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**Sixth Paper Session, Session H: Undergraduate Panel II**

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***Logos* and the Manipulation of Self-Representation:**

**Helen of Troy as *Rhetor***

**Example 1: 6.344 - 358**

δᾶερ ἐμεῖο κυνὸς κακμηχάνου ὀκρυοέσσης,

ὣς μ᾽ὂφελ᾽ἢματι τῷ ὃτε με πρῶτον τέκε μήτηρ

ὂιχεσθαι προφέροθσα κακὴ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα

εἰς ὂρος ἢ εἰς κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,

ἒνθα με κῦμ᾽ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἒργα γενέσθαι.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάδε γ᾽ὧδε θεοὶ κακὰ τεκμήραντο**,**

ἀνδρὸς ἒπειτ᾽ὢφελλον ἀμείνονος εἶναι ἂκοιτις,

ὃς ᾒδη νέμεσίν τε καὶ ἂισχεα πόλλ᾽ἀνθρώπων.

τούτῳ δ᾽ὂυτ᾽ἂρ νῦν φρένες ἒμπεδοι οὒτ᾽ἂρ᾽όπίσσω

ἒσσονται: τῶ καί μιν ἐπαθρήσεσθαι ὀΐω.

ἀλλ᾽ἂγε νῦν εἲσελθε καὶ ἓζεο τῷδ᾽ἐπὶ δίφρῳ,

δᾶερ, ἐπεί σε μάλιστα πόνος φρένας ἀμφιβέβηκεν

ἓινεκ᾽ἐμεῖο κυνὸς καὶ Ἀλεξάνδρου ἓνεκ᾽ἂτης,

οἷσιν ἐπὶ Ζεὺς θῆκε κακὸν μόρον, ὡς καὶ ὀπίσσω

άνθρώποισι πελώμεθ ἀοίδιμοι ἐσσομένοισι.

My brother-in-law, I am a dog, deviser of horrible mischief!

How I wish that on the day my mother first bore me,

I’d have gone away, carried by an ugly blast of wind

into the mountains or into the load-roaring waves of the sea,

there, a wave could have swept me away before these matters came to be.

But since the gods thus decreed these evils,

I ought to have been wife a better man, who knows censure

and the shame of every man... Because toil has especially filled my mind,

on account of my doggishness and Paris’ arrogance,

upon whom Zeus gave us this ugly fate, so that we may

be sung of by later generations of men hereafter.

**Example 2: Book 3.172 - 176**

αἰδοῖος τέ μοί ἐσσι, φίλε ἑκυρέ, δεινος τε;

ὡς ὂφελεν θάνατός μοι ἁδεῖν κακὸς ὁππότε δεῦρο

υἱέϊ σῷ ἑπόμην, θάλαμον γνωτούς τε λιποῦσα

παῖδά τε τηλυγέτην καὶ ὁμηλικίην ἐρατεινήν.

ἀλλὰ τά γ᾽οὐκ ἐγένοντο: τὸ καὶ κλαίουσα τέτηκα.

Dear father in law, you are reverent to me, and also a terror.

Would that evil death delighted me,

whenever I followed your son here, leaving behind my bedchamber,

my kin, my darling daughter, and my lovely peers.

But these are not present; I have melted away, crying...

**Example 3: 3.428 - 436**

ἢλυθες ἐκ πολέμοι᾽: ὡς ὢφελες αὐτόθ᾽ὀλεσθαι,

ἀνδρὶ δαμεὶς κρατερῷ, ὃς ἐμὸς πρότερος πόσις ἦεν.

ἦ μὲν δὴ πρίν γ᾽εὒχε᾽ἀρηϊφίλου Μενελάου

σῇ τε βίῃ καὶ χερσὶ καὶ ἒγχεϊ φέρτερος εἶναι:

ἀλλ᾽ἲθι νῦν προκάλεσσαι ἀρηΐφιλον Μενέλαον

ἐξαῦτις μαχέσασθαι ἐναντίον: ἀλλά σ᾽ἒγωγε

παύεσθαι κέλομαι, μηδὲ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ

ἀντίβιον πόλεμον πολεμίζειν ἠδὲ μάχεσθαι

ἀφραδέως, μή πως τάχ᾽ὑπ᾽αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμήῃς.

Back from war? How you ought to have died there,

being overcome by a better man, my first husband.

Earlier, you were boasting that you were mightier than Menelaus,

dear to Ares, with your might, hands, and spears;

but go now before war-like Menelaus, challenge him to combat again!

But I command you to stop and not wage war against fair Menelaus

and nor fight recklessly, lest somehow he speedily overpower you by his spear.

**Example 4: 24.762 - 775**

Ἓκτορ, ἐμῷ θυμῷ δαέρον πολὺ φίλτατε πάντων,

ἦ μέν μοι πόσις ἐστὶν Ἀλεξανδρος θεοειδής,

ὃς μ᾽ἂγαγε Τροίνδ᾽: ὡς πρὶν ὢφελλον ὀλέσθαι.

ἢδε γὰρ νὖν μοι τόδε εἰκοστὸν ἒτος ἐστιν

ἐξ οὗ κεῖθεν ἒβην καὶ ἐμῆς ἀπελήλυθα πάτρης:

ἀλλ᾽οὒ πω σεῦ ἂκουσα κακὸν ἒπος οὐδ᾽ἀσύφελον:

ἀλλ᾽εἲ τίς με καὶ ἂλλος ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ἐνίπτοι

δαέρων ἢ γαλόων ἢ εἰνατέρων εὐπέπλων,

ἢ ἑκυρή–ἑκυρὸς δὲ πατὴρ ὣς ἢτιος αἰεί–,

ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν ἐπέεσσι παραιφάμενος κατέρυκες

σῇ τ᾽ἀγανοφροσύνῃ καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέσσι.

τῶ σέ θ᾽ἃμα κλαίω καὶ ἒμ᾽ἂμμορον ἀχνθμένη κῆρ:

οὐ γάρ τίς μοι ἒτ᾽ἂλλος ἐνὶ Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ

ἢτιος οὐδὲ φίλος, πάντες δέ με πεφρίκασιν.

Hector, my brother-in-law, dearest to my heart than all others,

Truly it is godlike Paris, my husband, who led me to Troy;

How I wish I died before then. Because it is now the twentieth year

From the one when I came here and abandoned my homeland;

But never did I hear a harsh or insolent word from you;

Rather, if some other were to reproach me in the halls,

Either a brother-in-law or sister-in-law, a well-dressed sister-in-law,

Or a mother-in-law – not my father-in-law, he was always kind –

You would stop them with your words, your gentle and mild words.

And so I wail for you, and for my unhappy self, my grieving heart,

Because there is no longer any other in broad Troy

Kind or dear; everyone shudders at me.

1

\*All Greek comes from the Oxford Classical Text of the *Iliad*, edited by David B. Munro and Thomas W. Allen. All translations and errors within are my own.

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