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THE NEXT HOMER

EASTER 1844



Achilles
and
Penthesileia

OUTLINE

- a. War and Peace
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- e. Siegfried and Achilles
- f. Achilles and Priam, Iliad book 24.
- g. Israel and Homer
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Every generation reads the classical documents of the past in a new manner. Therefore, it would hardly be interesting to state that the poems of Homer have been read and will be read for different reasons and with different appreciation from generation to generation.

However, a peculiar interest may arise at this juncture if it could be shown that the posthumous life of the two great epics ties in with great changes in the humanities and the place of science, in our time. I have written this paper because three facts combine to make epoch in our own need for Homer.

The first new fact is our own changed relation to war and peace. The second is our changed relation to the science of the last 150 years. The third is our yet undetermined relation to the many myths of our time like communism and nazism and fascism and socialism.

I propose to take up these three new facts one after the other. They will require a treatment of different length. The first can be short. The second will be not much longer. Only the third, the treatment of the myths of our times, will have to be subdivided. We shall look into the Nazi Myth of the Nibelungen.

After that, I shall try to let Homer speak for himself, and we shall read some passages. You may then judge for yourself if Homer has created a mental world which we shall have to preserve for our own salvation or is just another incident. The question before us, tonight, may be stated thus: Is Homer a necessary or an accidental element of our spiritual luggage?

First, then, as to the making of war and the establishing of peace. In a time of total war, we are experiencing war and peace, as ultimate situations of human existence. It is no accident that Tolstoy's War and Peace became a best seller during the last years.

Now, Iliad and Odyssey are the two great songs one of waging war, the other of restoring peace. They go beyond any abstract concept of either war or peace because the inner disruption of army discipline within a coalition of Greeks balances the external Trojan-Greek conflict, in the Iliad. And in the Odyssey, a similar paradox prevails because the people abroad are in part much nicer to Odysseus, (Nausicaa and Calypso f.i.) and to Telemachos (in Pylos and Sparta), then the people back home. Both times, we are lifted far beyond the obvious black and white psychology and look into the much more complex backstage of a victorious and a homecoming army. To Homer the friends may be enemies, and the foreigners may be familiar. For this paradoxical view into the intestines of communal life, twice ten years are assessed. This again strikes us with the power of a new discovery. Ten years of war and ten years for restoring the minds of men to peace, are not primeval or abnormal timespans. But shorter are unnatural and ineffective. In 1920, the United States made a treaty in which it was said that the war between Germany and United States had ceased to exist. This treaty is the most remarkable document of the last thirty years. And it is quite unjustly forgotten. The Treaty of Versailles

is not half so illuminating than this document. It said so to speak: We never went to war. After all it embodied the final political will of this nation at the time. And it contrasts with the Homeric notion of how long it takes to make peace and to demobilize. In the *Odyssey*, we live through seven hectic weeks which cap ten preceding years of attempts to live in peace. Until to the very last verses of the 24th book, civil war at home in Ithaca seems inevitable. So long does the poet let the storm blow in the veins of the participants.

To raise the question at all: At what moment can words of peace be spoken successfully? When can they not be spoken? is a new experience for us; it is Homer's central question. In the *Iliad*, the outcome is certain all the time; the whole emphasis is on the "when?" For instance, Menelaos and Paris try to finish the discord by a duel in book 3. But the Gods frustrate this all too simple cerebation which comes nine or ten years too late. Only sacrifices made in prosperous days voluntarily can dovetail the times. Churchill's offer to France in 1940 was a similar mistake in timing. He could not borrow, i.e., not take advantage of the white heat engendered by the defeat. (In the *Iliad*, the duel is allowed to take place but it carries no weight. It serves as a mere prelude to the real battle to the finish between all Greece and all Troy. Later, Patroklos cherishes the illusion that he might take Troy. It is not to be. And, of course, the climax of this mystery which surrounds our lives that we know everything except the proper moment is Achilles' death before Troy may fall. How lengthy is the wave on which war and peace ride? Much depends on the right answer to this question. If this were Hitler's war, then indeed the farmer in New Hampshire would be right who said that the Jews made it. If it dated from 1919, it came from universal pusillanimity, and that same farmer was quite relieved when he was shown Wilson's great letter to his Secretary of War to that effect how he wished to gather the veterans and predict a much bloodier and more desperate conflagration because of America's strange hoofing back from responsibility. But most hearts are too pedestrian to link up a quarrel in their own married life with some faulty relation of long standing. They bend over this day's quarrel and never gain peace.

The intellectuals of this century have no grasp over the people because they usually explain wars and depressions on too short a wave length. In 1930, Mr. Herbert Hoover asked Justice Brandeis to the White House and said to him: "Why? we would not have this depression if only the stock exchange recovered for three months. Can't we do this?" So little did he know what the seam of a new dress for the whole globe which had not been stitched together in 1919, now demanded to be sown. He separated the business cycle and the World War as though they were not one and the same impasse.

Current events are not the explanation of today. Our war with Japan began in 1905. Wars begin in the midst of peace. Peace is not a mental resolve at the end of a war but grows out of the expenditure of energy in our hearts and bodies. Once we admit our own slow grasp of this problem, Homer turns out to be far ahead of us. Not a chronicler of daily events or adventures like the commentator, but a man who condensed into seven weeks ten long years which we now can overlook

as one tremendous and fully conceivable event. Homer has the problem of time at heart, and we discover slowly again the fact that longer periods of time, in industry, in politics, in personal life, are not simply multiples of shorter timespans but that they have to be treated in their peculiar manner. Ten years are not a simple multiple of twelve times ten months or 365 times ten days. The law of Archimedes applies here too. Archimedes was ready to lift the earth out of her hinges if someone would give him a place outside the earth on which to stand. Homer got outside time. The annalist may simply live inside the time which he records; Homer stands outside the time which he condensed. His "poetic" time, the second time of the poet, will become clearer as we go along. One principle may be mentioned right here.

He unfolds time from a center. Thereby he compels us to realize the whole war as one event. From the vantage point of seven weeks or so, the war as well as the return take on a three dimensional shape because we now look backward as well as forward, and the one event is realized by us in the three tenses of present, future, and past. These tenses come to life, the present by emotional experience, the future as teleological expectation, and the past as historical facts. No other poet has ever undertaken the like and thus Iliad and Odyssey became eternal representatives of war and peace as the two perpetual great and important states of the human race.

This first new fact about Homer sprang from our own new dilemma. It leads us immediately to the second new fact. The second fact is the falling away of the Homeric question. This question of the last 150 years consisted exactly in an attempt to destroy the epics in their representative and unique character and to dissolve them into folklore which can be found anywhere and everywhere. From Wolf in 1795 over Walter Leaf's monstrous companion to Homer of 1892 to Wilamowitz in 1927, the Homeric poems were denied the creative unity and uniqueness which might mark them out as a milestone in the transformation of man. From the critics, we learned that Homer's poems were innumerable in number, and as the historian Beloch wrote they could be reduced from our ~~poems~~ like the geological stratifications of the crust of the earth. All the critics, however, not only dissolved the existing poems as poor but prescribed at the same time some better poems truly worthy of the great poet Homer; driven it seems by some bad conscience, they discovered his greatness in their own speculations. All missed out on Homer's central discovery; of handling time; all chronicled as prehomeric bards.

Wilamowitz ended his "poem" with the death of Achilles. The capers of this higher criticism would make absorbing reading. Do not fear that I shall compel you to visit this ^{new} work of the higher critics. After the death of the most violent, Wilamowitz, even the Berlin Academy opened its Bulletins to a Unitarian in 1934. Since Scott, in 1921, gave his Berkeley lectures on the Unity of Homer and Bassett in 1937 came along with his The Poetry of Homer, Wolf is exploded. And Aristotle and Longinus, who have said the deepest things on Homer's unity, may be listened to again. Homer was one and this may be proved even by the statistics of his language. Homer was not a primitive story teller. He composed like Dante or Goethe. If Homer was not one, then Plato and Aristotle cannot have lived in the same century, and if

the interpolations in Homer are considered proven by the higher criticism, the classical Walpurgisnacht in Faust certainly is a late and cheap interpolation by Michael Fadiman.

The very pieces which the higher criticism especially despised like the catalogue of the ships in the Iliad, like the last book of the Odyssey, now become pillars in the grand layout of the poem. No, I shall not bother you with all these capers, in retrospect. However, we would not gain the full benefit of the re-discovered unity of Homer if we did not specify why it ever was attacked. For, if the fact that we no longer are requested to share the beliefs of the higher critics can be rationally interpreted, we may be able to realize why we have to move outside the mist of the 19th century. In trying, therefore, to explain the new fact, we may come to realize that we ourselves enter upon a new era. What has happened to us that we can hardly understand the tempest during which men insisted that the first superior poet of the Western World was an agglomeration of popular mythology?

Wolf wrote in 1795, during the French Revolution. His book paralleled the revolt against the Bible's authority, the Higher Biblical Criticism. As the attack on Homer has collapsed, so the Higher Biblical Criticism. Albert Schweitzer went to the Congo because he, in 1906, discovered that the Critics had no leg to stand on.

Benno Jacob showed in 1932 that Genesis was written by one author who used the three various names for God with circumspection. Don John Chapman of Downside abbey showed in 1934 that the famous source behind the four gospels was a wanton assumption.

Hence, the basis of the greatest humanistic efforts of the 19th century was of a mythical nature. They were born by the French Revolution's overwhelming imprint on the minds of its contemporaries and any such overwhelming imprint leads to myth. A myth is a partial truth which cannot be realized as partial because a whole way of life is based on it. I think that the connection can be made obvious. The French turned against clergy and nobility. They had a catholic and a centralised national life. Now, the Germans were Protestants and they were highly decentralised, with innumerable princes. So, France's political problems were not vital for Germany. However, rebellion was in the air, and the people had to be emancipated. Hence, the Germans made a mental revolution. They did their part by rebelling against the two literary idols of modern time, the literally inspired Bible and the superiority of the Greeks. Instead of the clergy, the Bible was exposed; instead of the nobility, Homer was dissolved into mere popular lore. Whereas in Beaumarchais' "Figaro," genius killed the birthright of the Count d'Almaviva who had taken the trouble to be born, Wolf killed the great educator of Greece as Plato had called him, and replaced him by story tellers, fairy tales and sagas of sun heroes, etc.*

* 1931 Beloch, Professor of Greek history at Rome, could write that Odysseus was a sun hero rising in the East, setting in the West. How much better this would fit Napoleon who rose over Corsica: East, and died on St. Helena!

This German rebellion was joined a century later by the English Evolutionists. According to them, perfection could never be at the beginning. Homer was early. Therefore he was primitive and imperfect. Of course this is against the historical evidence of Jesus, of Leonardo da Vinci, the first secular painter, of Goethe, of the first and greatest scholasticists Abelard and Anselm, later was ^{not} better.

Today, this evidence is too conspicuous. Great men have epigoni; later is not better. The perfect may be inconspicuous at the start, but it is perfect. Baby geniuses are unknown but they are there all right. Furthermore, the habit of persecuting all authority is no longer tempting.

In view of the Bolshevik revolution Wolf's and Voltaire's revolt no longer are timely. Robert Frost is reported to have said recently, - at Dartmouth: What we need, is princes. Now, I am not sure of that. But I am sure that after the fall of France and the rise of Hitler, the warfare against princes has lost actuality. We needed it for our emancipation. And for this warfare the scientific myth of European scholars helped.

The myth did produce the effect at which it was aimed. The teachers of Greek, we college teachers were emancipated from clerical authority. We were emancipated from any idolatry of the Bible and of any idolatry of Hellas. Our children no longer read the Bible or Homer, and we hardly see a student learn Hebrew or Greek. Hence, we may well sheath the sword of higher criticism and enjoy gratefully the fact that Homer and Bible are exactly that what they are.

But what are they now? What is left if they are neither idols nor folklore?

Let us pause and take stock of the two new facts before going on to the third. Fact One: War and Peace are as modern in Homer as with us because he deals with exactly the two questions which are paramount in our own days: How long does it take to fight a war of coalition? And even when the enemy has surrendered unconditionally, how long does it take to establish peace? By asking these two questions we already admit that the rhythm in which we live in war or peace is not dependent on a treaty or a man's will or on any facts outside you and me if in our veins the storm is running yet. We are parts of war and peace. They are in us and they follow a cosmic rhythm which we cannot ignore unless we shall be smitten again by futility as in 1919.

Fact Two: the higher criticism of the 19th century was in itself a war against idols and lasted exactly as long as there were idols. It was warfare but not science. We may relish the victory over the idols but we cannot treat these men as fellow scientists. We may recognize that, because they were at war, they had to have a myth. Perhaps this fact may serve us in our third consideration. Turning to the modern masses, we readily use the term "myth" in all our superiority of educated people. The Nazis have a myth, the communists have theirs. How about some connection between the fact of warfare and the existence of myth? Is it possible that any man or nation at war cherishes a myth, i.e., gets intoxicated with a half truth because it is

impossible to go to war without it?

And how about Homer's attitude if compared to this mythical attitude of the warriors? Does he share it? Does he conquer it? Is he as blind as his critics? or perhaps as antimythical as a Jewish prophet? In other words, in a modern world of mythintoxicated masses who do learn neither Latin nor Greek, can there be any place for Iliad and Odyssey, and on which side of the fence would Homer be found? On the side of mythical warfare or on the side of establishing peace among men of good will? The relation of Homer to Christianity is at stake; and if we have to enter into a mythical age, as friend Wheelwright thinks, we ought to distinguish at least between friend and foe. And obviously Homer has been treated as a source of myth for a long time now. But Homer as an antidote against myth will form the third part of this paper. Leaving aside the Bible and its victory over myth, I shall confront you with the most bewildering problem of our own time, and study Homer in its light.

The warring, and that is as we have seen the mythical approach, has spread from the critics of the 19th to the masses of the 20th century. The same people who have never searched their own hearts for their own myth as scientists begin to be very eloquent about myth in general. You remember Mr. Mecklin's course on myth and fictions. Also, in this fellowship, we had a paper on the necessity of a new myth. Christianity was simply written off as a myth, incredible dictu. Another example: Mr. Roscoe Pound appeared here some time ago. This old war-horse gave a good example of a mythical approach to the times. He spoke of the eternity of the college compared to the wars which come and go. Wars, he said, are interludes, interruptions. And the Liberal College will remain. So, don't pay attention to the war, in educational policy. But this means that wars are mythical. It means that anything said or written in wartime is instrumental to the war effort, and has no bearing on the truth which can be cultivated in peace times only. War does not teach us how to educate people in peacetime. War is not a revelation; to the contrary, it should be forgotten as quickly as possible.

The singular difference between myth and history consists in this one little remark of Dean Pound. If war is no reason for changes in peacetime then it does not tell the truth about the next peace but allows us to tell lies for the duration. The words spoken in wartime according to Dean Pound do not bear on Peace. ~~For, whatever a college is, it certainly is most sensitive to words, to thoughts, to writing. Dean Pound says: don't be sensitive to the words spoken in war. War then is an external fate, a mythical something.~~ History may be studied in this little remark of Dean Pound. Much is said, whispered, written, printed in war times; a college, whatever it is, certainly is most sensitive to words and thoughts. Dean Pound recommends us to ignore one-half of human utterance, those of wartime. But this means that they are mythical, never to be redeemed, parts of external fate. History begins when war itself leads to peace when the words spoken in war are developed and fully understood in peacetime. Could not our colleges learn that social science is nothing academic? The Homeric age begins when the myth is faced and where a catastrophe speaks with the loudness which cannot be overheard and which marks it out as unique

and unrepeatable. "Those who remember the past need not repeat it," is the dogma of history. When we do not wish to learn from the past, and repeat it endlessly, we live prehistorically.

History begins where people bespeak an event and call it by a particular name and promise that they will do something with it. They say: I will hammer you to my liking, I will bend you to my will. I will make time irreversible and incontrovertible. Never, never, never, shall there have to be another revolutionary war, and so they write the constitution and introduce the celebration of the 4th of July which shall safeguard us against any relapse into a myth of constant war or perpetual revolution.

History makes life irreversible, Roscoe Pound denies history. So do the people who already today lament about the third World War before they have done anything with the second. However we define myth, it lands us in pre-history.

These mythical features on the American scene are, it is true, less obtrusive than the myth of eternal class war or the German immersion into the Nibelungen myth. For this very reason, I now shall turn to the Nibelungen as more instructive. It has an exciting relation to Homer; Siegfried and Achilles are actual relatives.

You may have read in January that the Nazis were distributing sheets with a song for school children to sing: Now we march to the country of Attila, we heroes of Burgundy, and a terrible slaughter will follow. Let us fight as true heroes when the great killing begins. Let us prove to be true Nibelungen.

If I now enter for a moment on the Nibelungen myth, you need not be afraid that I lose sight of our real topic, the next Iliad and the next Odyssey. But if we wish to regain a vital relation to Homer we cannot despise to learn from its mirror image, The Nibelungen.

Its astounding Renaissance (coincided) by Swiss, by Austrian and by German poets (with the war against Bible and Homer as great events in the history of our race. When they were degraded to literature and folklore, by the German critics, the German people after 1770 became steeped in Siegfried. The reason is not far to find. The myth of Wolff and Wilamowitz as all debunking of authority is a pastime of civilians for peace times. The whole myth of science during the 19th century transfigured the belief that man needed nobody in authority. At the same time, the common man in central Europe lived on a powderkeg and could be summoned to war any minute. He served three or two years in huge standing armies. The myth of Siegfried betrayed the deep unrest among a nation which was told by its intellectuals that the times of debunking authority had come, and which, at the same time, was aware of its military dangers between the colossus Russia and revolutionary France. The split between the educated classes and the common man, then, was expressed in this contrast between critical scholarship and the Nibelungen myth. One waged war against Bible and Homer, the other scented approaching doom and mixed up as its authority a substitute for Bible and Homer in the Nibelungen. Just as we here now unearth the Promise of America as our wartime myth, only with an optimistic sign.

As you will remember, in the old saga, Siegfried is slain at the instigation of Brunhild. Hagen, as loyal vassal of his queen, executes him for having insulted her, and the murder takes place in the home-country of his in-laws on the Rhine. This is Nibelungen Part One. In Part Two, the Nibelungen - which is the name of the in-laws because of their great treasure of gold - accept the invitation of Siegfried's widow and proceed to the lower Danube. Here, in a horrid battle, every one of them is slain, so is Attila, so is Kriemhild, and it is only a third party, the great Theoderic, the Christian ruler of Roman Italy, who puts a stop to the butchery. The song ends with the words: Love ends in agony. And this then is the strange moral of the German war myth. It is laid out between Rhine and Danube, the fatal space of the nation, and is deeply and frankly pessimistic.

Now, the stupendous fact about this myth is not that it should have been revived through the late 18th and early 19th century and finally be made a classic by Wagner. The stupendous fact is that this old Carolingian myth is the inverted image of Odyssey and Iliad.

Will you kindly note the following inversions. In Homer, the action oscillates between two worlds, Troy in Asia minor, and ~~then returns to~~ Greece. In the Nibelungen, we start on the Rhine, the homeland of the heroes, and in Part Two we move to the Danube, the hostile, half Asiatic country of the Huns. In Homer, the hero Achilles is slain while fighting the enemies of his comrades in arms. In the Nibelungen, Siegfried is slain at home by one of his own comrades in arms. In Homer, the external war is followed up by the pacification at home. The last word of the Odyssey is: the vendetta of the Ithacan relatives of the suitors whom Odysseus has slain is abandoned, and peace at home covenanted. The Nibelungen has as its foundation the domestic vendetta and then takes it outside the country and plunge the Eastern world into this domestic conflagration of the Western. In Homer, the suitors of Penelope perverted the rules of courtship and instead of going abroad for the conquest of a bride, left the roaming to the married king Odysseus, and beleaguered his wife at home. The husband was abroad, the suitors stayed at home. It was so difficult to have peace restored because the soldiers when they came home found profiteers, suitors, and had no vote in all that because Congress sanctimoniously discusses State Rights. Now, in the Nibelungen, Siegfried courted abroad beyond the call of duty by courting Brunhild for Gunther his future brother-in-law first. He became guilty of an excess of genuine courtship; he went too far in his courtship for Kriemhild; that he sacrificed the pride of another woman for his bride, was his ruin.

In Homer, the nefarious slaying of Agamemnon by Klytaemnestra and her lover forms the horrid background of the second part. In the Nibelungen, the nefarious slaying of Siegfried forms the foreground of the first part. In the Iliad and Odyssey, we begin abroad and return home afterwards. In the Nibelungen, we begin at home, and end abroad. In Homer, a tiff between two men, Menelaos and Paris, lies behind the whole drama. And the poet shows in the third book of the Iliad, in their duel, that it is too late to reduce the struggle to its original partners. Their jealousy has grown into a war of annihilation between Greece and Asia Minor. In the Nibelungen, the feud is between two

women, Kriemhild and Brunhild. They are shown in their jealousy. And again, the song insists that the feud has gone too far, that the honor of all and everybody now is involved.

Achilles, in the Iliad, rages. In the Nibelungen, Siegfried is the victim of a wife's wrath; the Nibelungen might have begun Sing, O Goddess the wrath of Brunhild.

An inverted image has one fatal quality. The directions of the living model point towards some vital goal. The directions of the inverted image do not lead out of the picture but so to speak backwards into the picture's unreal background. And this is, indeed, the sinister direction of the Nibelungen, compared to Homer. Homer leads us somewhere out of catastrophe. The Nibelungen lead nowhere. In Homer, the final conqueror of Troy, Odysseus, he whose counsel about the wooden horse ended the siege of Troy, overcame at home the vindictiveness of civil war. But in the Nibelungen, we have the revolution of Nihilism. An external element, the outsider Theoderic, Dietrich von Bern must enter the vicious circle of vendetta; to end it. The Homeric epics grew into the wider world and began to interpret it in terms of one great humanity. The Nibelungen shrank into a narrower and narrower perimeter of vendetta because it was hedged in more and more by the encroaching Christian world around it.

The central myth of the Germanic tribes ever since Charlemagne, is an inverted image of the Homeric creation. Why is that so? In our era, a life beyond mere vendetta was already incarnate for the individual who joined the Church. Only for the nations, the law of vendetta was still in force as it is to this day of Pearl Harbor and its consequences. This dualism pervades our era and it may disappear perhaps in our very era of world wars finally. But before it does, the Christian Church and the prechristian world of States lived and live under two separate laws, one of peace, the other of war. Americans, of course, have tried not to face the fact of this contradiction of our existence as souls and as citizens, in their official philosophies. But this only shows that these philosophies are not very deeply rooted in the souls of the people but were more or less idealistic constructions of wishful thinking. However this may be, 1900 years had to live by this double standard between a world of peace and a world of war, for every Christian. In sober reality, between 1776 and 1944 the United States went to war as often as Prussia. The difference then is not in the acts!

As long as we expect our young men to die for their country, we cannot dismiss the war myth with a shrug of our shoulders. We live in an era, when a man may forgive his enemy and nations cannot do likewise. Of this dichotomy, the Nibelungen are obsessed. I hasten to add that the reenactment of the Nibelungen by the Germans points to the hope that it may draw to a close now, this era of a double standard. For again, the Germans expect the solution from a larger world outside their own nation. They do wait for the twilight of the Gods of national wars. A 100 years from now, war may be abolished.

The Nibelungen left the peace standard of the personal Christian to the Church and depict the second, the vendetta standard of

the political entity, to its tragic conclusion. Since they were describing the residue of war in an increasingly Christian world, they gave the war a negative sign. This tragic outcome of the Nibelungen was made possible by the constant growth of a Christian occident around the belligerent world of secular states. Hence, the Nibelungen never were meant to represent the whole life of the German soul but only that belligerent half of it which found itself entangled in wars. Once we see this, the Nibelungen lose their inexplicable gloom. They only express that part of our existence which is in the clutches of power politics. If you read Mr. Speakman's frank book on American power politics, you may appreciate that the living soul of the people tried to conjure these horrors by the song of Siegfried's death. For in the light of Speakman's proposals Madame Kriemhild looks like a very clear headed person. As one element of truth about man's existence on this globe, the Nibelungen distill the prechristian traditions of heroic life and shake them down to their truly hopeless and unpalatable pagan elements. They are the saddest indictment against war. This pessimistic myth of tribal residues was revived at the very moment when the science of the enlightenment became overoptimistic. Science made the scholars believe that they were superior to myth. Wagner made the rich worship in Bayreuth before the beauties of despair. This is an obvious contradiction. How could a rational era of debunking Homer and Bible kneel before this myth of vengeance and death? This contradiction is not absurd. For, art and science are supplementary, always. Science, with the torch of truth, emancipates the most simple soul. Art, with the awe of beauty, overawes the most sophisticated mind. The "low brow" is lifted up by science; the "high brow" is made to kneel before beauty. In a period in which art and science were the only formative powers of society, they strove for an equilibrium. "Illumination" by science, darkening horizons by art, tried to create an equilibrium for the two men in us.

It may be added that Wagner omitted the horrors of Nibelungen Part II now enacted at Stalingrad, etc. He replaced the vengeance by the fanfares of a rather indefinite "twilight of the Gods." His prophecy was less radical than the enactment.

And now, we can turn to Homer with a better appreciation of his Significance. Homer, in a prehomeric age, discovered the Central Greek problem: the pluralism of the political world. Men of many cities yet were "Man." Homer created a poetical humanity greater than the civilization whose language he spoke. He was the first to do so. His humanity is neither Asiatic nor Greek but under the same Gods. All the critics of Homer's religion overlook that the Gods unite the two parties, in the one Olympus. This was Homer's doing. The "humanistic" tradition once created by Homer, became the pattern of all Greek life and thought. Shortly after Homer, the Olympic games came into being. Homer's poetry straddles the whole galaxy of Greek literature. In this unique unity of drama, narrative and lyrics, - three fifths of the text is dramatic dialogue, three tenths, narrative, and one tenth lyrical images and parables - from him was developed into the lyrics of the sixth, the tragedy of the fourth and the philosophy of the fourth century. We go wrong if we call him epical. He is poetry in every sense. When his humanism had fermented all Greek life, Plato could turn against the prehomeric remnants in Homer, his humanized

Gods. But Plato did not attack the prehomeric remnants of Homer before the same Homer had become as Plato himself calls him the greatest tragedian and the educator of the Greeks. Perhaps, we may say: Homer is an event in human history because he told the Greeks what their specific situation was. Before, despite exchanges and migrations, the dogma had been that a man "spoke" within one's own tribe like a Red Indian or within one's own temple state like Egyptians or Babylonians. From Homer to Vergil, one new theme runs through the millennium which prepared the coming of Christ.

Which is this theme which separates the Greeks from all Mexican, Chinese, Egyptian antiquity? Why is Homer the stirring of a new, of our own era, not to be read for its primitive myth but for its modern victory over the myth?

It is a very simple theme. Before naming it more definitely, let me place the date of Homer's creation into a larger frame of reference. Lately, a number of scholars have become aware of the fact that about a thousand B.C. something begins to stir which was unknown before. The age was materially changed by the use of iron. But deeper goes the observation that then first great individuals ceased to be contained within their own and one political group. The individual overflowed the contour lines of his own tribe or city, and the space around the feelings of a man's soul grew larger than his kin and kindred, and even his kingdom or empire.

This stirring was embodied in two ways of life and both ways were blended in the church one thousand years later. The first and perhaps more grandiose aspect was embodied by Israel. The exodus from Egypt where Pharaoh in vain tried to rid himself of his sunworship, allowed Israel to let the one God speak through all the localities and all the ages of man. Israel became reconciled in the pluralistic world of Gentiles to singleness and to God's purpose. In Greece, on the other hand, the many heroes of the many cities of men began to speak to each other and to recognize each other. Homer reconciled us to the pluralism of our social groups.

This is the deliberate theme of Homer. Let me give an example: The miracle of the Iliad was the creation of Hektor, by the poet. The experts think that since Paris and Priam were clearly names of non-Greek characters which the poet took over; but Hektor bears a Greek name, Hektor was the invention of Homer himself. What did this mean? Hektor made Troy respectable, it made, in the eyes of many, Hektor the soul of the Iliad. I would not go so far for the ancients never felt this way about the Iliad. They said that Homer loved Achilles. But Achilles grew because of Hektor. In his foe, a man was recognized. Hektor was even allowed to voice the poet's own religious creed. Homer lets Hektor defy the auguries, the bird's omens. "One omen is the best, to fight for one's own country." The Greeks heard their enemy teach them that whenever they heard Homer recited. The mutual recognition of a man's duties and valor, permeates the whole epics. In fact, the unity of the Iliad becomes clear ~~only~~ when we focus our attention on this topic. In the beginning, the catalogues of the innumerable confederate forces stress the diversity of men. Every Greek hero experiences his vis-a-vis, in his aristie, and so, they come to know their own valor; finally, in the 23^d book, these same heroes

compete peacefully among themselves once more, in honor of Patroklos, at the games around his tomb.

No surprises are told all through Homer. We always know the outcome in advance. For, this is not a mystery story. That for which the poem is written, is the slow rise of mutual recognition between all the actors in the game of the Gods with mortal men. And thus we reach the climax of mutual recognition in the 24th book of the Iliad. Needless to say that the higher critics had no use for this book since they looked for warwhoops instead of following Homer's persistent theme.

Here, we can prove from the text that the creation of mutual recognition differed from what we superficially understand by this term. It was new, it was unheard of, it was difficult. It became the theme of Greece hereafter. I mention some later verifications of this humanistic feature. On the so-called Penthesilea vase of the 5th century, Achilles makes ready to kill the queen of the Amazons. Victor and vanquished fully look into each other's face, obedient and understanding, recognizing the other as equally human. Similarly Alexander the Great and Darius were shown on a famous painting, of equal dignity both, differing in fate only. And Aischylos, in his "Persians," placed, an incredible tour de force, the experience of the greatest Greek victory in the enemy's camp. Also Thucydides could write his history for both warring parties and as I have pointed out elsewhere, all true history after Thucydides reaches its goal when all the parties involved in a struggle recognize its history when they read it as their own history. History ceases to be myth when it includes all the parties and all the views of the warring parties. That distinguishes history from partisan myth. We said that myth is for one warring party. Homer and history are for both. By the way, for this reason is history no natural science. One must suffer and rejoice with both warring parties to become a historian.

And now to the 24th book of the Iliad. Zeus speaks to Achilles and Priam. Their hearts open up. Let us see in detail what happens. And please bear with the lengthy development, for good reason.

We are shown how King Priam of Troy conquers his natural fear in his desire to recover his son's body for an honorable burial. He drives to the Greek camp, enters the tent of Achilles, kisses the hand which slew Hektor, reminds Achilles of his own father in eloquent words. Achilles' heart is prepared for this demand by an inner voice from Zeus. Thus, he listens and the granting is in the hearkening. Shaken to their depth because the unheard of has happened to them, break into tears. "Both were overcome by memories, one of them as he lay stretched out at the feet of Achilles mourning freely over Hektor once a slayer of men, and Achilles mourning his own father, and in between also Patroklos. And their sighs filled the big tent.

But when then by his moaning the divine Achilles revived, and the longing receded from his body as well as from his limbs, he quickly rose from his armchair, lifted the old man by the hand, taking pity with the hoary head and the white beard, and raising his voice he

addressed to him the winged words:

Oh poor wretch, manifold disaster have you endured. How did you dare to come to our camp? under the eyes of the man who took away so many of your valiant sons? that takes a heart of iron. But now fittingly take your place in the armchair, and we shall despite our distress leave the heartache so that it may quiet down. For, nothing is gained from loud moaning. For, the Gods tissued for wretched men a life of heartaches; they themselves don't care. Twofold are the barrels which stand on Zeus' threshold with the gifts he gives, of evils, one, of niceties the other. And as Zeus who rejoices in thunder, mixes his gift to a man, so will he receive, evil now, and good at another time.

Thus to my father they gave illustrious gifts ever since he was born. For he was eminent over all men by wealth and great fortune and was prince of the Myrmidons and though a mortal was given a goddess for bride. However evil, too, God added, to wit that no travail of childbirth should fill his hall except for one single most untimely son. In his declining age I am away from him, and here I sit in the Troad encumbering you and your children. Yet, you too are said to have been of great fortune once, governing from Lesbos and Phrygia to the Hellespont, with large treasures and a numerous offspring. Ever since the sky gods led up to this disaster, your city is surrounded by battles and slaughter. Keep your peace, do not spend yourself in vain complaints. Nothing will result from your agony and you will not make your son stand up again. Before this could happen, more probably some new evil would befall you.

Godlike appearing Priam answered him: Do not place me in your armchair as long as Hektor lies here somewhere uncared for.

Raising his brow fleet footed Achilles replied: Stop provoking me with this name of Hektor whom I intend to return. The Gods themselves put this into my heart and yours as well. But do not arouse pains in my mind lest you yourself have to leave this tent despite your privileges of a supplicant. His words frightened the old man and he gave in. Peleus' son raced to the door of his home in a lion's mood, and his two fellows followed him.

They washed, embalmed, clothed the terribly disfigured corpse of Hektor, and they kept him from Priam's sight fearing some new outburst of passion on his part and then in response a similar one on Achilles part who still might have killed Priamos. When the maids had wrapped him up, Achilles in his own person lifted Hektor up and put him on the bier and his comrades helped him to put the bier in the carriage. Whereupon a loud sob and calling his own beloved friend by his name, Don't, Achilles murmured, Don't think that I forgot what I owed you, Patroklos, when you down in Hades become aware that I have ransomed the divine Hektor and accepted his father's payment for I make this ransom yours.

Then he returned to his tent, took his seat again and addressed Priamos with this speech: Your son has been ransomed. With the early dawn you shall see yourself and carry him away. But now we may think

of having something to eat. For even Niobe thought of food, she whose twelve children perished in her hall, six daughters, six sons, all in their prime. Apollon killed the sons enraged by Niobe, and Artemis the daughters, vindicating their mother Leto. For Niobe had boasted "Leto has two and I have many children." And so the two being just two had her many perish. For nine days, they could not be buried, the neighbors were turned to stone. On the tenth day the celestials did bury them and then she thought of her daily bread since she had exhausted her tears. And we both also shall have our mind on our daily bread. But the great mourning for your beloved son you may look forward to in Troy itself. Fleet footed Achilles spoke and got up and slaughtered a lamb and the comrades prepared it in due fashion and put it on the spit and roasted it expertly and looked after everything. Automedon took the bread and dealt it out. But the meat was dealt out by Achilles. And to the ready meal laid before them they stretched out their hands. And when they had satiated their appetite for drink and food, then verily Dardanos' offspring Priamos was lost in admiration of Achilles, of his stature and beauty. For face to face he looked as Gods look. Also Achilles was lost in admiration of Dardanos' son Priamos when he looked upon his sight in its excellency and as he heard him speak. And they looked upon each other and were amazed. " — They were amazed when they could see. But when could they? It took speeches and altercation, agony and fear and violence and tears, acts and calm and food and drink before they might see each other. The modern fool says: I know a man when I see him. Homer says: You cannot see a man unless you have come to know him. The "eisoran," the power to behold, depends on your own purification. The true meaning of Plato's ideas is preformed in this Homeric term of "looking upon each other." An "idea" is that power by which we are enabled to see each other truly, and this is not granted mortal man before the end of their tragedy. The alleged Greek idealism is not the abstract seeing of some truth. It is the power of beauty which stops us, of goodness which activates us of truth which changes us. The idea is the power to see my enemy and myself in the true light of mutuality and the humanism of Homer is only implemented by Plato, and as mere idealism without this mutuality between real people it becomes highly immoral and useless. Plato explains Achilles and Hektor as created by Homer.

Nowhere in the Old Testament is the enemy of Israel made sympathetic or interesting. This, of course, is the corollary to the fact that Israel herself is left uninteresting compared to God. He alone is to be recognized, Israel herself is depicted as refractory and obdurate to his light. Since in the Bible, every word tries to make us recognize God's "Here-ness," the Bible is a psalm to God who has recognized us and now waits to be recognized by us. And so we may say that of the two parts of the Great Commandment: Love God totally and your neighbor as yourself, Israel fulfills preeminently the first half. In the white heat of this love, Israel and her neighbors both become dust and ashes and uninteresting and unsympathetic, by necessity. Only by this sublime concentration on God, could the idolatry of the prehistoric tribal demons and temple idols successfully be combated. Israel was not satisfied with poetry. It received eternal life. But Homer created a world in which there were, on the Greek as well as on the Trojan side, innumerable cities and clans. The pluralism of innumerable small political entities was the miracle of the Greek archipelago. In this

pluralism men learned to know their enemies and to respect them. In Homer, man begins, for the first time, to sing his triumph, his beginning triumph over the many cities of man. The one City of God of St. Augustine, as opposed to the many on earth, was first envisaged in Homer. The notorious immoralities of his Gods are completely misunderstood if we do not see that the abysmal contradictions of reality between nations here for the first time were reflected in one united Olympos. Is not our own social backstage of human conflict, between the races, the classes, the ages, between sex and greed and hate and envy, still one great immorality? The alleged immorality of the Homeric Gods is in inverse ratio to the new morality in human relations between enemies. The new mutual recognition was not to be achieved without this compensation which dislodged the Gods from their purely local protectorates and threw them into one center of world government, the palace of Zeus. This house of Zeus, this Versailles to which the whole mass of Gods can be assembled, is Homer's creation. Gods are the superhuman forces which drive us. He who looks down on the Homeric solution does not understand Homer's difficulty or our own difficulty of living in one world with Hitler.

In the Bible, man becomes humble and God great. In Homer, the Gods decrease so that man may increase. I said in the beginning that after the Homeric question was exploded we could see Homer as he really is. I now may substantiate this promise. We can now see him because we for the first time can understand what he was up against. You may have read that the German prisoners of war are so Nazified that several prisoners were forced to commit suicide by their comrades because they were not Nazis. The American commandant allowed this to happen, ~~because~~ ^{since} he thought that no human being could treat another prisoner of war as non-human because he did not belong to his tribal faith. But Hitler reproduced prehomeric man. In the light of such barbarism, Homer speaks with the power of a first discovery. His was the victory over the monism of the previous barbaric man of Nineveh and Babylon; these men did not recognize their enemies' soul. Men were yet impenthrable to each other as the Nazis and mostly the Russians and most frequently the Japanese are to us. Since the new barbarians decline to recognize or to be recognized, we appreciate Homer's antibarbarian humanism much more clearly. This should lead to a new conception of humanism. ~~Homer does not mean the admiration of man, not even mutual admiration. It means that the individual is inhuman who has not recognized himself in others and that the individual is unhappy who has not been recognized by others.~~ Too often modern humanism has omitted these two rules as its true first principles. And they were created by Homer. Homer's Iliad centered around the mutual recognition of Greeks and Trojans.

His Odyssey shows a similar pattern between husband and wife, soldier and civilian, native and foreigner. As Aristotle has said, it is a sequence of anagnoriseis, rerecognitions, and as I intend to show, some of the ultimate recognitions have remained unrecognized - terrible pun, - to this day.

Let us see: Odysseus is recognized by one after the other; following Agamemnon's advice given to him in the Netherworld to reconnoitre cautiously and not to run into his net as Atreus' son,

Odysseus waits each time for a new divine hint before he drops his disguise. The dog alone recognizes without Odysseus' effort. And, lest Odysseus be allowed too much superiority, his wife does not recognize him by the signs he has in readiness but by her own stratagem, while with his father, Odysseus succeeds easily; for he points to the fruit trees in the garden with which Laertes had presented him as a little lad. Now the high moment in which Odysseus and Penelope enter the bedchamber the secret of which Odysseus had revealed in his anger to the doubting wife seemed so much the climax of the poem that the higher critics thought it should end here. They condemned the 24th book as a late duplication of the eleventh because in both books we are taken to the Netherworld. Certainly, for the modern movie goer it is the highest pitch of thrill to see the king and queen of Ithaca embrace each other. It is the prescribed Hollywood Happy Ending.

But it would be thoroughly bad taste for anything in the grand manner or in the style of a musical composition. No finale of a symphony ends when the loveliest tone is heard. Nowhere does Homer end on the highest pitch because that would incapacitate him to produce the effect which he has at heart. This effect is not any surprise since the story is established but the reception of the event into the hearts of its human agents at the proper moment.

For instance when Achilles has slain Hektor - crest of the wave - the waters divide evenly, one stream pouring into the Greek camp, book 23, the other gushing into Troy and leading Priam into the tent of Achilles, book 24. The cheerful elation of the games in honor of Patroklos and the sombre dignity of Priam's care for Hektor are balanced and allow the excitement to quiet down to human proportions. In the *Odyssey*, we wait through four long books before the man whom we expect from the first line, is allowed to enter the scene in person. In the land of the Phaiacians, three whole books retard the famous moment at which the hero bursts forth with the immortal: I am Odysseus of whom all men and the skies have heard. These massive crescendos and decrescendos are our poet's style, so much so that Goethe wrote in 1797 to Schiller: "This principle of retarding puts the mere narrative of one event after another into a subordinate class of poetry compared with Homer."

Hence, the case for the end of the *Odyssey* may first be stated like this. Since it is true that we reach the heart of the *Odyssey* in the rerecognition of Odysseus by his wife, it would be bad taste to leave us when the heart lies bare. Because the embrace of husband and wife is the climax, the scholiasts call it the "telos," it could not be the last word. Hence, a 24th book was to be expected where we find it. And its technique corresponds to that of the two last books of the *Iliad*. To restore the equilibrium behind the crest of the wave, we again are taken to places of opposite moral climate. In the *Iliad* we attended the joyful games, and Achilles and Priam were reconciled. In the *Odyssey*, we follow the slain Suitors to Hades where in Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the Trojan war and the first and most unfortunate "returner" from the war, the news can be reflected. And we adjourn above ground to the garden where Laertes recognized Odysseus whom we now reimagine in his childhood. Finally, three royal generations, Laertes, Odysseus, Telemachos, unitedly resist the last peril,

the outbreak of vendetta on Ithaca itself for the slain suitors. Athene's peace prevails above the clan's law of revenge and the families of the slain suitors desist from civil war. (In this, by the way, the theme of the Eumenides of Aischylos is anticipated.)

The parallel to the Iliad in this bifurcation of the reflexes of the climax is perfect. But lest the book be condoned the higher critics asserted that no other book repeated so many whole verses from elsewhere. When this last ditch stand of the Nihilists was tested, our finale came out with one per cent less repeated verses than the average Homeric text (Homer's style of recitation needs these verses to unburden our attention for the really new things).

And the newness, the swift turn of events and of responses to events, in this book, is breathtaking. The poet discovers several new dimensions of the human soul while he allows Odysseus's fate to pass muster before our inner eye. In Hades, Penelope's suitors report their fate to the man whom his wife's suitor had slain on his return, to Agamemnon. The irony is sublime. The slain suitors expect sympathy when they inform the slain commander-in-chief before Troy that the true final victor of the Trojans also had conquered the suitors at home. But King Agamemnon rises to the occasion. We may have thought him petty in the Iliad. And he is used as a foil to set off Achilles as well as Odysseus to greater advantage. Twelve times throughout the Odyssey, the sinister fate of Agamemnon at home is brought to our attention. He lost all where Odysseus is going to win all. But there is no pettiness in Agamemnon in his disaster. Manfully does he acknowledge now that others went the better way. In the first Nekyia when Odysseus inquires in Hades about his prospects, it is Agamemnon who gives the advice which makes Odysseus victorious. The whole second half of the Odyssey is made dependant on Odysseus' taking advantage of this advice to reconnoitre incognito. Hence, there was good reason that Agamemnon should be remembered after his advice had born fruit beyond expectation.

But in a real poem as in real life, a good reason is a mere opportunity for something creative. And thus after we have vindicated the good logic for this universally despised 24th book, and for the information given to Agamemnon, we now may delight in the new turn of this scene. It grows into two epilogues, one to the Iliad, the other to the Odyssey, and both are intertwined into each other. Let me speak of the epilogue to the Iliad first. When the poet takes us to Hades, and lets us wait for the descent of the miserable suitors just slain, we find that Agamemnon and Achilles meet, in front of their numerous entourage. And whereas in the first Nekyia of book 'll the shadows are kept spellbound by Odysseus' magic, and remain separate from each other in isolation, in eternal silence, now at the harmonious end of the whole song, the tongues of these two great souls at least are loosened. The great progress beyond the 11th book consists in this apparently so simple and yet so incisive fact: they make talk to each other. In their conversation, the last unsettled account of the Iliad is settled, the relation Agamemnon-Achilles. Whether this account was left unsettled on purpose or not, may be judged differently by different readers of the Iliad. To me, it seems a deliberate feature. At the end of the 23rd book, Achilles says a polite word to Agamemnon; the

king does not answer a word. In the greater 24th book, when Zeus, when the superhuman, unheard of enlargement of Priam's and of Achilles' heart, this superhuman power enters the hearts of these two, we are told twice, once by Achilles and once by the God Hermes that Agamemnon must not hear of this forgiveness before Priam has left. Agamemnon would have him arrested. In other words, Agamemnon is explicitly and by name excluded from the act of generosity. The office of the commander-in-chief is office, and without throwing any shadow on Agamemnon who holds this office, yet the person of the freelance Achilles gains while set off against the dark contour lines of the legal code of usuality.

But now, Agamemnon can be pitied by Achilles: Oh commander, why did you not fall before Troy; for now your name is taken away from you; nobody will mention it now since you lie unburied and unmourned. In the poetic realm of Homer, the Iliad takes us to the skies to make us understand the proceedings on earth; in the Odyssey, we are taken to Hades, for the same purpose. Here, the values of this world are looked through; Agamemnon's power has vanished.

And Agamemnon himself acknowledges it by glorifying Achilles: You will live forever. All the world can see the tomb which we built for you after your death, on the shore of the Hellespont, and sailors from near and far shall see it. And the muses themselves came to your funeral (the muses were not mentioned in the parallel scene when Thetis hurried to mourn Patroklos) and their song will make you immortal, for all times to come. He shows, in other words how Chronos and Oikumene will be filled with Homer's song, and for this reason, Homer by later Greek art was shown with Time and Space, Chronos and Oikumene, coming from behind to crown him. Schiller and Brahms have immortalized the birth of this dirge for Achilles in their "Naenie," in unforgettable lines. But when we hear Agamemnon say to Achilles The muses sang such a song at your funeral that it shall never, never perish from the earth, we may well remember that the poet alludes here to the Iliad itself in the most refined taste.

Agamemnon and Achilles, who have jealously defended their relative positions in the field to the utmost, are re-recognized by each other no longer as dignitaries of a social order, but as biographically distinguishable, as free livers, as original lives, in the realm created by Homer, an Elysium of poetic justice. This is one of the rare occasions when we may lay our hands on that most elusive something called poetic: it is a second world wrested from the flux of time by living a life of sound, and by moving in the waves which pervade men as speech. Man's life receives a biographical importance not warranted by his social role; this role now becomes a mere tool in working out the person's real fulfillment. The achievement of Homer is the subjection of ^{the} realm of earthly power to the realm of poetic justice. This was new. Homer is not a poet but the creator of poetry. Poetry is not singsong but the creation of a second home of mankind beyond the social register.

In this move beyond the single order of rank in a prehomeric world, the myth is replaced by the new dual of poetry and history. Because the partial truth which serves as the basis of a whole way of

life, and which we call myth, is now transcended by a second story, a second plane. This plane comes late, after the event as history writing, after life as glory with posterity, but it comes to life on this earth, Skyworld and Netherworld together have grown strong enough to give off some light on the life on this earth itself so that the success of the day here on earth does no longer fill the hearts of man with unconditional surrender.

However, not satisfied with this epilogue to his Iliad, the poet now invents the most penetrating title for his Odysseia. The suitors make their entrance and the woeful tale of their ignominious end is told by one of them. This leads to an outburst of Agamemnon. The song that will immortalize this glorious return - and that is of course our own poem - should not be called after Odysseus; it should have in its title not the name of Odysseus but of his queen: Penelope's steadfastness, or How Penelope stayed sensible, shall it be called in the memory of posterity. The re-recognition of Odysseus by Penelope beyond which the higher critics would not go, is surpassed when Agamemnon exclaims that the Odyssey will be a Penelopeia, and the husband will be recognized as in a mirror, in his wife, through his wife. Here then we have, to quote Faust, Der Weisheit letzter Schluss, Achilles is recognized in, through Hektor's Greatness; Odysseus is recognized through Penelope, husband through wife.

By opening a door out of the singleness of one's own body and one's own singular body politic in poetry, it becomes possible that the foe interprets the friend, that he reveals him. In as far as this happens, war ceases to be mythical and is subjected to man's creative power over the event; the war becomes irreversible, historical. We call Christianity a historical religion because in it, this opening of our own myth is the condition of our ever entering the realm of Christianity. Christianity is not hereditary either through our body or through our body politic, that which can be inherited through body and through body politic, is always prechristian. In the same sense, as myself and my nation are prechristian, and only may become so, in a historical decision which I myself must make, or my nation, wars are somatic, physical, and mythical each time before they are addressed by men as their war to whom these men decide to write its fitting peace. Only through its having a peace coming, is any war in history and not in myth. For the peace must include the enemy, and the otherness of the other sex and age groups. Any peace must do this, as the Odyssey shows. The wife explains the husband, her holding on to the center and his roaming freely all over the globe are one and the same act. Whenever a wife can speak for, can explain her husband, by her existence or way of life, peace ceases to be accidental and becomes subject to man's historical biography.

Homer opened war and peace to poetical treatment by opening friend through foe, husband through wife. When we can say Penelopeia instead of Odysseia and understand that this means, in a last sense, the same, we have progressed beyond the pettiness of a rationalism which gets caught in its own clever distinctions and according to which Odysseus must have an Odyssey and Penelope a Penelopey, but which cannot understand how we can reach the plane on which both, husband and wife, have ceased to exist in separation, and Achilles and Hektor have

ceased to exist in thing-like disconnectedness. Conversation, the poets singing waves, have permeated them; and now, they are not one; but they are not without each other and they have changed from individuals who begin within themselves and end within themselves, into movements in a symphony of creation in which their genuine roots lie.

For this reason, the *Odyssey* which begins and must begin "The Man," may remain for the higher critics a song of an adventurer or of a sun hero, or of a giant; for Homer it became by poetic necessity a poem to which he himself gave at the end the name of "the Penelopeia". Now mark well. I do not say that this may be done in the first line of the poem; the poem does begin as the *Odyssey* and it remains the *Odyssey* but, this is not the whole story.

Similarly the *Iliad* which begins with the wrath of Achilles and remains this, ends with the quiet solemnities for his foe Hektor. Of wrath Sing Oh Goddess, Of Achilles' wrath, son's of Peleus, ruinous.....Thus were the funerals to horse-taming Hektor paid."

And now the last poetical touch - and we now know already that the poetical is not a sentimental luxury with Homer but the necessary white magic by which an event ceases to be purely mythical and becomes or begins to become human. You all are versed in the Homeric epithet: horse-taming, much suffering, ox-eyed, etc. These epithets belong to the full title of a person as we call a physician by an acquired faculty, by his doctor's degree. Odysseus, in the first line of the *Odyssey* is called Multiform, polytrop, whereas Penelope is given the spithet echephron, she who holds on to her good sense so that King Multiform and Queen One Content are married. Now, in the 24th book of the *Iliad* as well as of the *Odyssey*, one epithet is stressed which is denied all the participants of the twenty years of war and return. In the *Iliad*, Peleus and Priam before the outbreak of the War are renowned for their Great Fortune, olbia. When, at the end of the *Odyssey*, Agamemnon bestows the crown of perfection on Achilles, he begins with this long relinquished epithet: Oh olbie, oh Fortunate. Alexander the Great quoted it when he, too, praised Achilles for his earthly immortality in song.

This term "Oh fortunate" is enhanced if possible, in the second epilogue, the one to the *Odyssey*, in the same 24th book. For, when the feat of Odysseus is told to Agamemnon by the leading suitor down in Hades, the great king does not as we might expect deign to answer the man who makes the report to him; instead, he addresses Odysseus who still lives on this earth. And he addresses them with the Vocative, Olbie Laertao Pa-i' This Vocative is in the days of Homer, a special form of a name, the one form under which a person is addressed if we expect him to listen. With this vocative, then the Netherworld and our earth become one space. The dead king can speak directly: Oh fortunate son of Laertes, Odysseus, full of wiles, truly you have gained possession of a wife of great perfection....."

Twice then Homer bestows the rare epithet (8 times occurs the word - not the epithet - in the whole rest of the two poems of 29,000 verses) of Fortunate, on a hero. One had been slow, cunning, multi-form, patient, many fold suffering and many fold escaping Odysseus, a

true Atlas of forbearing, the other quick, impatient, simple, generous, rash, intolerant Achilles, a true fountain of youth. In the common epithet, they are recognized as worthy of each other. I know well that the reducing analysis of the social anatomist will now say: nonsense; the two came out well as in the fairytale. How else could they be called but happy. Nobody can be forced to go beyond the level of a child. But I would feel to do injustice to the great pains with which Achilles and Odysseus both are paralleled by being both judged by Agamemnon - and nobody else is - if I would not pause before this term Oh fortunate for one second longer.

While the whole life of these two heroes had been guided by one might say opposite principles, both are recognized as perfect, one in his own right single, the other by right of his being this wife's husband and ennobled above his wiles through her. In the one epithet, for two opposite characters Homer once more transcends himself. By allowing one adjective for the border cases of human existence in his songs out of the mouth of their counterpart, Homer has established poetic peace between all the contradictions of his world. There is, after all, a happy ending, but it is distilled into its recognition by the one who remains behind in his myth of office, and of manhood, not loving his enemy, not loved by his wife, by the man through whom Homer remained connected with the inherited mythical tradition, and whom only the later tragedy was going to redeem poetically. Agamemnon acknowledges himself the great fortune of Achilles and Odysseus, and this acknowledgment reconciles us with Agamemnon's character.

The skyworld and the world of Argos and Mykene and Troy were given when Homer passed the threshold of "making" of "Poetry" and established a poetic scale of values for human beings. He gave to the Greeks for all times this scale.

The Greek world is based on the second half of the Great Commandment and as it is separate from the first half, it only reads: Respect your enemy as yourself and come to know yourself in him. Even in this form, it causes us to honor the Greeks as our ancestors. Homer was the event by which the Greeks went beyond their own body politic in sentiment and knowledge, in sympathy and identification.

From Homer to Jesus, one great current runs of broadening understanding for fair play, competitive organization, and for an understanding of our pluralistic entanglement. Once our eyes are opened to the slow education of mankind, Homer ceases to be a Greek school of minstrels and becomes the creator of the tradition how man can remain human despite political pluralism of tribes and cities. In every generation which is rent by war, man has to rediscover this simple truth. The Kagawa behind the Tojo, the Goethe behind the Goebbels, the Hektor behind the Paris, the Philip Murray behind the John Lewis, the Dostojewski behind the Stalin, have to be recognized. For this process which the Greeks called anagnorismos, and which Aristotle found in Homer we really should say re-recognition, or re-reconciliation. Re-recognition is a concrete challenge at this very moment again. Unless we re-recognize, the human dilemma of our times will enslave us in its war myth and in us we shall see rise again prehomeric man.

A pilot in our air force wrote me from England: I am going to stay in Europe for at least two years after this war. We have shown no faith in Europe for 25 years. Now, some of us must live with them. Faith in Europe, to be sure, is a strange expression for an American. But it expresses the real spirit. For, this man has not faith in Heidelberg, in the Louvre, the Vatican, the British parliament, treasures in which we did not have so much faith but which we coveted. He has faith that after the twilight of the Gods, men may grow there again who have sweated out the nightmare of Nibelungen Part Two, who can laugh again because at least their virility has aroused the whole world once more and knitted it together in a new world, no longer Roman or even Christian in name as in the days of Theoderic and Charlemagne, but similarly pacified to the ecumenic width of the globe.

The spell cast over the Germans by Hitler's prehomeric myth has made all human relations with Germans literally impossible. The pilot who stays in Europe will have to wait for a new spirit of Pentecost. No old slogans about "Germany," "France," "The English," "Spain," will be acceptable. Some deeper tests behind these façades and abominable slogans will have to lead to the heart of man again instead to his nationality. Speech and gesture between silenced souls will have to be re-realized, not by basic English but by patient common living out of which alone common song comes. And only after many pilots will have flown through the new and higher stratosphere which levels the peaks of national differences, shall the true epics of this last period of thirty years be sung. The next Homer, the way in which we now think and speak of Homer, may prepare the mental victory of such a song, because it will inspire our soldiers to follow up the purely external movements of the war by the corresponding inner stirrings of their own imaginative "return to peace." In a Multiformity of ways like Odysseus, and in steadfast clinging to the sensible thing as Penelope, they may look for the great fortune, the treasures of the Nibelungen, the treasures of Peleus and Priam, lost in confusion. If they could be made into Homeric men again, a new Homer, in the end, would not be missing.

He would give them his blessing, as *Ὀδυσσεύς*.