Hour 12
“Longing for a hero”
(I suggest that you revisit “The Epic Hero,” §§80-104)

The key word for this time is ἡραρία: season, seasonality, the right time, the perfect time’, which as we have seen is a basic concept related to the concept of the goddess ἡρά, the immortal exponent of seasonality, and to the concept of the human ἥρως ‘hero’ (plural ἥρωες), the mortal exponent of seasonality.

There is a supplementary key word: pothos ‘longing, yearning, desire’; in Butler’s translation, it is ‘mourning’

A) From Philostratus On Heroes 2.6-3.6:
Phoenician: But, vinedresser, do you live a reflective way of life?
Vinedresser: Yes, indeed, with the handsome Protesilaos.
Phoenician: What connection is there between you and Protesilaos, if you mean the man from Thessaly?
Vinedresser: I do mean that man, the husband of Laodameia, for he delights in hearing this epithet.
Phoenician: But what, indeed, does he do here?
Phoenician: Has he come back to life [anabiōsis], or what has happened?
Vinedresser: He himself does not speak about his own experiences, stranger, except, of course, that he died at Troy because of Helen, but came to life again [anabiōsis] in Phthia because he loved Laodameia.
Phoenician: And yet he is said to have died after he came to life again and to have persuaded his wife to follow him.
Vinedresser: He himself also says these things. But how he returned afterwards too, he does not tell me even though I’ve wanted to find out for a long time. He is hiding, he says, some secret [aporrhēton] of the Fates. His fellow soldiers also, who were there in Troy, still appear [phainontai] on the plain, warlike in posture and shaking the crests of their helmets.
Phoenician: By Athena, vinedresser, I don’t believe [pisteuein] it, although I wish these things were so. But if you are not attending to the plants, nor irrigating them, tell me now about these matters and what you know about Protesilaos. Indeed, you would please the heroes if I should go away believing [pisteuein].
Vinedresser: Stranger, the plants no longer need watering at midday, since it is already late autumn and the season [hōra] itself waters them. Therefore, I have leisure to relate everything in detail. Since these matters are sacred to the gods and so important, may they not escape the notice of cultivated people? It is also better for us to sit down in the beauty of this place.
Phoenician: Lead the way; I will follow even beyond the interior of Thrace.
Vinedresser: Let us enter the vineyard, Phoenician. For you may even discover in it something to give cheer [euphrosunē] to you.
Phoenician: Let us enter, for I suppose a pleasant scent [breath] comes from the plants.
Vinedresser: What do you mean? Pleasant? It is divine! The blossoms of the uncultivated trees are fragrant, as are the fruits of those cultivated. If you ever come upon a cultivated plant with fragrant blossoms, pluck rather the leaves, since the sweet scent comes from them.
Phoenician: How diverse [poikilē] is the beauty [hōra] of your property, and how lush have the clusters of grapes grown! How well-arranged are all the trees, and how divine is the fragrance of the place! Indeed, I think that the walkways [dromoi] which you have left untillled are pleasing, but, vinedresser, you seem to me to live luxuriously since you use so much uncultivated land.
Vinedresser: The walkways [dromoi] are sacred, stranger, for the hero exercises [gumnazetai] on them.

B) Iliad II 695-909
[695] And those that held Phylake and the flowery meadows of Pyrasos, sanctuary of Demeter; Iton, the mother of sheep; Antron upon the sea, and Pteleon that lies upon the grass lands. Of these brave Protesilaos had been chief while he was yet alive, but he was now lying under the earth.
[700] He had left a wife behind him in Phylake to tear her cheeks in sorrow, and his house was only half finished, for he was slain by a Dardanian warrior while leaping foremost of the Achaeans upon the soil of Troy. Still, though his people yearned [had pothos] for their chieftain, they were not without a leader, for Podarkes, of the lineage of Ares, marshaled them;
[705] he was son of Iphiklos, rich in sheep, who was the son of Phylakos, and he was own brother to Protesilaos, only younger, Protesilaos being at once the elder and the more valiant. So the people were not without a leader, though they yearned [had pothos] for him whom they had lost.

C) Philostratus On Heroes 9.1-3. Listen to such stories now, my guest. Protesilaos does not lie buried at Troy but here on the Chersonesus. This large kolōnos here on the left no doubt contains him. The nymphs created these elms around the kolōnos, and they made, I suppose, the following decree concerning these trees: “Those branches turned toward Iliion will blossom early and will then
immediately shed their leaves and perish before their season (this was indeed the misfortune of Protesilaos), but a tree on the other side will live and prosper.” All the trees that were not set round the grave, such as these in the grove, have strength in all their branches and flourish according to their particular nature.

Passage D) Philostratus On Heroes 51.12-13

This kolōnos, guest-stranger, which you see standing at the brow of the promontory (aktē), was built [aigierēin (‘pile stones together’)] by the Achaeans who came together at the time when he [= Achilles] was mixed together with Patroklos for their joint burial, having provided for himself [= Achilles] and for that one [= Patroklos] the most beautiful of funeral rites. And this is the origin of the custom of singing his name in praise when people celebrate the bonds of love between friends. Of all mortals who ever existed, he [= Achilles] was buried in the most spectacular way, what with all the gifts that Greece bestowed upon him. No longer could the Greeks consider it a beautiful thing to grow their hair long, once Achilles was gone. Whatever gold or other possession each of them had brought to Troy or had taken away from the division of spoils [= spoils taken at Troy] was now collected and piled up on top of the funeral pyre, right then and there. The same thing happened also later when Neoptolemos came to Troy. He [= Achilles] received another round of glorious gifts from his son and from the Achaeans who were trying to show their gratitude [khariēs] to him. Even as they were getting ready to sail away from Troy, they would keep throwing themselves on top of the place of burial and believe that they were embracing Achilles.

Passage E) Philostratus Heroikos 53.8-14

The Thessalian sacrificial offerings [enaagismata] that came regularly to Achilles from Thessaly were decreed for the Thessalians by the oracle at Dodona. Evidently the oracle ordered the Thessalians to sail to Troy each year to sacrifice [thuein] to Achilles and to slaughter some sacrificial victims as to a god, while slaughtering other victims as for the dead. From the very beginnings, the following was the procedure: a ship sailed from Thessaly to Troy with black sails raised, bringing twice seven sacred ambassadors [theōroi], one white bull and one black bull, both tame to the touch, and wood from Mount Pelion, so that they would need nothing from the city [= New Ilion]. They also brought fire from Thessaly as well as water drawn from the river Sperkheios for libations. As a consequence (of these practices), the Thessalians were the first to institute the custom of using unwilting garlands [stephanoi] for the funerary rituals [kēdos plural] (in honor of Achilles), in order that, even if the wind delayed the ship, they would not wear garlands [stephanoi] that were wilted or past their season [hōra]. And evidently they found it necessary to put into the harbor at night and, before touching land, to sing from the ship a hymn [humnos] to Thetis, which is composed of these words:

Thetis color of lapis, Thetis consort of Peleus,
you who bore the great son
Achilles. The part of him that his morta
nature brought him
was the share of Troy, but the part of him that from your immortal
lineage was drawn by the child, the sea [pontos] has that part.
Come, proceed to this steep tumulus [kolōnos]
in the company of Achilles (to receive) the offerings placed over the fire.
Come, proceed without tears in the company of Thessaly,
you sea-blue Thetis, you consort of Peleus.

When they approached the tomb [sēma] after the hymn [humnos], a shield was banged upon as in battle, and together with rhythmic coordination they cried alala while calling upon Achilles. When they had garlanded [stephanōin] the summit of the tumulus [kolōnos] and dug sacrificial pits on it, they slaughtered the black bull as to one who is dead. They also called upon Patroklos to come to the feast, so as to gratify [= make kharis for] Achilles. After they slit the victim’s throat and made this sacrifice [enagizein], they evidently proceeded to go down to the ship, and, after sacrificing [thuein] the other bull on the beach again to Achilles and having begun the offering by taking from the basket and by partaking of the entrails for that sacrifice [thussia] (for they sacrificed [thuein] this sacrifice [thussia] as to a god), they sailed away toward dawn, taking the sacrificed animal so as not to feast in the enemy’s country.

Passage F) Iliad II 232-244.
But from now on, son of Atreus, you would insult no man. Therefore I say, and swear it with a great oath - by this scepter which shall sprout neither leaf nor shoot, [235] nor bud anew from the day on which it left its parent stem upon the mountains - for the axe stripped it of leaf and bark, and now the sons of the Achaeans bear it as judges and guardians of the decrees [themis pl.] of the gods - so surely and solemnly do I swear [240] that hereafter a longing [pothē] for Achilles shall overcome them and they shall not find him. In the day of your distress, when your men fall dying by the manslaughtering hand of Hector, you shall not know how to help them, and shall rend your heart with rage for the hour when you offered insult to the best of the Achaeans.

Passage G) Iliad XVII 687-690
You must see with your own eyes that the god is letting roll down from above a pain [pēma] upon the Danaans, and victory now belongs to the Trojans. Patroklos has been killed, the best of the of the Achaeans, [690] and a great longing [pothē] has fallen upon the Danaans.

Passage H) Iliad XIX 319-327
But now there you are, lying there, all cut up, and my heart is wanting, [320] though I have meat and drink in my tent, because of my longing [[pothē] for you. There is nothing I could possibly suffer that would be worse than this, not even though I were to hear of the death of my father, who is now in Phthia weeping for the loss of me his son, who am here fighting the Trojans in a strange land [dēmos] [325] for the accursed sake of Helen, nor yet though I should hear that my son is no more - he who is being brought up in Skyros - if indeed godlike Neoptolemos is still living.