

Archilochus

First Poet after Homer

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ

ΤΑ ΑΠΟΣΠΑΣΜΑΤΑ

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Archilochus was known in ancient Greece, to everyone who knew anything about literature, as the first poet after Homer and Hesiod. To an educated Greek in the Fourth Century A.D. it would have seemed inexplicable to have to explain in a preface to the poems of Archilochus, who this famous poet was, when and where he lived and what kind of verse he wrote. Although no more precise about exact dates than we are, he would have placed Homer about four hundred years after the Trojan War, Hesiod somewhat later, and Archilochus in the time of Gyges, about or after 480 B.C., as we know from the Parian Marble. Archilochus' volumes were currently available to him, and he would hardly have thought that this author and Hipponax and Sappho, let alone a hundred others, would have virtually disappeared in the next seven hundred years. But the course of centuries has changed all that, we have only a residual fraction of Hellenic literature, and in the case of the early poets other than the Epic writers we have mere table scraps from later writers, shredded papyri in pieces at best, and hardly enough from which to write a decent literary preface.

Almost everything we know about Archilochus comes from his poems, but the surprising thing is how much quality information we have been able to glean from this scrappy source. Perhaps just because there is so little solid information, the scholarly world has devoted a great deal of detailed study to what remains of his work, much ensconced in recondite professional journal-writing, inaccessible to the reader in English translation and largely unattractive to the enthusiast learning Greek from the bottom up.

It was in 1963 that Guy Davenport surprised the world with his English "Archilochus", translating the Greek closely but with the sensitivity of a natural poet. In fact it was such a good little book that everyone thought for a while that it was new poetry from Davenport, in the guise of a translation from an ancient text. But for the literary world, Davenport became the standard readable text of this ancient author, while the discovery of the Cologne fragment and others materials pursued an independent track in the professional classical Journals. So what we have is a split view of

Archilochus, on the one hand a readable translation in English, as against a network of scholarly treatments and discussion in places where the light of day rarely shines.

Using Archilochus in classes in English translation, I have always presented the material to my class with the Greek text in my hand, reading and commenting on what I found in the Greek, and what I thought about it in terms of both Greek thought and my own observations from this end of a long string of centuries. I know there is no way of thinking like an ancient Greek, the learned Richard Bentley told us almost three centuries ago that he knew about as much Greek as an Athenian blacksmith, and I am no Bentley. But there are things in Archilochus which seem to leap off the page and talk to us as if he were here. I have never thought that the Classics represented "generic thought" good for the ages, and many classical notions are clearly foreign to our new post-Enlightenment world. But clarity of mind and sheer wit do have a way of transcending time, and the sharp edge of this poet's mind is as pointed and trenchant as the tip of his spear or the edge of his ire.

The Internet has brought a great deal to light which the public eye would never have found hidden away in the university libraries, but even now it still has to be in Roman ASCII font, which precludes good access to the Greek. It is just at this juncture that I felt it opportune to write a new version of Archilochus, in order to bring out the Greek text (which I can do conveniently with the Adobe Acrobat .pdf you are reading) and add to it the commentary which I have used in decades of teaching experience with lively student minds. I insist on treating this poet as a poet, and have little patience with the attempt to put together a 'biography' where there is nothing much to record. Many of my comments will seem personal and subjective, probably anathema to some scholars but a natural result from literary reading of interesting writing. I have no copy of Davenport in my study, my translations are my own and if they coincide with his, that can be seen as unfortunate accident, or as witness to the fact that we are both good translators.

For many years I have worked with a method of interpretation that I call Form Analysis, which is the study of highly developed poetic writing in terms of the sounds used, their configuration into words, phrases and verses, with the import and impact of Form qua form as a complement to study of Meaning or signification. Teaching in this country has hardly ventured outside the narrow restrictions of Meaning, possibly out of fear that students do not read well and don't really comprehend, possibly because of a lack of understanding of what the art of poetry is really about.

I won't discuss this crux of literary interpretation here, since I will come back to it in the commentary for discussion in relation to specific patches of the Greek text. But I thought I could give a little advance notice of this approach by referring to a paper I wrote on Form vs. Meaning and another The Poet and the Spectrograph with a more detailed analysis of the sounds, as well as the excellent approach to form by Harvard's Prof. Calvert Watkins in "How to Kill a Dragon" Oxford 1995 especially in the early chapters. I am sure that this is going to be the new way into reading highly-textured literature which has the density of serious poetry. Without a form-based approach to writing, we are stuck on the level of thematic-identification, topic sentences and a superficial impressions of the complex literary art. Reading a poem for meaning only without some sort of form analysis is like doing a course in Renaissance painting based on black and white slides.

The best Preface is no preface at all, with which profound statement I leave you to peruse the incomparable skeleton of the first author to follow in the wake of Homer and Hesiod, the great Greek poet Archilochus.

A Note about the "Accents"

Briefly stated, we have a problem with the pronunciation of ancient Greek, which makes it difficult to read metrical poetry easily and intelligently. The diacritic "accents" which we find in all printed Greek texts, are musical pitch indications and NOT stresses, although when learning Greek we always use them as loud and emphatic 'stresses'. On the other hand the Greek vowels can be long or short, where the 'duration' of the vowels is the basis of the metrical reading of poetry.

So the first step in learning to read Greek poetry intelligently, will be to forcibly divest one's memory of the diacritic "Accents" as Stresses and start to pay close attention to vowel-length. This is a matter of Duration, with a double duration for Longs compared to shorts or unmarked syllables, and a triple duration for circumflexed vowels..

This takes work and much acoustic practice to become a smooth and usable way of reading Greek aloud by syllable lengths, but it is the only way Greek poetry can be read. Only after the Durations are well in hand, and the lines of dactylic epic are flowing along easily, can we pay attention to the raised intonations of the Acute accent and the over-swinging warbling melismata of the Circumflex. These add another dimension to Greek verse, and will serve to augment the metrics of the durative reading. But hearing a good reader will be the best introduction, after which the parts of the length and pitch systems incorrectly described in the grammars will fall better into place.

For the sake of clarity in reading the meters, I am omitting in this edition the Smooth Breathing which has no meaning whatsoever, and the Grave accent which only means that a raised pitch has been changed to a low base-level, so there is no musical pitch there. Papyri for learners often used the grave for all unmarked syllable in an effort to keep the voice down when no pitch it called for. More explanation for this will be found in the following discussions.

I mention this as a special caution for those schooled in traditional Attic prose pronunciation who have learned their pronunciation by stressing the 'accents', and putting a loud 'stress' wherever any diacritic accent stands. This must be abandoned at this point before going on, because it makes the reading of Greek verse, which is based on length or "vowel duration", quite impossible.

Since all Greek texts are printed with diacritic accents as agreed upon by a convention of modern text editors. There is little reason to memorize them as one learns new words, even less to follow the practice of older German professors who once required from their students hand gestures, in the manner of signing for the deaf, when reading Greek aloud. Everything that does not pertain to the intelligent reading of ancient Greek literature can be considered unnecessary load, and jettisoned from the ship in the interest of better sailing into port.

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Chapter I: Poetry and the Poet

I

Athenaeus writing near 300 AD in his voluminous and curious book "The Philologists' Banquet" in which twenty-three doctoral types come together to discuss literature and learned literary matters, is the source of many of our quotations from lost Greek writers, and especially from Archilochus, whose books were the current and entire. He remarks at one point that the ancients considered political life most important, and mentions the fact that Archilochus puts his civic role before his well known poetic achievements, writing:

*εἰμι δ' ἐγὼ θεράπων μὲν Ἐνυαλίου ἀνακτος
καὶ Μουσέων ἔρατον δῶρον ἐπιστάμενος*

"I am comrade henchman of the Ares the Enyalian King
Also understanding the lovely gift of the Muses"

The name Enyalios was specifically used as an epithet joined with the war god Ares, as in Iliad 17.211, and was so often used that Ares can be omitted as understood. The word 'therapon' is used here in the wake of the Homeric usage, as "communion at arms, henchman", and clearly not "servant" as we might at first imagine.

The trail of this word is long, first "military companion", then in the Hippocratic medical writers it becomes the Attendant on a disease under the rubric of Doctor as following the course of a sickness rather than dramatically curing it, as in our medical practice. This medical usage became the dominant meaning of the word, which survived in English

"therapy" and its many derivatives. Here we must unravel the course of time and return to the Homeric sense of the term: "I am companion in arms to Ares the King...."

Since the verse is elegiac couplet, we start off with a new breath, indicated in our modern format by indentation, but with a different turn of meter. We are to expect a strong break of Caesura in the middle of the line where foot and word end together causing what we call in music a "rest", then resuming the line.

"Skilled in the lovely | gift of the Goddesses"

Notice this delicate pause splitting the lovely gift in two with a pause, just as he states his skill in poetic expression, a nice and restrained touch.

Here Archilochus, whose very name has been thought by some scholars to be a pen-name "Captain of Squad", states his dual role as soldier and also as poet. Since we are speaking of him as Poet, which to us means one who composes a certain kind of imaginative writing in a verse-format, we should note that Archilochus does not, and could not, refer to himself as a Poet. That word comes from the verb 'poieo' meaning "make, fashion, craft", and it is so used in Homer regularly. But there is no "poetes" in the epic world, the nearest word is the adjective 'poietos' or "well crafted, well fashioned", while the Homeric poet is 'aoidos' which connects with his chanting, bardic role as weaver of the fabric of history into a fabric of words. It wasn't until well into the literary flowering of the later Hellenism that 'poietes' came to be the word for what we call Poet, replacing the old Aoidos completely.

Demodocus in the Odyssey is "Instructor of the People" etymologically, and a far cry from what Archilochus, that proverbial castigatior of the people, intends to be. So the couplet really means to note the author's dual role, both as soldier and also as poet in our sense.

A classic Samurai warrior would find no difficulty in seeing these as conjoint occupations, and Miyamoto Mushashi was not unusual in writing, fighting and sculpting as expected crafts from a highly skilled and trained samurai. In the modern West we seem to have broken this mold apart, and I can hardly think of any soldier or even political person who writes or wrote poetry in any form other than a casual limerick. Perhaps more poetry might have sensitized our generals and politicians to the seamy side of combat, and reduced some of their eagerness for warfare.

II

We often think of Poet putting pen or quill to paper as he begins a composition, but for the Greeks the words were always associated with song, which means words with musical accompaniment, as here:

αυτος εξάρχων προς αυλον Λέσβιον παιήονα

"I myself the lead singer of the lesbian paeon, to the sound of the flute"

Again Athenaeus gives us a valuable word clue: "The word 'ex-arkhon' is a special term for lyre music", so Archilochus is proceeding in singing his poetry in the classic Lyre Manner. But he makes a point of mentioning the Aulos or flute, probably as a new accompaniment to the recitation. This might seem a mere substitution of one instrument for another. But the flute with its strangely lacking even harmonics, has a special sound of its own, which would contrast strongly with the much richer harmonics of the plucked reverberative string. Since he mentions the Lesbian song, which means lyre-accompanied, the flute seems to be mentioned intentionally, perhaps as new to that century or even a preference offered by Archilochus himself. Otherwise why mention it so specifically?

III

Here is something from a very different source, a papyrus from Egypt containing a work by Philodemus "On Music", which says with the bracketed words supplied to the papyrus:

"Music is [able to] restrain [political strife] and disturbance. . and Archilochus says:

κηλ(εῖ)ται δ' ὅτις (έστι)ν αοιδᾶις
"Whosoever lives (is), is enchanted by song"

I should mention that the suppletion of the letters in this above line is clear, and the meaning is reasonably certain.

This may be the earliest use of the word 'kéleo' which is a word evoking notions of charming, bewitching and Orphic beguilement. The word is not found in Homer but is a regularly used verb in later usage, often with a touch of esthetic magicry. Note 'otis' used in epic both Iliad and Odyssey, *passim* for later 'hos tis'.

This is a wonderful example of Much in Small, the whole reason and rationality for the art of music and words as things which enchant the soul, with a comment from a 1 c BC commentator that it can also soothe disturbances of a mental and even political nature. The commentator may be wrong in his academic enthusiasm, but is this not the heart of what poetic and music art are about? And is there not something quite beguiling about these four short words, winging their message to us, even quite out of any context?

But that is not all. We haven't looked at the inner configuration, the micro-structure of this line yet, without which the craft which makes the magic is invisible. The first word 'kéleitai' and the final word 'aoidais' as the key words are both tri-syllabic, while the two inner words have only two syllables and are both common words with no special color or emphasis. Now

these emphatic colored words each have two diphthongs, whereas the middling words have none. Then look at the pitch accents, which are first and last word circumflexed, with that special up-over-down rising of pitch on overlong vowels which makes them stand out strongly.

There may be question about these circumflex accents, which are probably not recorded on this papyrus fragment, and left to the judgment of modern editors here as elsewhere in the printing of Greek texts. A quick look at the standard reference work on accents (Chandler: *Greek Accentuation* 2 ed. Oxford 1881, currently republished on demand) will show how much question there really is about the accuracy of our modern accentuation, but that is another matter, and the effect of these circumflexes here may be questioned. On the other hand if they provide an interesting artistic effect, that may be part of the evidence for their correctness.

If the poet can balance a notion so effectively in a mere four word quotation, it points to the kind of care which ancient poetry demanded even in unsuspected places. The level of poetic attention and sensitivity which Greek verse demonstrates everywhere is certainly the result of a very long poetic tradition, which probably goes back not only beyond the Greek world into the Mycenaean millennium, but possibly even further into the dark ages in which the proto-Greeks were wandering from north India into a new European world, equipped with nothing more than nomads usually carry with them, with one exception. They brought along not only their language, but a lively sense of a long continued poetic tradition, which furnished the revived Greeks after the tenth century BC with a fully developed word-art. The non-portable arts of sculpture and pottery, as well as architecture, they had to develop from scratch. But language and its higher use were there from the beginning.

IV

Now we have a very different line from our poet, quoted by Tzetzes in the 12th century. The commentator writes in his commentary on Iliad 24 about Achilles' despair, comparing "Archilochus' grief upon his sister's husband's death at sea, saying he could no longer continue with his compositions", and gives this line:

και μ' ούτ' ιάμβων ούτε τερπωλέων μέλει
"and I care not for iambic poetry nor for rejoicings"

Caring not for rejoicing festivities or for "iambics" in grief, would match the Homeric hero in sorrow, somehow and Tzetzes continues in the same strain:

ούτε τι γαρ κλαίων ιήσομαι ουτε κάκιον
θήσω τερπώλας και θαλίας εφέπων

"I shall not cure anything by crying, or make it worse by pursuing fun and games"

One can no more cure grief by crying than make it worse by pursuing joyfulness and festivities.

One can wonder if this was the right context for Archilochus, or if the learned medieval commentator took two passages from the poet and somehow sutured them into something else he had heard about Archilochus' brother in law's death. Modern scholars often pursue such a pseudo-biographical path, believing that a poem becomes more real if a part of the author's actual life experience. But this adds an unbalancing burden to the verse which now must fill both roles of poetry and also biography.

Consider the first verse by itself, and we can hear the rough Ezra Pound-like voice of Archilochus stepping out of the poet role back to the soldier's stance, and saying: "The Hell with all that verse and carrying-on..."

But then speaking another day in another situation which involves grief, he snaps out the hard rule of the practical man: "Wailing don't cure grief, and fun don't make it worse at all!" so let the partying continue! If the first verse turned him sour on his art for a while, common sense corrected that very quickly, as he returned to his life of song, dance, women and wine.

That roughness is what I would expect of a man who unequivocally states

και δη' πίκουρος ὡστε Καρ κεκλήσομαι
"and I shall be called Soldier of Fortune, like a Carian"

If this is Archilochus' self-identity, then it needs two footnotes. First the 'epikouroi' in this early period were mercenaries, soldiers of fortune, and as such not only foreigners to the ethnocentric Greeks, but also hirelings.

These Epikouroi were not what Plato had in the Republic, the Guardian Class who were to keep the state in permanent order and prevent insurrection. Whatever Plato thought about a state in fixed formula, he put his police in a bad role which many modern political scientists seem to ignore. They had all the power and the danger of the Red Guard and the KGB, not to mention some of our own offices which sometimes tend to overween. Reading the fluid prose of Plato, we forget that his Guardians were in fact cheap mercenaries in wolf's police clothing.

There are many proverbial sayings in Greek which speak of the Carian as one of no value. "Risk it if you have to, but do it with a Carian". Cheap to hire, pay by the months in the field, and dispose of them as needed in warfare, that is the role of the Kar. There is also an obscure word 'kar' of which forms and meaning are hardly understood, which occurs only at Iliad 9.378

τίω δε μιν εν καρός αίση
"I honor him in the measure of a 'Kar' "

This means as absolutely of no value, and this word 'kar' may be from the verb 'keiro' which means cutting the hair, clipping hair. So this 'kar' may be a "hair clipping, a hair" and the phrase exactly like Latin valuation as worth a hair "estimo eum pili..." I suggest that these two words, the national "Kar" and Carians, got confused with the hair 'kar' though with short -a-, and accounts in part for the worthless reputation of the Carians in antiquity.

Now if we want to take a chance and see if we can suture these three passages into a single heading, we might end up with these stages:

- a) I give up on poetry and all that festival stuff.....damn it!
- b) But wailing can't make pain (depression?) better, or partying make it worse, can it? (So.....the music goes on.)
- c) I can do it that way because I am a low class Cur like a Car, so you know how I am going to behave. No "Best of Achaeans" here!

Now we have to examine the actual form of this verse. I note that there are five staccato -k- sounds strung through the line, but only two rising acute pitches sounding like bugle calls near the start and before the finish. This with three monosyllabic words and one di-syllable, and you have one tough son of a bitch line, just what a grunt soldier would snap out. The sounds fit the meaning perfectly: "Yeah, I talk like that, I'm one of the convict boys from the prison-release Company C, the guys who do the cleanup work in the jungle."

V

The indefatigable Athenaeus again, who notes that when a libation was poured, the dithyramb need not accompany it. But when the pouring is done, it is begun with wine for Dionysus and quiet praise for Apollo, singing.....As Archilochus does it:

*ὡς Διωνύσοι' ἀνακτος ἐξάρξαι μέλος
οἶδα διθύραμβον οἴνω συγκεραυνωθείς φρένας*
"I know how to be Lead Singer of the lovely song
of Lord Dionysos, my wits thundered out with wine"

As before we have the important ritual word 'ex-archein' meaning taking the formal lead, the ritual start of a song based religious ceremony. Archilochus as poet and 'exarchos' knows (oida) the formal requirements for this, and states it clearly in the first line as he begins the ceremonial song.

But as he proceeds into the second verse, the song is defined as the celebrated Dithyramb, an ancient verse form which probably originated in Phrygia as associated with the cult of Dionysus. It was first cultivated in Dorian areas, later subsumed into the developing body of Greek choral poetry, often becoming obscure in meaning perhaps as a token of its wine-based inception. So here, Archilochus indicated the presence of wine, but in a completely intoxicated way. He is "altogether thunderstruck as to his wits by wine", a remarkable way of putting it since actual thunder or 'keraunos' is the word he uses. Like English 'bombed' or 'smashed', it has that peculiar force of being knocked out of one's wits, a striking phrase indeed.

But there is more to the form. First we notice that the second word of the first line is Dionysiac, the second word of the second line is Dithyramb. This might seem accidental, were it not for the thirds words of each line, which occupy the central position in their lines: 'anaktos', the King, and 'oino' the wine.

Then the fourth words in each line have a different role. For the first line the key fourth word is "lead off (the song)" or 'exarxai', a tough word with two -x-'s placed amid vowels ' -e- -a- ai- '. But when we look for its corresponding word in the following line, we find the remarkable word 'sunkeraunotheis', with an entirely different and actually opposed sound configuration. First there are five syllables here, with a wildly oscillating vowel sequence of ' -u- -e- -au- -ó- -ei- ', all jumbled together in a quick reeling motion.

Note that there are no pitch accents at all for this word, so it must patter along on base level 'grave' or undistinguished 'low'. Of course this raises the problem of the recording of the ancient pitches, which may have varied considerably in the archaic period depending on their use in different Dialects as well as poetic styles.

Our pitches reflect Alexandrian schoolbook practice for foreigners, run through the medieval MS tradition where they were mere written 'signs', and finally edited by Greek text editors' convention as we find them now in printed books. When we know more about the relationship of Greek pitch accents to those of Sanskrit where they are preserved and Lithuania where maintained, we may have more insight into the musicality of the Greek pitches. But since there is a tradition of these sounds which comes down from at least Hellenistic times, we can follow the words of the Metrist authors and use the pitches on a relatively sure, if not absolutely authentic level.

What is interesting about this fragment of a quotation is that it ties this poet, who has previously defined himself as Poet-Soldier, to another role as Leader or 'exarchos' in the formal religious ritual of the Dithyramb, thus linking to Dionysos and of course to Wine as his virtual Eucharist. These things further involve the poet with 'song', which must mean poetry in tandem with the flute as the appropriate Dionysiac instrument, and with wine which finally thunders him out of his mind in the process.

The number of discrete notions and associations which connect intimately with each other, and with the Poet Singer who is at the center of this hubbub of varied activities, is astounding. Especially so since it is vested in just two lines of tightly compressed Greek verse, even so isolated from what must have been an involved cultural and poetic context. That kind of compression which is able to release multiple flashes of bright light, is characteristic of Greek thought and especially of Greek poetry of the archaic period, on which the thought and art of the Fifth Century is built.

This is not the place to launch a disquisition on Wine in Antiquity, but a few words may not be out of order. Wine as the fermented juice of certain grapes which spread from an original type in Eastern Turkey, can have an alcoholic content up to about ten percent, at which point the alcohol level kills off the fermentive agents. All ancient wine was thus, in our terms, relatively weak, and until factory distillation was developed in Europe in the 18th century, nothing stronger was available to the world public.

The ancients mixed their wine with two or even three parts water for normal beverage use, which became universal as soon as they recognized the use of the alcohol content as ensuring a safe liquid to drink, as against questionable water sources. This weaker mixture could be strengthened to a 2:1 proportion, or even drunk 'straight up' for ecstatic purposes.

This may seem curious to us in the Western world where liquor with four times the straight of straight wine is commonly used, socially or often to excess and alcoholic addition. But even with us we find women are much more susceptible to alcoholic response, and Asians also have been documented as having a lower threshold than Caucasians. Extend this to peoples who have never encountered wine, who have no personal or genetic experience with this intoxicant, and you may have a fair idea of the response of Dionysiac enthusiasts in ancient Phrygia who built wine into their religious ecstatification.

There were many sayings in the ancient world that "wine was the keyhole into the mind", or among the Romans "in vino veritas", but alcohol can also be seen as having psychotropic or even hallucinogenic effects. The cult of Dionysus shows many traits which lead in this direction, perhaps best seen in the *Bacchae* of Euripides where female ecstasy culminates in (ritually accelerated) murder.

So we must add to the above lines of Archilochus, that the term "thunder-smashed", a needed term since "thunderstruck" has been weakened to a merely state of strong surprise, has here significant meaning for Archilochus. He is not just drunk, but ecstatically inebriated in a rite for which we have no analog. Native Americans taking mescaline for the annual mental pilgrimage toward God would be much nearer to Archilochus initiating the Dionysiac wine-bearing Dithyrambic song-fest.

VI

This curious little gem of a quotation is from Marius Victorinus, a 4th c. AD Latin grammarian discussing the catalectic iambic trimeter of which this is an example. What is interesting is that the literary reputation of Archilochus was even then so widespread that a line could be quoted for technical reasons as a matter of convenience and also authority.

άντω τι, Μοῦσα προς μέσον λάλησον

This might be cryptic without a paraphrase.

"I beg you, Mouse, say something to the audience"

The verb "antioó" is used only in later Epic period, as an alternative to the normal "antiazo" with primary meaning of "approach" and then "beseech", as here. On the other hand 'laleo' is a non-Epic word which belongs to the world of Comedy, Drama and Plato with the meaning of "prattle, babble on lightly", and continues through Later Greek to NT koine (I Cor. 13: "If I speak (lalo) with the tongues of men and of angels") and Horace's famous bimbo girlfriend Lalage, "dulce loquentem". It is interesting that Archilochus stands poised between the Homeric vocabulary and that of half a dozen succeeding centuries, just as his poetry itself stands wedged between ancient and modern.

Note the aorist imperative 'laléson', with a specifically perfective tone to it. "say a word.....+..... something ('ti')". If the 'something' is short and just a bit of a word, then the aoristic verb is even shorter, a momentary bit of a word. So we have a highly mannerismed little phrase here, doubly compressed and hence unmistakably polite, as suitable when asking the Lady Muse for a favor, a bit of her wisdom or benison.

Now 'pros meson' might not be clear unless we knew the Homeric use of this word as "in the midst". It is Herodotus' expression for speaking to a group of hearers 'es to meson legesthai' 6.129 and elsewhere as a regular phrase. So here we are to assume an assemblage, to which the Muse is most politely asked, as a modern TV host might ask a politician, to say a word to the people. What marks this line as special is the way a super-polite request to the Lady Mousa is ventured, with a smile, a bow and perhaps a gesture of the hand as she steps to the microphone. Could anything be more gentle, more inviting, more sinuous and at the same time investable in six lines of Greek poetry, than this little gem of persuasive invitation?

Chapter II: The Soldier Poet

I

The first impression we have of Archilochus is usually from this striking self-portrait, which has been so often quoted as to seem the virtual cameo of this poet.

*εν δορι μὲν μοι μάζα μεμαγμένη, εν δορι οἶνος
Ισμαρικός, πίνω δ' εν δορι κεκλιμένος*

Athenaeus was comparing the wine of Naxos to nectar, and it was the mention of the Ismaric variety which drew his attention to this elegaic couplet, nothing more. But to us it is the spear repeated thrice in the most convincing terms which seem important and one could say that the spear dominates this lines just as Archilochus meant to say that the spear, whether as a weapon or metaphorically, dominated his existence.

The tripartite sentence is something very ancient and since it appears in the oldest Indo-Iranian texts also, it may well go back to an ancient Indo-European linguistics stage, at a time before the exodus across Europe had begun. Linguistic memory may have older roots than we have suspected, searching as we do for hard evidence about early developments from stones, campfires and pottery remains. Where we have been able to do statistical studies on word retention in the face of language changes, we find a clear percentage of items which each population preserves in its inherited vocabulary. This kind of sentence arrangements may be one of such features.

But the question stands: Exactly what do these three phrases mean?

The noun 'doru' initially means a plank or beam of wood, it is the material which forms the word, not its use. The word is rarely used by the poets, because it is a practical daily word in general use, but in the Epic it is a specific word for the wooden handled, bronze tipped spear of the warrior.

It could be hurled or used in thrust, even swung sideways like an extended sword to slash with the broad cutting edges of the blade. This is the Homeric infantryman's weapon, as against the arrows which belong to the Eastern powers. The phrase 'en dori' used three times gives the ring of repetition to these lines, often marked as a figure of speech. In the section on the politician Leophilos (below) the repetition of his name four times indicates a clear sense of the poet's annoyance. Here it serves to connect the soldier with his weapon, yet there is something awry.

In the first two times, 'en dori' can be taken in a generally instrumental manner, which is to say that the soldier gets his bread and wine as essentials for living, his rations as it were, by means of the spear. This could be via a rations allowance, or the mercenary's old habit of pilfering from the area where he is stationed. But without question the weapon is the visible sign of the soldier's presence, as a Greek soldier without wine and bread is no soldier at all.

But the third occurrence, although the words are the same, is different in meaning. This has been taken to mean "I drink, leaning on my spear". Many representations in sculpture and pottery show a tall soldier often standing at the side of a depicted action, leaning on his spear as a natural pose for his occupation. There is little problem with the stance, but the words don't quite fit. The verb 'klin-ein' is often used with 'es' and the accusative (as 'es eunén' when going to sleep) or with a straight dative. It is the 'en' which seems out of place, as it is neither a locative dative nor, as in the other two uses, instrumental in function.

Bowra noted years ago that there is a phrase 'dori keklimenos' which can mean 'on duty' of a soldier, but then we have to leave out the 'en' and this skews the verse. We do not like tampering with the text these days unless necessary. Furthermore this cut loses the emphasis of the three times wording, hence losing much of the thrust of the piece.

Why quibble? Let's take the lines as they stand and see it this way:
Syncretize the situation into a visual display, with the Soldier standing tall and straight, a round half loaf of bread in his left hand, the right hand holding up his leathern bag of wine to his lips, while leaning on his spear which is caught in the crook of his right elbow. If this is the scene in Archilochus' mind, he then splits his perception into three parts in order to write it out, linearly in a sequence of words in verse.

{ ITEM A bread (~ spear) + ITEM B winebag (~spear) }

ITEM C soldier --> *SPEAR*

In short, there are three items of visual interest, the two comestibles (with their relation to the spear as emblem of the military) and the soldier himself with his spear, now not as a symbol, but something to lean on.

This is why these two lines are so interesting. They set up a parallelism, they give us visual focus for the two parts of a soldier's rations which we can recognize as basics for his living. And then we see him not as the getter and user of wine and bread, but as the man who is given his daily bread (I Cor. 13), and has for provisions his canteen of wine, and THEN we see him holding the wine up to his mouth, and steadying himself with the selfsame spear which was mentioned as his 'instrument' for getting both wind and bread.

Bringing it all together in that last 'en dori' phrase makes the picture real, as the eye of our mind roves from bread to wine and then to a camera freeze shot of HIM standing there in action, caught in the moment of imbibing. This is no simple elegiac distich, but a complex weaving of three disparate items into a composite image which represents "The Mercenary Soldier" seen for a split second before he moves away out of our sight.

What about the special significance of the spear, that famous Homeric 'doulos'? In the days of WW II, the artist Bill Mauldin did hundreds of cartoons of life on the front lines for the paper "Stars and Stripes", and his Willie and Joe became symbols of the mire-laden, hot and cold suffering GI's of those war years. The M1 Garand rifle was Willie's 'doru', always at hand and useful for a hundred unexpected uses, like using it to shoot a chicken, then tying the bird to the muzzle tip with a wire and suspending it to cook over a campfire for dinner. The weapon becomes more than a weapon, it is a part of the soldier's life and of his psychology, as necessary an accoutrement as his pair of pants.

One more wrinkle remains to be searched on this complex in-folding of words. It comes from Synesius of Cyrene, who lived 370-413 AD, a well educated Neo-Platonist and eventually, having changed directions, became the Bishop of Ptolemais. Among his writings was the book named by its Latin title "De Insomniis" or dream-interpretation, but it is in his "Epistulae" (130b Hercher) that he makes a most unusual connection to this passage of Archilochus.

"I was fighting in my sleep (hypnomachia) under a connecting rampart between two towers, and (he quotes here the above Archilochus couplet). I am not sure it were more pertinent for Archilochus to say this....."

Since we know Synesius was interested in dreams, and here he cites an actual dream which he had and connects Archilochus with this dream as a possible analog, we have to ask ourselves if S. was saying anything pertinent about the couplet for which he is a second, confirming source, or whether he is dreaming over his quill. Perhaps no more is meant than finding himself in a fighting situation in his dream, he recalls the famous oft-quoted couplet of Archilochus about a fighting man's stance, and imagines himself a latter-day Archilochean lance man.

Or could he be suggesting that Archilochus in stating his position as fighter on lean rations with just spear at his side, was also imagining the situation, daydreaming about soldiery, and nothing more? Unlikely, but S. was still in the Hellenistic mode of thought, and a thousand years nearer to his source than we are at over two and a half millennia removed.

Yet one more detail. Since Archilochus took the trouble to denote the brand of wine he was toping as Ismaricon, we should look further. Ismaros is a town in Thrace, which is mentioned Odyssey 9.40 as in the area of the Kikones. Now a little later in the book at 196 ff. Odysseus is given a goatskin of wine by Maro who was priest of Apollo who watched over Ismaros. This is the wine which Odysseus is going to use to get the Cyclops drunk, thereby effecting his escape.

So the wine which Archilochus mentions as Ismaric, is not your *vin ordinaire* at all, it is a special draft powerful enough to knock out a monster, and this is the wine drafter by the soldier under arms, no doubt leaning on his spear in a state of partial intoxicitude.

Now since the Ismaric wine turns out to be more than just wine out of the bottle, then what about that bread, the 'maza memagmene' ?
Kneaded bread is certainly not extraordinary, since most bread is kneaded before baking, so why the mention of it here?

Xenophon, Cyropedia 6.2.18 has a pertinent remark:

*ὅστις ἀλφιτοσιτῆι, ὕδατι μεμαγμένην αἰεὶ τὴν μᾶζαν
εσθίει*

"If a person eats barley, he always eats the kneaded (rising) bread with water."

The Greek 'hudór' is water but also generic liquid. Aristotle says *Metaph.* 382b: "These are the kinds of water: wine (oinos), urine (ouros) and serum (oros)". The bread is apparently considered too dry to eat as it is, and must be moistened with a liquid of some sort, before swallowing to avoid choking on it. (A slight problem with 'memagmene' where the MSS have 'memigmene' or "mixed (with water)" is regarded by LSJ as a good conjecture (prob. cj.) since 'maza memagmene' is a common formulaic expression).

To sum up a tortuous argument about the two adjectives, Ismarikon and memagmene, which we passed over rather quickly at first, we have a strong wine in the goatskin flask, which has a special use in wetting down the dry and hard baked bread. And so we see the poet soldier standing at the end, leaning on his spear as he continues to drain the *bota* of the Ismaric vintage, good to the last drop.

II

Plutarch in the Life of Galba Sect.27, quotes this verse of Archilochus in a most curious setting:

*ἑπτα γαρ νεκρῶν πεσόντων, ὄυς ἐμάρψαμεν ποσίν
χίλιοι φονῆεσ εσμέν*

"of the seven lying dead, whom we overtook on foot,
we are the thousand slayers"

Now Plutarch says a crowd after murdering Vinius and Laco cut off their heads and took these to Otho, bloodying their hands well and asking for a grand reward, and he adds "As Archilochus says..." with the above lines. One does not want to argue with a man as reputable as Plutarch, still within the Hellenic literary tradition, but something seems very odd.

I have always understood this to be an anti-heroic thrust, parodying the hero standing out against a multitude of the enemy, or the few Spartans at Thermopylae withstanding to the last man thousands of on-rushing Persians. If those situations are noble, then this would seem entirely wrong-headed. The numbers are backward, and we have here a multitude rushing over the ridge onto a pathetic Seven Non-Samurai who are quickly dispatched, while the glorious victors brag "We are ones who did it ...!".

This seems to fit the Archilochean style better. But what about Plutarch? Reward hunters crowding around after the enemy is killed could also be anti-heroic. A few years ago in Philadelphia a bus with forty passengers rolled over, after which a hundred people claimed to their insurance companies to have been on the bus. Also anti-heroic!

So reading it carefully, we can mull a bit and finally take our choice.

III

Portrait of the General

Here we have a sample of Archilochus' anti-heroic stance, and it is not difficult to picture the kind of man he is describing, since he appears in archaic sculpture in full regalia with the grand attitude, altitude and even the complicated curls down his neck. If we thought these decorations were simply sculptural detailing, here stand evidence that such a man was real and even likely to be a Generalissimo.

*ου φιλέω μέγαν στρατεγον ουδε διαπεπλίγμενον
ουδε βοστρύχοισι ψαῦρον ουδ' ὑπεξυπημένον
ἀλλά μοι σμικρός τις εἴη και περι κνήμας ιδεῖν
ῥοικός, ασφαλεώς βεβηκως ποσσί, καρδίης πλέως*

"I don't like a tall general nor one in braids
or proud with his curls or part shaved under the chin,
but for me he should be short and around his knees
bowlegged to behold, standing firm on his feet, full of heart."

Notice how Archilochus starts with his first negative word about stature with 'megas', a short word quickly amplified with the fancified word 'diaplepligmenon' meaning "twist, twine, plait", always used with contrived association. The next line continues with word plaiting, the general is 'gauros' or "showing off" with his curly 'bostrukhoisi' and "under-shaven" (probably shaved up the neck leaving a beard line from ear to ear around the chin, as often in statues).

Then line 3, which is characterized by the down - to - earth word 'smikros' as against the 'megas' of the beginning, trots along with three one- and six two-syllabled words, as against the ten syllables crowded into two words in line 2. The change of mood is clear, made clearer by the vision-word 'idein = to see' at the end, but the line does not end here at all, it overflows in enthusiasm.....

The last line, where we would expect it all to be neatly tied up and stated in the most emphatic way, starts with the run-over word from the previous line. This is always, from the epic tradition of Homer down to Vergil, a most emphatic position for a word, since it violates the epic preference for the verse-line, and as such gets immediate attention. So now we are geared up for a resounding Finale, but not that of the blaring trumpet, but the ordinary man who had been in service as a soldier 'over there'.

The words are telling. First of all, 'roikos' is bow-legged and most unlikely to be seen on an archaic statue, although many Greeks must have had poor bone growth as a result of diet deficiencies let alone disease. Continuing with the legs, he is "un-slippably standing on his feet", with a firm perfect active participle reinforcing the notion of solidity. (Engl. "asphalt" for pavement is a 19th c. invention from this word.) Staying with body figures, it is no surprise to find that he is full of heart, an expression we can understand today although anciently based on a wrong understanding of the heart center of the emotions.

Looking again at this line, we see its neat tripartite arrangement, which is expanded and variegated by the number of syllables in each part. "Boasty" has two syllables, the firm stance is supported by six more, and the conclusion is cemented up with five of them. So the motion is slow at first, then in the middle stepping up the pace (although the figure is standing still!) and then concluding with a nice roll.

Anyone who has been in a war knows the private's dislike of a fancy and proud officer, the arrogance of authority as authority, the relief at finding a decent officer who was probably a blacksmith in life but in action a man you could count on. (Note my previous tripartite sentence.) Aeschylus knew this well, there are traces of his war sense in lines here and there, but this composite picture of Archilochus' idea general might be thought to be overdrawn? Can we find such a one anywhere in Greek thinking?

Yes, in fact he is Thersites, but with a difference. Short, specifically bow-legged, no chance of his being thought one of the 'aristoi', the best of the Achaeans. He even talks loud and thoughtlessly, always out of line, and no place in the epic world, unless to be taken down a peg and beaten by Odysseus in public and left whining in the dirt. That is the fate of such a one in the thin-wearing Heroic Mold.

But already Odysseus is becoming an ordinary crafty sailor, goddess Athena appears to him in disguise now as a Ship's Captain, and the interest is on what you can do, rather than the old formula of how you think about being superior (*hupeirokhos*). In this setting Thersites comes back for a recasting, he looks the same and may even still be half balding, but he is a man of the common strain whom you can trust in a pinch. We have our heroes too, and if you wanted to name one, a man of no stature, no grace and little sense of class, it would be that American solid little fellow who can stand firm on his conscience and his own two feet. It would be none other than our Harry S. Truman.

But there is more to this comparison than at first appears. Truman was a Captain of a rough platoon of infantrymen in WW I, a position of leadership he was not prepared for by life or by education. In fact he carried the commission strongly and was much respected by the men whom he led in battle. He certainly learned from this experience the meaning of a line of Archilochus:

ερξάτω δ', ετήτυμον γαρ ξυνοσ ανθρώποισ Αρης
"Let him to it, for Ares is really the same for all men"

Fighting in France on foot, Truman understood the meaning of this line. And it was certainly on the basis of his experience that he decided, on his authority as President and Commander of the Military Forces of the United States ----- to order the integration of the armed forces. There was widespread opposition to this order, the Army told him it would never work and cause havoc in the ranks. But Truman said it was an order, and the armed forces were soon integrated under orders, and well ahead of the integration of the schools years later. This was a bold move on Truman's part, especially when we consider his origins in Missouri in the southern atmosphere of the early 20th century.

So despite election prediction back in thos days, Americans seemed to have had the same preferences --- one who is "short, ordinary looking, and full of courage....."

IV

Plutarch 1 c AD is talking about fighting in close quarters, specifically with hair cut short so the enemy couldn't get it to grip in combat, and quotes this fine little sketch of a field scene up close:

*οὐ τοι πόλλ' ἐπι τόξα τανύσσεται οὐδε θαμνίαι
σφενδόνας εὐτ' ἀν δὴ μῶλον Ἀρης συνάγει
ἐν πεδίῳ . ξιφέων δὲ πολύστονον ἔσσειται ἔργον .
ταύτης γὰρ κείνοι δαίμονες εἰσι μάχης
δεσπότης Εὐβοίης δουρικλυτοί.....*

"Not many bowstrings will be stretched nor slingshot
flying thick, when Ares makes his killing field
On the plain. Then it will be the grievous work of the sword.
They are the Lords of this kind of battle ---
The spear-famed Lords of Euboea."

We have here an unusual battle scene which apparently by design or treaty was restricted to sword-fighting to the exclusion of bows and slings. This may point to the Lelantine War between Chalcis and Eretria in 790 BC where missile weapons were by agreement outlawed.

The use of 'daimones' is special since there are two in-built meanings to the word. The Daimon is a god, a spirit supervisor of a person or scene, and as Ares rules the battlefield, so there are other sprits at work there too. But this word has been taken also as meaning 'a skilled person', probably conflating with 'daémón' or "knowing, skilled" which Plato in the Cratylus 398b thought was the original meaning behind spiritual 'daimon'. Some have suggested emending the text here to "daémón" thus getting rid of the Spirit Gods entirely, since the skill of the swordsmen is what is being stressed.

The elegiac couplet gives a certain spaciousness to the description, with slight rests of the caesura before 'molon' in second line and before the ominous 'daimones' in the fourth. And the basic dactylic format calls up scenes from the Epic, but with a great deal of difference. If we look at the integrity of the lines, we see the slings are written over from first line to the start of the second, but with none of the Homeric emphasis of such writing-over. And the second line does not conclude but goes on to "on the plain" and leaves us paused right there after the second word of the third line.

The fourth line as the bipartite line of a couplet, is here not divided at all in meaning. Bracketed by "of this...." at the front and ".....battle" at the end, it has an integrated line symmetry, with another interior balance in the caesural pause, splitting " these | Lords ".

And then the last line inserts the place name Euboea among the fighters, "the spear famed (from Euboea) masters".

The first and third lines do have some sigmatic alliteration, but this is not a natural passage for extensive sound-arrangements, since it is intentionally Epic-ish in meaning. But it continually breaks the epic storytelling thread by unusual interruptions of words which flow out of the verse line. Perhaps the words forcibly grabbed out of their lines suggested to Plutarch the enemy trying to grab the long locks of unshorn warriors, a detail which he notes as reason for quotation, but does not appear in the poem.

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V

Here we have a few short fragments which refer to the life and the psychology of the soldier.

*μάξης δε της σης, ὅστε διψέων πιεῖν
ὡς ἐρέω*

"I long for a fight with you, just as a thirsty man longs for drink"

Athenaeus, who gives us this quotation, remarks: Thirst is the most demanding of the senses, which explains the expression Homer uses for Argos as "the much thirsted after", because so long wished for!

So here thirst points not only to desire, but a continued desire made more pointed by the use of 'ereo' as "love for (with genitive object)".

The sheer rage which this line demonstrates is a good example of the anger for which Archilochus was famous in the later Hellenic tradition. And it is a doubled anger, since it is not only a matter of Love but at the same time a metaphor for consuming Thirst. It is almost as if the speaker is tasting the quality of his rage for battle, not only the words on his tongue but the taste of his relish for battle. Reifying anger so you can isolate it is not a simple matter.

Homer had said long before "Dear to my friends, hateful to my enemies", a notion perhaps more consonant with basic human emotions than the Christian doctrine of loving one's enemies. Hate is a part of the armarium of the human animal, it seems. But this can be intensified, as in this line:

ξείνια δυσμενέσιν λυγρα χαριζόμενος
"...presenting awful gifts to the enemies"

The key to this line is the verb 'charizomai' meaning "giving graciously, giving as a gift with a smile", as friendly a word as the noun 'charis' or "grace". Now couple this friendly and gracious word of "favoring with a gift", with the object of the gift as "guest-gifts" or 'xenia', and you have as friendly a formula as the ancient Greek can imagine. But the add to the "guest gifts" the adjective "AWFUL" and the smiles vanish into thin air.

The Greek world depended on guests' rights and hospitality as part of the operational scheme of a people continually moving around in the eastern end of the Mediterranean world and beyond. Not only was guestship a practical necessity for travel, but it was registered as holy protection under the name of Zeus Xenios as "Zeus the Guest God". Failure to observe guest ritual was to invite the curse from on high and the guest injunctions commanded universal respect, just as violation was unthinkable.

So when one offers to bring to the enemy, as a set of gifts in friendly wise, a package which embraces the full set of guestship rituals, but now transformed into a terrible and unthinkable parcel, we have a doubled edge based on the second part of the Homeric adage. Not only is this man bringing gifts with a smile to the foe he is calling them "guestship privileges", going one step further, with "awful and terrible guests' gifts" to boot. Again Archilochus knows how to tease the ultimate thread of hate out of the words he is knitting into this four word phrase. Having just this pregnant fragment, how can we imagine the extent of a page of his rage?

VI

In a discussion of the many kinds of Friendship in the Eudemian Ethics, Aristotle says that for most people, an interested friendship is the most common type, since we love each other insofar as useful, and only so far. And he quotes Archilochus as stating:

Γλαῦκ', επίκουρος ανηρ τόσον φίλος έστε μάχηται

"Glaucus, a soldier of fortune is your friend --- as long as he fights."

And the moment he falters in standing by your side in battle, he is no longer a friend.

This is not to say that at the critical turn of his battle commitment, he becomes your enemy, although in retrospect that is probably the way it would turn out.

But it is at that critical moment when he is no longer useful (Aristotle puts his finger on this with the word 'chresimos') he is not your 'philos', your friend. With this pragmatic definition of friendship as practiced by the generality of mankind, we lose sight of other kinds of friendship which are possible. The friendship of long association, friendship within the family structure, and the Socratic friendship of elder informing the growing mind of younger ---- these are possible and worthwhile but in another class of Philia. Is the proverbial Greek "friend0" as defined by the expression "What is a friend? Another myself!" completely narcissistic or completely impossible?

It does make things clear, if we depend on absolute function and the utility of friendship, and however narrow or limited we may find Aristotle's and Archilochus' definition, we have to admit that it is humanly basic and in a functional sense, it does work

VII

The Shield

The story of Archilochus' shield is so famous that when Horace some six centuries later mentioned losing his own shield as a sly reference to his undistinguished military history, everyone knew instantly whence the reference and what he meant to say. But the import of Archilochus' little chunk of verse is far more involved than a touch of life-saving cowardice, it goes back to the Homeric war-ethic and the personal demonstration of bravery that a Homeric hero would be expected to show.

It is Plutarch in his essay "Laconian Institutions" who gives us this piece, with this background note:

"When Archilochus happened to be in Sparta, they threw him out of the city on an hour's notice, since they understood he had written in a poem that it was better to throw away one's weapon, rather than die."

*ασπίδι μεν Σαίων τις αγάλλεται, ἦν παρα θάμνῳ
έντος αμώμητον κάλλιπον ουκ εθέλων.
αυτον δ' έκ μ' εσάωσα· τι μοι μέλει ασπις εκείνη;
ερρέτω · εξαῦτις κτήσομαι ου κακίω.*

"Some Thracian is delighted with the shield, which beside a bush
I left unwillingly, an excellent and perfect armament.
Myself I saved! Why should that shield be important to me?
The hell with it! I'll get another again, just as good."

The ire of the Spartans is better understood if you remember their story about the mother's last words to her son departing for battle: "Come home with your shield, or on it " i.e. as a stretcher. And think of Thermopylae at a later date serving as an emblem of glorious death rather than giving up to the Persians. And the poetic epigram written to commemorate their heroic death years later: "Tell the people back at Sparta / we never went off duty here....". Long since buried, stiff in military attitude in their graves perhaps, still guarding the pass at Warm Springs, THAT was the Lacedaemonian heart and spirit.

But before Archilochus there was the long shadow of the Homeric words of the hero Diomedes : "This I learned from my father: 'Ever to be best, and always superior (*hupeirochos*) to the others' ". These were ethical soldiers, men called up by their country or leader, men bound by word and faith to a "cause", to fight to the death, and a code of absolute honor was the ramrod which compacted this commitment.

The code had begun to crack in the world of Odysseus, whose main aim is to win his return or *Nostos* to home. Losing his crew, losing even his shirt he returns as a shabby beggar without the bow he has to somehow get his hands on to kill the suitors. He did one thing very well, he did save himself, and that is going to be the ethic of a new trader middle-class which attends to the business of life and survival rather than Achilles' "short life if brilliant, rather than long and ordinary".

The times had changed, except for one thing. The Homeric ethic of the *Iliad* was still the Bible of early Greece, it was sung and memorized and when reading and writing appeared, it is the first text schoolboys learned to scribble out on their waxed board notebooks. The message was continually reinforced, but changed in a changing 7th c. BC world, much as our Christian doctrine of Love as *agape* is repeated today in a world somehow dedicated to warfare.

Archilochus makes the break with the Epic. He is a hired soldier, and knows intuitively the meaning of our English rhyme: "He who fights and runs away / Lives to fight another day." Once we have crossed that line, it

becomes clear that this is the better way for us in the short life we have allotted to us, and Life is a more precious commodity than anything else we possess.

In closer view: It is generally recognized that this poem is complete, not a part of something else which might verge into other directions. The shield is probably the little, round and portable shield of that time rather than the figure-eight leathern button-studded armament of the Homeric age, so it is not only more portable, but also more disposable.

The word in line 2 'entos' has some linguistic problems attached to it. As the first word in the second line 'éntos' is a neuter form found only here from the usual neuter plural 'ta entea' meaning weapons, armaments. Reading it quickly you might have thought it was 'entós' meaning "within", that is within the bush, but that has been defined before with 'para' as "beside". Since the accent alone is the determining factor, and the word we have in our text is an *hapax*, I wonder if Archilochus could not have first said "beside the bush" and then added (with the other 'entos') "actually inside it...". This is easier to understand and a good meaning overall, but the first reading is probably more acceptable to text-conscious eyes.

In the third line, some have felt that a period after 'melei' would change the meaning to "Let that shield go to Hell", but there is little difference in the sense overall. Lest you think I am substituting Hell in the last line from my own imagination, I must assure you that forms of the verb 'erro', especially in the imperative, have exactly that meaning, except it will be Hades rather than Hell which is specified.

For a parallel with an unthinkably shocking value, consider what this would have meant to the Japanese military minded public back in 1943 to have read this variation on Archilochus' theme:

Some one of those Yankees is boasting about my officer's sword
Which I left in the jungle, bright clean scabbard and all.
Took to my heels and saved myself. Worry about that sword?
I can get another one just as good back in Tokyo

VIII

We have another broken piece of a poem on the same Shield theme:

ασπις μεν ουκέτ' εστίν, ουδε ίχνος βέω.....

"The shield is no more, not do I follow the footsteps.....(of?)"

Edmonds adds as a gratuitous conjecture the start of a second line:

φίλων έταίρων.....

"of my dear friends....."

...but it could just as well be "I do not follow the footsteps of my earlier behavior", a footnote to the first shield poem as a result of intense popular criticism. But Archilochus never paid attention to criticism, stating: "If you worry about what people say of you, you will never have a peaceful moment...." so that is also pure conjecture.

On the other hand, if we look at the formal layout of this line, we have

Shield (negative) ----- + -----I walk (negative)

This would seem to imply some sort of backtracking on his own footsteps (ichnos), and although we may exercise our critical imagination, we might as well leave it at that. What is worth noting is the fact that the Shield surfaces again in Archilochus' poetry, so it was assuredly not a light or whimsical poem he had written in the first place.

Note the word 'beó' which must be a single word variant to the '-baó' used only in compounds, and eventually traceable back to the normal walking word 'baino'. I note a certain lilt to the central words, with a flat and ordinary 'estin' standing between two words with rounded -ou-diphthongs, the verb of 'being' as if disappearing between two negatives.

IX

A part of a line with only four words. Once more we face the possibility of a fast exit in the face of some here unspecified danger, with the words:

πόδες δη κείθι τιμώτατοι

"In that situation feet are the most valuable"

Surely this ties together with the two previous pieces, reinforcing the notion of an anti-Heroic stance toward the field of battle and of Honor.

But when we look at the source of this fragment, we might think we have another thought coming. Plutarch in an essay "On Garrulity" says, with an appropriate touch of wordiness:

"Now the babblers can never meet with people willing to share a dining couch, or a tent with them on a trip, or a sea journey --- except by necessity. For one of this kind is always pulling at your sleeve or tweaking your beard or door-knocking with his knuckles against your rib-cage, and so it is as Archilochus says

'...the feet are the most valuable there...'

This is a perfect case of what the 18th century loved to play with as a classical "capped quotation", which is a line or phrase from a classical author applied to an entirely different situation with a humorous or witty twist. There are thousands of such caps, many quite clever and right to the point, as at a Birthday Party a whimsical "Eheu fugaces, Postume Postume....", or at indictment of an energy company CEO on fraud a sarcastic "Integer vitae...".

I thought of prefacing my website (www.middlebury.edu/~harris) with Catullus' "plus maneat uno perenne anno" , whimsically substituting "year" for "century". This can be fun and I think Plutarch was playing the same game here, adapting a line on fight from the foe, to flight from a new and more dangerous garrulous enemy, the Professional Bore. Cleverly done indeed, and we don't have to wonder further about the relevance of the matrix to the meaning of the cited words.

While speaking of garrulity, one thinks of two references which were certainly known to Plutarch in the first century AD, Theophrastus' very similar essay on The Bore, and of course Horace's immensely humorous Satire I.8. But could there be another wrinkle in the cloth? I notice the word 'thuroskopón' meaning knocking at the door. The Bore is knocking the door of someone's ribs with his hand (knuckles), but in the ancient world the foot was used to knock at the door. Horace remarks of Fate knocking at the door or rich or poor alike, with the same foot: "aequo pede pulsat....". Odd as this sounds it makes sense if you are carrying something in both hands, a situation which still confounds us as we reach for the door bell.

Does this have meaning, does it relate to our line of verse? No it certainly does not, but it does show how a subtle train of associations can call up an unneeded word in a situation, drawing on unconscious association from an entirely different source. I think that Plutarch was doing just this, he was quite unconsciously and of course unknowingly, leaping ahead psychologically almost two millennia, and committing a Freudian error.

X

We have one more fragment from the area of war and the military, one which has an entirely different use and meaning for us:

(Ερξίη), πῆ δηῦτ' ἀνολβος αθροΐζεται στρατός ;
"Where, (Erxias), O where is the unfortunate army assembling ?"

If you are looking for a meaning, other than the existence of an army being called to order, I have to admit that there is nothing here. But there is something else which is quite interesting, and in an indirect way it complements and actually supplies a sub-meaning through Form to this curious line.

The first word here taken as the name of a man, is probably wrong, and a critical edition of Archilochus will give the words as a common noun, with the dagger for "verbum corruptum": *erxo*. Leaving the name out does not seem to change the meaning of the line.

In a collection of grammatical scraps published early in the 19th century, there is a short description of the Running Line of verse called the trochee, from 'trecho' which means "run". "This is called the Trochee because it has a running rhythm, and Archilochus uses it when he has a "hot" or heated intention, as in this line...."

Separating the verb for pronunciation as 'athro izetai', the trochaic meter works out well, and does give a running and hurried action to the metrical "feet", which the commentator felt was not only appropriate to the verse sound, but a good echo to the clatter of foot soldiers coming together in a formation. But the running patter of the footsteps at assembly can be seen to foreshadow another running of this luckless army, which will soon be running in retreat, as Archilochus had said before knowing that "there are places where feet are the best choice".

What we have here is a line with slim meaning, but one which gets another sense with another level of meaning from the metrical cadencing. Notice also the three long and loud -eta's- at the start of the line, two of them intoned with a circumflex, leading into a faster moving run of short vowels in a predominantly '-a- -o-' sequence of ten running syllables.

This technique of writing with the form alongside the denoted meaning is something often found in Greek writing. Sophocles handles it in an especially delicate and subtle way, and of course it is Vergil who pushes his form / meaning writing to the limit until it becomes a whole new level of artistry. From the world of Homeric writing, where everything is clear, finite and explicit, to the world of Vergil where material, which on the surface seems epic-ish in style, is really inner, interior and terribly secretive, there is a vast difference. This is the result of a change in time, in style and above all in a sense of what poetry can be formed and fashioned to embody and to perform.

XI

We have been speaking of the spear as 'doru', which is a general terms for a wooden shaft, joist or beam. But we can be more accurate, following the Scholiast to Iliad 6.201 who remarks:

και έγχεα οξύεντα τα εξ οξύας τοῦ δένδρου, ὡς και Αρχίλοχος

"and wood spears are made from 'oxua ' wood, as Archilochus says:

οξύη ποτᾶτο
"the spear-wood flew"

This wood of the 'oxua' is listed by LSJ as "beech", and *Ornus Silvaticus*, but we must be very careful about identifying ancient plants of all sorts with modern words, even if they are clearly cognate. D'Arcy Thompson warned us long ago in his work on Greek plants that names change frequently across linguistic frontiers. For an example, note Greek 'phegos' listed in LSJ as an oak (*Quercus Aegilops*) for Greek, while the same root turns up in Latin as 'fagus', clearly the same and related to OE *bece*, English 'beech'.

But weren't we saying that 'oxua' documented for spears in Homer was also 'beech'? Testing by an etymology, we find the Latin cognate analog is 'ornus' which OLD notes as "a different kind of ash tree, the flowering ash "*Fraxinus Ornus*". Now this has a good set of cognates which may help establish its identity.

Greek 'oxua' Lat. 'ornus' from '*osinos' Old Prussian 'woasis' ON 'askr' OE 'aesk' and of couse NEngl. 'ash'.

In this confusion of woods, it would seem that although Homeric spears could have been made out of beech, it seems also possible on a linguistic and etymological basis, to consider that they might have been made of what

we now call in English 'ash'. Either wood has a suitable Modulus of Elasticity for slashing work in the field, with enough density and weight to serve as a throwing spear.

The result of this dendritic digression on spear making in the Homeric and archaic periods? The words Ash and Beech have been so inextricably mixed from changes in name and also in the exact trees involved, that the exact nature of the spears which ancient fighters were supposed to throw doesn't make much difference in the interpretation of literary texts.

But what this argument does say is that the Homeric and succeeding generations wrote poetry not just in a literary tradition, but to some degree as a reflection on the actual mechanics of a real society, howsoever remote from the poet's date. Just as it was a surprise to find a real "Troy" in Turkey in the 19th century, so it was enlightening to find the Trojan and Mycenaean cities full of real people whose artifacts and artwork showed us that they were not figments of a poetic imagination.

So here, in small, we have one more detail about Homeric warfare, and I am glad that the Soldiers at Arms had behind them good spear makers who knew enough to select the best, hardest and straightest Hard Wood for their weaponry. The Homeric poems are crystal clear depictions of real persons doing real things. Homer is where we can check his information, a reliable historian, and emphatically not a writer of Fairy Tales.

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Chapter III: PLACES

I

Athenaeus as author of the multi-volume super-stuffy "Banquet of the Ph.D.'s " written about 200 A.D. quotes the following single line merely as an literary example of "stuff (?) at Paros". But there is much more in the single line of verse:

έα Πάρον και σῦκα κείνα και θαλάσσιον βίον

Some of our surviving cited lines are quoted for meaning, more for a strange or variant spelling, a few by Christian authors as an example of admission of guilt (hardly, considering this author's outrageous anger!) and there are the often quizzical papyrus scraps which have not been through the literary mill.

Having only this detritus from the ancient world for such a well known poet seems surprising, but more surprising is the glimmer of wit and sly venom which emanates from such literary bits and pieces. Archilochus would not have been at home at Athenaeus' Banquet! We are going to look at this one line verse in detail, as an exemplar of how much inner information can be drawn out of a series of just eight words, if they are constructed with full technique by a Master.

Look quickly at the first word which is pronounced as one syllable. But let's leave that word aside for the moment and go on to the rest of the line first, which has a special three part interlocked identity, as if we were looking at the photographer's note on the back of a picture postcard:

(Πάρον --- σῦκα κείνα και θαλάσσιον βίον)

"View of Island of Paros: Fig sheds in foreground against the Sea"

Of course it is not just FIGS and the Mediterranean SEA. There is a curious magic about the word "(e)keina" as "those (figs) over there", which evokes a sense of closeness, perhaps the sweet smell of fructose laden fruit drying in the baking Mediterranean sunshine. And then it is not just "The Sea" but the sense of life on the sea, the blue of the water, sea smell, and little boats sailing into the horizon, a sea-life encompassing and surrounding the floating isle of Paros. It would seem to be a typical postcard picture, except we also have the smells of drying fruit sheds, balanced by the salty fishy odor of sea life all around.

Now if this is a complete and picture-perfect little vignette of something far off and away, a remembrance in the poet's memory, then what is that first word, that hard and monosyllabic "ea" doing there?

This is the stem of the verb 'let go, leave, let alone' , which has much of the associations of our "skip it, forget it...", so used from Homer down into the Drama. This abrupt word has a special place at the start of a flowing trochaic line, specifically standing outside the three-partite ring of the visual imagery of 'Paros in the Sea'. With typically Archilochean vigor, he wipes out, scratches, eradicates the pretty picture of Paros he had once known, and it comes out something like:

"Paros and those drying sheds and the sea life all around "
"The Hell with it!"

Now be sure to notice that little Greek word "pou", which puts the edge on the line in a sly and almost unnoticed way. Saying rather indefinitely "somehow..." Archilochus looks and considers: he is quizzical, not sure exactly how it happens that he can do one thing, in response to which Ate does something quite different, something illogical and inexplicable. Very amusing.....!

This line seems striking and complete so far as meaning goes, a nice cameo piece in what must have been larger poetic setting, which we can hardly guess. On the one hand the short bursts and single lines of Archilochus

might seem mere scraps from an ancient literary banquet, were it not that the shortness and compact quality they have, a pithiness and almost haiku-like quality of their own. It is not just our interest in an ancient lost world where each stone might be a fragment of a potential masterpiece, but a lively inner sense of his words, which become more real by the concentration of our close attention.

It is like looking at something small through a magnifying glass, an expansion of view which invites imaginative speculation. I was just looking at a one inch nautilus shell from Morocco, fused into a matrix of polished glassy rock, something very small and old and from far away and way back in time, which I have come back to examine again and again. It is so with the fragments of Greek archaic poetry, small and rare as they are. We examine them again and again, and see how very precious they really are.

But the Meaning is only half of a poem. We have become so accustomed in our academic vein of thinking to deal with the "meaning of the poem" as the gateway into understanding it, that we often forget the other side of the coin, which is vested in sounds, musical pitches, metrical rhythms and the configuration of aural building blocks into phrase and line. It is like looking at a US dollar bill for meaning, and registering it as " \$1 " before putting it down. Look carefully and you see an infinity of micro-drawn lines, the work of an elfin workshop of engravers toiling months and years. And there is a portrait, and numbers and obscure identity marks, before you turn over to the green side with an eagle, and an EYE hovering somehow above a pyramid, with Latin and small lettering reassuring is that "in God we trust", perhaps reinforcing the reliability of the Federal Reserve mentioned on the front side. All this is important, it is the FORM of the piece, which is indissolubly connected to the Meaning of a this dollar monetary note. And so with poems which require equally careful observation, poems which are also written on paper.

It is so with literature, exactly. When we read for the Meaning and stop there, we have missed the complementary other half, which is the component which makes writing into Art and Literature. Perhaps our preference

for the meaning is a function of our society, which looks for relevance, value and use quickly, and often doesn't have patience to read the artistic fine-print. We do this in many areas, in a Museum we glance at the painting but concentrate on the note below : "Rembrandt yes, very fine", and go on. Or hearing FM music, we note "Mozart..... yes, always so lovely" and go on with typing at the keyboard.

We still have two levels to unfurl with this lone line poem. First there is meter which in Greek has three levels of vowel length, which can be short, long or over-long. This is musical meter or Duration. Since a great many syllables in Greek will be spoken with short length, we might equate these with musical eighth-notes in Western musical parlance. Some syllables will be longer, following a complex set of regulations or natural traits, which are perhaps like musical quarter notes, while others, only incidentally circumflexed in regard to musical pitch, would be dotted quarters or 1.5 x length. But the important thing to understand is that 'long' means long in duration, not harder or louder as we seem to have assumed from our grammar book introductions.

We have several problem here, which I will try to state compactly. The 'accents' in standard printed Greek were clearly musical 'pitch' marks, first written on the papyrus texts in the third century B.C. by Alexandrian grammarians and librarians, as an aid to getting the proper 'intonations' for foreigners who were learning Greek as the 'lingua franca' of the Eastern Mediterranean world. Greek was spoken as a very musical language, and probably sounded more like Mandarin Chinese or a Bergman Swedish film track, than the flat tone of American daily speech. There is not as much question about the musical quality of Greek since cognate Indic and Lithuanian have retained their pitches which clearly go back to the Indo-European level. The ancient Greek grammarians are clear about the pitches as musical sounds encompassing a fifth or less, and there can be no question about their use.

The problem is that because of changes in the course of time, and partly as a result of our own pig-headedness, we have somehow misunderstood the 'accents' to be Stress Accents, and we traditionally

pronounce all three Greek accents as stressed syllables. This means we speak them much louder than the unmarked syllables around them. Further we speak them all the same, although it is clear that the down-ward pointing Grave, which means LOW in Greek, was a sign to lower a high to base level at that point. All vowels without a mark were to be considered low; and some papyri even marked everything not otherwise noted as grave or LOW, as a hint to the barbarian neophytes.

We all learn Greek initially as a base for Attic Prose, and are taught to stress as loud all accented syllables. But as we turn to poetry, we have to abandon our learned pronunciation of words, and convert to a metric length-system in order to read poetry as poetry. This creates a split between the Prose and the Verse way of dealing with Greek, which is nothing short of linguistic schizophrenia. No living language would do anything like this, we only get away with it because Greek is ancient and not spoken, and I suppose because nobody cares. The loss is twofold: We find it hard to switch from stresses to lengths in learning to read poetry, and we often never get the hang of the metrical patternings. But we also lose the musicality of the pitches, which is a major esthetic loss.

In this predicament, I suggest we work here with the three level of Sound, the Metrics and the Pitches conjointly although this may seem unusual and even impossible at first. We will be concerned initially with the actual sound arrangements of the vowels and consonants, which are in a sense the base-level of any segment of poetry. But along with this we must consider the metric patterns, involving careful attention to durations of sounds and their configurations.

We will also want to consider the role of the musical pitches (a.k.a. 'accents') and see how they augment and inform the verse lines. But all these elements function simultaneously, and can only be separated in our discussion as an attempt to clarify interlocking levels which are hard to identify in their real-time combinations.

We should now look closely at the Form as Form, and proceed into a nearer view of the inner configuration of this line, the micro-structure.

The first word, EA, as a slurred two-vowel imperative standing grammatically alone is an up-pitched syllable. It will be the long-syllable initial sound of a trochaic system, in which this verse and many others of Archilochus are written. The ancient metricists called this line a trochaic tetrameter, thinking of the basic 'foot' as "long short long short" with four of these groups constituting a trochaic line. We now think of the trochee as a long followed by a short, and it seems more convenient to our way of thinking to consider this line as a trochaic octameter. But the verse will be the same since this is only a matter of definition.

The line reads easily if you remember that the -ai- of 'kai' will be long, but I feel it is much better to defer scansion and experiment with the line acoustically until it comes out right at the end. Writing out scansion separately (or worse on top of the text) is a weak mechanical crutch, perhaps something like counting out "one and two AND three and four" while listening to a Haydn sonata. The metrics come out of the sound when read aloud, and Greek must always be read aloud with confidence and style. The metric pattern is built into the verse, it is not a grid to fit the sound into.

The central key words are of course *suka keiḥa* both words showing the circumflex which is an overlong vowel so far as length is concerned. Pitch-wise, it has a rising inflection of perhaps a minor fifth, peaking and then falling back to the normal base level at the end. This doubled rising and peaked inflection is unmistakably strong, especially since here repeated in adjacent words and I suspect it is this emphatic marking which evokes my reaction of smell for what could otherwise be just a clump of figs. But note the non-parallelism of the vowels in this sequence, unevenly configured as "-u- -a- | -ei- -a- ". That special configuration does seem to confer some sly degree of special attention, by tightening the hearer's (not reader's) attention on the words. Now the rest of the line seems to move much faster, as befits a

glance over the shimmering expanse of sea. Here there are no back-vowels at all, just two rising pitches somehow elevating the words for "sea" and "life" with a lifelike, airy lilt.

So this one line, which consists of just six words which are fashioned un-symmetrically into six feet or beats, can be viewed as conjuring up a sea-view of one island seen up close, then suddenly seen from afar, and finally the tableau is as it were wiped off the drawing board by the (initially stated) word "Let it go, skip it".

I think it would be hard to imagine more visual and acoustic information packed into a single line of sixteen syllables of verse. But we have to remember that it is a verse from the hand of a master who was carrier of a long linguistic and poetic tradition, in fact one which the Greek brought with themselves when they emigrated from Nearer Asia into the Greek homeland at some remote period. Their art of painting, of pottery, of sculpture and architecture, those non-portable components of a culture on the move, had to be re-created later and very hesitantly developed from scratch or from available Egyptian models.

But language came with the people, so poetry and a vivid sense of language were already there in Mycenaean times. Homer may seem to us to represent very early Greek writing, but in fact he is the tail end of something reaching far back and for us lost in the dust of Minoan culture.. Archilochus is a recent and novel descendant, in his time the cutting edge of the techniques and sophistications of an ancient verbal art.

II

Athenaeus again: "For Archilochus is much impressed with the 'blessedness' (eudaimnia) of the country of the Sirotas, saying how much better it is than Thasos":

*ου γάρ τι καλος χῶρος ουδ' επίμερος
ουτ' ερατός, ὄϊος ἀμφι Σίριος ῥοάς*

"There is no country fair or desirable
or lovely, like that around the banks of the Siris"

There is something fleetingly lovely about the wording of this couplet, which transcends the denotated meaning in a subtle way. The meaning is clear but somewhat obvious, so it must be the configuration of the sounds and the format of display which entices.

First, we have here a singular grammatical structure, not typical of a Greek statement. The whole of the first line and into the second, there are only two elements, which are: a) a negative particle 'ou / oude' and b) nominative singular forms in '-os'. Greek loves to weave words in and out of grammatical structures, but here it is all laid out simply, as flat and uneventful as a sentence in a beginning grammar book.

The reason is to confer the idea of absolute simplicity, the river and its banks and the greenery spreading out across the fields, all seen as the eye moves across the landscape in a slow motion, like flying overhead and looking down and across.

There is only one nominal in the first line, which has the circumflexing pitch, standing right at the middle, for the actual place or 'choros'. Everything else is lightly pitched with a few acutes, but in the second line circumflexed again at center stands the comparison-word, "oios" or 'like..'. .

Stitched around these two strongly pitched words we have the rest of the lines, but the second line splits in two, with "lovely....." at the start, but then leaving the descriptive adjectives behind, it focuses on "the river banks around the Siris", with two up-sliding acutes through to the end. These pitched intonations have a different focus from the strung-along adjectives ending in '-os', and it is the asymmetry of the two 'systems' working against each other which creates the fleeting tone of 'loveliness" beyond the actual words used.

This kind of musicality is something which goes deep into the structure of the early Greek poetic language, there must have been cultivated for centuries before the time of Archilochus in a wealth of poetically written storytelling which we do not have.

This kind of subtlety is more than the invention of one poet or one period. Later Greek poetry was built on a long tradition of which we have only the tail end, which is much more sophisticated in matters of form and internal structure than we have generally assumed.

III

Here are a few short phrases which further sketch out details of the world in which Archilochus lived. In the Paros passage above, we had the phrase "life on the sea" or 'thalassion bion' for a moment, here we have another quick view of boats on the waves:

τριαϊναν εσθλον και κυβερνήτης σοφός

"a fine three sailed boat.....and a sharp man at the rudder"

This bipartite form of the verse with the first two words together, follows the reading of some of the MSS, while others read 'esthlos' and put the adjective with the steers-man or 'kubernetes'. The sense seems better this way, and the form much nicer with the pivot word 'kai' right at the center, like the ship's mast right at center and the rudder attending cautiously to starboard and port.

Plutarch thinks that Archilochus was describing the island of Thasos in the following lines, but it could be any Greek island with a clearly visible mark of its volcanic origins:

*ἦδε δ' ὥστε ὄνου ράχισ
ἔστηκεν ὕλης αγρίης επιστεφής*

"but this (island) stands like the backbone of an ass
crowned with savage woodland"

The figure is striking, an unusual poetism it would seem, but it has a good visual meaning. The backbone of an ass will be high and arched, not like the lowered swayback of a horse, and down the middle you can see the bones of the spine as a line of rocks on a ridge. All the islands in the region are of volcanic origin, this one shows the volcanic buildup at the center, with solidified lava flow here running down two opposite sides. So the figure has a visual meaning and in fact a geological origin.

Notice also the arrangement of the pitches, which are all Acutes. Furthermore each of the first seven words has an acute rising-tone on the first syllable of the word, while the final two words in the second line have acute on the middle (agriés) and then the final syllable of the line (epistrephés). Such a stable pattern must have a special sound when read aloud, and it is this sound which matches and amplifies the notion of the severity of this sea-isolated landscape. The sound is as wild as the wildness of the wood on the back of a wild sea-borne island.

Sheep and lamb dinner are still a staple in Greece, but probably came from Asia Minor ; the myth of bringing back the Golden Fleece may refer to the profits in the sheep-rearing industry. In Greece sheep can graze on hillsides far up the rugged terrain, while in Asia Minor the land is more favorable to large flocks,

ὁ δ' Ασίας καρτερος μηλοτρόφου
"He is the ruler of sheep rearing Asia"

Beyond the meaning, observe the intonation of the two pitches, which stand out strongly in a line which runs fast, perhaps even like a flock of sheep. There are six low base-level pitches after the acute of Asia, an unusual run of low emphasis tones, and this deserves a moment of attention.

Thinking back to the Figs in the Paros verse above, we note:

.....συκοτραγιδες.....
".....fig nibbler....."

Eustathius on the Odyssey comments that this word refers to those who eat cheap, munching on dried figs if they cannot afford a good meal in a restaurant. Here is the practical result of those sweet smelling sun dried fig-sheds on the Paros verse we had above, an ubiquitous supply of fast-food for those who dine cheap & quick. Just so, the prostitute Pasiphile (dear to

all) services everybody, like the fig tree on the high rock which feeds the multitude (discussed below).

And then there is a new and humorous kind of an Oath:

ναι ναι, μα μήκονος χλόην
"Yes yes.....by the green of the poppy"

This is a wonderful oath, with the usual formula of 'ma/é' and the accusative, but the doubles "Yes" at low intonation has a fine sense of colloquial hurried-ness, while the rest of the line has a catch of its own. The 'mékón' is so far as we can tell our Papaver Somniferum, and its color may be green growing (then as now) in the fields of Eastern Anatolia. But the flower is red, Poppy Red, and that confounds the sense of the verse, just as the oath "By the Poppy" is as ridiculous as our "By Gum!". Fortified by two anxious Yesses, these five words are able to pack a lot of wallop, and leave us with a surprised grin. Color confusion is always interesting, like the Japanese painter who surprised his friends by painting of bamboo as red, and when asked why, answered: "Because it's not black!".

Chapter IV: People and Society

I

The Politician

We think of the Greeks as democratic, intellectual and rational, and this is correct in some ways but far from the truth in others. Could a people who generated and valued as orderly a document as Plato's Republic, also find itself bitterly opposed to the rule or order and those who represented the world of authority? A word as basic as our "authentic" from the Greek 'authentikos' of similar meaning, could in Greek mean "murdered" (authentēs) while the verb 'authenteō' turns out meaning "self-willed, reckless", all varying treatments of the word for Self (autos). The noun 'authadeia' means incorrigible self-will, while 'authadeō' means having full power over people. The idea of the ruler is at heart an unfriendly notion. So it is no surprise to read the words of Archilochus:

*νῦν δε Λεώφιλος μεν ἄρχει, Λεώφιλος δ' επικρατέϊ
Λεωφίλω δε πάντα κείτει, Λεώφιλος δ' ἴακουε*

"Leophilus has the rule, he has the power,
everything rests with him, and Leophilos?....."

Something is wrong with last word, which we had best discuss before going on. The MSS all have the imperative 'akoue' meaning "listen" but since he is the subject and Nominative not Vocative, it doesn't make sense. There have been many conjectures, Porson said "Leophilou d' akouetai" meaning that there is (public) hearing of L., Edmonds said "akoueto" as a 3 sg. Imperative "Let L. listen", neither of which sounds convincing. If we leave L. in the nominative and use 'akouetai' we get a pretty fair sense as "Leophilos is being heard (in public)" and the meter as a tetrameter is cured. So let's proceed with:

Λεώφιλος δ' ακουεται

Now back to the meaning. This passage was cited by Herodian in his "Figures of Speech", along with a host of examples of Repetition of Word as a stylistic device. One can hardly argue with this here since the name is repeated three times in two lines, but surely there is more here than a Figure.

The four verbs which accompany the name Leophilos indicate a concentration of power in the name of one man, rather pointedly called Leo-philos or "Friend of the People", perhaps more easily put in German as "Herr Volksfreund". Whether this is a real name or something put together as a cover-name is no more clear than the name of Archilochus himself, whose name has been thought by some to be a mere title "Squad Captain". Lacking more information we had best leave both names standing as they are. But the drive of the first three verbs is clear: One man in complete Power!

Now the fourth verb is different. If we are correct in our emendation (akouetai), it would mean that the name of L. is heard everywhere, on all sides there is the political echo "LEOPHILOS.....L e o p h i l o s.....L e o p h i l o s....."

But there is a special use of 'akouo' which uses a nominal in nominative case modifying the subject, as in a line of Sophocles Oed. COI 988

ακούειν κακός καλός.....

Of course this is as if the adjectives were in quotes, as:

ακουειν = κακος, καλος

Now if the verb were impersonal, the we would have

ακουεται = καλος, κακος

So in the passage we are discussing, we would have with impersonal verb:

ακουεται = Λεοφιλος
There is heard / one hears "Leophilos"

And it is this echoing of his name in the square, the street and the alleys which annoys the old soldier Archilochus, just as the dinning iteration of political candidates on TV anno 2003 annoys many of us today. It is hardly necessary for Archilochus to add "The Hell with Leophilos !", we have the message already without saying it, even with the defective last word as ' akoue ' not yet restored.

But this ire at the high and mighty may not be a purely personal Archilochean idiosyncrasy. There is a story about Andocides, another politician in another age, who was in the assembly when he spied a man having trouble writing a name on his potsherd as a vote for ostracization. Offering out of goodwill to write it for him, he was told to write ANDOCIDES, which he did write. But he asked the man why this name, did he know the man, had he suffered any wrong from him. The answer would probably have pleased Archilochus: "It's just that I hear his name --- everywhere...."

II

Plutarch in the Life of Galba Sect.27, quotes this verse of Archilochus in a most curious setting:

*ἑπτα γαρ νεκρῶν πεσόντων, ὄυσ εμάρψαμεν ποσίν
χίλιοι φονῆεσ εσμέν*

Now Plutarch says a crowd after murdering Vinius and Laco cut off their heads and took these to Otho, bloodying their hands well and asking for a grand reward, and he adds "As Archilochus says..." with the above lines. One does not want to argue with a man as reputable as Plutarch, since he is still within the Hellenic literary tradition, but something seems very odd. Perhaps ridiculous?

I have always understood this to be an anti-heroic thrust, parodying the hero standing out against a multitude of the enemy, or the few Spartans at Thermopylae withstanding to the last man thousands of on-rushing Persians. If those situations are noble, then this would seem entirely wrong-headed. The numbers are backward, and we have here a multitude rushing over the ridge onto a pathetic Seven Non-Samurai who are quickly dispatched, while the glorious victors brag "We are ones who did it ...!". And there is the story of the samurai-like European cobbler who could swat flies "seven at a blow". Reversing the story to make it seven blows for one fly, it becomes not only improbable, it becomes ridiculous. So here perhaps?

This seems to fit the Archilochean style better. But what about Plutarch? Reward hunters crowding around after the enemy is killed could also be anti-heroic. A few years ago in Philadelphia a bus with forty passengers rolled over, after which a hundred people claimed to their insurance companies to have been on the bus. Also anti-heroic!

So reading it carefully, we can mull a bit and finally take our choice.

III

Panic and Fear

Although a biography of Archilochus is virtually impossible, and perhaps not needed for reading his poems, it is important to have some idea of his relative date. The Parian marble is clear for first half of the 7th c. BC, and some have felt that his reference to an eclipse could be more specific. But astronomers have found a number of potentials for eclipse in that two century range. More specific is the reference in the poems to one Glaucus, who would seem to be a younger friend whom he often addresses, and this can be taken to be the name as on an inscribed stone from Thasos dated at 7th century: "I (the stone) am memorial of Glaucos son of Leptines / The sons of Brentes put me here ". Furthermore Archilochus even mentions this full name as

Γλαυκε Λεπτινεω παι

elsewhere, so we apparently have a fairly tight piece of evidence.

This fits exactly, name and patronymic, with the following addressee in the following poem, and gives us a personal connection for "Glaucos" as well as a reasonably reliable date:

*Γλαῦχ' ὄρα, βαθυς γαρ ἤδη κύμασι παράσσεται
πόντος, ἀμφι δ' ἄκρα Γυρέων ὀρθον ἴσταται νέφος
σῆμα χειμῶνος. κιχάνει δ' ἀελπίης φόβου~*

The sea disturbed by great waves is often seen as analogous to the city or state in the ancient world, racked and worried by a host of maladies, from civil war to earthquake from the Gods. The overhanging cloud is sign of storm or 'cheimon', which is incidentally related historically to the 'hima' of Himalayas as well as to Latin hiems "winter". So this starts out as a fairly direct and informative poem, except for the last four words, which Edmonds translates as "fear cometh of the unexpected", probably reaching for a degree of pontifical emphasis by the use of the archaic 'cometh'.

This is correct as translation, but misses the sense and thrust of the line. It is these final words which make this shard of poetry work. First of all, the verb 'kikhano' has a web of somewhat elusive meanings. It can mean "reach, come upon" as destiny overtaking a guilty man, or "arrive at...", but it always involves a specific, perfective and momentary action. Curiously LSJ has a very short article but almost no definitions, while Cunliffe has fourteen classifications of sense for this un-English verb. However it works well in this line, which should be recast for us as:

Just so it works well in this line as:

"it happens.....(out of un-expected-ness) ----- FEAR"

And we might note the syllabification of these words, 'kikhanei" with three syllables, then 'aeltpies" with four, and the final 'phobos' concluding with a resounding two. All these words have a rising pitch with the acute accent, no accident but certainly part of the process of selection of the right word for the right sense.

But look back at the line again, where there is a particularly threatening sound to the first two words, 'sema kheimonos' which are both overlong with the special pitch of the circumflex accentuation. Now going back to the end of line 2 and starting with the last two words 'histatai nephos' which have rising pitches, we lead into the next line with an acoustic surprise, with "siiiigns of stooorm", long and threatening perhaps evoking "howling winds whirling".

Listening once more with a different ear at the rest of the line, we find it is working consistently with the upper range of the vowel sounds "-i- -a- -ei- -e- -é- ", until we come to an abrupt change with the last word 'phobos' and its open-mouthed fear-filled -o- vowels.

This last line clearly demonstrates multi-level construction as a superimposition of word order, pitch soundings, and vowels threading through the line, as a normal part of much Greek poetry. This is a fine example of the way sensitive poetry is organized, by a poet working out of a subconscious awareness of the total possibilities of Form, composing in real time and on the fly.

Watching form so carefully and in detailed description, we must remember that meaning must be watched with equal care, and as a concomitant level of poetic art it may have a different message. Here in the final line of this finely crafted three line poem we have a matter of general import, the sudden panic of fear which evolved from totally unexpected situations for which we have no prior experience.

I am surprised how pertinent this is to the three situations which we have faced in this country as the new millennium so bravely started out. The WTC disaster in 2002 shocked us not only for great loss of life, but because of the totally unexpected and unanticipated nature of the attack from the sky. Later the threat of anthrax striking the country occupied our shaky attention for months, and it was the fear rather than the few deaths which stayed in our minds, later reinforcing fear of Iraq in 2001 in terms of biological warfare. Then a mass block of personal fearful-ness gathered around the unexpected deaths from the elusive gun of a roving sniper in the cities, although more people were injured and killed in the Washington area by car accident in that period than by gunfire. That we were prepared for, but for the sniper we were not!

So I come back to the words of Archilochus in the 7th c. BC, to note that in the area of psychological reaction to danger of whatever sort, we are when unprepared liable to a kind of shocked fear which may well exceed the level of the danger which we are exposed. This may be in-built in our neural pathways, an extension from the momentary shock-reaction when we see a snake or spider, or open a door to find someone (unexpectedly) standing there in our face. Can we prepare by expecting the unexpected? Certainly not, this is a defense mechanism with which we are equipped by a long line

of evolutionary experimentation. Fear may be uncomfortable, but it does have its uses in the interests of survival.

One might ask how this poem came down to us, why a grammatical author like Heraclitus of the 1st c. AD in his "Homeric Investigations" would have taken the trouble to cite it. I suspect that he read it years before, that it stuck in his mind as a fine and memorable passage in his copy of Archilochus' volume of Poems, and that he probably understood, as he copied it onto his papyrus sheet, most of the subtle shadings which we have been eliciting here. One suspects that living in Alexandria under Rome in the time of the early Caesars must have also offered unexpected occasions for *φόβος*.

IV

Anger

We will stay with Trochaic lines for the moment to get used to the running sound of this verse, keeping in mind that the trochee means 'running' and that the line will have eight of these single trochees. Some of these lines will run true to form as regular throughout, but there are possible variations. In the second, fourth and sixth, but not the last foot, a trochee may be replaced by a spondee (long long). Occasionally the first beat of a trochee may be replaced by two shorts, as 'short short long' which is an anapest. Furthermore a tribrach (short short short) can replace a trochaic foot in any position but the last. Now not all these will occur in the poems we are dealing with, and there may be other variants which respond to this author's metrics or to manuscript variability, but these are things to keep in mind when juggling a trochaic line and looking for that moment when it sounds right and rings metrically true.

This acerbic fragment starts with part of the wording in a broken verse:

*ἐν δ' ἐπίσταμαι μέγα
τον κακῶς με δρῶντα δέννοις ανταμείβεσθαι κακοῖς*

Here we have a perfect example of the sharp edge of Archilochus' ire, for which he was famous in the Greek world. There is a threatening ring about the words in the initial half line, as strong and brutal in Greek as in English:

"but I do know one BIG thing...."

I don't think I would have said "big" but it hits the nail on the head squarely. "If there is one thing which I do know, it's". So this is the first stage of the threat, preparing the stance for action, and we go into the swift tripping-running trochaic line immediately:

".....how to respond to one who does me evil, with terrible troubles."

But that does sound somewhat flat and deflated, so we should take some second looks and try to replace what has been lost in the translation. There is a clear organization of this fragment, which makes it hang together without pause.

1) This is emphaticized by the little word "hen = one" which has no other meaning than the hyper-emphatic ! @ # \$ % of the old comic books, or as we do it now with a "f-word", further aided by my extra accented "do" accent for more directness. So he is saying: "I do know one f.....g thing", and anyone who watches TV will know exactly what he means.

2) The first four words of the second line give us the Hate-Object, the guy who did me wrong, but with a present participle "he who is doing me wrong". This is the second part of this little retribution formula.

3) Now linking up the third part of this procedure, which expands from the verb "I do know..." how to "get even with awful" but I have trouble with two of the words right away. First, the infinitive "anti + ameib-esthai" based on 'amoiba = an exchange' means "pay back, exchange (this for that)" or rather more formally in English "requite". But the Greek verb also means "reply verbally, answer" so there is an element of verbal response in this threat, perhaps poisoned words more than the club of Heracles. On the other hand Archilochus has a spear always at hand, as he says, and he knows how to use it as a hired soldier with the Greek Foreign Legion. So it is a moot point what he is going to do, but whatever it is, it is going to be tough.

But look at the order of these last three words, "with awful ----pay him back -----(with) xxxxx's". This split of two words with a word

of different grammatical use in-between, is common in Greek, probably an ancient linguistic trait which might even go back to the IE stage. My problem is that I can't find the right English word for the Greek 'kakos' which means something really bad, but not quite like "evil" which has a host of religious associations, nor "trouble" which is too general and diffuse.

Also note that this 'kakos' word is second in the line and pops up again for a second appearance as a resounding final word. Furthermore both times it has the heavy, special intonation of the circumflexed sound, which is not only overlong, but sliding up -- over -- down. To get something of this sound in English, I take the phrase "Well, now...!" and make the -e- vowel long, strong and overarching with phony emphasis. This is perhaps similar in sound to the Greek circumflexed vowel..

For meaning I want something like "really bad" but that is certainly hedging around the edge of the situation. So I finally come around to facing the situation squarely and , with a certain sense of reservation, am going to do it the right way, the American way:

"I do know one damned thing for sure ---
Somebody does me dirt..... he's gonna get a load of shit."

The loss is the beautiful simplicity of the Greek which can use that simple word "bad" word fore and aft with doubled emphasis, while I have to shift the tone and split for two words. Yes, that is the sort of thing you have to face in translation, which is why is it so important to have the Greek up there so you can get at it directly. But at least I was able to find sound matching words with -d- in "dirt" and "me dronta", a fortuitous parallel .

We have now a new field of Psychology which purports to deal with the way we handle Anger in our society, and outlines productive, non-threatening and less self-destructive ways of dealing with Ire Anger and Rage. We seem to assume that ours is a very angry world,. We have to consider institutionalized Warfare on the one hand, and personal anger-based crime ranging from verbal tirades to assault and murder. But there is little reason to think the Greek world was either more or less hostile in interpersonal relationships. But the case of the poet Archilochus marks an interesting case history in the handling of anger. He not only lets it all out verbally, he even writes it into his poetry as a natural part of the human predicament, and (as the world since his time has noted with a curious interest) he rejoices in it. Yes, from a practical point of view, that is certainly one good way to deal with the situation. Let it all out and let it hit the fan!

At this point someone might ask: Is this extended commentary a little out of proportion considering the one line of text on which it is based? I could make a defense by citing a long range of commentaries of similar scale, where we have less than one line of text to a page of comment, from the 1512 Apuleius ed. Beroaldo, to Peter Burmann's 1746 edition of Petronius, not to mention A.S. Pease's Vergil Aeneid IV 1935, but there is a certain difference. These commentaries are "illustrative" with myriad examples similar to the modern Hypertextualization of the Classics now in vogue, while my comments are "analytical", designed to work within the text by pointing out inner conformations which would not be apparent. This

kind of comment takes a great deal of trouble to write since it is based on phonetic and structural parallelism, and is not supposed to be interesting to peruse in itself. But it goes to the heart of the poetic original, and as such it is indispensable for understanding the poetic core of a poem. I think the time has come that we are becoming aware of the limitations of Meaning Analysis, and for the future we can expect much more attention to this kind of analysis of sound and form.

On the other hand, analysis and description are peripheral and secondary to the words of the text at hand, so I suggest you try to suppress what you have been reading here, or at least push it into a corner of your recent-memory mind, and take one more look before leaving these lines::

*ἐν δ' ἐπίσταμαι μέγα
τον κακῶς με δρώντα δέννοισ ἀνταμείβεσθαι κακῶς*

Footnote: The text has two curious changes which the scholarly world would not like to pass over without note. First in "me dronta" the "me = Engl. me" is not there in the MSS, it has been restored on a decent likelihood, but is in a sense "inauthentic", even if required for the sense. Then "dronta = doing" is in the codices, but West follows Turyn's change to "erdonta" which has similar meaning but is metrically better. These are typical problems which infest all classical texts. Although the authority of the MSS is always felt to be paramount, there have been centuries of would-be "improvers" who had opinions some of which seem very good, while others range from the improbable to the ludicrous. Modern text scholars have their hands full sorting out good from the bad in five centuries' worth of emendation, proceeding slowly and carefully with infinite patience.

V

on Sin

When Clement of Alexandria, the early church Father (c. 200 AD) and writer conversant with Greek literature quoted Archilochus in his book of "Miscellaneous Observations", he noted that his quote was dependent on some lines of Homer (Iliad 9, 116 , 119.) which we should look at first:

αασάμην ουδ' αυτος αναίνομαι.....

I sinned and I won't deny it.....

*αλλ' επει αασαμην φρεσι λευγαλήσι πιθήσας
αιψ' εθέλω αρέσαι*

But since I sinned replying on my miserable thoughts,
I want to make amends

Now there is a problem with semantics here. Clement is clearly understanding the Homeric verb as "sinning". It would connect with a non-occurring form *a(w)az-o) but it actually means in this middle form "I was blind". The second occurrence above makes the nature of the error clear when Agamemnon adds to the amends ".....and give countless payment (apoina)". Certainly one pays requital gifts for sinful error, not for blindness which we take to be a physical condition, so we seem to have a problem translating the verb in these two lines into English.

Is it going to be "sin" in our sense or a psychologically based "blindness of the mind" coming from false mental conceptions? The parallel to this conundrum might lie in the hymn "Amazing Grace" which says: "I once was blind | but now I see", which could trace back to Clement's early

Christianity, but not to Homer. Without understanding Homer's approach to sin, we are not going to be able to deal with this cited Archilochean line:

ἤμβλακον καί πού τιν' ἄλλον ἤδ' ἄτη κιχήσατο

I sinned and somehow Ate came down on another man

Using this translation, the line holds together with a very clear meaning, as another person paying for my crime, an evil notion if there ever was one, presumably accompanied by a sardonic guffaw from the poet Archilochus. This fits his angry reputation to a tee. But there is a semantic problem here:

Start with the adjective "amblus" which means "dull, not sharp, dull of vision, confused" which generates two verbs: 'ambluno' and 'amblisko'. The verb here is from this group, it is 1 Sg.. Aor. of 'amblisko' meaning "(go wrong) miscarry of a woman". It is clear that Archilochus was familiar with the lines in Homer, but decided to use another verb, and is using the transferred meaning "did something wrong (blunt vision), miscarried". So if Homer could say "blind" when he meant "on the wrong track, wrong, sinful", then Archilochus says "miscarrying (= doing it wrong)" with some reason.

But that is not all. We have something further to consider in Iliad 19, 91

πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη ἣ πάντας ἀάται

Ate is usually thought of as an abstract "Vengeance, Retribution", and we use it to death in our classroom discussions of the outcome of the plots of Greek drama. But here Homer calls Ate "The elder daughter of Zeus who blinds everybody". Now Ate comes from that same verb as we had in the first quote above, *a(w)az-o), so Archilochus is perhaps switching back to the Homeric idea of blindness as precursor to error and hence Wrong. "My sense was blind (I did the wrong thing = sinned) and Ate (blindness impersonate) got someone else (the wrong man)".

The nasty joke remains, someone else had to pay for Archilochus' wrongdoing, but it is enfolded in a web of blindness or lack of "right-seeing", which encompasses both his wrongful act and the penalty of Ate which got the other fellow.

What confuses the argument is the religious associations which we have in English connected to the word SIN, a particularly evil and condemnatory word which exists only in a religious setting. There are sinful acts which we do on our own, and then there is Original Sin which traces back to the OT and Eve with snake and apple, which is stated as the cause for sinfulness in all of us today. Christianity has produced a less arbitrary term for wrongfulness in "hamartia" as a kind of error which comes from aiming at something good but missing the mark; the word coming from the archery verb 'hamartano' meaning "aim at". This is a kinder word for the minister to use with his congregation, but it has none of the force and conviction of a real SIN against man and God. With this word 'sin' we have created a special term loaded with religious and cultural associations, but it is not suitable for use in translating from the ancient Greek.

Now at last we are in a position to understand more fully the background of this quotation from Clement., for whom the Christian concept of sin is termed 'hamartia'. He is interested in the interpretations of the ancient world on this subject, and notes first from Homer Agamemnon's clear statement of doing something wrong, which he admits and for which he offers to pay penalty, in gifts not in punishment.

Now we come to Clement's reason for citing Archilochus, who is certainly following the Homeric passage closely but making an important alteration. He is changing the direction of the situation. Now there is no mention of a penalty (apoina), but just Ate or blind judgment, which is seen overtaking not the sinner, but very strangely (pou) an entirely different person, the wrong man. If Archilochus seems to find this a humorous turn of Fate, which I am sure he does, Clement was presumably shocked enough to copy out the passage. Very interesting !

Why involve ourselves with this hair-splitting discussion of differences between verbs of not-seeing, wrong-doing and going down the path to sinfulness? There is a good reason, which points up the impossibility of equating words in one language with words in another at a far distant time and place. We really have to make adjustments and concessions in order to translate, and beyond that even to understand what is being said. There are many words which seem close in the original and translating languages, or at least we may think they are close in meaning.

Yet few will have all the required detailing needed for a one-to-one translation. These we gloss over easily, sacrificing detail of meaning until we come to a situation like this one, where we simply cannot make sense out of a text with the words we have at hand in our tongue. I take this kind of linguistic confrontation to be a healthy antidote to the notion that everything translates with little loss of meaning, and this is why I thought it worthwhile pursuing this matter here in such curious detail.

VI

A short note on "Reputation" makes the point directly:

*Αισιμίδη, δήμου μεν επίρρησιν μελεδάινων
ουδεις αν μάλα πόλλ' ἰμεόεντα πάθοι*

"Aisimides, nobody who considers the censure of the people
Could enjoy very many pleasurable moments."

Society then as now has a mass-force which on the one hand holds itself together with the kind of public awareness which Jung described as part of the human consciousness. On the other hand it represses or tries to suppress anything which is not central to its direction, and the tool for reinforcing its will is what the Romans called Fama and we call "Reputation". There is little to comment here, except to note the precision with which Archilochus has stated this problem, which has shown no signs of going away.

But more directly, there is a remarkable statement of Archilochus' own feeling about reputation, which strikes directly at the core of the matter:

*οὐ μοι τα Γύγεω τῶν πολυχρύσατου μέλει
οὐδ' εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ' αγαίομαι
θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρέω τυραννίδος.
ἀπόπροθεν γάρ ἐστιν οφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν*

"I have no interest in the business of Gyges and all his gold,
Nor has such envy ever grasped me, nor do I feel envious
Of the works of the Gods, nor have I love for high Rulership.
For all these things are very far from my eyes."

In a society which was growing very fast in Greece, and aware of the highly developed kingdoms of the Near East with their long traditions and vast wealth, Archilochus who had seen it all in the role of a widely traveled Soldier of the Foreign Legions, puts down wealth and rank and simply uninteresting. If there is a tendency among us all to reach for honors, then there is also a healthy antidote which tells us that none of this is personally important, that we can simply walk away. Archilochus makes his case very clearly, and it can serve all of us well as an early statement of something which still pertains.

But what is more important about this short poem, is the new strain of personal statement which is in the air. There is nothing like this in the Homeric world, "Homer" never speaks to us and the nearest things we have to a sense of Homer as author and singer of tales, is the covert picture of Demodokus in the Odyssey. In this later Epic, people must have been already asking: "Who WAS Homer...?" and here is as much as the epic writer wanted to reveal.

Archilochus on the other hand revels in telling you who he is, and this makes him not only alive and interesting to us now, but it sets a new strain of writing in action, which constitutes for us one of the most important ventures in the writing of poetry. If Archilochus is first to venture into self-expression, then someone like Emily Dickinson, who writes only to write down inner feelings without even thinking of publication and reaching an understanding audience, is a good terminus at the end of a long tradition.

Is this just subjective writing, the evocation of some inner thinking which is assumed to be valid and interesting merely because the poet writes it down? Much modern poetry has verged into this subjective vein, becoming something like a poetic diary of daily observations: Nature, People, and above all Internal Psychology. This style does need trimming.

But Archilochus is different, he has a central purpose, which is to show us that the old epic world is there but no longer a place to actually live in. His world is alive, and if there is one thing which marks Archilochus' verse as special, it is this sense of being directly connected with life. In that sense,

Archilochus is an early constator of a great perception, that living is very important, that reaction to people and places and notions is the one sign that we are alive, and that we had a position in our world, that we were actually here.

But along with his own personal reactions to things and people, this poet puts his mark on phrases, words and rhythms, from what we know he seems the first Greek to break out of the Homeric action dominated mold. If Homer shows emotions through an action paced storyline, Archilochus elicits them from his own line directly, and he begins the tradition of the poet speaking to the reader or hearer in his own persona.

VII

θυμέ, θύμ', αμηχάνοισι κήδεσι κυκώμενη
ανάδν, δυσμενῶν δ' αλέξειν προσβαλων εναντίον
στέρνον ενδόκοισι, εχθρῶν πλήσιον κατασταθεις
ασφαλέως. και μήτε νικῶν αμφαδην αγάλλεο
μήτε νικηθεις εν οίκῳ καταπεσων οδύρεο.
αλλα χαρτοῖσι τε χαίρε και κακάισι ασχάλα
μη λίην. γίγνωσκε δ' οίος ῥυσμος ανθρώπους έχει

Soul, my soul, bemuddled with impossible cares,
stand up and defend yourself hurling your breast
right at the enemies ambushes, standing right up against them,
foot firmly planted. And if you win, be not openly rejoiced,
nor beaten grieve not collapsing in your home.
But rejoice in delightful things and in ills grieve not
overly. Just know what sort of 'rhythm' possesses human beings.

This famous passage seemed a model for life in the canon of Hellenic thought, and turns up somewhat altered in Horace's well known paradigm for the Golden Mean. "Go not too much one way or too far the other, strive for a balanced and equal-tempered way of living, as a formula for the good life." In the confusing world of Horace reeling from a century of civil warfare and outrage, this made sense, although it can easily produce a shilly-shallying morality. But was somewhat different from the age of Archilochus where survival in a hundred minor inter-state conflicts depended on having enough courage to stand up and fight ---- or be taken into slavery if still alive after the carnage.

This was what Tyrtaeus was to announce to the Athenians, following the Spartan notion of honorable death rather than defeat. But Archilochus is different, he sees both sides of the coin. In the first three lines he states the courageous Way, but then turns to the double edged danger of hubristic pride at winning or consuming despair at losing, neither of which are ac-

ceptable. So he does seem to be stating the Golden Mean formula, until we reach the last line.

"Try to understand the 'rhusmos' which encompasses human life".

I have marked the word Rhythm which is here spelled in Ionic form, as key to his thinking, but it is not a word which can be exactly translated. It is in one sense the rhythm of life and death, victory and defeat, perhaps with a touch of the Sanskrit term 'rtu', an eternally rotating world scene. Rather than try to reproduce this word in English with a musical term like "temperament", which begs the question of what the Greek actually means, I suggest we think of what Rhythm really means.

"Pattern" is at the heart of rhythm in music, poetry or as Archilochus sees it, in the convolutions of the good and the bad episodes in human life. So aside from the simplistic advice about not overdoing Joy or Despair, he supplies a key to the situation in this final line. It is the knowing or understanding (gignoske) of the pattern (rhusmos) which permeates the fabric of life, which is important, and with typically Greek intuition, it will be the actual Understanding which saves you in the long run. The Mind which understands both Good and Bad and the flow between them, will be the business of the man who asks along with Job: "Why has this happened, why O God to me?"

But he knows that there are other answers too, when he says:

πάντα πόνος τεύχει θνητοῖς μελέτη τι βροτεία

"It is hard Work and human assiduity which contrive everything for mortal beings."

In other words our destiny or fate is not just what happens to us, there is a whole area of life which is arranged by our own actions. Work and continued practice with Attention are what make things happen for us. It is interesting that there are two words here for "human beings", first 'thnetoi' which means those who die as we all must, and in the same line the old Indo-European word for dying 'broto-' or mortal meaning 'human', which

appears in Skt. mrtas as well as Latin mortalis. So the line rather pregnantly encompasses two words for humans as "those who die", and also two words for what they must do while they are alive. We must both work and keep on trying, exercising the wits and practicing whatever we are doing. That, to Archilochus at least, is what life is about in the long run.

On the other hand:

πάντα τύχη και μοῖρα, Περικλεεσ, ανδρι δίδωσιν
"it is Fortune and Fate, Pericles, which give everything to (a) man"

Now this seems an entirely different way of seeing things, one dominated by large and incalculable forces which lie outside our control. We would at first take this as Archilochus' notion of Fatalism, but the words he uses are not the same as our English terms and must be examined more closely.

The noun TUXH which in later times became a deity which we find on many inscriptional stones as a heading (agathe tuche as a devotional dative), comes from the very 'tunkhan-ein' meaning 'chance on, come upon by chance' and it is this chancy meaning which is at the core of the term. Latin Fortuna from 'fors' or chance was intended to correspond to Tukhe, but as transferred into English, it became encrusted with many other meanings, from "Fortune = personal wealth", or Good Luck as opposed to mis-fortune. The Greek TUXH is blind, it veers right and left and gives a wide display of results which result from Pure Chance. Heraclitus had said that what rules the universe is "a child (not knowing the game) eternally playing at a game of checkers". This gives a fair idea of the Greek idea of this word, as well as a suggestion about the mainspring of Darwinian evolution.

If Tukhe or Tyche as in English is unforeseeable blind chance, then Moira is something quite different. Starting with the noun 'meros' which is originally 'a share, portion,' and then with overtones of "One's Portion, Lot" is becomes a loosely defined kind of Destiny. After all what is Destiny other than getting your portion of the possible events which you are liable to? Then as a verb 'meiromai' one gets one's portion, one's share, and that can be reworded as "getting what is assigned to you (fate)" as well as

"getting what is due to you" which can mean Fate. Or it can also mean a certain Greek variety of karma, something which says you get what is coming to you as a) foreordained or b) what you "deserve".

Each time Moira (who can also be seen as a minor league goddess) swings into action, a chunk (meros) of your possibilities is assigned, and you reckon it up as either fortune or misfortune on your tally sheet. An earlier book by W.C. Greene "Mora..." examines this word through the Greek period by searching and documenting all appearances of the word.

Then the question: How do these two verses on human life fit together? And the answer is that they don't, that Archilochus is trying out notions, which can apply in one situation but not another, and he is not concerned about laying down the word of Truth as true forever. It is only in the later stages of Greek thought that rigor and linearity are required for statements on important subjects. But this is far from the world of Archilochus back in the 7th century, intent on drawing sketches of life and living people, as an early effort in the manner of what Plato would later call 'skiagraphia'. Life is made up of all sort of divergent data which surface here and there as you uncover new topics for viewing.

VIII

Friendship

In a discussion of the many kinds of Friendship in the Eudemian Ethics, Aristotle says that for most people, an interested friendship is the most common type, since we love each other insofar as useful, and only so far. And he quotes Archilochus as stating:

Γλαῦκ', επίκουρος ανηρ τόσσον φίλος έστε μάχηται
"Glaucus, a soldier of fortune is your friend --- as long as he fights."

And the moment he falters in standing by your side in battle, he is no longer a friend.

This is not to say that at the critical turn of his battle commitment, he becomes your enemy, although in retrospect that is probably the way it would turn out.

But it is at that critical moment when he is no longer useful (Aristotle puts his finger on this with the word 'chresimos') he is not your 'philos', your friend. With this pragmatic definition of friendship as practiced by the generality of mankind, we lose sight of other kinds of friendship which are possible. The friendship of long association, friendship within the family structure, and the Socratic friendship of elder informing the growing mind of younger ---- these are possible and worthwhile but in another class of Philia. Is the proverbial Greek "friend : "as defined by the expression "What is a friend? Another myself! " completely narcissistic or completely impossible?

It does make things clear, if we depend on absolute function and the utility of friendship, and however narrow or limited we may find Aristotle's and

Archilochus' definition, we have to admit that it is humanly basic and in a functional sense, it does work

But he does remark in the Politics :

"When we think we are slighted, or anger is directed more at friends and acquaintances than at strangers. Archilochus is correct when he says to his soul (thumos) "

συ γαρ δη παρα φίλων ἀπάγχει

"for it is at the hands of your friends that you are strangled"

The quote from Aristotle is important because he had a full text at hand and was able to say that Archilochus was speaking to his own self, as he does elsewhere (My soul, my soul.). This helps to establish the self-directed intent of this line.

There might be two ways we interpret this line. We might think of it as similar to the common saying, that a) everyone should have one friend and one enemy, but b) if "X" is your friend, then you don't need an enemy. This "X" could be a person, or one from an ethnic group you don't like, and it turns up as a humorous remark, but with a certain sense that there may be truth in the humor. This is the way we would probably read the line without Aristotle's comment.

But with his footnote, the line assumes a psychological content. Is it not true that we are hurt more by people in close psychological contact with us, whether as friend, family or longtime associates, while we can brush off a casual annoyance from a mere acquaintance with a shrug? This is quite different from the above interpretation, in a sense it is more obvious and possibly less engaging, but likely to be the right one since it comes to us with Aristotle context clearly in mind.

But this is theoretical reasoning since we all know anger can be violent depending on the outrage as well as the personal relationship of the actor, which bring us back to a fragment which was discussed above at page 59 ff. where there is a fuller discussion of this in the framework of Anger:

*έν δ' επίσταμαι μέγα
τον κακῶς με δρῶντα δέννοισ ἀνταμείβεσθαι κακοῖς*

Here we have a perfect example of the sharp edge of Archilochus' ire, for which he was famous in the Greek world. There is a threatening ring about the words in the initial half line, as strong and brutal in Greek as in English:

"but I do know one BIG thing...."

I don't think I would have said "big" but it hits the nail on the head squarely. "If there is one thing which I do know, it's" So this is the first stage of the threat, preparing the stance for action, and we go into the swift tripping-running trochaic line immediately:

".....how to respond to one who does me evil, with terrible troubles."

For a telling figure of shipwreck and disaster at sea, joined snapshot of Anger in the Archaic Age, we go to a poem found on a papyrus sheet found in fair condition which was published as early as 1899 in the Sitz. d. Berl. Akad 1899 p.857, and studied with attention to some lost letters by a rank of first-line German scholars. This interesting poem does not, however, bear any ascription to Archilochus except the style of writing and the final angry lines, so it should not be taken as genuine and is not listed by M. West as such.

It is in the form of an elaborate curse, like many curses which come down from antiquity on paper, papyrus, stone and imperishable lead plates, but this one is done with literary flavor, and despite a few lost words, is curious in its detail, which include slavery, freezing cold, shipwreck tangled in seaweed until cast up on shore like a drowned dog vomiting up sea water.

The graphic images are enough to frighten anyone to whom his poem was addressed. I will give the whole (difficult) text, which may not be easy to find, here without modern editors' accents

κυμ[ατι] πλα[ζομ]ενος
καν Σαλμυδησσω γυμνον ευφρονεω[ν ετεων]
Θρηικες ακροκομοι
λαβοιεν, ενθα πολλ' αναπληει κακα
δουλιον αρτον εδων,
ριγει πεπηγοτ' αυτον, εκ δε του ροθου
φυκια πολλ' επ[ε]χοι,
κροτεοι δ' οδοντας, ως κυων επι στομα
κειμενος ακρασιη
ακρον παρα ρηγμινα, κυμα δ' [εξ]εμεροι .

ταυτ' εθελοιμ' αν ιδειν,
ος μ' ηδικησε λαξ δ' εφ' ορκιοις εβη
το πριν εταιρος εων

This is a fairly readable papyrus sheet, but even here there are hitches. In the first line it is pretty clear that the meaning is "wandering on the wave(s)" despite the number of letters supplied. But the last supplied word of the second line is at least to me incomprehensible (etos is 'year' ??). At line 7 the last word 'rhothos' is a sound word of a rushing sound, and can hardly be used for seaweed wrapped around the man. Note that this word has nothing there in the papyrus but the -o- and a good deal of editorial imagination. At line 11 the last word is hardly there at all, the prefix is completely added and the rest of the dotted letters are marked as unclear. Yet the reading is probably good, vomiting is called for here and the verb "*wemo " as through Latin to English 'vomit' is suitably repaired. So much for the text, the meaning is clear and the curse intact, lacking only the identity of the recipient. I leave translation to the reader and dictionary.....

The last three lines are separated because I wanted to call especial note to be under the present rubric of Friendship.

ταῦτ' ἐθέλοιμ' ἀν ἰδεῖν,
ὅς μ' ἠδίκησε λαξ δ' ἐφ' ὀρκίοις ἔβη
το πρὶν ἑταῖρος ἐών

"all these things I would like to behold,
(the man) who did me wrong and under holy oath
walked on me with his heel, that man
who formerly was my ----friend."

These three lines are completely in the Archilochean spirit, the sheer searing anger and the similarity to the line previous quoted on friendship. What he had said about knowing that "one big thing" and how to get even, here it is all spelled out in gruesome detail, perhaps indicating that the person who wrote this poetic curse knew Archilochus' poetry well and was doing a literary variation on a very angry theme.

So we have three words for a companion at arms in Archilochus. First he calls himself a 'therapon' or military companion of the Muses. Then the 'philo'i' are clearly his friends in our sense of the word. Finally here we have the formal and ancient word 'hetairos' or companion in a military sense as used by Homer Iliad I 179 where Agamemnon taunts Achilles: "Go home with your Myrmidon companions....".

There is one more thing to note about these lines. When Homer uses the word 'lax', he means with the actual foot, stamping with the heel, putting the foot against the chest of a dead enemy in order to pull the spear out. But Archilochus uses this physical figure of "trod with his heel" in an entirely new way, as a transferred metaphor which shifts the weight of the figure from what it actually says, to the effect it has on the mind and spirit of the outraged victim. Although this may seem a minor difference here, it marks a change in the way poetic diction can be used. A physical action can be

transported into the realm of the emotions, the new world of inner feelings, and this is going to be a thread in the poetry of the West which weaves itself into the warp of the entire fabric.

It may in fact destroy the authenticity and reality of words used intentionally in their basic meanings, which can be one of the reasons that we have in recent years come back to Homer so strongly, as the source of directness, exactness of wording and precision of imagery. There is never a 'looking side' at the scene being written out, a glancing into the poet's own personality for a glint of personal and even idiosyncratic expression. Homer says it as it is, and it is only when he has become the single avenue into poetry, and burdens new generations with his perfection, that it is necessary to break out of the mold and write as Archilochus and the followers do. So we go forward with Archilochus to the world of poetry, but when surfeited come back again to Homer for a breath of real air.

IX

Death at Sea

In the previous poem which we were examining in respect to Archilochus' use of anger in regard to the expectations of a broken friendship, there is a detailed description of a wreck at sea, not actually described but invoked as a curse to be wreaked upon some unfortunate person unknown to us. Formal curses were well known in the ancient world, one thinks of their use in early Italy where a curse calling down every human malady is inscribed on a lead tablet which is subsequently secretly buried, and acts like Voodoo charm on the mind of the dying man. The details of this anticipated torture are real and exact, and this part of the poem can be read without the conclusion as an item in this sea-death chapter.

The scholiast on Aeschylus Prometheus 616 remarks that the word "gifts" or 'dōra' can be either good or bad, but this may not be in the basic meaning of the word but rather an ironic use of the term which became widely used. Archilochus had spoken of bringing "ugly gifts to the enemy" before, surely in a pointedly ironic way and this would also seem to be true in this line:

κρύπτωμεν [δ'] ανιηρα Ποσειδάωνος άνακτος δώρα

"Let us hide the un-lovely gifts of Sea Lord Poseidon"

Of course he is speaking of the Greek fear of a body floating at sea unburied, and hiding the deteriorating bodies of the sea dead means burial on land with the proper ritual. One thinks of the Latin word 'munera' which can range from actual gifts to ritual gifts to the gods as pious duties, even to questionable benefits as in the administrative 'sordida munera' for appointments which bring in no profits at all.

The line has one interesting detail in the name of "Poseidon the Lord" interposed between the words of the expression "unlovely gifts" which thus comes out as :

(Let us hide -->) *un-lovely* POSEIDON the LORD *gifts*

This is not only typical Greek word-configuration, it also has a specific poetic value in that it organizes out attention according to the progress of the words, and somehow places the Sea King in the center (of the sea) with "deterioratingbodies" strewn around his royal presence. Vergil caught something of this twist in his 'disiecta corpora' in the Aeneid.

Here is another one on sea life, sailors at sea begging the goddess Pallas (Athene) for safe return:

*Παλλάδ' εϋπλόκαμον πολιῆς ἄλος ἐν πελάγεσσι
θεσσάμενοι γλυκερον νόστον*

"entreating, in the depths of the graying sea, the goddess Pallas
For a sweet homecoming."

It is interesting to take a look at the MSS tradition which has at the start:

πολλα δ' ευπλοκαμου.....

Now this would be entirely different, not nearly as clever as the name of Pallas with the (one gender) adjective agreeing with it, after a final change from -u- to a similar character -n-. If we accept the single letter emendation to 'euplokamon' it can mean the goddess, while Pallas can be seen as a gloss to the margin of a MS, as often subsumed into the text, which would be especially easy with that first word 'polla'. So this raises the old question of "MS authority" once more!

The word for a return home, 'nostos' is a seafaring word, and has an aura of final welcome home after a long and anxious journey on questionable seas. It belongs not only to monogamous Odysseus, but to every ship's captain who was eager to dock his laden ship and step ashore onto something less shifting than the restless sea.

But it was only in Late Greek that the word 'nostalgia' came to be used for homesickness, and this appeared in English only in the 19th century as an educated borrowing from Greek. In the 20th century the word acquired a whole new set of meanings, a longing for time past in a world which was accelerating so fast that the the old objects and old folkways began, after mid-century, to be seen as precious and worth conserving.

It is interesting that a practical seafaring word, encompassing danger and safe return home, should be now taken as a psychological reaching toward an earlier state of our culture, an emotional reaching for the past rather than a safe return to home in the present. "Home, home on the range..." has a message based on very little historical reality for those who chant it at the fireside.

In his essay about how one should approach poetry (Aud. Poet. 6.23) Plutarch says of Archilochus that "when he was lamenting the death of his brother-in-law who had been lost in a shipwreck, he says":

*ει κείνου κεφαλὴν καὶ χαρίεντα μέλεα
'Ἥφαιστος καθαρῶσιν ἐν εἵμασι ἀμφεπονήθη....*

"if Hephaistus properly performed the service on his head and fair limbs (dressed) in clean garments...."

If not proper land burial, at least a proper cremation for the body lost at sea and hence unburied, unwept as poor Elpenor (Pound Canto I). The Western burial at sea with a body carrying weights in a white and clean sailcloth would not have satisfied the Greeks of this time.

The form of these lines has a certain ritual tone, with two central words of absolutely no emphatic value (kai and en) serving as line-pivots. The first line has 'head' on starboard side of this 'kai' with 'lovely limbs' on the larboard, while the second line divides it up as "clean ... *in* ...garments" with a balanced arrangement. And of course the second line is framed carefully with "Hephaistos = fire" at the start, and the special verb for the burial service at the end. Iliad 23.159 has the same formula, with:

τάδε δ' ἀμφιπονησόμεθα
"we will perform the service...."

but the verb does not appear to be used, after the three Homeric uses, by the later poets.

X

Other People

There are a few scraps which relate to society in its various forms, of which these are the most interesting:

πάρελθε, γενναῖος γὰρ εἶς

"Pass by Sir, for you are of noble birth"

Unless completely out of another unknown context, this must be the politely sub-sneering remark of a commoner who is, as it were, holding the door for a real "gent". Remembering Archilochus' dislike of the fancy Generalissimo, this seems a quite reasonable assumption, and read this way, the words seem to have a crisp gesture to them. Of course the circumflex on the central word has a special color, along with the long monosyllabic "y'are" at the ends.

By the time Tyrtaeus was on the scene, it was found politically if not militarily expedient to show great respect for the dead on the battlefield, a long continued propaganda which reached into Horace's "Dulce et decorum pro patria mori" and a great deal of 19th century European chauvinistic nationalism, for which the world paid dearly.

Archilochus on the other hand, as one who knew something about warfare at first hand, had a very different idea:

*οὐ τις αἰδοῖος μετ' αστῶν οὐδε περίφημος θανῶν
γίγνεται. χάριν δε μᾶλλον του ζοοῦ διώκομεν
ζῶντες ἔτι. κάκιστα αἰεὶ τῷ θανόντι γίγνεται*

"No man is praised by his citizens or greatly honored when dead.
We rather follow the favor of the living while we are alive,
and the dead always get the worst part."

This is Homeric in spirit, a statement based in the reality of what life means and what the state of the dead really is. Achilles asked about this by Odysseus in the underworld interview, makes it clear that a slave's life under a harsh master would be better than the realms of all down here. Archilochus does not fudge the edge of the transition to another world, he knows the difference between life as something real, as compared with death which is nothingness.

Yet there should be some respect for the dead:

ου γαρ εσθλα κατθανούσι κερτομέιν επ' ανδράσι
"It is not good to speak ill of dead men."

We think of old age in ancient societies as a time for respect, both for accumulated wisdom like Nestor's words even if somewhat shaky, or as an accepted role in the social structure of the family. But Archilochus' word will come as a surprise. It seems he is not only interested in opposing much of the Homeric notion of nobility, but also of questioning what we now call traditional "family values":

βίος δε απράγμων τοῖς γέρουσι συμφέρει
μάλιστα ει τύχοιεν ἀπλόοι τρόποις
η μακκοᾶν μέλλοιεν η ληρέιν ὄλως
ὄπερ γερόντων εστίν

"An idle life is suitable for the aged,
especially if they be simple in their ways,
or babble foolishly or are completely stupid,
as old men are likely to be."

This is probably more truthful than automatic respect for the aged, who fade from the society bit by bit, Alzheimer patients or not, and are accorded peace and rest. But Archilochus' tone seems cold and unsympathetic, a clinical statement of loss of control among the aged, which seems surprising for the Greek social world of the 7th c. BC.

And there were people in those days, as now, "who simply had no sense at all":

λείως γαρ ουδεν εφρόνεον

And also that most wonderfully acute statement about the two kinds of men whom we find in this variegated world, as true today as in archaic Greece:

πόλλ' οἶδ' αλώπηξ, ἀλλ' ἐχῖνος ἐν μέγα

"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog just one big thing."

This telling line has been so often quoted and perhaps misquoted, that no comment should be necessary, other than to note a personal preference for the staying qualities of the hedgehog who is still peering out of his burrow while the farmer hangs the body of the fox on the barbed wire fence as a reminder of the fate of being a smart aleck.

And while speaking of animals either as cameo portraits, or as analogs for their human counterparts, we have a wonderful iambic couplet on the great and stubborn Ox, who has been standing frozen and immobile for all these centuries, defying any master's notion of the Work Ethic:

*βοῦς ἐστὶν ἡμῖν ἐργάτης ἐν οἰκίῃ
κορωνός, ἐργῶν ἴδρις οὐδ' ἀρ [οὔν θέλων]*

"There is in our house a working ox with crumpled horn,
who knows how to work, but he doesn't want to."

Chapter IV: Love and Sex

I

The story of the daughter of Lycambes and his daughter Neoboule was so well known in antiquity that nobody would have thought of writing a précis of the situation like this, but a short account from an ancient source may be appropriate here. Horace Epode 6.13 states of his toughness:

Cave cave, namque in malos asperrimus
parata tollo cornua
qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener....

Here we have the traditional elements of the story, the tough poet, the faithless intended father-in-law and the spurned suitor. And the scholiast adds to the passage the rest of the story:

"Archilochum significat, qui Lycamben probrosis versibus usque eo insectatus est, ut ille mortem sibi conscisceret. Hoc autem eo fecit, quod ille filiam suam in matronium promissam mox denegasset." His death by hanging himself and his daughter(s) concludes the rest of the story as we know it.

But starting from the beginning, these verses of Archilochus seem to outline a rough scenario for the suit for the hand of Neoboule, although we have no way of telling if that is what their original purpose was. A great deal of a scholarly effort has been spent on trying to outline a reliable "biography" of the poet, searching for overlooked clues in poetry and on the epigraphic remains on Paros and Thasos, especially in the latter half of the 20th century.

But biography of most ancient authors is quite thin, nothing like what we consider biography to be in the medieval or modern periods. Perhaps it has been one of the fascinations of ancient studies that the sparseness of the ma-

terials calls forth the greatest talents for literary detective work and to some extent possible suppletion by way of a lively imagination. The death of Aeschylus from an eagle dropping a tortoise from a height to break its shell on a rock, which happened to be the poet's bald head, is hardly biography, but must suffice since we have so little else.

Then there is the lamentable practice of trying to elicit from a poet's work his personal history, and in the case of Archilochus this is attractive since he does say things which do seem to be personal details of his life. Of course they may be parts of his poetry rather than his life, but the writing-to-life equation was already established for him in early antiquity, so we may as well accept it as reasonable even if not provable.

Reading these love-sequence verses we note the sharp edge, the banding of the words and verse form to a suggestively erotic end, and that may be the things which is most fascinating about this sequence. Rather than "Love Poetry", these poems are full of an erotic tendency linked to a good dose of Hate, a welcome relief from the flow of soupy love poetry down the ages.

This must come early in the Neoboule sequence:

εἰ γὰρ ὥς μοι γένοιτο χεῖρα Νεοβούλης θιγῆν

"Would that it might thus befall me to touch the hand of Neoboule"

Here we have the wishful lover's prayer, just to touch this lady's hand. But there is something special about this line, a sense of long continuing wishfulness in the statement of this 'prayer', which may be more formal in the tradition of ancient prayers than we think. That little word "hós" or 'thus' doesn't seem to fit the sense of this line, unless the prayer were bi-partite in the manner of the prayer of Chryses at Iliad I, 39 ff. or Sappho Frag. I. There by ancient formula the litigant first states rituals previously performed in the service of the deity, thus establishing a link between litigant and god, and then adds the current body of the wish in linguistically and emotionally optative format. It seems the word 'hos' would naturally refer

back to a previous segment, but since that is not here we can mentally bracket the word as not contributing to the sense of this separate line.

But the really interesting twist to the line is the verb "to touch", which is the aorist infinitive to the touching-handling verb "thiggano". It would be one thing for Archilochus to ask to hold the girl's hand, in the mode of the Beatles song "I want to hold your hand....", as a persistent lovers' contact. But here the aorist is quite different. As a decidedly perfective form, it means 'touch' rather than "hold" and the momentary quality of this furtive touching gives a slyly erotic turn to the line. Momentary touching constitutes, now as then, a form of sexual contact if not harassment, and the rare Greek noun 'spatho-pugia' or buttock slapping is the same now in the modern office atmosphere. The momentary touch in passing seems far more lecherous than a long contact, and Archilochus has this in mind with his intentional aorist.

This is followed up with a line quoted by the scholiast to Iliad 11.786, where the word 'hyperteros' is noted as archaic for "younger = neoteros":

οἴην Λυκάμβεω ἴπαιδα τὴν ὑπερτέρην

"only the younger daughter of Lycambes"

Here the tone of distilled lechery seems to hang on the first word "Only...", which concentrates his intense stare on this ONE specific girl, the one he is intent on having. What is the matter with all the other girls on the island, and what is the matter with the other daughter.....? "No! it is the younger daughter I want to have." So he establishes focus, like the lion looking at the lamb, on this one, the nice little younger one. But this is with a fierceness quite different from Horace centuries later saying of his pursuit of a young girl (Odes I 23) : "atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera / Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor". Whether tiger or lion, Archilochus is fierce and no gentleman at all.

*έχουσα θαλλον μυρσίνης ετέρπετο
ροδῆς τε καλον άνθος, ἦ δε οἱ κόμη
ώμους κατεσκίαζε και μετάφρενα*

"Holding a branch of myrtle, she was glowing with joy,
and the fair flower of the rose. And her long hair
fell shadowing her shoulders and all the way down her back"

This is quoted by Synesius, the 5 c. AD learned Neo-Platonic and author, later a Bishop, in his book "On Praise of Baldness" where in mentioning Hair, he cites this passage adding "Archilochus praises hair on the head of a prostitute". The lady holding the myrtle of Aphrodite and an inviting rose is probably a lady on call rather than Lycambes' daughter, but we can see this as what excites Archilochus visually in his public eye, while his private eye is on the innocent virgin daughter promised in marriage. The split between what men like and whom they marry was certainly as divisive then as in the modern Post Industrial world, and we should take this as a peep through the keyhole of Archilochus' mind into his inner world of desire.

This is a richly written and sensual passage, and needs a careful understanding of the sounds as sounds. In the first line we have the word for myrtle right after the metrical line-break, with its wide spread of the vowels " -u- -i- -é- " contrasting with the " -o- -a- " range of the first two words as well as the "-e- -e- -e- -o- " of the last word 'eterpeto'. Now the next line has a different kind of organization.

The three leading-in nominals are all disyllabic, then we have the caesural break of "rest", after which the rhythm changes completely with three monosyllabics and the disyllabic 'kome'. Note also that in the sequence "hé de hoi komé." we have a mirror pattern with " -e- -o- -o- -e- " switching instantly between front and back vowels. Then 'omous' as disyllabic pauses on the shoulders for a moment, just before the verb 'kataskiaze' with its five syllables carrying the meaning of hair "down-shadowing", which leads

directly to the four syllabic word for her upper back spinal area, the 'metaphrena'.

It was these shifts from one kind of meter to another, with an underlayment of contrasting vowel types, which I found so hard to capture in translation, which is why I had to add words to flesh out the highly compacted meaning, with "shadowing her shoulders and all the way down her back". These added words give the thrust of the many syllables of the verb, along with the term for her shoulder-to-wait area, for which the English "back" is totally inappropriate acoustically.

The apparent sensuality of this triplet verse is easily felt when reading aloud, it evaporates completely in translation, but in searching the inner structure of the wording we come up with a second score, that of the form and sounds, which matches and amplifies the semantic score of the denoting written words. This is a good example of much poetic expertise in a very small capsule which we might have passed over as insignificant.

Although Man is an expert hunter, he lacks the olfactory senses of the other higher mammals, and hunts a mating partner as well as prey in the field primarily by sight. But in a narrow spectrum of perception, smell still has a place and perfumery has always been for us an ancillary avenue of perception. So here Archilochus courses through the emotional range of perfumes and how they affect his mind:

*εσφυριασμέναι κόμας
και στῆθος ὡς αν και γέρων ηράσσατο*

"(girls) perfumed as to hair
and bosom so that even an old man would have loved them"

We are taking the word "perfumed" to be 'esmuriasmenai' as a subject feminine plural, hence "girls", but the MSS have "-as " hence this may have been an object case with little difference in our interpretation.

The text editors may have been uncomfortable with this accusative plural visually matching the entirely different use of the accusative plural of 'komas', interfering with the "Accusative of Reference" construction, which is clearly indicated. An older critic Wakefield changed the word to 'esmuriazmené' which makes it just one girl, and suits the one girl we know of, our Mlle Neoboulé. Nice but a guess and inauthentic for the text purist!

On the other hand, Pericles is said to have said to a woman after his speech on the war dead after Samos, for some hidden meaning which does not become quite clear in Plutarch's life of Pericles:

ουκ αν μύροισι γρηῦσ εἴσα ηλείφειο

"being an old lady, you do not anoint yourself with myrrh"

And now at long last, long after he has observed the prurient lechery of the poet casting sly glances at the girl Neoboule while sniffing the scents of the perfumed ladies of the evening, the worried father finally calls the engagement off, and Archilochus drops the epodic bomb which drives the old man over the edge, with these words:

*πάτερ Λυκάμβη, πῶιον εφράσω τάδε;
τίς σας παρήειρε φρένας
ἦς το πριν ηρήρεισθα; νῦν δε πολυς
αστοῖσι φαίνεαι γέλωσ*

Father Lycambes, what sort of thing have you thought?

Who has stolen the wits

Which you formerly had? But now you are

To your fellow citizens, a big Laugh."

The dripping sarcasm needs no explanation or comment. But the form has certain details which should not escape the ear. Not only are two-thirds of the words in this pair or couplets in epodic form in questions, but the questions themselves has inner ranks of alliterating sounds. Starting with the labial -p- of 'pater', we continue through the first line with labial -b- in his name Lycambes, picking it up with pursed lips again with 'poion, and with an aspiration 'e-ph-raso' (remembering that this -ph- is a lightly aspirated -p- and nothing like our fricative -f-).

The second and third line have various insertions of sigma, which lead up at the end of line 3 to both -p- and -s- in a hissy 'polus', and across the line 'astois'; then on to the capping final word ending with a sigma, while the meaning swells into a hoarse guffaw of laughter. The lines have to be read aloud a number of times to get this all in order. Without the sound this phonetic description sounds overly academic and loses the focus on the sheer sneering meaning, which dominates this little poem even without the sound. With the sound, you can hear the words on the lips (need I say: "-f- -p- -s- " ?) spoken in the streets and the village square.

The result was known throughout antiquity, that Lycambes had hanged himself and his two daughters in despair at his public shame, not having heeded Archilochus' advice. "If a person is going to listen to what people say / he is not going to have any peace of mind."

II

Sex

The ancient world from the time of Adam and Eve through the Greco-Roman period, was a male dominated set of societies, in which men having won the role of Leadership, found themselves in an uneasy alliance with the dominated women who were not without weapons in their own secret defense. The first sign of this uneasiness shows in a dichotomy like this:

*τῇ μὲν ὕδωρ εφόρει
δολοφρονέουσα ξειρί, θῆτέρῃ δε πῦρ*

"In the one hand the wile-thinking female carried water,
in the other fire"

Plutarch is writing about the turns of Fortune, by which political things can turn from desperation to fresh hopes, but the passage he some archly quotes from Archilochus would have been so well known to any Greek reader than there would be no question but that it was Woman, under the guise of her protective battle-ally Aphrodite. The same word 'dolo' is used in Sappho's famous Frag. I with the same meaning in the adjective "wile-weaving" (doloploka), while the protective alignment of Woman with her Goddess occurs there in the military term "sum-machos" or protector under fire.

But Archilochus' meaning is simpler and more typical of the male's reaction to not getting what he wants. "That's the trouble with women, they turn you on with fire and when you are ready they splash you with a pail of cold water". Yes, that is true in a male dominated society, where the women have ways of retaliation for not playing the game on an even field. But this sociological interpretation if conveyed to an ancient Greek, would probably fall on deaf ears, just as it would in an office full of typical American men.

But there is sound behind this scene of sexual protest as well. The characteristic Greek pair of "men" and "de" which is more a matter of the mind than of sentence construction, is in full effective operation here, with "the one hand .. on the other hand" or "the other (hand)" paired only by the particles, by meaning but also by the strong-sounding open quality -eta- and iota-subscribed vowel " -έ- ". Notice also the sounds of 'ephorei' matching with 'cheiri' as high fronted vowel sounds pointing to tenseness and even up-tightness.

Now contrast these short words with the drawn-out six syllables of 'dolophrone ousa' as the lady who is pulling the reins of human behavior so errantly.

And then to cap this uneasy equation, we have the two critical words, Fire and Water, but they are much better in the Greek. Both 'hudór' and its opposite 'rúr' are heavy, back-voweled words, which have rolling and even threatening sounds in their repertoire. One kills at sea, the other kills in the town, and so far as Archilochus' comment would be, if he were asked again: "The both of them (fire and water) are killing me."

And it goes on.....

*δύστηνος έγκειμαι πόθω
άψυχος, χαλεπήσι θεών οδύνησι έκητι
πεπαρμένος δι' οστέων*

"wretched I lie, dead with desire,
soul-dead, with awful pains by will of the gods
pierced right through my bones"

And it continues.....:

αλλά μ' λυσιμελής, ω 'ταίρε, δάμναται πόθος

"but Desire, (my friend) that looses the limbs, is overwhelming me."

Again the complaint not only of pain but of everything (sic) going limp, as he is telling his buddy. Interesting that Sappho had used the same word as Archilochus (*damnatai*), asking Aphrodite not to overwhelm her utterly. Archilochus doesn't seem to consider that women have the same problems with desire as men, but it would take an unusual woman then to put it into words at all.

Of course there is a downside to erotic passion which can ruin judgment and cause people to do things which they would never do in a normal state. Stobaeus is discussing the ill effects of Aphrodite at his eternal dinner-party, and listing ill-effects, noting that "Love is a paltry matter and the cause for many ills" and then he quotes Archilochus:

*τοῖος γὰρ φιλότητος ἔρως ὑπο καρδίην ἐλιυσθεις
πολλή καρ' ἀχλυν ομμάτων ἔχειεν
κλέψας δε στηθέων ἀπαλας φρένας*

"Such was the desire of love-making weaving itself under the heart,
that is poured a thick cloud over your eyes,
stealing the delicate wits right out of your breast."

We should recall that modern notions of Love are very different from that of the Greco-Roman civilization, and are the result of multiple changes from the time of Andrew the Chaplain and the Crusades, the Romanticism which overtook Europe in the 19th century, the sexual revolution of the last century, and the invasion of Psychology into the personal lives of modern practitioners of the Art of Love. At the same time there seems to be a fairly stable hormonal base which operates within the system, and this may not be much changed over as short a time-span as a few thousand years. In any case what Archilochus tells us about his perception of love and sex, is valuable since it is one of the first peep-holes into this private area of human behavior at that early a date.

III

More sex

There was nothing specially shocking about prostitution in the Greco-Roman world, because it represented what was considered a legitimate social need to the community, and had none of the overtones of criminality which the modern world has imposed on this 'trade'. Since the middle of the 19th century many European countries have dealt with prostitution as a social reality, regulating the medical aspects, supervising the operation of the workers, and protecting the public from disease and fraud. Still certain nations have not faced up to the reality of the situation, and by ignoring prostitution as an ongoing operation, they have forced it into the hands of unscrupulous racketeers. Not so in the ancient world, where the 'leno' in a Plautine Greco-Roman drama may not be the nicest man in the world, but functions as a practical if mean minded businessman.

I mention this so we can get a proper perspective on this Archilochean couplet:

*σुकῆ πετραίη πολλας βόσκουσα κορώνας
ευήθης ξείνων δέκτρια Πασιφίλη*

"The fig tree on the rock feeding many crows (is like)
simple Pasiphile who receives strangers"

There is something pathetic about this figure of the fig tree on a bare patch of rocky land, which feeds the crows day after day and always has more for the next one, as compared to the simple or good-natured girl Pasiphile (whose name means "Dear to All" or everyman's darling) giving freely to all the men who call, and yet having enough left over for everybody. But what is more to the point is that she has somehow a constant reserve of energy to keep on feeding the populace, no drug-laden runaway who teeters

on the edge of a breakdown, but a girl who knows what she is about and continues like the fig tree to face climate, storm and the rapacious crows. What more need be said?

But this is not to imagine that all our archaic age prostitutes were nice ladies, as this:

*πολλα δ' εἰς πόρνης γυναικος ερρύσκειτ' έντερον
τα χρόνῳ μακρῶ πόνῳ συλλεγέντα χρήματα*

"He was accustomed to gush into the cunt of a woman, a hooker, much wealth gathered up over a long time with great labor"

So now we come back to the seamy side of the situation, the poor fool who saves up his wages for a trip to the Big City, coming home penniless. The rare verb 'ruiskomai' meaning having diarrhea, as in Herodotus 2.19, can also be used for anything that flows, and that is the basic meaning in this passage. However to anyone who knew the basic meaning of the word, this use in conjunction with the prostitute's private parts would have a second thought as he read the line. Whether the poor fellow poured wealth into her lap (as one translator would have it) or did something more metaphorically intimate, is a matter of the reader's sensibilities. The choice of words is clearly intentional, whether you read it in basic or metaphoric mode. So back to the unscrupulous hooker, and scrap the romance of the happy harlot in archaic Greece.

We must remember that a great deal of our shock at the 'dirty' words is a part of the sexual repressiveness of the 19th century pseudo-morality, and not at all applicable to the reading of Greek and Roman literature. It has been maintained that most 18th century English schoolboys got their sex education, whether good or bad, out of reading the classics, with special reference to the Satires of Juvenal. Classics being "Classic" were not subject to the strictures of most churches or the local library boards for censure, and were never expurgated, although translations could be mollified.

Archilochus, ardent lover of young daughters of the bourgeoisie, can in a vicious mood turn on some former girlfriend, and with withering scorn scan her aging beauty:

ουκεθ' ὁμῶς θάλλεις ἀπαλον χροά, κάρφεται γαρ ἤδη
"You are not growing smooth skin, its withering now."

And to this aged prostitute, perhaps another taunt about her many Johns:

πολλας δε τυφλας εγχέλυσας εδέξο
"but you have receive many "blind eels" "

The Etymologicum Magnum (EM) thinks that the rare word in this phrase:

λέγαι δε γυναῖκες

.....meaning "loose women" comes from 'lechos' or "bed", an unlikely derivation, but since the EM thinks it is sexual, and the word never occurs again in Greek, we can heed. Here as elsewhere with Archilochus the wording can be idiosyncratic at his whim, or it may be simply a case of so much being lost that we are not in a position to say what is a rarity. But Suidas in the same late period has a list of Archilochean bad women, which points to his ire against the very looseness which he probably enjoys, e.g.:

<i>μυσαχνη</i>	<i>εργατις</i>	<i>δημος</i>	<i>παχεια</i>
whore	working girl	common one	fat one

And of course where there is sex, there is always discussion of erection, which can be seen as embarrassing at times, as twice here:

εσθλην γαρ ἄλλην οἶδα τοιούτου φυτοῦ ἰησιν
"For I know another excellent cure for such a "growth" "

.....φῦμα μηρίων μεταξύ
"A tumor between the thighs"

The scholiast to Theocritus 2.48 discussing "phuton" as a plant, cites Archilochus' use for a tumor or growth 'phuma'. The cure is not specified, but the pail of cold water in the right hand of Aphrodite could do the trick.

And then there is the complaint of a good part of the male population of the world in the pre-Viagra era:

*αλλα απερρογασι [μοι]
μυκεω τενοντες*

"but the nerves of my "stick" are snapped"

And of course there is the aim and purpose of all this sexual talk, which ends in a graphic consummation:

*και πεσειν δρηστην επ' ασκον, κ'επι γαστρι γαστέρα
προσβαλειν, μερους τε μεροις*

"and fall on a working belly-bag, leap forward
belly on belly and thigh against thigh."

And there is the usual "low life" which hangs around the bars and brothels, the invisible nobodies who disappear into the shadows of alleyways here and there, a part of any town's depressed areas. Here are a few samples of this marginal existence:

κατ οικον εστρωφατο μισητος βαβαξ
"the talkative lecher went up and down in the house"

This line (with perhaps a touch of the literary realism of T. S. Eliot's Prufrock) has a problem with 'misetos' which is more likely associated with the rare noun 'misetia' for "lust" used by Aristophanes once, than with "misein" meaning "to hate".

προς τοῖχον ἐκλίνθησαν ἐν παλινσκίῳ
"They leaned against the wall in the dark shadows"

φιλήτα νύκτωρ περὶ πόλιν πωλεύμενε
"Hey, thief, wandering around the city at night...."

θύρων' ἀπεστύπαζον
"I beat [him] away from the door with a vine stump"

E.M. notes the word 'stupos' as vine stump, here used as a verb, 'stupazo' or "stump-off ". The person is not indicated, and the reason for the plural of doors is the use of two right and left hung doors constituting a normal house doorway in antiquity.

To be sure there will be beggars in the streets also:

προτέينو χεῖρα καὶ προῖσσομαι
I put forth my hand and beg..."

But the beggar can't get into house area, because:

τῶιον γὰρ αὐλην ἔρκος ἀμφιδέδρομεν
"for such a fence runs all around the courtyard"

Chapter V: Wine

There are three ways to think of wine (oinos) in Greece. First we have the fermenting action of expressed grape juice which generates an alcoholic content of near ten percent, thus giving it a stable bottled life of several years, while at the same time providing a safe table beverage in a country where water often carried E.coli if not more serious diseases.

Then we have the ritual use of wine in the cult of Dionysus which used wine as a psychotropic intoxicant employed in religious rites and incorporated into various facets of the Orphic cult religion. Such a complex subject can only be mentioned in passing here.

But there was also the use of wine in a set of social functions which could be used as a relaxant along with poetry and music, or could lead to spells of fury, or simply gross inebriation. We have a few examples of this last class of behavior from Archilochus, which are very interesting to compare with use of alcohol in our time:

*ὡσπερ [παρ'] αὐλῶ βρῦτον ἡ Θρηῆξις ἀνηρ
ἡ Φρυγίς ἐβρῦζε, κύβδα δ' ἠν' πονευμένη*

"She gulped it down to the sound of the flute, as the Thracian or Phrygian does his beer, bent over and worked from the rear."

There are some problems with the words: 'bruton' is clearly the barley beer which was widely used outside of the wine-producing ring, and was a mark of outside people for the ethno-centric Greek. The verb "bruzó" is known only here, but should be related to "brun eipein" as the child's cry for milk. So a meaning like "swallow down" perhaps at a gulp before baby-bottles (amustis = U.S. Engl.Mil: chug-a-lug). Since it is not clear exactly what she was drinking, and since she was engaging in unconventional sex to boot (sic), it is not clear if she was drinking wine to the tune of the flute, or engaging in oral sex at the same time. I include this passage with a notation

that at last, anno MMII novi saeculi, we are in the first decade which can discuss such a matter in public without subterfuge or nervously writing the words in Latin.

Drinking has a tendency to promote aggressiveness, but in this verse the sheer eagerness to fight is compared to a thirsty man with a parched tongue yearning dipsomaniacally for a drink (oinos, not water).

*μάχης δε τῆς σῆς, ὥστε διψέων πιεῖν
ὡς ἐρέω*

It is curious that even in a situation where anger is the paramount emotion, it is the thirst for drink which best expresses the depth of the hostility. We might possibly say "I am so angry I can taste it....", crossing the pathways in still another direction.

But there is also evidence for real inebriation, as in this strange passage aboard ship, which is reminiscent of the famous dish showing the Ship of Dionysus afloat on a wine-mixed sea, mast sprouting garlands and the men drunk on deck:

*αλλ' αγε, νυν κώθονι θοῆς δια σέλματα νηος
φοίτα και κοίλων πώματ' ἀφελκε κάδων.
ἀγρει δ' οἶνον ερυθρον απο τρυγός. ουδε'αρ ἡμῆις
νήφειν εν φυλακῇ τῆδε δυνησόμεθα*

"But come now, along the benches of the swift ship, with a cup
Go you along, draw liquor from the hollows casks,
Draw out the red wine down to the lees, for we
Can never stay sober on this watch duty here.

This would strike us as an irresponsible alcoholic binge, worse because on a ship leaving sail and oars to the wind, and worse because "on watch" and so against every notion of a sailing man. But the scene is so vividly put with a sense of exotic enthusiasm, that it may well be part of a Dionysiac ritual, the more easily performed since in the isolated ambiance of a ship on the sea. If "man overboard" is heard, the men can go on with their drinking since a dolphin will come to the rescue, which reinforces the efficacy of the Dionysiac powers.

The drinking parties could go on for a whole day or more:

έωθεν έκαστος έπινεν, εν δε βακχίησιν....

"From down on each man was imbibing, and in the Bacchic revelries.....

It is unfortunate that the quotation breaks off here, since all of us who have pored of the Bacchae of Euripides for factual detail would be entranced by further information from the 7th century BC.

The party-crasher or alcoholic freeloader was not absent from the Archilochean world it seems..

*πολλον δε πίνων και χαλίκρητον μέθυ ούτε τίμον
εισενέγκας*

*ούδε μην κληθεις εσήλθες δια δη 's φίλους φίλος
αλλά δ' εύ γαστηρ νόον τε και φρένας παρήγαγε
ες αναιδείην*

"Drinking much and even unmixed wine, you contributed no cost, not even invited as a friend amongst friends but your belly led astray your mind and wits, to the point of shamelessness."

Beyond the freeloading behavior, we should not the term "unmixed wine", remembering that the Greeks mixed in a ratio of wine to water of 1 : 3 for ordinary use, stronger for a good festivity, and straight up for serious

drinking on a great occasion. So Alcaeus on the death of a Hittite king calls for straight wine, even as Horace must have done in his ode on the death of Cleopatra, Odes I.37. Our tolerance for alcohol seems to have become steeper over the centuries, perhaps better understood as a genetic change rather than from generations of continued exposure.

And of course there is a natural result to excessive drinking, hung over pounding headache in the morning, confusions wandering about in the night, and sometimes before the party is over something like the following scene:

κυψαντες ὑβριν αθροην απεφλυσαν

"bending over, they gurgled out all their pride"