

**Please attempt to make sense in context of the bold-faced references to speech-acts in passages A-C (which all are related to one word, MUTHOS). Then try to apply your sense of the overall speech-situation to Passage D.**

**PASSAGE A:**  
**Iliad 1.1-52**

[1] Anger [*mēnis*], goddess, sing it, of Achilles son of Peleus - 2 disastrous [*oulomenē*] anger that made countless pains [*algea*] for the Achaeans, 3 and many steadfast lives [*psūkhai*] it drove down to Hādēs, 4 heroes' lives, but their bodies it made prizes for dogs

[5] and for all birds, and the Will of Zeus was reaching its fulfillment [*telos*] - 6 sing starting from the point where the two - I now see it - first had a falling out, engaging in strife [*eris*], 7 I mean, [Agamemnon] the son of Atreus, lord of men, and radiant Achilles. 8 So, which one of the gods was it who impelled the two to fight with each other in strife [*eris*]? 9 It was [Apollo] the son of Leto and of Zeus. For he [= Apollo], infuriated at the king [= Agamemnon],

[10] caused an evil disease to arise throughout the mass of warriors, and the people were getting destroyed. , because the son of Atreus had dishonored Khrysēs his priest. Now Khrysēs had come to the ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and had brought with him a great ransom [*apoina*]: moreover he bore in his hand the scepter of Apollo wreathed with a suppliant's wreath

[15] and he besought the Achaeans, but most of all the two sons of Atreus, who were their chiefs. "Sons of Atreus," he cried, "and all other Achaeans, may the gods who dwell in Olympus grant you to destroy the city of Priam, and to reach your homes in safety;

[20] but free my daughter, and accept a ransom [*apoina*] for her, in reverence to Apollo, son of Zeus." Then the rest of the Achaeans with one voice were for respecting the priest and taking the ransom that he offered; but not so Agamemnon, son of Atreus

[25] who **spoke fiercely to him** (κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε) and sent him roughly away "Old man," said he, "let me not find you tarrying about our ships, nor yet coming hereafter. Your scepter of the god and your wreath shall profit you nothing. I will not free her. She shall grow old

[30] in my house at Argos far from her own home, busying herself with her loom and visiting my bed; so go, and do not provoke me or it shall be the worse for you." The old man feared him **and obeyed** (ἐπαίθετο μύθῳ). Not a word he spoke, but went by the shore of the sounding sea

[35] and prayed apart to King Apollo whom lovely fine-haired Leto had borne. "Hear me," he cried, "O god of the silver bow, you who protects Khrysē and holy Killa and rules Tenedos with your might, hear me O Sminthian God of Plague Apollo. If I have ever decked your temple with garlands,

[40] or burned your thigh-pieces in fat of bulls or goats, grant my prayer, and let your arrows avenge these my tears upon the Danaans." Thus did he pray, and Apollo heard his prayer. He came down furious from the summits of Olympus,

[45] with his bow and his quiver upon his shoulder, and the arrows rattled on his back with the rage that trembled within him. He sat himself down away from the ships with a

face as dark as night, and his silver bow rang death as he shot his arrow in the midst of them.

[50] First he smote their mules and their hounds, but presently he aimed his shafts at the people themselves, and all day long the pyres of the dead were burning. For nine whole days he shot his arrows among the people, but upon the tenth day Achilles called them together in assembly –

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PASSAGE B:

*Iliad* 20.176-258

When they were now close up with one another Achilles was first to speak. “Aeneas,” said he, “why do you stand thus out before the army to fight me?”

[180] Is it that you hope to reign over the Trojans, partaking of the honor [*timē*] of Priam? No, even if you kill me, Priam will not hand his kingdom over to you. He is a man of sound judgment, and he has sons of his own.

[185] Or have the Trojans been allotting you a demesne of passing richness, fair with orchard lawns and wheat lands, if you should slay me? This you shall hardly do. I have discomfited you once already. Have you forgotten how when you were alone I chased you from your herds helter-skelter down the slopes of Ida?

[190] You did not turn round to look behind you; you took refuge in Lyrnessos, but I attacked the city, and with the help of Athena and father Zeus I ransacked it and carried its women into captivity, though Zeus and the other gods rescued you. You think they will protect you now, but they will not do so;

[195] therefore I say go back into the army, and do not face me, or you will rue it. Even a fool may be wise after the event.” Then Aeneas answered,

[200] “Son of Peleus, think not that your words can scare me as though I were a child. I too, if I will, can **brag and talk unseemly** (ἤμὲν κερτομίας ἢ δ’ αἴσυλα **μυθήσασθαι**). We know one another’s race and parentage as matters of common fame,

[205] though neither have you ever seen my parents nor I yours. Men say that you are son to noble Peleus, and that your mother is Thetis, fair-haired daughter of the sea. I have noble Anchises for my father, and Aphrodite for my mother;

[110] the parents of one or other of us shall this day mourn a son, for it will be more than silly talk that shall part us when the fight is over. Learn, then, my lineage if you will - and it is known to many.

[215] “In the beginning Dardanos was the son of Zeus, and founded Dardania, for Ilion was not yet established on the plain for men to dwell in, and her people still abode on the spurs of many-fountained Ida. Dardanos had a son, king Erikhthonios,

[220] who was wealthiest of all men living; he had three thousand mares that fed by the water-meadows, they and their foals with them. Boreas was enamored of them as they were feeding, and covered them in the semblance of a dark-maned stallion.

[225] Twelve female foals did they conceive and bear him, and these, as they sped over the fertile plain, would go bounding on over the ripe ears of wheat and not break them; or again when they would disport themselves on the broad back of Ocean they could gallop on the crest of a breaker.

[230] Erikhthonios begat Tros, king of the Trojans, and Tros had three noble sons, Ilos, Assarakos, and godlike Ganymede who was comeliest of mortal men; wherefore the gods carried him off to be Zeus' cupbearer, for his beauty's sake, that he might dwell among the immortals.

[235] Ilos begat Laomedon, and Laomedon begat Tithonos, Priam, Lampos, Klytios, and Hiketaon of the stock of Ares. But Assarakos was father to Kapys, and Kapys to Anchises,

[240] who was my father, while Hector the radiant is son to Priam. "Such do I declare my blood and lineage, but as for excellence [*aretē*], Zeus gives it or takes it as he will, for he is lord of all. And now let there be no more of this prating in mid-battle as though we were children.

[245] We could **fling taunts (ὀνειδέα μωθήσασθαι)** without end at one another; a hundred-oared galley would not hold them. The tongue can run in every which direction and **talk all sorts of ways (πολέες δ' ἐνι μῦθοι παντοῖοι)**; it can go here and there, and as a man says, so shall he be gainsaid.

[250] What is the use of our bandying hard like women who when they fall foul of one another go out and wrangle in the streets,

[255] one half true and the other lies, as rage inspires them? No words of yours shall turn me now that I am fain to fight- therefore let us make trial of one another with our spears."

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#### **PASSAGE C:**

#### ***Iliad* 11.618-54**

[615] Patroklos did as his dear comrade had bidden him, and set off running by the ships and tents of the Achaeans. When Nestor and Makhaon had reached the tents of the son of Neleus, they dismounted, and an attendant [*therapōn*], Eurymedon, took the horses

[620] from the chariot. The pair then stood in the breeze by the seaside to dry the sweat from their shirts, and when they had so done they came inside and took their seats. Fair Hekamede, whom Nestor had had awarded to him from Tenedos when Achilles took it, mixed them a mixture;

[625] she was daughter of high-spirited Arsinoos, and the Achaeans had given her to Nestor because he excelled all of them in counsel. First she set for them a fair and well-made table that had feet of lapis; on it there was a vessel of bronze and an onion to give relish to the drink,

[630] with honey and cakes of barley-meal. There was also a cup of rare workmanship which the old man had brought with him from home, studded with bosses of gold; it had four handles, on each of which there were two golden doves feeding, and it had two feet to stand on.

[635] Any one else would hardly have been able to lift it from the table when it was full, but Nestor could do so quite easily. In this the woman, as fair as a goddess, mixed them a mixture with Pramnian wine; she grated goat's milk cheese into it with a bronze grater, threw in a handful of white barley-meal,

[640] and having thus prepared the mixture she bade them drink it. When they had done so and had thus quenched their thirst, **they fell talking with one another (μύθοισιν**

τέρποντο πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἐνέποντες), and at this moment godlike Patroklos appeared at the door. When the old man saw him he sprang from his  
[645] seat, seized his hand, led him into the tent, and bade him take his place among them; but Patroklos stood where he was and said, “Noble sir, I may not stay, you cannot persuade me to come in; he that sent me is not one to be trifled with, and he bade me ask who the wounded man was whom you were bearing away from the field. I can now  
[650] see for myself that he is Makhaon shepherd of his people. I must go back and tell Achilles. You, sir, know what a terrible man he is, and how ready to blame even where no blame should lie.”

**PASSAGE D:**  
***Iliad* 6.119-236**

Then Glaukos son of Hippolokhos, and the son of Tydeus  
[120] went into the open space between the armies to fight in single combat. When they were close up to one another Diomedes of the loud war-cry was the first to speak. “Who, my good sir,” said he, “who are you among men? I have never seen you in battle until now,  
[125] but you are daring beyond all others if you abide my onset. Woe to those fathers whose sons face my might. If, however, you are one of the immortals and have come down from the sky, I will not fight you;  
[130] for even valiant Lykourgos, son of Dryas, did not live long when he took to fighting with the gods. He it was that drove the nursing women who were in charge of frenzied Dionysus through the land of Nysa, and they flung their thyrsos on the ground as manslaughtering Lykourgos  
[135] beat them with his oxgoad. Dionysus himself plunged terror-stricken into the sea, and Thetis took him to her bosom to comfort him, for he was scared by the fury with which the man reviled him. Then the gods who live at ease were angry with Lykourgos and the son of Kronos struck him blind, nor did he live much longer  
[140] after he had become hateful to the immortals. Therefore I will not fight with the blessed gods; but if you are of them that eat the fruit of the ground, draw near and meet your doom.” And the shining son of Hippolokhos answered,  
[145] “High-hearted son of Tydeus, why ask me of my lineage? Men come and go as leaves year by year upon the trees. Those of autumn the wind sheds upon the ground, but when spring [*hōra*] returns the forest buds forth with fresh vines. Even so is it with the generations of humankind, the new spring up as the old are passing away.  
[150] If, then, you would learn my descent, it is one that is well known to many. There is a city in the heart of Argos, pasture land of horses, called Ephyra, where Sisyphus lived, who was the craftiest of all humankind. He was the son of Aiolos, and had a son named Glaukos,  
[155] who was father to Bellerophon the blameless, whom the gods have endowed with the most surpassing comeliness and beauty. But Proitos devised his ruin, and being stronger than he, drove him from the locale [*dēmos*] of the Argives, over which Zeus had made him ruler.  
[160] For beautiful Antaia, wife of Proitos, lusted after him, and would have had him lie with her in secret; but Bellerophon was an honorable man and would not, so she told lies

about him to Proitos. ‘Proitos,’ said she, ‘kill Bellerophon or die,  
[165] for he would have had converse with me against my will.’ The king was angered,  
but shrank from killing Bellerophon, so he sent him to Lycia bearing baneful signs  
[*sēma* pl.], written inside a folded tablet and containing much ill against the bearer.  
[170] He bade Bellerophon show these written signs to his father-in-law, to the end that  
he might thus perish; Bellerophon therefore went to Lycia, and the gods convoyed him  
safely. When he reached the river Xanthos, which is in Lycia, the king received him with  
all goodwill, feasted him nine days, and killed nine heifers in his honor,  
[175] but when rosy-fingered morning appeared upon the tenth day, he questioned him  
and desired to see the markings [*sēma* pl.] from his son-in-law Proitos. When he had  
received the baneful markings [*sēma* pl.] he first commanded Bellerophon to kill that  
savage monster, the Chimaera,  
[180] who was not a human being, but a goddess, for she had the head of a lion and the  
tail of a serpent, while her body was that of a goat, and she breathed forth flames of fire;  
but Bellerophon slew her, for he was guided by divine signs. He next fought the far-  
famed Solymoi,  
[185] and this, he said, was the hardest of all his battles. Thirdly, he killed the Amazons,  
women who were the peers of men, and as he was returning thence the king devised yet  
another plan for his destruction; he selected [*krinein*] the bravest warriors in all Lycia,  
and placed them in ambuscade, but not a man ever came back,  
[190] for blameless Bellerophon killed every one of them. Then the king knew that he  
must be the valiant offspring of a god, so he kept him in Lycia, gave him his daughter in  
marriage, and made him of equal honor [*timē*] in the kingdom with himself; and the  
Lycians gave him a piece of land,  
[195] the best in all the country, fair with vineyards and tilled fields, to have and to hold.  
The king’s daughter bore valiant Bellerophon three children, Isandros, Hippolokhos, and  
Laodameia. Zeus, the lord of counsel, lay with Laodameia, and she bore him noble  
Sarpedon;  
[200] but when Bellerophon came to be hated by all the gods, he wandered all desolate  
and dismayed upon the plain of Alea, gnawing at his own heart, and shunning the path of  
man. Ares, insatiate of battle, killed his son Isandros while he was fighting the glorious  
Solymoi;  
[205] his daughter was killed by Artemis of the golden reins, for she was angered with  
her; but Hippolokhos was father to myself, and when he sent me to Troy he urged me  
again and again to fight ever among the foremost and outcompete my peers, so as not to  
shame the blood of my fathers  
[210] who were the noblest in Ephyra and in all Lycia. This, then, is the descent I claim.”  
Thus did he speak, and the heart of Diomedes of the great war cry was glad. He planted  
his spear in the ground, and spoke to him with friendly words.  
[215] “Then,” he said, “you are an old friend of my father’s house. Great Oineus once  
entertained Bellerophon the blameless for twenty days, and the two exchanged presents.  
Oineus gave a belt rich with purple,  
[220] and Bellerophon a double cup, which I left at home when I set out for Troy. I do  
not remember Tydeus, for he was taken from us while I was yet a child, when the army of  
the Achaeans was cut to pieces before Thebes. Henceforth, however, I must be your host  
in middle Argos,

[225] and you mine in Lycia, if I should ever go to that locale [*dēmos*]; let us avoid one another's spears even during a general engagement; there are many noble Trojans and allies whom I can kill, if I overtake them and the gods deliver them into my hand; so again with yourself, there are many Achaeans whose lives you may take if you can; [230] we two, then, will exchange armor, that all present may know of the old ties that subsist between us." With these words they sprang from their chariots, grasped one another's hands, and plighted friendship. But Zeus the son of Kronos made Glaukos take leave of his wits, [235] for he exchanged golden armor for bronze, the worth of a hundred head of cattle for the worth of nine.