

Title	The Iliad of Homer : book three. Oath-bars, wall-watching,and the isolated single combat of Alexandros man-repeller and Menelaos people-resister
Sub Title	
Author	Wilcox, J. M.
Publisher	慶應義塾大学日吉紀要刊行委員会
Publication year	2001
Jtitle	慶應義塾大学日吉紀要. 英語英米文学 No.39 (2001. ) ,p.163- 188
JaLC DOI	
Abstract	
Notes	
Genre	Departmental Bulletin Paper
URL	<a href="https://koara.lib.keio.ac.jp/xoonips/modules/xoonips/detail.php?koara_id=AN10030060-20010930-0163">https://koara.lib.keio.ac.jp/xoonips/modules/xoonips/detail.php?koara_id=AN10030060-20010930-0163</a>

慶應義塾大学学術情報リポジトリ(KOARA)に掲載されているコンテンツの著作権は、それぞれの著作者、学会または出版社/発行者に帰属し、その権利は著作権法によって保護されています。引用にあたっては、著作権法を遵守してご利用ください。

The copyrights of content available on the KeiO Associated Repository of Academic resources (KOARA) belong to the respective authors, academic societies, or publishers/issuers, and these rights are protected by the Japanese Copyright Act. When quoting the content, please follow the Japanese copyright act.

*The Iliad* of Homer  
Book Three  
*Oath-Bars,*  
*Wall-Watching,*  
*and the Isolated Single Combat*  
*of Alexandros Man-Repeller*  
*and*  
*Menelaos People-Resister*

translated by J. M. Wilcox

Now when each contingent, all parties, were marshaled with their  
captains,  
the Trojans came screeching and screaming like birds,  
just as the screeches of crockling cranes move against and scale the  
concave sky,  
when they escape winter-storms and god-ineffable goddess-aghast sun-  
dazing moon-dizzing rainstorms,  
screeching, and they fly to the streams of Earth-Ringing Ocean  
bringing slaughter and doom to the Pygmies, the Fist-Clenchers, the  
upper Nile dwarfs,  
and in the airblow sunblow dawnglow they bring and unleash bizarre  
battle-strife.  
But the Akhaioi came quietly, breathing might, spitting fire,  
burning in their blood-throbbing hearts to protect each other, to watch  
each other's back.

Even as Notos, South Wind, sticky swervy, coats mountaintops with  
 mist,  
 not at all lovely to shepherds, but better than night to a sheep-rustling  
 thief,  
 and one can see only as far as one can hurl a stone;—low visibility—  
 so, a tight-twirling dust-cloud rose beneath their feet  
 as they came, and they crossed the plain in a swirl and a rush.

And when they were close, coming face-to-face,  
 among the Trojans godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller, bragger-king  
 swagger-queen, challenger, burned to be front-fighter, aimed to be  
 champion,  
 with shoulder-draped leopard cape and shoulder-slung curved-out bow,  
 and sword-bearing; and poising two bronze-tipped spears  
 he called out, challenging all the best of the Argeioi, the Men of Light,  
 to fight face-to-face in a cruel encounter, a bitter battle.

But when Menelaos People-Resister, dear to Ares, god of war, saw him  
 coming before the tight-packed troops taking long strides,  
 just like a lion rejoices in fierce delight when lighting upon a large  
 carcass,  
 having found a nimble horned stag or a darting wild goat,  
 famished, so he devours it rapaciously, —teeth ripping flesh—even  
 though  
 keen canines and blooming teens, vigorous hunters and hounds, sapping  
 and snapping, rush him;  
 even thus, Menelaos People-Resister rejoiced beholding with his eyes  
 godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller, for he deemed he would pay back

the elusive culprit.

And subito he bound to the ground from his bolted war-car in his  
hammered battle-armor.

But when godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller saw him  
appearing among the front-fighters, his heart was struck down, dazzle-  
tight,  
and he crimbled, shrank back into the body of his companions, ducking  
the doom queen.

Just as when anyone spots a big-eyed snake in a mountain drumble  
bounds back, stands clear, and trembling grips his limbs below,  
recoils, makes room,—dragon-crangle!—and paleness seizes both  
cheeks;

thus did godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller, fearing the son of Atreus,  
in turn slip back into the tight pack of proud impressive Trojans.

Now when Hektor saw him he came down hard, chewed him out with  
shaming words:

‘No-good Paris, bobby-soxer eye-turner, girl-crazy babe-flaming,  
hoodwinker, would that you’d been unborn, should that you’ll die  
unwed.

I wish this were or could come true, and it would be far more fruitful  
than to be such a disgrace and looked at with low eyes of suspicious  
people.

I deem the hair-streaming Akhaioi are cracking up, cackle-clacking,  
considering brightly a chief to be best because he cuts  
a dashing figure, but whose heart leaks, lacks active strength and body  
power.

Showing such colors, did you sail over the convex sea  
 in sea-piercing ships, having gathered trusty comrades, tight-linking,  
 having fused with foreign people; suchly did you bring a shapely woman  
     back

from a distant land? —the daughter of spearmen,  
 but one big bane, an utter outer shock, to your father and city and  
     people,  
 a joy to the evil forces, the black-fired enemy, but an eyedown shame  
     to you yourself.

Won't you stick around and stand up to battle-precious Menelaos  
     People-Resister?

You would find out the cut of the man whose lie-by bloom-glow wife  
     you possess.

Your triangular seven-string lyre will not help you, nor the gifts of  
     beauty-shot Aphrodite Foam-Born,  
 your flaming hair and dashing figure, when mangled you mingle with  
     planet-dust.

But the Trojans quite are chasable, yellow-striped; or else indeed by  
     now  
 you would be wearing a rock frock for having done so many base bad  
     things.'

And to him in turn godlike Alexandros Man-Repeller spoke:  
 'Hektor, though you let me have it, for I deserved it, a suitable upbraid,  
     but not supersuitable,—  
 ever is your heart unrubdownable, like an ax, indestructable,  
 which goes through trees, beam-invader, with the tight-gripped swing of  
     a man who hews into shape

a ship with fruitful birthlike skill, and the chopper compounds the burst  
of his blow;

thus is the heart in your breast atarbetous, fearless—

do not bring out and parade before me the lovely gifts of golden  
Aphrodite Foam-Born.

The super-glorious gifts of the gods, hypermundane boon, are not to be  
tossed away,

as much as they *do* give, and no one could take or would willingly  
choose them.

Now, however, if you want me to flash metal and duke it out,

make the other Trojans and all the Akhaioi sit down,

but hurl me and battle-precious Menelaos People-Resister together

in midfield to trade blows over Helen Girl-in-Hand and all her things.

And whichever should conquer his counter and turn out mightier, finish  
with a flourish,

let him take with happy hands all the fragrant possessions and bring the  
woman home;

but the rest of you, make truces, slice throats, cement trusty friend-  
ships,

to the effect you may dwell on in super-lumpy cool-soiled Troy, and let  
*them* go

to horse-chewing Argos, Land of Light, and to Akhaiis, kalligunaikous,  
land of beautiful women.'

Thus he spoke, and Hektor in turn rejoiced richly when he heard these  
mouth-made words,

and going into the middle of men he kept back and bridled the Trojan  
battalions,

gripping the middle of his oak spear-shaft, and everyone took a seat. But the hair-streaming Akhaioi were bending their bows at him and aiming arrows and about to pelt him with hurled stones.

But Agamemnon king of men shouted far:

‘Stop, Argeioi, don’t shoot, young fighters of the Akhaioi, for koruthaiolous Hektor of the hue-changing ray-pinging metal-bright helmet makes as if to speak some word.’

Thus he spoke, and they kept back from combat and quickly got quiet, and Hektor spoke to both sides:

‘Listen, Trojans and missile-shielding-shin-guarded Akhaioi, hear from me the word of Alexandros Man-Repeller, for the sake of whom strife has arisen.

He orders the other Trojans and all the Akhaioi to lay down their well-made beautiful weapons upon the lush much-nourishing earth, for he himself in the middle and war-loving Menelaos People-Resister will fight in single combat for Helen Taken Girl and all her things. And whichever will prevail and have the upper hand, let him duly take all the possessions and bring the woman home, but let the rest of us make truces, slice throats, cement trusty friendships.’

Thus he spoke, and then all became hushed, the air still-pointed, and among them spoke Menelaos of the wild war-scream:

‘Listen now to me too, for above all does grief come to and coat my stormbreaking heart, and I propose that Argeioi and Trojans be parted now, since you have suffered many bad things, received

wicked external impressions,  
due to my battle-quarrel and the first cause and wreck of Alexandros  
Man-Repeller.

But for whichever of us death and doom have been wrought and dealt,  
let him die. Now you others break apart subito.

Bring two lambs, a white ram and a black ewe,  
for Earth and Sun. We shall bring another, special-colored, for Skyhead  
Zeus.

And bring mighty Priam the king, so he may cut trusty oaths  
in person, since his sons are pompous, superorbital, and not to be  
trusted,  
lest anyone should overstep, break and violate, supergress the oaths of  
Skyhead Zeus.

For always do the hearts of younger men, battle-tackle-able, trench-  
tooled, float in the air, heave and pant, wind-turning mood-swinging;  
—temper-whiffle passion-flicker!—

but in whatever an old man involves himself, he looks equally before  
and after,  
in order that the consequence may be the best by far for both sides,  
bright-cohering.'

Thus he spoke, and the Akhaioi and Trojans rejoiced,—sky full of  
helmets—

hoping to rest and break from the hard grind and woe of war.

So they curbed their cars and stayed their steeds in the ranks, and they  
themselves stepped off the running-boards,  
and doffed their well-made sets of war-gear. They laid these on the  
ground



in bright stacks near each other, and there was scarce raked space between.

And Hektor sent to the city two sacred heralds  
quickly to bring lambs and summon Priam the king.

And King Agamemnon Stabilizer sent ahead Talthubios  
to go to the hollow ships, and ordered him to bring  
a lamb, and he did not disobey bright Agamemnon Stabilizer.

But Iris, Rainbow Girl, Sky-Painter, went in turn as a messenger to  
leukolenous Helen of the white radius,  
shamming the shape of her husband's sister, the tamed wife of Man-  
Facer Antenor's son,  
whom King Helikaon, Twisty, Man-Facer Antenor's son, possessed,  
Laodike of the colored veils, sharp-shaped, the most beautiful daughter  
of Priam.

And she found Helen in the hall, the big room, lost in weaving a vast  
web on the vertical loom-beam,  
two-surface double-fold sparkle-purple, ensprinkling many combats,  
interlacing tribulations,  
both of horse-taming Trojans and bronze-clad Akhaioi,  
which for whose sake they were war-battered, slapped around by the  
palms of Blood-Spattered Ares.

And standing tight Iris quick to the feet, firmament redolent, colorfast,  
addressed her:

'Come here, precious pupa, so you may see godlike deeds  
of broncobusting Trojans and bronze-clad Akhaioi,  
who before bore war of many tears against each other  
on the sandal-pounding plain, burning for rubbing battle,

who indeed now cool their boots, linger in silence, for the war has  
stopped;  
so they lean on their round plated shields, and beside them their long  
quiet spears are stuck in the earth.  
But Alexandros Man-Repeller and war-loving Menelaos People-  
Resister  
will fight with their long spears over you,—brilliant blur of lance-  
lock!—  
and the one who triumphs and wins, you will be called his precious  
bedmate.’

So speaking the goddess lodged in her jarred heart a sweet yearning  
for her former husband and city and parents;  
and veiling herself subito with shining airspun linen,  
she hastened from her chamber gushing charming tender smooth and  
lucent tears,  
not alone, for together with her as well, two body-rangers, handmaids,  
trailed,  
Aithre, Burning Sky, daughter of Pittheus, and ox-eyed Klumene, Glory  
Girl;  
then quickly they came to the place of the Skaian Gate—death funnel.

And those around Priam the chief and Panthoos and Thumoites  
and Lampos, Beamer, and Klutios and Hiketaon, germ of Red-Painted  
Ares,  
and Oukalegon, Untroubled, and Antenor, Man-Facer, both acute, both  
breathers of many airs,  
sat as chiefs at the late-sun-lubricated Skaian Gate.

Indeed due to age they no longer tap spears, but they are valiant  
 speakers,  
 like bush-basking wing-striking grasshoppers, which down in the woods  
 sitting on a tree unleash lily-like voices;  
 thus the Trojan leaders were sitting upon the towered wall.  
 And when they saw Helen coming to the wall,  
 they spoke to each other tranquilly with syllables winged:  
 ‘No wonder the Trojans and shin-guarded Akhaioi  
 suffer over such a woman in a space of time, pain-stamped.  
 She’s astonishing, resembling a deathquelling goddess with gazable  
 eyes;  
 but even so, being such a ravishing beauty, let her board ship and go  
 back home,  
 nor let her remain here, an enzyme of disaster for us and our children  
 in the future.’

Thus they spoke, and Priam the king called Helen:—timbre-bright!—  
 ‘Come here, dear child, and sit down in front of me,  
 so you can see your former spouse and kin and friends,—  
 you are not to be blamed in any way as far as I can see, for as it is, the  
 gods are to be blamed I deem,  
 battle-pushers, who wound up and set in motion the tear-teeming war of  
 the Akhaioi—  
 so you can for me identify too that monumental man,  
 that Akhaian soldier who is impressive and tall.  
 Indeed there may be others who are a tad taller too,  
 but I have never seen such a striking fighter,  
 nor one so majestic and giftable, for he seems no mere man but a king.’

And Helen replied to him, undimmed among women:

‘You are venerable in my eyes, dear father-in-law, and tremendous.

Would that grotesque and pesky death had titillated me when

I trailed your son here, leaving my interior chamber and the people I  
know, my kin,

and my darling child and my beloved age-similar peers.

But those things indeed did not happen, so I melt in a candle of tears.

And I will tell you what you want to know to click your quest of many  
things.

That man to be sure is the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon,  
both a good king and a mighty spearman.

And he was my brother-in-law, kin to this dog-eyed wonder, if ever  
really there was such a creature—did I dream it?’

Thus she spoke in brightness, and the old man, astonished, counter-  
toned:

‘O blessed son of Atreus, luck-born planet-pirled bliss-abounding sky-  
kissed,

indeed at this point many cadets of the Akhaioi are controlled and  
commanded by you.

Previously too I invened into vine-clad tendril-clasping Phrugie,  
where I saw magnitudes of Phrygian warriors, aiolopolous, riders of  
glittering chargers,

the people of Otreus and godlike Mugdon,

who then were encamped along the tall banks of Saggarios;

for I also, being an ally, was counted among them

on the day when the Amazons came, smooth-busted rainbow-quivered  
beautiful-booted, a match for men, a tight encounter,

amazing body of females, exotic foreign raiders, but not as many as the dizzy-causing bright-eyed Akhaioi.'

Next, seeing Odusseus Hated Man, the old man thus asked:

'Don't stop now, tell me about that man too, dear child, who he is—  
shorter by a snatch than Agamemnon son of Atreus,  
but stocky, broader in the shoulders and chest when side-by-side.  
His well-built war-gear, sword and spear lie rusting on the fruit-teeming  
beast-feeding earth,  
and he himself ranges like a mellow bellwether through the ranks of  
men, a one-man parade;  
yes, I deem him to be like a massy full-fleeced ram  
that roams through a big flock of white sheep, bleach-bright.'

And then Helen, Zeus-generated, answered him, word-exchanging :

'That man there is son of Laertes, Ant Man, multi-crafty ultra-adroit  
Odusseus,  
who was reared in the land of Ithake, rugged and rocky,  
a knower of assorted tricks and impermeable tight-gripped stratagems.'

And Antenor in turn, Man-Facer, breather of many airs, spoke to her  
face-to-face:

'Lady, your aim is true, you hit the mark with infallible words,  
for previously luminous Odusseus came here too  
for your sake on a mission with Menelaos, dear to Red-Mouth Ares.  
And I entertained and welcomed them in my palace of many rooms,  
and I can't forget each of their sizable forms and tight-gripped gim-  
micks.

When indeed they mingled among the assembled Trojans,  
Menelaos People-Repeller, broad-shouldered, overtopped when they  
stood,  
but Odusseus Hated Man, when both were seated, was more majestic.  
And when they endeavored weaving words, enlooming game plans, all  
ears aimed on them,  
indeed Menelaos People-Repeller spoke like a brook-skipping rock,  
briefly but quite clearly, since he was neither word-teeming  
nor aimless-word-shooting, although he was younger.  
But when indeed multi-strategic Odusseus shot up,  
he stood and looked down perpetually and fixed his eyes on the ground,  
earthbound,—gaze like a zombi—  
and did not pump the power-baton back and forth, stressing points,  
but always held it stiff and still, unshaken not stirred, like a man not  
too swift;  
you would deem him to be supersullen, quite perturbed and virtually  
mindless.  
But whenever he released his big voice from his chest,  
and syllables like snowflakes, ineluctable aggregating wildwhite slow-  
whirling,  
then no other human could vie, to be sure, with Odusseus.  
At that time we were not so dazzled by Odusseus' dashing facet.'

The old man next saw Aias, the third man, and asked:  
'Who is that other Akhaian soldier, majestic and monumental,  
projecting over the Argeioi with his head and broad shoulders?'

And tanupeplous Helen of the flowing robe,—rainbow-tulle-tumble!

—undimmed among women, replied to him:

‘That is colossal Aias, battle-bunker of the Akhaioi,  
and Idomeneus, Timber-Tough, opposite, stands among the Kretans  
like a god, and flanking him the Kretan chiefs are gathered.  
Often Menelaos, precious to Red-Splashed Ares, entertained him  
in our home, whenever he came from Krete.  
And now I see all the other dizzy-causing bright-eyed Akhaioi,  
whom I could well identify and tell you their names;  
but I cannot see two marshals of the battle-people,  
broncobuster Kastor, Beaver, and the boxer good with his mitts,  
Poludeukes, Super-Glorious, the switchback gods,  
my own brothers, whom the same mother bore.  
Either they failed to follow from lovely Lakedaimon,  
or they did follow in their sea-piercing ships,  
but now in turn they’re unwilling to plunge into man-battle,  
fearing disgrace and tremendous blame appended to me, circum-  
stained.’

Thus she spoke, but already the life-generating grain-birthing earth  
bound them,  
held them down there permanently in Lakedaimon, in their dear  
fatherland.

And the sacred heralds were bearing through the city the trusty oath-  
animals and oath-emblems,  
two lambs and cheering wine, fruit of the tilled earth,  
in a goatskin bag, red-sloshing, and the herald Idaios brought  
a bright mixing bowl and golden beakers.

Standing beside the old man he stirred him up with words:

‘Rise, son of Laomedon, People-Protector, the chiefs  
of the horse-taming Trojans and bronze-coated Akhaioi are calling you  
to go down to the low boot-pounded plain, so you can slit throats,  
cement trusty pacts.

But Alexandros Man-Repeller, and Menelaos People-Resister, war-  
precious,

will fight with long spears over the woman.

Let the woman and her possessions follow the battle-victor,  
and the rest of us slitting throats, cementing friendships and trusty  
oaths

will dwell in super-lumpy lush-soiled Troy, but they will go  
to steed-feeding Argos, Land of Light, and kalligunaikous Akhaiis, land  
of beautiful women.’

Thus he spoke, and the old man shuddered, and he ordered his compan-  
ions

to yoke the horses, and stirred up they quickly obeyed.

And then Priam mounted, and drew back the tight-stretched reins,  
and beside him Antenor Man-Facer mounted the beauty-ensphered  
two-man war-car,

and the two held on tight and drove the swift horses through the Skaian  
gate, sun-spiked, to the low boot-pounded plain.

But when they came to the battle-tangent, the point of contact,  
after stepping down from the war-car to the fruit-teeming earth  
they approached the middle of the Trojans and Akhaioi.

And then straightway arose Agamemnon king of men,



and scheme-abounding Odusseus too, and the glorious heralds  
brought together the trusty oath-animals of the gods, and mixed wine  
in the blending bowl, and poured water over the hands of the kings.

The son of Atreus drew with his hand a big battle-knife  
which always hung beside his massive sword-sheath,  
cut wool from the heads of the lambs, and then  
the sacred heralds parceled it to the chiefs of the Trojans and Akhaioi.  
Center-stage for one and all the son of Atreus with hands uplifted  
prayed with passion:

‘Father Zeus, guardian of Ide, Timber Mountain, most glorious, most  
eminent,

and Sun, you who sees and beholds all things and hears and harks all  
things,

Drinking Rivers and Earth, and you two who way below punish men  
who have finished their work above, whoever swears a leaky oath,  
you be witnesses, and guard trusty oaths, action-blockers.

If Alexandros Man-Repeller kills Menelaos People-Opposer, cuts him  
down,

then let him keep Helen Girl-In-Hand, and all her things,

and we will *go* in our sea-crossing ships;

but if yellow-haired Menelaos People-Opposer kills Alexandros Man-  
Repeller,

then let the Trojans give back Helen Girl-in-Hand and all her things,  
and pay back compensation which seems suitable to the Argeioi,  
consequences which truly will move through the words of men of the  
future.

But if Priam and the sons of Priam refuse to reimburse me,  
to pay me back with precious objects, after Alexandros Man-Repeller

falls,

I shall still even then continue to fight for the sake of red retribution,  
remaining there until I encounter a conclusion of war.'

He spoke, and slit the throats of the lambs with the pitiless bronze,  
and set them down, collapsing on the ground, gasping,  
lacking the rush of breath, for the bronze took away their burning  
life-force.

And drawing wine from the blending-bowl with the beakers  
they poured an arc to the ground, and prayed to the everlast gods.  
And thus would one of the Akhaioi and Trojans say:  
'Zeus, most glorious, most paramount, and you other immortal gods,  
whichever of the two is first to blast and subvert the blocking oaths,  
may their head-hemming brains flow upon the ground like this wine,  
theirs and their children's, and may their wives, their bedmates, be  
subjugated by others.'

Thus they spoke, but not yet did son of Kronos fulfill their wish.  
Then Priam son of Dardanos spoke a word among them:  
'Hear me, Trojans and shin-guarded Akhaioi.  
I indeed shall go back to windhammered Ilios,  
for I cannot bear and do not dare to behold with my eyes  
my precious son fighting it out with Menelaos, precious to Ares  
Human-Eraser;  
but Zeus of the molten stars, I presume, and the other immortal gods  
know the outcome,  
for which of the two the endpoint of death has been foredoomed.'

Thus he spoke, and the godlike man set the lambs in the two-man war-car,

and he himself then mounted, and drew back the tight reins,  
and beside him Antenor Man-Facer mounted the perikallous beauty-around two-man war-car.

And then the two hightailed it back to Ilios.

But Hektor son of Priam the king and bright Odusseus first measured out a piece of ground space, and then they took and shook the lots, coded pebbles, in the bronze-fired dog-helmet,

to see which of the two should first hurl his bronze hush-headed compound spear.

And the people prayed, and lifted their hands to the gods,  
and thus would one of the Akhaioi and Trojans say:

'Father Zeus, guardian of Ide, Timber Mountain, most glorious, most eminent,

whoever laid down this course of events, the cause of troubles between both peoples,

let him die and dwine and then go down to the black-built chambers of Ais the Invisible,

and we in turn shall have friendships and trusty well-bound oaths.'

Thus they spoke, and great Hektor of the hue-changing ray-pinging metal-bright helmet shook the lots,

looking away, and quickly Paris's coded pebble leaped out.

Then the men sat down in the ranks, where each man's aersipodous hoof-high supple-tripping horses stood and parti-metalled well-built weapons lay.

And Paris donned the beautiful well-hammered armor about his shoulders,

flashy Alexandros Man-Repeller, spouse of Helen of the jungle-lush  
honey-tumbling hair.

First he placed the beautiful shin-guards around his legs,  
fastened with silver ankle-clasps—snapbright!

Next in turn he slipped on the cuirass of his brother Lukaon, Wolf Man,  
Glowbright,

about his chest, and adjusted the two tight plates.

And over his shoulders he slung a silver-studded tin-copper sword,  
and then his wicker ox-hide metal-plated concave figure-eight body-  
shield, great and compact, tamped and kicked, battle-tested.

And upon his soft-muscle head he set a well-made horse-tail  
dog-helmet, and terribly did the free-swinging-crest nod from above.  
And he took the averting prowess-inspired two-part spear, palm-pretty.  
Thus in the same way Menelaos People-Resister donned his war-gear.

And then when they were harnessed on each side of the thick-packed  
troops,

they walked into midfield, the space between the Trojans and Akhaioi,  
glaring terribly like meteors, and wonder possessed the beholders,  
both horse-taming Trojans and shin-guarded Akhaioi.

And both stood near in the marked out space  
shaking their spears and raging at each other.

First Alexandros Man-Repeller hurled his dolikhoskious long-shadowed  
spear,

and struck the son of Atreus squarely on his tuned and balanced  
tassel-tossing shield,

but the bronze did not break it up, and its spear-point was bent back  
in the strong shield. And next Menelaos son of Atreus uncrouching  
arose

and rushed with the bronze, spear-charging, after he prayed to father  
Zeus:

‘King Zeus, let me avenge him who first did me wrong,  
flashy Alexandros Man-Repeller, and crush him under my hands,  
so any opsigonic late-born man might shudder  
to do a bad thing to his xeinodokous guest-receiving host, who would  
offer friendship.’

He spoke, and poising in launch-mode his long-shadowed spear, threw  
it,

and hit the son of Priam squarely on his tuned and balanced tassel-  
tossing shield.

The heavy mighty compound spear came through the shining plated  
shield,

and was implanted in the poludaidalous skillfully-shaped many-  
metalled super-embellished twin-plated cuirass,  
and right beside his slack flank the compound spear mowed through  
his tunic, but he dodged the head and avoided black doom.

Without a blink the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword  
and self-elevated he reared up and struck the plume-socket, and break-  
ing about it

in three or four pieces—clang-clash!—the shattered sword dropped  
from his hand.

And the son of Atreus cried out—oimoi!—looking into the wide sky:  
‘Father Zeus, no other god is more destructive than you.

Indeed I deemed I avenged Alexandros Man-Repeller for his wickedness,

but now my sword was shivered in my hand, and my spear shot futilely from my palm, and I did not damage or dent him.'

He spoke, probounded and grabbed his oscillating horse-bushy helmet, and turned around to try to drag Paris, corkscrewed, to the middle of the shin-guarded Akhaioi;

and the leather needle-looped chin-strap of many stitches, padded and pranked, under his soft throat choked him,

the snapper of his blade-blocking four-ridged helmet drawn tight beneath his bloom-bright chin.

And now he would have dragged him away and been lifted in unspeakable glory,

had not the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite Foam-Born, love goddess, quickly marked it,

who snipped and broke his chin-strap, ox-sliced hammer-blown,

and the empty helmet trailed in tandem in his thick bunched hand.

Then the warrior whirled around and flung it with a topspin

to the middle of the shin-guarded Akhaioi, and his trusty tight buddies caught and cached it;

but stirred up he rushed back, burning to kill and cut Paris down

with his tin-copper two-part spear, yet Aphrodite Spume-Born snatched him up,

love wafted, quite easy for a goddess, and then draped him in a dense mist, low-blown,

and set him down in a sweet-smelling incense-burning fire-fragrant interior chamber,

and she herself in turn left to call Helen Taken Girl. She found her  
 on the tall-towered wall, and Trojan women were huddled around her.  
 And with her hand she grabbed with a twitch the wearable splashy  
     wine-dashed robe and shook it,  
 assuming the form of a palaigenic antique woman,  
 a wool-carder, a foot-pedaled spinner, who used to trick out beautiful  
     wool for her  
 when she dwelled in Lakedaimon, Goddess-Rattled, and Helen loved her  
     most of all.

Resembling her, clone-like bright Aphrodite Sea-Sprayed spoke to her:  
 'Come here. Alexandros Man-Repeller is calling you to come back  
     home.

There he is in the inner room on the well-turned spiral-framed couch,  
 glistening with charm in flashy bounce-sheeted raiment. You would not  
     deem  
 that he just came back after tapping steel with a warrior, but rather  
     going to a sock-hop  
 all toggled up, or sitting down taking a breather, just rounding out the  
     dance.'

Thus she spoke, and stirred up Helen's hurricane heart in her breast;  
 and then as she saw the beauty-abounding neck of the goddess  
 and her lovely desire-brimming breast and sparkling remarkable kira-  
     kira eyes,  
 she was stunned on the spot and spoke a word and addressed her:  
 'Goddess, fire-veiled doom-dealer, why do you desire to cajole me in this  
     manner?

Will you lead me off the grid to some well-peopled city,

either Phrugia of the wild flute music or lovely Meionia,  
if there might be there too some speech-endowed man dear to you;  
for truly now Menelaos has conquered flashy Alexandros  
and wishes to bring abominable *me* home.  
Now on account of this indeed you appear near here, trick-headed.  
Go sit beside him, and withdraw from the path of the gods,  
and don't turn back any more to Olumpos with your fair subversive  
feet,  
but go wail for *him* in waves and guard him,  
until he will make you his bedded wife or surely his sex-slave.  
But I shall not go there—for it would cause just resentment—  
to fill out his couch, to fluff his pillows, for all Trojan women will  
blame me  
in the future. Plus I have indistinguishable nonstop pains in my turbulent  
heart.'

And bright Aphrodite Foam-Born, whipped to a rage, black-bile-  
blocked, spoke to her:  
'Do not vex me, persistent wicked wretch, lest angered I abandon you,  
and thus I would hate you utterly as now I love you terribly,  
and lest I devise bane-teeming sore-burning hatred between both  
parties,  
Trojans and Danaoi, and you would die a dire doom.'

Thus she spoke, and Helen Taken Girl, produced from Zeus, was shot  
with fear,  
and she went enwrapped in a bright shining wearable robe  
in silence, and she was invisible to all the Trojan women, sight-



escaping, and the doom-dealing fire-veiled goddess led.

And when they came to the beauty-ensphering well-built palace of  
 Alexandros Man-Repeller,  
 the handmaids, vacuum-rangers, turned then quickly to their tasks,  
 but she, undimmed among women, went to the high-beamed chamber.  
 And then philommeidous smile-loving Aphrodite took and brought over  
 an ottoman  
 and the goddess set it down facing Alexandros Man-Repeller.  
 There Helen sat down, daughter of Zeus of the goatskin-snakeshield,  
 shunted her backbending eyes, and reamed out her paramour, mouthing  
 many a word:  
 ‘You came back from single-handed battle; would that you died there,  
 crushed by a two-handed man who was my former spouse.  
 Indeed, to be sure, you boasted before to be better than Ares-precious  
 war-loving Menelaos,  
 in your might, with your hands and at wielding your spear.  
 Now go away! Get out of here! Go challenge Ares-cherished skirmish-  
 craving Menelaos  
 to fight face-to-face, to bang heads one more time; but wait, in my heart  
 I exhort you to desist, and not to battle or clash in a metal-tipped fracas  
 with yellow-haired Menelaos, not to go toe-to-toe  
 recklessly, lest perhaps you be quickly conquered on the spot by his  
 spear of oak.’

And Paris responded with a mouthful of words to her:

‘Do not chide my heart or chew me out, woman, with harsh reproaches.  
 For now Menelaos Man-Resister has prevailed with Athene Head-Born,

but him I shall vanquish at another time and place, for gods on standby  
are also near us.

Come now, Baby, let's have some fun and lie in love, horizontalize;  
for never has love so overspread, superimposed on my heart,  
not even when I first snatched you away from lovely Lakedaimon,  
Goddess-Rattled, and sailed on our sea-piercing ships,  
and on Kranae, Rocky Island, when we mingled and tumbled in bed and  
love,  
as now I crave you, and sweet burning love is grabbing and seizing me.'

He spoke and led the way to bed, while his bedmate trailed in tandem.

So the two bunked down on the corded hole-bored bedstead,  
but son of Atreus was ranging through the huddled troops like a wild  
beast,  
hoping to detect celestial-seeming Alexandros Man-Repeller.  
But not one of the Trojans or their glorious allies  
could finger or furnish at that time Alexandros to Ares-cherished  
war-adoring Menelaos.

For they would not hide him out of love to be sure, if anyone spotted  
him;  
for he incurred hatred like the black death goddess, equally from all of  
them.

And even Agamemnon, king of men, spoke among them:

'Listen to me, Trojans and Dardanoi and allies.

Ares-cherished Menelaos appears to emerge indeed from the light of  
victory,

so hand over Argive Helen, carved in light, and all her things with her,

and pay back some compensation which is suitable,  
which will remain in the minds and move through the dreams of future  
generations.'

Thus spoke son of Atreus, and the other Akhaioi exploded in favor.

### NOTE

Although this translation picks up where 'Book II' left off (vid. 'The *Iliad* of Homer, Book Two: *The Dream, the Test, and the Boiotia or List of Ships*.' The Hiyoshi Review of English Studies. Keio University, No. 37, Sept., 2000, 161-207), it may be treated as an independent unit. No matter at what point one joins or drops out of the epic parade, one cannot remain the same after being swayed by such sirenic music, for the tidal beauties of the poem seem to circulate through one's mind long after the first encounter with Homer's charm-bright words, riveted harmonies and oceanic rhythms. As Polugnotos, according to Pliny, represented women wearing multi-colored headdresses, so Homer imbues the *Iliad* with a battery of hues, with natural images scattered throughout the battle spectrum.

Eos, the gynemorphic rainbow goddess, as encountered in the poem, somehow seems to reflect and reverberate with both primal and ineffable elements and throbbing pulsations of the human psyche and the entropic universe.

One could contrast the poetic image of the finger-painted Goddess of Dawn as drawn in 'Book II' with Hokusai's wood block print, 'Sunset View across Ryogoku Bridge from the bank of the Sumida River at Oumayagashi', from the series, *Fugaku Sanjū-Rokkei*, where the hard silhouette of the dark blue cone of Mt. Fuji separates the horse-and-human-bearing ferry balanced on black-lined yarnlike waves and the fading iridescent strata of the mist-permeated sky.