

The Reception of Homeric Ideals of Gender in *Troy* (2004):

Book 1- Athena Calms Achilles:

Then the king of men, Agamemnon, answered him: "Flee then, if your heart urges you; I do not beg you to remain for my sake. With me are others who will honour me, and above all Zeus, the lord of counsel. [175] Most hateful to me are you of all the kings that Zeus nurtures, for always strife is dear to you, and wars and battles. If you are very strong, it was a god, I think, who gave you this gift. Go home with your ships and your companions and lord it over the Myrmidons; for you I care not, [180] nor take heed of your wrath. But I will threaten you thus: as Phoebus Apollo takes from me the daughter of Chryses, her with my ship and my companions I will send back, but I will myself come to your tent and take the fair-cheeked Briseis, your prize, so that you will understand [185] how much mightier I am than you, and another may shrink from declaring himself my equal and likening himself to me to my face." So he spoke. Grief came upon the son of Peleus, and within his shaggy breast his heart was divided, whether he should draw his sharp sword from beside his thigh, [190] and break up the assembly, and slay the son of Atreus, or stay his anger and curb his spirit. While he pondered this in mind and heart, and was drawing from its sheath his great sword, Athene came from heaven. The white-armed goddess Hera had sent her forth, [195] for in her heart she loved and cared for both men alike. She stood behind him and seized the son of Peleus by his fair hair, appearing to him alone. No one of the others saw her. Achilles was seized with wonder, and turned around, and immediately recognized Pallas Athene. Terribly her eyes shone. [200] Then he addressed her with winged words, and said: "Why now, daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus, have you come? Is it so that you might see the arrogance of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? One thing I will tell you, and I think this will be brought to pass: through his own excessive pride shall he presently lose his life." [205] Him then the goddess, bright-eyed Athene, answered: "I have come from heaven to stay your anger, if you will obey, the goddess white-armed Hera sent me forth, for in her heart she loves and cares for both of you. But come, cease from strife, and do not grasp the sword with your hand. [210] With words indeed taunt him, telling him how it shall be. For thus will I speak, and this thing shall truly be brought to pass. Hereafter three times as many glorious gifts shall be yours on account of this arrogance. But refrain and obey us." In answer to her spoke swift-footed Achilles: [215] "It is necessary, goddess, to observe the words of you two, however angered a man be in his heart, for is it better so. Whoever obeys the gods, to him do they gladly give ear." He spoke, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and back into its sheath thrust the great sword, and did not disobey [220] the word of Athene. She returned to Olympus to the palace of aegis-bearing Zeus, to join the company of the other gods.

Book 3- Helen Orders Aphrodite Around:

So spake she, and stirred Helen's heart in her breast; and when she marked the beauteous neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and her flashing eyes, then amazement seized her, and she spake, and addressed her, saying: "Strange goddess, why art thou minded to beguile me thus? [400] Verily thou wilt lead me yet further on to one of the well-peopled cities of Phrygia or lovely Maeonia, if there too there be some one of mortal men who is dear to thee, seeing that now Menelaus hath conquered goodly Alexander, and is minded to lead hateful me to his home. [405] It is for this cause that thou art now come hither with guileful thought. Go thou, and sit by his side, and depart from the way of the gods, neither let thy feet any more bear thee back to Olympus; but ever be thou troubled for him, and guard him, until he make thee his wife, or haply his slave. [410] But thither will I not go—it were a shameful thing—to array that man's couch; all the women of Troy will blame me hereafter; and I have measureless griefs at heart." Then stirred to wrath fair Aphrodite spake to her: "Provoke me not, rash woman, lest I wax wroth and desert thee, [415] and hate thee, even as now I love thee wondrously; and lest I devise grievous hatred between both, Trojans alike and Danaans; then wouldst thou perish of an evil fate." So spake she, and Helen, sprung from Zeus, was seized with fear; and she went, wrapping herself in her bright shining mantle, [420] in silence; and she was unseen of the Trojan women; and the goddess led the way.

Book 6- Hector's Dreams for his Son:

So saying, glorious Hector stretched out his arms to his boy, but back into the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse shrank the child crying, affrighted at the aspect of his dear father, and seized with dread of the bronze and the crest of horse-hair, [470] as he marked it waving dreadfully from the topmost helm. Aloud then laughed his dear father and queenly mother; and forthwith glorious Hector took the helm from his head and laid it all-gleaming upon the ground. But he kissed his dear son, and fondled him in his arms, [475] and spake in prayer to Zeus and the other gods: "Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; [480] and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad." So saying, he laid his child in his dear wife's arms, and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling through her tears; and her husband was touched with pity at sight of her, [485] and he stroked her with his hand, and spake to her, saying: "Dear wife, in no wise, I pray thee, grieve overmuch at heart; no man beyond my fate shall send me forth to Hades; only his doom, methinks, no man hath ever escaped, be he coward or valiant, when once he hath been born. [490] Nay, go thou to the house and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their work: but war shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me, of them that dwell in Ilios." So spake glorious Hector and took up his helm [495] with horse-hair crest; and his dear wife went forthwith to her house, oft turning back, and shedding big tears. Presently she came to the well-built palace of man-slaying Hector and found therein her many handmaidens; and among them all she roused lamentation.

Book 9- the Worth of Briseis:

Some he gave as prizes to chieftains and kings, [335] and for them they abide untouched; but from me alone of the Achaeans hath he taken and keepeth my wife, the darling of my heart. Let him lie by her side and take his joy. But why must the Argives wage war against the Trojans? Why hath he gathered and led hither his host, this son of Atreus? Was it not for fair-haired Helen's sake? [340] Do they then alone of mortal men love their wives, these sons of Atreus? Nay, for whoso is a true man and sound of mind, loveth his own and cherisheth her, even as I too loved her with all my heart, though she was but the captive of my spear. But now, seeing he hath taken from my arms my prize, and hath deceived me, [345] let him not tempt me that know him well; he shall not persuade me.

Book 19- Briseis' Lamentations for Patroclus:

But Briseis, that was like unto golden Aphrodite, when she had sight of Patroclus mangled with the sharp bronze, flung herself about him and shrieked aloud, [285] and with her hands she tore her breast and tender neck and beautiful face. And amid her wailing spake the woman like unto the goddesses: "Patroclus, dearest to my hapless heart, alive I left thee when I went from the hut, and now I find thee dead, thou leader of hosts, [290] as I return thereto: thus for me doth evil ever follow hard on evil. My husband, unto whom my father and queenly mother gave me, I beheld mangled with the sharp bronze before our city, and my three brethren whom mine own mother bare, brethren beloved, all these met their day of doom. [295] But thou, when swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of godlike Mynes, wouldst not even suffer me to weep, but saidest that thou wouldst make me the wedded wife of Achilles, and that he would bear me in his ships to Phthia, and make me a marriage-feast among the Myrmidons. [300] Wherefore I wail for thee in thy death and know no ceasing, for thou wast ever kind." So spake she wailing, and thereto the women added their laments; Patroclus indeed they mourned

Book 24- Briseis Remains:

Then spake to him in answer swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Thus shall this also be aged Priam, even as thou wouldest have it; [670] for I will hold back the battle for such time as thou dost bid." When he had thus spoken he clasped the old man's right hand by the wrist, lest his heart should any wise wax fearful. So they laid them to sleep there in the fore-hall of the house, the herald and Priam, with hearts of wisdom in their breasts; [675] but Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-built hut, and by his side lay fair-cheeked Briseis.

All translations are from:

Homer. The Iliad with an English Translation by A.T. Murray, Ph.D. in two volumes. Cambridge, MA., Harvard University Press; London, William Heinemann, Ltd. 1924.