

## CHS Open House with Seemee Ali:

### 'Eros and Cosmos: Approaching the Golden Cloud of *Iliad* 14'

#### Further Focus Passages:

- *Iliad* 4 58–61
- *Iliad* 8 5–27
- *Iliad* 8 470–484
- *Iliad* 15 4–77
- *Iliad* 16 431–461

#### ***Iliad* 4 58–61**

I too am a god and of the same lineage as yourself. I am devious-devising Kronos' eldest daughter,

[60] and am honorable not on this ground only, but also because I am your wife, and you are king over the gods.

#### ***Iliad* 8 5–27**

5] "Hear me," said he, "gods and goddesses, that I may speak even as I am minded. Let none of you neither goddess nor god try to cross me, but obey me every one of you that I may bring this matter to an end.

[10] If I see anyone acting apart and helping either Trojans or Danaans, he shall be beaten inordinately before he comes back again to Olympus; or I will hurl him down into dark Tartarus far into the deepest pit under

[15] the earth, where the gates are iron and the floor bronze, as far beneath Hadēs as the sky is high above the earth, that you may learn how much the mightiest I am among you. Try me and find out for yourselves. Hang me a golden chain from the sky, and lay hold of it

[20] all of you, gods and goddesses together—tug as you will, you will not drag Zeus the supreme counselor from the sky to earth; but were I to pull at it myself I should draw you up with earth and sea

[25] into the bargain, then would I bind the chain about some pinnacle of Olympus and leave you all dangling in the mid firmament. So far am I above all others either of gods or men."

### ***Iliad 8 470-484***

[470] “Tomorrow morning, ox-vision Hera, if you choose to do so, you will see the son of Kronos destroying large numbers of the Argives, for fierce Hector shall not cease fighting till he has roused the swift-footed son of Peleus

[475] when they are fighting in dire straits at their ships’ sterns about the body of fallen Patroklos. Like it or no, this is how it is decreed; for all I care, you may go to the lowest depths beneath earth and sea [*pontos*], where Iapetos and Kronos dwell

[480] in lone Tartarus with neither ray of light nor breath of wind to cheer them. You may go on and on till you get there, and I shall not care one whit for your displeasure; you are the greatest vixen living.”

### ***Iliad 15 4-77***

Zeus now woke on the crests of Ida,

[5] where he was lying with golden-throned Hera by his side, and starting to his feet he saw the Trojans and Achaeans, the one thrown into confusion, and the others driving them pell-mell before them with King Poseidon in their midst. He saw Hector lying on the ground with his comrades gathered round him,

[10] gasping for breath, wandering in mind and vomiting blood, for it was not the feeblest of the Achaeans who struck him. The sire of gods and men had pity on him, and looked fiercely on Hera. “I see, Hera,” said he, “you mischief-making trickster, that your cunning

[15] has stayed Hector from fighting and has caused the rout of his army. I am in half a mind to thrash you, in which case you will be the first to reap the fruits of your scurvy knavery. Do you not remember how once upon a time I had you hanged? I fastened two anvils on to your feet, and bound your hands in a chain of gold

[20] which none might break, and you hung in mid-air among the clouds. All the gods in Olympus were in a fury, but they could not reach you to set you free; when I caught any one of them I gripped him and hurled him from the heavenly threshold till he came fainting down to earth; yet even this did not relieve my mind from the incessant anxiety

[25] which I felt about noble Herakles whom you and Boreas had spitefully conveyed beyond the seas to Cos, after suborning the tempests; but I rescued him, and notwithstanding all his mighty labors I brought him back again

[30] to horse-pasturing Argos. I would remind you of this that you may learn to leave off being so deceitful, and discover how much you are likely to gain by the embraces out of which you have come here to trick me.” Ox-vision Hera trembled as he spoke,

[35] and said, “May the heavens above and earth below be my witnesses, with the waters of the river Styx- and this is the most solemn oath that a blessed god can take—I tell you, I swear also by your own almighty head and by our bridal bed

[40] - things over which I could never possibly perjure myself—that Poseidon is not punishing Hector and the Trojans and helping the Achaeans through any doing of mine; it is all of his own mere motion because he was sorry to see the Achaeans hard pressed at their ships:

[45] if I were advising him, I should tell him to do as you tell him.” The sire of gods and men smiled and answered, “If you, ox-vision Hera,

[50] were always to support me when we sit in council of the gods, Poseidon, like it or no, would soon come round to your and my way of thinking. If, then, you are speaking the truth and mean what you say, go among the rank and file of the gods, and tell

[55] Iris and Apollo lord of the bow, that I want them—Iris, that she may go to the bronze-armored Achaean army and tell Poseidon to leave off fighting and go home, and Apollo, that he may send Hector again into battle

[60] and give him fresh strength; he will thus forget his present sufferings, and drive the Achaeans back in confusion till they fall among the ships of Achilles son of Peleus. Achilles will then send his comrade Patroklos into battle,

[65] and glorious Hector will kill him in front of Ilion after he has slain many warriors, and among them my own noble son Sarpedon. Achilles will kill Hector to avenge Patroklos, and from that time I will bring it about that the Achaeans shall persistently drive the Trojans back

[70] till they fulfill the counsels of Athena and take Ilion. But I will not stay my anger, nor permit any god to help the Danaans till I have accomplished the desire of the son of Peleus,

[75] according to the promise I made by bowing my head on the day when Thetis touched my knees and besought me to give Achilles, ransacker of cities, honor.”

### ***Iliad 16 431-461***

The son of scheming Kronos looked down upon them in pity and said to Hera who was his wife and sister, “Alas, that it should be the lot of Sarpedon whom I love so dearly to perish by the hand of Patroklos.

[435] I am in two minds whether to catch him up out of the fight and set him down safe and sound in the fertile district [*dēmos*] of Lycia, or to let him now fall by the hand of the son of Menoitios.” And ox-vision Hera answered,

[440] “Most dread son of Kronos, what is this that you are saying? Would you snatch a mortal man, whose doom has long been fated, out of the jaws of death? Do as you will, but we shall not all of us be of your mind. I say further, and lay my saying to your heart,

[445] that if you send Sarpedon safely to his own home, some other of the gods will be also wanting to escort his son out of battle, for there are many sons of gods fighting round the city of Troy, and you will make every one jealous.

[450] If, however, you are fond of him and pity him, let him indeed fall by the hand of Patroklos, but as soon as the life [*psūkhē*] is gone out of him, send Death and sweet Sleep to bear him off the field

[455] and take him to the expansive district [*dēmos*] of Lycia, where his brothers and his kinsmen give him a funeral [*tarkhuein*], and will raise both mound and pillar to his memory, in due honor to the dead.” The sire of gods and men assented, but he shed a rain of blood upon the earth

[460] in honor [*timē*] of his son whom Patroklos was about to kill on the fertile plain of Troy far from his home.