was destroyed by him
- you did not let me weep, back then, but you told me that godlike Achilles would have me as a properly courted wife, that you would make that happen, and that you would take me on board the ships, taking me all the way to Phthia, and that you would arrange for a wedding feast among the Myrmidons.

300 So now I cannot stop crying for you, now that you are dead, you who were always so sweet and gentle.”

So she [= Briseis] spoke, weeping, and the women kept on mourning in response. They mourned for Patroklos, that was their pretext, but they were all mourning, each and every one of them, for what they really cared for in their sorrow.