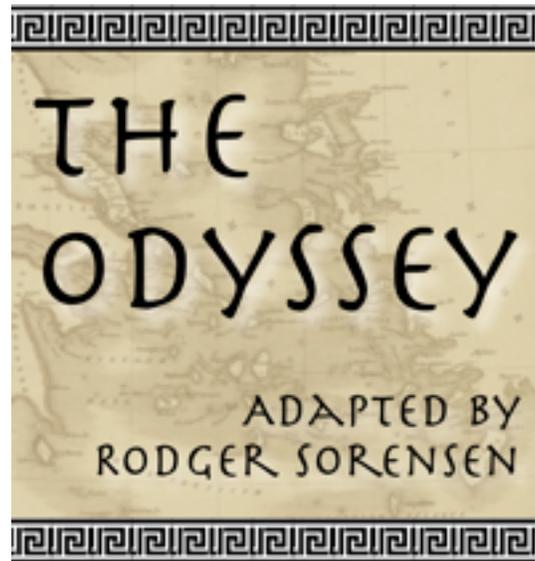


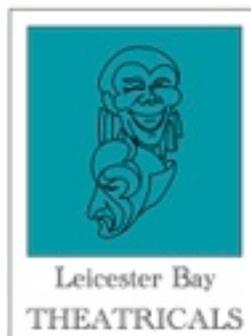
PERUSAL SCRIPT



By **Homer**

Adapted by the company under the direction of **Rodger Sorensen**

Based on a translation by **Robert Fitzgerald**



Salt Lake City

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THE ODYSSEY

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The Odyssey

By Homer

Adapted by the company under the direction of **Rodger Sorensen**

Based on a translation by *Robert Fitzgerald*

The Odyssey was originally adapted and staged in March of 1992 by a group of sixteen students as part of a college theatre course at Brigham Young University-Idaho (then Ricks College). They researched and worked on the adaptation for six months before moving into performance.

Feeling the project (text and performance) still needed refinement, a group of the original company worked for another six months on the text before mounting a significantly different production in October of 1992 with the following company members (5M 4F). This text is from the second production. The numbers in parentheses designate the characters/individuals who are speaking. The text in [brackets] indicates stage directions and should not be spoken.

(M) 1. Richard Clifford: Narrator, Zeus, Antinoös, Crewman, Agamémnon, Chorus, Iros

(M) 2. Rodger Sorensen: Narrator, Leódes, Kyklopês, Aiolos, Homer, Chorus, Hêlios, Eumaios, Suitor

(F) 3. Denise Sparks: Narrator, Eurýkleia, Crewman, Antikleía, Eurýlokhos, Chorus, Suitor

(M) 4. Danny White: Narrator, Telémakhos, Alkínoös, Crewman, Teirêsias, Chorus

(F) 5. Memorie Conder: Narrator, Athena, Kalypso, Arêtê, Kyklopês, Chorus, Melántho

(M) 6. Elliot Hill: Narrator, Hermês, Eurýmakhos, Polyphêmos, Ekhenêos, Chorus

(F) 7. Antonia Decker: Narrator, Athena, Penélopê, Kyklopês, Chorus,

(M) 8. Aaron Siler: Narrator, Odysseus

(F) 9. Jennifer Allen: Narrator, Athena, Amphinomos, Kirkê, Chorus, Nausikaa

This adaptation of *The Odyssey* can be fully mounted (with memorization, staging, costumes and props), simply presented with scripts in hand, or anything in between. The set should be minimal, perhaps as simple as platforms of various levels. Story locations are defined by the text, minimal props and simple stools or acting blocks that performers carry on and off, allowing for fluid changes from one location to another. Costumes should allow quick changes from one character to another. Music can be live or recorded. Athena played by multiple actors simultaneously.

Please feel free to alter narration assignments however necessary for individual productions.

The text was adapted after the technique used in the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1981 Tony Award winning production of *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. Originally adapted by David Edgar from the novel by Charles Dickens and directed for the stage by Trevor Nunn and John Caird, it was directed for film by Jim Goddard. Samplings of the *Nicholas Nickleby* film can be viewed on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IieU_CjJK6w.

Below are English spellings and pronunciations of Greek names. At times the Roman pronunciations might be easier to use. For example Cyclops (sy-klahps) rather than Kyklops.

<u>English spelling</u>	<u>English pronunciation</u>	<u>English spelling</u>	<u>English pronunciation</u>
Aegisthus	{ay'-gis-thus}	Kirkê	{kur'-kee}
Agamémnon	{ag-uh-mem'-nahn}	Klytemnestra	{kly-tem-nes'-truh}
Aiaia	{ay-ay'-uh}	Krete	{kreet}
Aiolos	{ee'-oh-luhs}	Kyklopês	{ki-klah-peeZ'}
Aiolia	{ee-oh'-lee-uh}	Kyklops	{ky'-klahps}
Akhaia	{ah-ki'-uh}		
Akhaians	{ah-ki'-uhnZ}	Laërtês	{lay-air'-teeZ}
Alcestis	{al-ses'-tis}	Leódes	{lay-oh'-deez}
Alkínoös	{al-ki'-no-uhs}		
Amphinomos	{am-fi'-no-muhs}	Malea	{mah-lee-ah}
Antikleía	{an-tik'-lee-uh}	Melántho	{mah-lan'-tho}
Antínoös	{an-ti'-no-uhs}	Mentês	{men-teeZ'}
Arêtê	{ah-ra'-tee}	Nausikaa	{nah-see'-kah-ah}
Artemis	{ahr'-tuh-mis}		
Athena	{a-thee'-na}	Odysseus	{oh-dis'-ee-uhs}
Amphitryon	{am-fi-tri'-uhn}	Olympos	{oh-lim'-puhs}
		Ogýgia	{oh-gig'-juh}
Ekhenêos	{ek-ah-nee'-ahs}	Orestês	{ohr-es'-teeZ}
Erebos	{air'-i-buhs}		
Eumaios	{u-mi'-us}	Penélopê	{puh-nel'-uh-pee}
Eumenides	{u-men'-i-dez}	Perséphonê	{pur-sef'-uh-nee}
Eurýkleia	{yur-i'-klee-ah}	Phaiákians	{fy-a'-kee-unz}
Eurýlokhos	{yur-il'-ah-kas}	Plíadês	{plee'-uh-deez}
Eurýmakhos	{yur-im'-ah-kas}	Polyphêmos	{pah-luh-fee'-muhs}
		Poseidon	{puh-sy'-duhn}
Hêlios	{hee'-lee-ahs}	Priam	{pri'-am}
Hermês	{hur'-meeZ}	Pylos	{py'-lus}
Homer	{ho'-mer}		
Ikários	{ik'aruhs}	Seirênês	{si-rah-neeZ'}
		Skhería	{skuh-ree'-uh}
Iros	{i'-ruhs}	Skylla	{skil'-uh}
Ismaros	{iz-mar'-us}	Styx	{stiks}
Ithaka	{ith'-uh-kuh}		
		Teirêsias	{ty-ree'-see-uhs}
Kalypso	{ka-lip'-so}	Telémakhos	{tuh-lem'-a-kuhs}
Kikonês	{ki-kuh-neeZ'}	Thêseus	{thee'-see-uhs}
Kirkê	{kur-kee'}	Thesprotia	{thes-pro'-tee-uh}
Kronos	{kro'-nuhs}		
Kroníon	{kru-ni'-uhn}	Zeus	{zoos}
Kharybdis	{kar-ib'-dis}		

The Odyssey

Book One
Sing In Me Muse

Characters in Story:

- Narrator **(1)**
- Narrator **(2)**
- Narrator **(3)**
- Narrator **(4)**
- Narrator **(5)**
- Narrator **(6)**
- Narrator **(7)**
- Narrator **(8)**
- Narrator **(9)**

[Consider using music throughout book one.]

(1) Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story
of that man skilled in all ways of contending,
(1, 2, 4, 6, 8) the wanderer, **(1)** harried for years on end,
after he plundered the stronghold
on the proud height of Troy.

(7) He saw the town lands
(9) and learned the minds **(7, 9)** of many distant men,
(3) and weathered many bitter nights and days
in his deep heart at sea, **(8)** while he fought only
to save his life, **(1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9)** to bring his shipmates home.
(5) But not by will nor valor could he save them,
(4) for their own recklessness destroyed them all –
(3, 5, 7, 9) children and fools, **(6)** they killed and feasted on
the cattle of Lord Hêlios, **(5, 7, 9)** the Sun,
(2) and he who moves all day through heaven
took from their eyes the dawn of their return.

(9) Begin when all the rest who left behind them
headlong death **(1, 3, 5, 6)** in battle or at sea **(9)** had long ago returned,
(8) while he alone still hungered **(4, 7, 8)** for home **(7)** and wife.

(1) Of these adventures, Muse, **(3)** daughter of Zeus,

(1, 4, 7, 9) tell us in our time, **(1-9)** lift the great song again.

Book Two
A Goddess Intervenes

Characters in Story:

Zeus **(1)**
Narrator **(2)**
Narrator **(3)**
Narrator **(4)**
Athena **(5, 7, 9)**
Narrators **(6)**

(3) In the bright hall of the gods upon Olympos, Zeus,
the father of gods and men, made conversation.

(1) My word, how mortals take the gods to task!
All their afflictions come from us, we hear.
And what of their own failings? Greed and folly
double the suffering in the lot of man.

(3) Athena, the grey-eyed goddess, replied:

(5, 7, 9) O majesty, **(7)** O father of us all,
(9) man is in the dust indeed, **(5, 9)** and justly.
(5) But my own heart is broken **(5, 7, 9)** for Odysseus,
(7) a castaway upon an island in the running sea.
(5) There's a goddess in that place, **(5, 7, 9)** Kalypso, **(5)** who
will not let Odysseus go. **(9)** She keeps on coaxing him
with her beguiling talk, **(5)** to turn his mind
from Ithaka. **(7)** Ten years he was from home
in the land of Troy. **(9)** Two more of suffering
on the rough sea. **(5, 9)** Even now, **(5)** after eight
long years upon her island, **(5, 7, 9)** Kalypso still craves
him for her own. **(7)** But such desire is in him
merely to see the hearthsmoke leaping upward
from his own home, **(5, 7, 9)** that he longs to die.
(9) Are you not moved by this, Lord of Olympos?
(5, 7, 9) O Zeus, **(7)** what do you hold against him now?

[To this the summoner of cloud replied.]

(1) My child, what strange remarks you let escape you.
Could I forget that kingly man, Odysseus?
There is no mortal half so wise; no mortal
gave so much to the lords of open sky.

Only the god who laps the land in water,
Poseidon, bears the fighter an old grudge
since he poked out the eye of Polyphêmos,
brawniest of the Kyklopês.

But come now, we are all at leisure here,
let us take up this matter of his return,
that he may sail. Poseidon must relent
for being quarrelsome will get him nowhere,
one god, flouting the will of all the gods.

[The grey-eyed goddess Athena answered him.]

(5, 7, 9) O majesty, **(7)** O Father of us all,
(5) if it now please the blissful gods
that wise Odysseus reach his home again,
(9) let the Wayfinder, **(5, 9)** Hermês, **(9)** cross the sea
to the island of Ogýgia; **(5)** let him tell
our fixed intent to the nymph with pretty braids,
(7) and let the steadfast man depart for home.
(5, 7, 9) For my part **(5)** I shall visit Ithaka
to put more courage in the son.
(9) He must warn off that wolf pack of the suitors
who prey upon his flocks and dusky cattle.
(7) I'll send him to the mainland then,
(5) let him find news of his dear father where he may
(5, 7, 9) and win his own renown about the world.

Book Three
A Hero's Son Awakens

Characters in Story:

Antínoös **(1)**

Leódes **(2)**

Narrator (3)
Telémakhos (4)
Narrator (5)
Eurýmakhos (6)
Narrator (7)
Amphínomos (8)
Athena as Mentês (9)
Athena (5, 7, 9)

(3) Athena, the grey-eyed goddess of disguises,
bent to tie her beautiful sandals on,
(5) ambrosial, (7) golden, (3) that carry her over water
or over endless land (3, 5, 7) on the wings of the wind.
(7) Flashing down from Olympos' height
she went to rocky Ithaka. (5) She seemed
a family friend. (3) As Mentês she
put valor into King Odysseus' only son,
(5) who long ago began to recognize the disrespect his
house was suffering from the suitors.

(5) Now, (5, 7) by Athena's influence, (4) Telémakhos confronted them.

(4) Mother wanted no suitors, but like a pack
you came – sons of the best men here among you –
lads with no stomach for an introduction
to Ikários, her father across the sea;
he would require a wedding gift, and give her
to someone who found favor in her eyes.
No, you spend your days around our house
killing our beeves and sheep and fatted goats,
carousing, soaking up our good dark wine,
not caring what you do. You squander everything;
the whole thing's out of hand, insufferable.
My house is being plundered: is this courtesy?
Where is your indignation? Where is your shame?

(3) No one there had the audacity to answer harshly
(1) except Antínoös; (3, 5, 7) chief among the suitors:

(1) What high and mighty talk, Telémakhos!
You want to shame us, and humiliate us,

but you should know the suitors are not to blame—
it is your own dear, incomparable cunning mother.

[Eurýmakhos agreed:]

(6) For three years now—and it will soon be four—
she has been breaking the hearts of the Akhaians,
holding out hope to all, and sending promises
to each man privately – but thinking otherwise.

[Antínoös added:] **(1)** Now, here is our answer – mark it well:
dismiss your mother from the house, or make her marry
the man her father names and she prefers.
Does she intend to keep us dangling forever?

[Amphínomos, another suitor, added:]

(8) As long as she holds out, our own affairs can wait.
We'll never go anywhere else, until she takes an Akhaian to her liking.

[Laughter from the suitors.] [Telémakhos replied:]

(4) Antínoös, can I banish her against her will,
the mother who bore me and took care of me?
No: I can never give the word for that.
But if you choose to slaughter one man's livestock
and pay nothing, this is rapine; and by the eternal gods
I beg Zeus you shall get what you deserve:
a slaughter here, and nothing paid for it!
Now leave my great hall!

[But Leódes responded:]

(2) We'll share your meat, no thanks or fee to you,
as long as she delays and maddens us.

[Clear-headed Telémakhos replied to this:]

(4) What sickens me is to see the whole community
sitting still, and never a voice or a hand raised
against you, a mere handful compared with them.

[Antínoös:] **(1)** What then, Telémakhos? They'd only bring down
abject death upon themselves against these odds.
Madness to talk of fighting in either case.
Now let all present go about their business!

[On that note, the assembly ended.]

(5) Disguised as Mentês, Athena approached Telémakhos.

(9) Ah, bitterly you need Odysseus, then!
High time he came back to engage these upstarts.
Telémakhos, here's a course for you, if you agree:
get a sound craft afloat with twenty oars
and go abroad for news of your lost father.
When you have done this, it will be time to ponder
concerning these contenders in your house ---
how you should kill them, outright or by guile.

[Telémakhos replied:]

(4) Friend, you have done me
kindness, like a father to his son,
and I shall not forget your counsel ever.

(7) With this Athena left him
as a bird rustles upward, off and gone.

(5) But as she went she put new spirit in him,
a new dream of his father, **(3)** clearer now,

(5) so that he marveled to himself

(3) divining that a god had been his guest.

(7) Then godlike in his turn,

Telémakhos set his sails for Sparta.

(1, 2, 6, 9) While day after day,
the suitors continued their business of courtship.

Book Four

The Red-Haired King and His Lady

Characters in Story:

Narrator, Eurýkleia **(3)**

Narrator **(5)**

Penélopê (7)

Narrator (9)

(5) When she learned Telémakhos had sailed away

(3) to hallowed Pylos and old Lakedaimon (5) for news about his father,

(9) Penélopê sank down on the doorsill of her chamber, (3, 5, 9) wailing.

(7) Why has my child left me? Why did he go?

Must he, too, be forgotten? What has Zeus given me?

Pain – more pain than any living woman.

My lord, my lion heart, gone, long ago,

and now the squalls have blown my son, my dear one,

an unknown boy, southward. No one told me.

[The dear old nurse, Eurýkleia, answered her:]

(3) Sweet mistress, have my throat cut without mercy

or what you will; it's true, I won't conceal it,

I knew the whole thing; and gave a great oath

to tell you nothing till twelve days went by,

or till you heard of it yourself, or missed him;

go now to the upper rooms to ask help from Athena.

(9) The Lady Penelope arose and bathed,

dressing her body in her freshest linen.

She led her maids to the upper rooms,

Where she besought Athena:

(7) Tireless child of Zeus, graciously hear me!

If ever Odysseus burned at our alter fire

thighbones of beef or mutton in sacrifice,

remember it for my sake! Save my son!

(9) She ended with a cry, and the goddess heard her.

Book Five

Sweet Nymph and Open Sea

Characters in Story:

Zeus (1)

Narrators **(2)**

Narrator **(4)**

Kalypso **(5)**

Hermês **(6)**

(4) Meanwhile, Zeus turned to his favorite son, **(2, 4)** and said:

(1) Hermês, you have much practice on our missions;
go make it known to the softly-braided nymph
that we, whose will is not subject to error,
order Odysseus home; let him depart.
His homecoming, is at hand, when he shall
see his dearest, and walk on his own land.

(6) Hermês, the Wayfinder, tied his beautiful sandals on,
and flew to the wooded island in the middle of the sea,
(5) where the nymph Kalypso, received the command of Zeus.

[That goddess, most divinely made, shuddered before him, and her warm voice rose:]

(5) Oh you vile gods, in jealousy supernal!
You hate it when we choose to lie with men –
But now there's no eluding Zeus's will.

If this thing be ordained by him, I say
so be it, let the man strike out alone
on the vast water. Surely I cannot "send" him.

But my counsel he shall have, and nothing hidden,
to help him homeward without harm.

[To this the Wayfinder made answer briefly:]

(6) Thus you shall send him, then. And show more grace
in your obedience, or be chastised by Zeus.

Book Six
Let the Trial Come

Characters in Story:
Narrator **(2)**

Narrator (3)
Narrator (4)
Kalypso (5)
Narrator (7)
Odysseus (8)

(4) The strong god glittering left her as he spoke,
(3) and now Kalypso. (2, 4) having given heed
to Zeus's mandate, (3) went to find Odysseus
in his stone seat to seaward – tear on tear
brimming his eyes. (2, 4, 7) She stood near him in her beauty.

(5) O forlorn man, be still. Now you need grieve no more;
I have pondered it, and I shall help you go.

[For all he had endured, Odysseus shuddered. But when he spoke, his words went to the mark:]

(8) After all these years, a helping hand?
O goddess, what guile is hidden here?
I take no raft you grudge me out to sea.
Or if I do, yield me first a great oath
to work no more enchantment to my harm.

[At this the beautiful nymph Kalypso smiled and answered sweetly, laying her hand upon him:]

(5) What a dog you are, having the wit to ask
this thing of me! My witness then be earth and sky
and dripping Styx that I swear by:
I have no further spells to work against you.
If after these many years with me, you still desire
your old home, I wish you well.

O versatile Odysseus, if you could
see it all, before you go – all the
adversity you face at sea, and at home –
you would stay here, and guard this house, and be
immortal – though you wanted her forever,
that bride for whom you pine each day.

[To this the strategist Odysseus answered:]

(8) My lady goddess, here is no cause for jealousy.

My quiet Penélopê – how well I know –
would seem a shade before your majesty,
death and old age being unknown to you,
while she must die. Yet, it is true, each day
I long for home, long for the sight of home.
If any god has marked me out again
for shipwreck, my tough heart can undergo it.
What hardship have I not long since endured
at sea, in battle! Let the trial come.

Book Seven
The Princess at the River

Characters in Story:

Narrator **(1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9)**
Narrator **(2)**
Narrator **(3)**
Narrator **(4)**
Athena **(5)**
Poseidon **(6)**
Athena **(7)**
Narrator, Nausikaa, Athena **(9)**

(4) Odysseus built a ship which the Goddess provisioned.
(9) Then Kalypso bathed him **(3)** rubbed him with sweet oil
(7) and gave him a scented cloak. **(2, 3, 7, 9)** Then she sent him out to sea.

(1) Seventeen nights and days
of clear sailing in open water brought
the dark shoreline of Skhería into view,
(2) like a rough shield of bull's hide on the sea.

(6) But now the god of earthquake sighted
him from far away. **(3, 6)** He churned the deep
with both hands on his trident – **(2, 3, 6, 7)** called up wind
from every quarter, **(1, 4, 6)** and sent a wall of rain
to blot out land and sea –

(8) Rag of man that I am, is this the end of me? –
(1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9) and in one tremendous blow,

(6) he sent Odysseus plunging overboard. [Poseidon laughs at Odysseus.]

(1) For three days he swam, clotted with brine,
in the stormy sea, before finding a smooth beach,
(2) and a night of welcome sleep.

(9) He awakened to the sounds of a princess
(7, 9) and her maids, **(3, 7, 9)** playing ball upon the sand.
(4) They heard a rustling in the bushes, like a mountain lion.
(1) Terrified, all but the princess fled, this way and that. **(9)** Only
Alkinoös' daughter stood her ground, **(5, 7)** being given
A bold heart by Athena, **(5)** and steady knees.
[She faced him, waiting.... So he began, and let the soft words fall.]

(8) Mistress: please: are you divine, or mortal?
I am hushed indeed. Mistress, do me a kindness!
Direct me to the town, and give me a rag that I can
throw around me. And may the gods accomplish your desire:
a home, a husband, and harmonious
converse with him – the best thing in the world
being a strong house held in serenity
where man and wife agree.

(9) Stranger, there is not quirk or evil in you
that I can see. You know Zeus metes out fortune
to good and bad men as it pleases him.
Hardship he sent to you, and you must bear it.
But now that you have taken refuge here
you shall not lack for clothing, or any other
comfort due to a poor man in distress.

(9) My gentlewomen, stay with me. Does the sight of a man
scare you? Or do you take this one for an enemy?
No, this man is a castaway, poor fellow;
we must take care of him. Strangers and beggars
come from Zeus: a small gift, then is friendly.
Give our new guest some food and drink, and take him
into the river, out of the wind, to bathe.

(8) Maids, keep away a little; let me
wash the brine from my own back, and rub on

plenty of oil. It is long since my anointing.

(7) They dressed him in a new-laundered tunic.
(3, 5, 7) Athena lent a hand, **(3)** making him seem
taller, **(3, 7)** and massive too, **(5)** with crisping hair
in curls like petals of wild hyacinth, **(3, 5, 7)** but all red golden.
(9) The Princess, Nausikaa, sent him to her father's hall,
but told him first, to cast himself before
her mother, Arêêtê, embrace her knees, and ask
for mercy at her hands.

Book Eight
Gardens and Firelight

Characters in Story:

Narrator **(1)**
Narrator **(2)**
Narrator **(3)**
Alkínoös **(4)**
Arêêtê **(5)**
Ekhenêos **(6)**
Odysseus **(8)**

(8) Arêêtê, queen and admiration of your people,
here is a man bruised by adversity, thrown
upon your mercy and the king your husband's,
begging indulgence of this company –
may the gods' blessing rest on them! May life
be kind to all! Grant me passage to my fatherland.
My home and friends lie far. My life is pain.

(1) He moved, then, toward the fire, and sat down
amid the ashes. **(2)** No one stirred or spoke
until Ekhenêos broke the spell –

[-- an old man, eldest of the Phaiákians, an oracle, versed in the laws and manners of old time:]

(6) Alkínoös, this will not pass for courtesy:
a guest abased in ashes at our hearth?
Everyone here awaits your word; so come, then,

lift the man up; give him a seat of honor.

(3) Alkínoös, calm in power, heard him out,
(2) then took the great adventurer by the hand
and led him to a chair by his own throne
(1, 2) and gave him a generous supper.
(3) Seeing this done, the king in majesty
said to his assembly of princes and counselors:

(4) Hear me, lords and captains of the Phaiákians.
Hear now what my heart would have me say!
Our guest appeals to me for conveyance home.
This is my promise: we will provide
passage, and quickly, for no guest of mine
languishes here for lack of it.
Now, by the same rule, friend, you must not be
secretive any longer! Come, in fairness,
tell me the name you bore in that far country;
No man is nameless—no man, good or bad,
but gets a name in his first infancy.

Book Nine
New Coasts and Poseidon's Son

Characters in Story:

Crewman **(1)**
Kyklopês **(2)**
Crewman **(3)**
Crewman **(4)**
Kyklopês **(5)**
Polyphêmos **(6)**
Kyklopês **(7)**
Odysseus **(8)**
Narrator **(9)**

(8) Alkínoös, king and admiration of men, what
shall I say first? What shall I keep until the end?
The gods have tried me in a thousand ways.

First my name: I am Laërtês' son, Odysseus. Men

hold me formidable for guile in peace and war:
this fame has gone abroad to the sky's rim.
My home is on the peaked sea-mark of Ithaka.
Where shall a man find sweetness to surpass
his own home and his parents? In far lands
he shall not, though he find a house of gold.

What of my sailing, then, from Troy? What of those years
of rough adventure, weathered under Zeus?
Nine days we drifted on the teaming sea.
In the next land we found were *Kyklopês*,

(9) giants, louts without a law to bless them.
Each one dwells in his own mountain cave
dealing out rough justice to wife and child,
indifferent to what the others do.

(8) I took twelve of my best fighters and went
ashore. I had a goatskin full of sweet liquor
I brought along, pure and fiery. And victuals in a bag,
for in my bones I knew that some towering brute
would be upon us soon – all outward power,
a wild man, ignorant of civility.

(4) We climbed then briskly to a cave.
(3) A prodigious man slept in this cave alone,
(1) knowing none but savage ways, **(3)** a brute
so huge he seemed no man at all, **(1, 3, 4)** but rather
a shaggy mountain reared in solitude.

(4) But the *Kyklopês* had gone afield, to pasture his fat sheep,
(1) so we looked round at everything inside:
(3) a drying rack that sagged with cheeses,
(4) pens crowded with lambs and kids,
(1) and vessels full of whey were brimming there –

(8) My men came pressing round me, pleading:
(4) Why not take these cheese, get them stowed, and
throw open all the pens, **(3)** we'll drive the kids
and lambs aboard and make a run for it.
(1, 3, 4) We say put out again on good salt water!

(8) Ah, how sound that was! Yet I refused. I wished to see the caveman, what he had to offer.

(6) When he came he had a load of dry boughs on his shoulder to stoke his fire a supertime. He dumped it with a great crash into that hollow cave,

(1, 3, 4, 8) and we all scattered fast to the far wall.

(6) Then over the broad cavern floor he ushered the ewes he meant to milk, and swung high overhead a slab of solid rock to close the cave. **(8)** In the gloom he saw us.

(6) Strangers, who are you? And where from? What brings you here by seaways – a fair traffic? Or are you wandering rogues, who cast your lives like dice, and ravage other folk by sea?

(8) We are from Troy, Akhaians, blown off course by shifting gales on the Great South Sea; homeward bound, but taking routes and ways uncommon; so the will of Zeus would have it. It was our luck to come here; here we stand, beholden for your help, as custom is to honor strangers. Have a care for the gods' courtesy.

(6) You are a ninny, or else you come from the other end of nowhere, telling me, mind the gods! We *Kyklopês* care not a whistle for your thundering Zeus or all the gods in bliss; we have more force by far. I would not let you go for fear of Zeus unless I had a whim to. Tell me, where was it, now, you left your ship – around the point, or down the shore, I wonder?

[He thought he'd find out, but I saw through this, and answered with a ready lie:]

(8) My ship? Broken up on the rocks at your land's end. We are survivors, these good men and I.

(8) Neither reply nor pity came from him, but in one stride he clutched at my companions **(1, 3)** and caught two in his hands like squirming puppies **(6)** to beat their brains out, **(1, 3)** spattering the floor.

(8) Then he dismembered them and made his meal.

[And now I prayed to Athena, pondering how to hurt him worst. I went forward holding an ivy bowl of my dark drink.]

(8) Kyklops, try some wine.

Here's liquor to wash down your scraps of men.
Taste it, and see the kind of drink we carried
under our planks. I meant it for an offering
if you would help us home. But you are mad,
unbearable, a bloody monster! After this,
will any other traveller come to see you?

(9) He seized and drained the bowl, and it went down
so fiery and smooth he called for **(6)** more:
Give me another, thank you kindly. Tell me,
how are you called? I'll make a gift will please you.

(8) Three bowls I brought him, and he poured them down.
I saw the fuddle and flush come over him. Kyklops,
you ask my honorable name? Remember
the gift you promised me, and I shall tell you.
My name is Nohbdy: mother, father, and friends,
everyone calls me Nohbdy.

(6) Nohbdy's my meat, then, after I eat his friends.
Others come first. There's a noble gift, now.

(3) Even as he spoke, he reeled and tumbled backward,
his great head lolling to one side; **(1)** and sleep
took him like any creature. **(4)** Drunk, hiccupping,
he dribbled streams of liquor and bits of men.

(8) I looked around and saw an olive tree,
felled green and left to season in the Kyklops' cave.
Now I chopped out a six foot section of this pole
and set it down before my men, **(1, 3, 4)** who scraped it;
and when they had it smooth, **(8)** I hewed again
to make a stake with pointed end. I held this
in the fire's heart and turned it, toughening it.
Four of my fellows gave me a hand, lugging it near the Kyklops;

straight forward we sprinted, **(3, 8)** lifted it,
(1, 3, 4, 8) and rammed it deep in his crater eye.

[Polyphêmos bellows]

(3) The Kyklops bellowed and the rock roared round him,
(1) and we fell back in fear. **(4)** Clawing his face
he tugged the bloody spike out of his eye,
(3) and set up a howl for **(6)** Kyklopês
(3) who lived in caves on windy peaks nearby.

(2) Some heard him; **(2, 5, 7)** and they came
to clump around outside. **(5)** What ails you,
Polyphêmos? **(7)** Why do you cry so sore
in the starry night? You will not let us sleep.
(2) Sure no man's driving off your flock? **(7)** No man
has tricked you, ruined you?

(6) Nohbdy, Nohbdy's tricked me, Nohbdy's ruined me!

[To this rough shout they made a sage reply:]

(2) Ah well, if nobody has played you foul
there in your lonely bed, we are no use in pain
given by great Zeus. **(5)** Let it be your father,
Poseidon Lord, to whom you pray.

[So saying they trailed away. And Odysseus was filled with laughter to see how like a charm the name
deceived them.]

(9) Odysseus and his men escaped the cave,
rounded up the Kyklops' fat sheep,
and drove them down to where the black ship lay.
(1, 3, 4) When all was loaded, they embarked
and struck their oars into the sea. **(3)** Far off shore,
Odysseus sent a few words back to the Kyklops.

(8) Polyphêmos! Would you feast on my companions?
How do you like the beating that Odysseus gave you,
you damned cannibal? Eater of guests
under your roof! Zeus and the gods have paid you!

(6) Come back, Odysseus, and I will treat you well.

(8) If I could take your life I would and take
your time away, and hurl you down to hell!

(6) O hear me, lord Poseidon, blue girdler of the
islands, if I am thine indeed, and thou my father:
grant that Odysseus, **(8)** raider of cities,
(6) never see his home. Should destiny
intend that he shall see his roof again
far be that day, and dark the years between.

(9) In these words he prayed, and Poseidon heard him.

(8) So we moved out, sad in the vast offing,
having our precious lives, **(1, 3, 4, 8)** but not our friends.

Book Ten
The Grace of the Witch

Characters in Story:

Crewman **(1)**

Aiolos **(2)**

Crewman **(3)**

Crewman **(4)**

Crewman **(5)**

Hermès **(6)**

Crewman **(7)**

Odysseus **(8)**

Kirkê **(9)**

(8) Next we made landfall on Aiolia Island, domain of
(2) Aiolos, the wind king **(5)** dear to the gods who never
die – **(8)** He kept me one full month to hear the tale of Troy,
when in return I asked his leave to sail
and asked provisioning, **(2)** he stinted nothing,
adding a bull's hide sewn from neck to tail
into a mighty bag, bottling storm winds;

(8) I wedged this bag under the afterdeck,
(2) lashing the neck with shining silver wire
(2, 8) so not a breath got through.

(8) Nine days and nights we sailed without event,
till on the tenth we raised our land. We neared it,
and saw men building fires along the shore;
but now, being weary to the bone, I fell
into deep slumber; and while I slept,
the crew began to parley:

(3) It never fails. **(1)** He's welcome everywhere:
(1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9) Hail to the captain when he goes ashore!
(1, 3) How about ourselves -- **(3, 5, 7)** his shipmates all the way?
(1) Nigh home we are with empty hands.
(5) And who has gifts from Aiolos? **(1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9)** He has!
(9) I say we ought to crack that bag, **(6)** There's gold and
silver, plenty, in it!

(8) Temptation had its way with my companions,
and they untied the bag. **(1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9)** Then every wind
roared into hurricane; **(1, 3, 4)** the ship went pitching
west; **(1, 3, 4, 5)** our land was lost, and the rough gale
blew the ship and rueful crews clear back to Aiolia.

(1) Why back again, Odysseus?
What sea fiend rose in your path?
Did we not launch you well for home,
or for whatever land you chose?

(8) Mischief aboard and nodding at the tiller—
a damned drowse—did for me. Make good my loss,
dear friend! You have the power!

(2) Take yourself out of this island, creeping thing—
no law, no wisdom, lays it on me now
to help a man the blessed gods detest —
out! Your voyage here was cursed by heaven!
(8) He drove me from the place,
and comfortless we went again to sea.

(3) Our next landfall was on Aiaia, **(9)** island of Kirkê,
(5) divine beauty, **(7)** daughter of Hêlios
(3, 5, 7, 9) and child of the Ocean Stream.
(4) We landed to lie down in that place

two days and nights, worn out and sick at heart.

(8) When Dawn set another day a-shining,
I went up through woodland hushed and shady
to find the subtle witch in her long hall.
But Hermês met me with his golden wand
barring the way.

(6) I can tell you what to do
to come unchanged from Kirkê's power.
Take with you to her bower
as amulet this plant I know
to keep your mind and senses clear
when she turns cruel, coming near.

(8) Then toward Olympos through island trees
Hermês departed, and I sought out Kirkê.

(3) Low she sang in her beguiling voice, **(7)** while on her loom she
wove ambrosial fabric sheer and bright. **(9)** Quick as a cat
she opened her bright doors and sighed a welcome;

(8) I strode after her with heavy heart down the long hall,
and took the chair she gave me. **(5)** The lady
Kirkê mixed me a golden cup of honeyed wine,

(9) adding in mischief her unholy drug.

(8) I drank, and the drink failed. **(9)** Kirkê came forward
aiming a stroke with her long stick.

(8) Without a word, I drew my sharpened sword and in one
bound held it against her throat.

(9) What champion, of what country, can you be?
Ah, wonder: Odysseus then you are, O great contender,
put up your weapon in the sheath. We two
shall mingle and make love upon our bed.
So mutual trust may come of play and love.

(8) Kirkê, am I a boy,
that you should make me soft and doting now?
I mount no bed of love with you upon it, though Zeus
commanded. Or swear me first a great oath, if I do,

you'll work no more enchantment to my harm.

(9) She swore at once, outright. **(3)** Presently, her maids bathed him,
(7) smoothed him with sweet oil,
(5) and put a tunic and cloak around him.

[Then, exquisite the goddess stood near him saying:]

(9) Son of Laërtês and the gods of old,
Odysseus, master mariner and soldier,
go to the sea beach, stow your gear and stores;
be quick; bring all your dear companions.

(1) Day by day we lingered, **(4)** feasting long
on roasts and wine, **(1, 2, 4, 6)** until a year grew fat.
(8) But when the passing months and wheeling seasons
brought round again the pause of summer ,
my shipmates one day summoned me and said:
(2) Captain, shake off this trance, **(1)** and think of home—
(1, 4, 6) if home indeed awaits us.

(8) They made me feel a pang, and I agreed.
(9) He went to Kirkê's flawless bed
and took the goddess' knees in supplication.
(8) O Kirkê, now you must keep your promise;
it is time. Help me make sail for home.

47 more pages to the end of the play