

CLAS109.08 FROM ADOLESCENCE TO ADULTHOOD

- M** Maurizio ch.8.1 HISTORY— *Homeric Hymn to Apollo (& Hymn to Artemis)*
synchronous
before class: skim HISTORY for context; refer to leading questions; focus on ancient texts
Active Reading **FOCUS** • *H.Hom.3 & H.Hom.27*, p349-358
NB read for one hour, taking notes (fill in active reading worksheet)

RAW notes & post discussion question • B4@11h00

- W** Maurizio ch.8.3 COMPARE— Xenophon *Ephesian Tale* & Ovid *Metamorphosis*
asynchronous
before class: skim COMPARE for context; refer to leading questions; focus on ancient text
Active Reading **FOCUS** • *Xenoph.Eph.I.1-8*, p374-379
Active Reading **FOCUS** • **CR08** *Ov.Met.III.131-256*
NB read for one hour, taking notes (fill in worksheet); finish previous as necessary

WATCH Lecture 08.2 • B4@12h00

RAW notes & post discussion question • B4@12h00

- F** Maurizio ch.8.2 THEORY—Myth, Ritual and Initiations
synchronous
before class: skim THEORY for context; refer to leading questions; summarize modern text
tl; dr • Dowden 2011, p363-369

tl; dr & discussion responses (on *Apollo & Artemis*, Xenophon & Ovid) • B4@11h00

Q08 • QUOTES

FINAL notes • B4@23h59

DRAFT ESSAY 02 - *following guidelines* • B4@23h59

APOLLO & ARTEMIS & CYBELE

How does myth represent “rites of passage” (i.e. age grade transitions)?

How does myth represent religious ritual?

How does myth represent civic order?

How does myth represent structural oppositions?

P. Ovidius Naso *Metamorphoses* 3.131-256

F. J. Millar (translator) 1916

[131] And now Thebes stood complete; now thou couldst seem, O Cadmus, even in exile, a happy man. Thou hast obtained Mars and Venus, too, as parents of thy bride; add to this blessing children worthy of so noble a wife, so many sons and daughters, the pledges of thy love, and grandsons, too, now grown to budding manhood. But of a surety man's last day must ever be awaited, and none be counted happy till his death, till his last funeral rites are paid.

[138] One grandson of thine, Actaeon, midst all thy happiness first brought thee cause of grief, upon whose brow strange horns appeared, and whose dogs greedily lapped their master's blood. But if you seek the truth, you will find the cause of this in fortune's fault and not in any crime of his. For what crime had mere mischance?

[143] 'Twas on a mountain stained with the blood of many slaughtered beasts; midday had shortened every object's shade, and the sun was at equal distance from either goal. Then young Actaeon with friendly speech thus addressed his comrades of the chase as they fared through the trackless wastes: "Both nets and spears, my friends, are dripping with our quarry's blood, and the day has given us good luck enough. When once more Aurora, borne on her saffron car, shall bring back the day, we will resume our proposed task. Now Phoebus is midway in his course and cleaves the very fields with his burning rays. Cease then your present task and bear home the well-wrought nets." The men performed his bidding and ceased their toil.

[155] There was a vale in that region, thick grown with pine and cypress with their sharp needles. 'Twas called Gargaphie, the sacred haunt of high-girt Diana. In its most secret nook there was a well-shaded grotto, wrought by no artist's hand. But Nature by her own cunning had imitated art; for she had shaped a native arch of the living rock and soft tufa. A sparkling spring with its slender stream babbled on one side and widened into a pool girt with grassy banks. Here the goddess of the wild woods, when weary with the chase, was wont to bathe her maiden limbs in the crystal water. On this day, having come to the grotto, she gives to the keeping of her armour-bearer among her nymphs her hunting spear, her quiver, and her unstrung bow; another takes on her arm the robe she has laid by; two unbind her sandals from her feet. But Theban Crocale, defter than the rest, binds into a knot the locks which have fallen down her mistress' neck, her own locks streaming free the while.

[171] Others bring water, Nephele, Hyale and Rhanis, Psecas and Phiale, and pour it out from their capacious urns. And while Titania is bathing there in her accustomed pool, lo! Cadmus' grandson, his day's toil deferred, comes wandering through the unfamiliar woods with unsure footsteps, and enters Diana's grove; for so fate would have it. As soon as he entered the grotto bedewed with fountain spray, the naked nymphs smote upon their breasts at sight of the man, and filled all the grove with their shrill, sudden cries. Then they thronged around Diana, seeking to hide her body with their own; but the goddess stood head and shoulders over all the rest.

[183] And red as the clouds which flush beneath the sun's slant rays, red as the rosy dawn, were the cheeks of Diana as she stood there in view without her robes. Then, though the band of nymphs pressed close about her, she stood turning aside a little and cast back her gaze; and though she would fain have had her arrows ready, what she had she took up, the water, and flung it into the young man's face. And as she poured the avenging drops upon his hair, she spoke these words foreboding his coming doom:

[192] "Now you are free to tell that you have seen me all unrobed—if you can tell." No more than this she spoke; but on the head which she had sprinkled she caused to grow the horns of the long-lived stag, stretched out his neck, sharpened his ear-tips, gave feet in place of hands, changed his arms into long legs, and clothed his body with a spotted hide. And last of all she planted fear within his heart. Away in flight goes Autoñoë's heroic son, marvelling to find

himself so swift of foot. But when he sees his features and his horns in a clear pool, "Oh, woe is me!" he tries to say; but no words come. He groans—the only speech he has—and tears course down his changeling cheeks. Only his mind remains unchanged. What is he to do? Shall he go home to the royal palace, or shall he stay skulking in the woods? Shame blocks one course and fear the other.

[206] But while he stands perplexed he sees his hounds.¹ And first come Melampus and keen-scented Ichnobates, baying loud on the trail—Ichnobates a Cretan dog, Melampus a Spartan; then others come rushing on swifter than the wind: Pamphagus, Dorceus, and Oribasos, Arcadians all; staunch Nebrophonos, fierce Theron and Laelaps; Pterelas, the swift of foot, and keen-scented Agre; savage Hylaeus, but lately ripped up by a boar; the wolf-dog Nape and the trusty shepherd Poemenis; Harpyia with her two pups; Sicyonian Ladon, thin in the flanks; Dromas, Canache, Sticte, Tigris, Alce; white-haired Leucon, black Asbolos; Lacon, renowned for strength, and fleet Aëllō; Thoos and swift Lycisce with her brother Cyprius; Harpalos, with a white spot in the middle of his black forehead; Melaneus and shaggy Lachne; two dogs from a Cretan father and a Spartan mother, Labros and Argiodus; shrill-tongued Hylactor, and others whom it were too long to name. The whole pack, keen with the lust of blood, over crags, over cliffs, over trackless rocks, where the way is hard, where there is no way at all, follow on.

[228] He flees over the very ground where he has oft-times pursued; he flees (the pity of it!) his own faithful hounds. He longs to cry out: "I am Actaeon! Recognize your own master!" But words fail his desire. All the air resounds with their baying. And first Melanchaetes fixes his fangs in his back, Theridamas next; Oresitrophos has fastened on his shoulder. They had set out later than the rest, but by a short-cut across the mountain had outstripped their course. While they hold back their master's flight, the whole pack collects, and all together bury their fangs in his body till there is no place left for further wounds. He groans and makes a sound which, though not human, is still one no deer could utter, and fills the heights he knows so well with mournful cries. And now, down on his knees in suppliant attitude, just like one in prayer, he turns his face in silence towards them, as if stretching out beseeching arms.

[242] But his companions, ignorant of his plight, urge on the fierce pack with their accustomed shouts, looking all around for Actaeon, and call, each louder than the rest, for Actaeon, as if he were far away—he turns his head at the sound of his name—and complain that he is absent and is missing through sloth the sight of the quarry brought to bay. Well, indeed, might he wish to be absent, but he is here; and well might he wish to see, not to feel, the fierce doings of his own hounds. They throng him on every side and, plunging their muzzles in his flesh, mangle their master under the deceiving form of the deer. Nor, as they say, till he had been done to death by many wounds, was the wrath of the quiver-bearing goddess appeased.

[253] Common talk wavered this way and that: to some the goddess seemed more cruel than was just; others called her act worthy of her austere virginity; both sides found good reasons for their judgment.

¹ The English names of these hounds in their order would be: Black-foot, Trail-follower, Voracious, Gazelle, Mountain-ranger, Faun-killer, Hurricane, Hunter, Winged, Hunter, Sylvan, Glen, Shepherd, Seizer, Catcher, Runner, Gnasher, Spot, Tigress, Might, White, Soot, Spartan, Whirlwind, Swift, Cyprian, Wolf, Grasper, Black, Shag, Fury, White-tooth, Barker, Black-hair, Beast-killer, Mountaineer.