

Interpretation

- Editor-in-Chief Hilail Gildin, Dept. of Philosophy, Queens College
Executive Editor Leonard Grey
General Editors Seth G. Benardete • Charles E. Butterworth •
Hilail Gildin • Robert Horwitz (d. 1987) •
Howard B. White (d. 1974)
- Consulting Editors Christopher Bruell • Joseph Cropsey • Ernest L. Fortin
• John Hallowell (d. 1992) • Harry V. Jaffa • David
Lowenthal • Muhsin Mahdi • Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr.
• Arnaldo Momigliano (d. 1987) • Michael Oakeshott
(d. 1990) • Ellis Sandoz • Leo Strauss (d. 1973) •
Kenneth W. Thompson
- European Editors Terence E. Marshall • Heinrich Meier
Editors Wayne Ambler • Maurice Auerbach • Fred Baumann
• Michael Blaustein • Patrick Coby • Edward J. Erler •
Maureen Feder-Marcus • Joseph E. Goldberg • Steven
Harvey • Pamela K. Jensen • Ken Masugi • Grant B.
Mindle • James W. Morris • Will Morrisey • Charles
T. Rubin • Leslie G. Rubin • Bradford P. Wilson •
Hossein Ziai • Michael Zuckert • Catherine Zuckert
- Manuscript Editor Lucia B. Prochnow
Subscriptions Subscription rates per volume (3 issues):
individuals \$25
libraries and all other institutions \$40
students (four-year limit) \$16
Single copies available.
Postage outside U.S.: Canada \$4.50 extra;
elsewhere \$5.40 extra by surface mail (8 weeks
or longer) or \$11.00 by air.
Payments: in U.S. dollars AND payable by
a financial institution located within the U.S.A.
(or the U.S. Postal Service).

THE JOURNAL WELCOMES MANUSCRIPTS IN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AS WELL AS THOSE
IN THEOLOGY, LITERATURE AND JURISPRUDENCE.

CONTRIBUTORS should follow *The Chicago Manual of Style*, 13th ed. or manuals
based on it; double-space their manuscripts, including notes; place references in the
text, in endnotes or follow current journal style in printing references. Words from
languages not rooted in Latin should be transliterated to English. To ensure
impartial judgment of their manuscripts, contributors should omit mention of their
other work; put, on the title page only, their name, any affiliation desired, address
with postal/zip code in full, and telephone. Contributors using computers should, if
possible, provide a character count of the entire manuscript. Please send THREE
clear copies.

Composition by Eastern Composition, Inc.,
Binghamton, N.Y. 13905 U.S.A.
Printed and bound by Wickersham Printing Co.,
Lancaster, PA 17603 U.S.A.

Inquiries: Patricia D'Allura, Assistant to the Editor,
INTERPRETATION, Queens College, Flushing, N.Y.
11367-1597, U.S.A. (718)997-5542

Whip, Whipped, and Doctors: Homer's *Iliad* and Camus' *The Plague*

PAULA REINER

Butler University

Albert Camus in *The Plague* gives a pressing, pitilessly clear description of plague conditions:¹ We are all locked in a city. The gates are closed. The plague rages inside. The only question is, Who will die first? This is the situation in Camus' town of Oran; it is also the situation of the Trojans in Homer's *Iliad*. And finally, it is the situation of human life.²

In the face of such conditions, what to do? In what would consist the worthiness of a human life? Camus constructs an answer carefully. His answer, which is at the core of *The Plague*, is one of the conclusions which Homer invites in the *Iliad*—one of the conclusions, but not the only one. It is part of the greatness of the *Iliad* that it is more than a moral document, although it is also that. If Homer decries the destructiveness of violence, he can at the same time admire violence for its purity and intensity.

In *The Plague* Camus consciously outlines the system of valuation which underlies his narrative. This is something he can do more easily than Homer, for he has the legacy of centuries of self-examination following patterns laid out by Socrates, and also he is freed from the necessities of providing immediate charm for a listening audience. It is illuminating to use the set of values elucidated in *The Plague* to examine the *Iliad*, especially the threefold division of Whip, Whipped, and Doctor (Camus' *fléau*, *victime*, and *médecin*).³ To know Camus' position helps us to deepen our understanding of the miracle of Achilles' final scene with Priam and to grasp why it is wholly appropriate for the *Iliad* to end with the burial of Hector.

In *The Plague* Camus gives a thorough exposition of plague conditions, a narrative of what happens to some individuals caught in those conditions, and, most important, an examination of human options in plague conditions, an examination which provides a sort of moral underpinning for the narrative. I use the term "moral" with hesitation. Camus steers clear of such normative terms as "good" and "bad," "right" and "wrong," no doubt because, as his character Tarrou would put it, such terms might provide ammunition for the host of wouldbe executioners. Dr. Rieu, who is revealed as the narrator at the end of the book, speaks simply of "doing one's job" (*faire son métier*, pp. 44, 151; cf. pp. 120, 146) and of "human decency" (*l'honnêteté*, p. 151), while Tarrou speaks of "the decent person" (*l'honnête homme*, p. 228). The two are

equated. Dr. Rieu disclaims any wish to be a hero and says that to combat the plague is simply a matter of human decency, which consists in doing one's job (p. 151).

Dr. Rieu is emphatic about trying to be human, no more and no less. When later in the narrative Tarrou brings forward the possibility of sainthood, saying that he seeks a sort of secular sainthood without belief in God, Dr. Rieu resumes his disclaimer of heroism, this time adding sainthood: "I have no taste, as far as I know, for heroism or sainthood. What interests me is to be human." To which Tarrou responds: "Yes, we seek the same thing, but I'm less ambitious" (p. 230). There is humor in Tarrou's response, but also deep significance. It is *harder* to be fully human, without the bolstering of being hailed as a saint or hero. Also, if we put the matter that way, there is less excuse for turning it down. It is one thing to say, "Not me, I'll not fight the plague, I'm no hero." But it is another to say, "I'll not fight the plague, I'm no human." Camus is trying to present his values in such a way that all people will find them irresistible.

"Human decency" consists in fighting the plague. Dr. Rieu insists on little, but on this one point he is clear. Early on he states that he is sure he is going on the path of truth "by fighting against creation such as it is" (p. 120). And later, a discussion of Dr. Rieu, Tarrou, and friends yields the following conclusion: "it was necessary to fight the plague one way or another and not bow down to it. The whole question was to prevent as many deaths as possible" (p. 126).

Dr. Rieu turns down not only heroism and sainthood, but even knowledge if it is in the way. When Tarrou presses the doctor to continue exploring some ideas, Dr. Rieu responds, "You can't cure and know at the same time. So let's cure as quickly as we can. That's more pressing" (p. 191). This insistence on helping above all is probably what causes Tarrou to admit that Rieu is "more human" than himself (p. 188).

Hard as it is not to see this "humanism" as the very "heroism" which Rieu disclaims, it is important to remember that "humanism" is not a matter of *succeeding* but of *struggling*. Although Rieu speaks as if he can cure (p. 191), in fact the normal condition was for him to be able not to cure but merely to diagnose (p. 176). It may well be the very hopelessness of the endeavor that gives Camus' "humanism" its stature. To struggle when victory is absurd and impossible is illusion—Don Quixote and the windmills. To struggle when victory is beneficial and possible is simply rational. But when the victory would be most beneficial yet defeat seems inevitable, action becomes a bold, existential declaration, a self-affirmation in the face of emptiness.

Camus puts his system of human valuation into a philosophical framework which is offered by Tarrou—a metaphysical scheme which is meant to give an exhaustive account of the possibilities of human life. This is developed in a long conversation which is at the heart of the *The Plague* (pp. 222–30). Tarrou begins by telling Rieu that he has long since realized that the whole world suffers from "the plague," and what he means by "the plague" is the causing of

human death. (We might enlarge this to include all human suffering.) He explains his own background. As a young man he had become sickened watching his father, who was a judge, condemn a criminal to death. He then took the side of the anti-judges, namely the radicals, but wound up involved in illegal secret execution. Ultimately he realized that this made him as “plague-ridden” as anyone, and he vowed to do his utmost to refuse ever to be “plague-ridden” again. According to Tarrou, the seeds of plague are in us all, and it takes constant vigilance not to fall victim.

So far Camus has mentioned only two choices, but he soon arrives at a third. At the end of Tarrou’s long account Camus introduces the image of the “flail” or “scourge” (*le fléau*—a manual threshing device, by which one “whips” wheat from chaff): “I say only that there are on earth flails and victims, and that one must, as far as possible, refuse to side with the flail.” So important to Camus is this point that he has Tarrou repeat it soon after: “And so I say, there are flails and victims and nothing more.” But almost immediately he admits the possibility of a third choice: “It must be, for sure, that there is also a third category: that of true doctors.” To be a true doctor, he says, is difficult, and for this reason he has chosen simply to side with the victims (p. 229).

It is clear that Rieu is a doctor not only in the literal sense that medicine is his profession, but in the larger sense that he has chosen to devote himself to alleviate human suffering. At the conclusion of *The Plague*, after finally revealing himself to be the narrator, Dr. Rieu gives his reason for writing: to bear witness to what had to be done and to what, no doubt, would have to be done, against the terror and its relentless onslaught, by men who “not being able to be saints and refusing to be flails, nonetheless put their effort into being doctors” (p. 279).

I wish now to apply Camus’ threefold division to the *Iliad*. I shall keep his term “Doctor” (capitalizing for ease of reference), but I shall replace his “flail” with “Whip,” because it is more familiar and far more vivid, and his “victim” with “Whipped,” because it is more concrete and corresponds as passive to the active “Whip.”⁴

Before proceeding, I pause to remark on a comment which Tarrou makes about Dr. Rieu’s mother: “She reminds me of my mother,” he writes in his diary. “What I loved most in my mother was her self-effacement . . .” (p. 250). Camus seems to be offering here a fourth option: to be self-effacing, to be a quiet support for others, which seems not quite the same as any of the three categories mentioned above. It is significant that the position of self-effacement belongs to women and is not developed, but rather is offered almost as an afterthought. *The Plague*, like the *Iliad*, is centered on the roles and relationships of men.

The category of the Whip is fully developed in the *Iliad*. In fact it is present in full force from the first words and is the very essence of the excitement of

the entire *Iliad*. As Simone Weil recognizes to her dismay, and Rachel Bepaloff to her appreciation, the *Iliad* is a poem of force.⁵ Weil opens with the statement, “The true hero, the true subject, the center of the *Iliad* is force” (p. 3). She remarks on the “bitterness” of the spectacle in Homer (p. 4), and refers to “a picture of uniform horror, of which force is the sole hero” (p. 27).

Bepaloff, on the other hand, can lament the losses which force generates yet note how Homer brings its beauty forward for admiration. Force, she says, “reveals itself in a kind of supreme leap, a murderous lightning stroke, in which calculation, chance, and power seem to fuse. . . . Herein lies the beauty of force, which is nowhere so well shown as in Homer . . .” (p. 44). Speaking of Achilles, she notes, “The perfect conformity of his nature to his vocation of destroyer makes him the least free person there is; but it gives him in return a bodily freedom which is in itself a magnificent spectacle” (pp. 99–100). And she goes on to say how Priam delights in Achilles’ beauty, which is “the beauty of force” (p. 100).

With “the wrath which put ten thousand pains upon the Greeks” at the very opening of the *Iliad*, we are already in the presence of one Whip, Achilles. And soon after we are in the presence of another, Apollo, sender of the many-arrowed pestilence. But the main Whip, whose presence can never be forgotten for more than a moment, is Ares, god of war. And his agents are the entire Greek army, who will be victorious.

Were the Greek army merely the reluctant agents of war, it would be harder to cast them in the role of Whips. But there is a clear *enthusiasm* for war, which is the very stuff of the *Iliad*. We must assume a relish for violence on the part of Homer’s audience (if not on the part of the singer) to account for the lavish attention shown to death and injury in battle. And the same relish is there in the numerous exhortations to battle throughout the *Iliad*. “Remember your furious valor!” (VI 112). The very term “furious” (Greek *thouros*, related to *thrōiskō*, to leap forward) gives the clue. Although it could be suggested that these warriors are there simply out of allegiance to Menelaus or to gain booty or win honor, still there is an eagerness for battle which cannot be explained simply by those motives. All who “leap forth” to battle are willing embodiments of the Whip.

If the victorious Greek army is made of Whips, Achilles is its supreme Whip. It might seem as if Achilles were denouncing the principle of the Whip when he wishes that strife and anger would perish (XVIII 107–8). But even here he remarks on how sweet anger is, and how we nourish it in our breasts—a startling insight on the part of Homer, and one which may underlie Tarrou’s observation that humans are always so ready to become Whips (p. 228). And in fact Achilles does go on to become possessed by a greater fury than has ever been seen.

Achilles does not go on to make an end of anger—far from it. His ordinary anger over dishonor is dissolved, but only because its energy has been absorbed into a greater anger, a basic, annihilating rage over the inescapable fact of

death. If “leaping to battle” is a sign of the Whip, there could be no one more eager than Achilles after the death of Patroclus. He turns down food and drink saying, “My heart has no care for these things, but for slaughter, and blood, and the grievous groans of men” (XIX, 213–14).

Achilles becomes less and less human. “There was a clatter as his teeth ground together, and his two eyes glowed like a lightning flame” (XIX, 365–66). Finally, it is as if he were the god of war himself, or rather, in Cedric Whitman’s phrase, “the very angel of death.”⁶ We find him in a climax of slaughter, bloodying the river with the bodies of those he kills: “Die, all of you, an evil death, until you pay for the slaughter of Patroclus and your blight (*loigos*, sometimes used of plague) on the Greeks . . .” (XXI, 133–34).

Achilles is, in Tarrou’s terminology, as “plague-ridden” as a human can be. Far from putting up any resistance to the plague, he is assisting it in every way he can. As Dr. Rieu remarks, “The soul of the murderer is blind” (p. 124). Such is the soul of Achilles. Even after he has killed Hector, Achilles continues to act the part of the Whip, dragging Hector’s body in a futile attempt to exact “payment” for the death of Patroclus.

If Achilles is the supreme Whip, Priam is the supremely Whipped. He is old and bereft. He knows that Troy will be taken, his loved ones killed or captured. Yet he is not utterly defeated for all that. There are virtues which even a whipping cannot take away: dignity is one, and courage another. Although Priam has rolled in the dung, when he comes to Achilles he has the care of Hermes and Zeus and the admiration of Achilles.

When Priam enters he takes the knees of Achilles and kisses his hands, hands that are “fearful and mankilling, which had killed many sons of his” (XXIV 478–79). With this act the supremely Whipped appeals for pity from the supreme Whip. But Achilles’ reaction goes beyond pity. In this final scene between Achilles and Priam, Homer shows us a true meeting, a meeting of the heart. And when two people have such a meeting, with all veils lifted, what they experience is oneness.

This oneness is first indicated in a subtle way. Achilles looks at Priam with awe, as if Priam had arrived as an exile, having murdered someone in his homeland (XXIV, 480–83). This subconsciously establishes a kinship, for it is Achilles who is actually the murderer. Achilles wonders as he looks on “god-like” (*theoeidēs*) Priam (483), and Priam then addresses Achilles as “godlike” (*theois epieikelas*, 486), the resposion of the two adjectives adding to our impression of oneness and mutual respect.

Priam then makes an overt appeal if not to oneness then to identification, by reminding Achilles that he, Priam, is like in age to Achilles’ father. At the end of his speech he calls attention to his position as supremely Whipped by reminding Achilles that he has done what no other man has done, put his mouth to the hand of the one who slaughtered his children.

Reminded by Priam of their bodily alignment, Achilles responds by taking

hold of Priam's hand and gently thrusting him away. The "taking hold" (*hap-samenos*) puts Achilles on a par with Priam, who has just taken hold of him, and is one more hint at oneness. The juxtaposition of *ēka*, "gently," and *apōs-ato*, "thrust away," reflects the ambivalence which never entirely leaves Achilles, so that for all his compassion and compliance, he is never removed from the possibility of acting the Whip (569, cf. 586).

Eventually the two give way to a passion of grieving, while Priam lies curled at Achilles' feet. Priam sorrows over the death of Hector, Achilles now over the death of Patroclus, now over his father. There is a kind of watery merging of sorrow. We are made to feel the commonality of human grief, as if there were one common ocean of sorrow into which we all dip our private vessels.

When Achilles grieves for his father, sympathy is suggested, since Priam is like his father. But when Achilles grieves for Patroclus, oneness is suggested, for Achilles and Priam share the same loss: the loss of their most beloved. The oneness of their grieving is further suggested grammatically. There is the dual form "they both remembered" (*tō de mnēsamenō*, 509) and also the shared sound of their grieving: "their moan (a collective singular) rose through the whole of the dwelling" (512).

Their common mourning softens Achilles to the point of seeing himself through Priam's eyes. He raises Priam up by the hand and generalizes about the human lot, which is full of godsent suffering. He then gives the example of Peleus, who had only one child who is not there to care for him, "since I sit here in Troy, far from my homeland, a trouble to you and your children."

This is a key statement in the *Iliad* with regard to Camus' threefold division of Whip, Whipped, and Doctors. The shift in Achilles' heart has also become a shift in consciousness.⁷ For the first time Achilles feels regret over the loss he has caused the Trojans. It is as if he sees the plague conditions upon which Camus elaborated and regrets his role in siding with the Whip. This realization by Achilles leads us to the crowning realization offered by the *Iliad*: that Death is the only true Whip, and in the end we are all Whipped together.

For Achilles this is the beginning of humanity. He no longer has the "blind soul" of a murderer; he sees clearly for the first time, and with clarity comes the possibility of choice. Though he may never be a Doctor, Achilles has at least the choice of not siding with the Whip. In this sense the ending of the *Iliad* is "redemptive."

Seth Schein asserts that the *Iliad* is as much about Achilles' *philotēs* (friendship) as about his *mēnis* (wrath).⁸ He states that the ending shows a return to humanity and that Achilles offers Priam human solidarity "his *philotēs* once again dominant" (p. 99). But this is not a restoration of Achilles' old *philotēs*. His original *philotēs* was in the context of "us" versus "them": one enjoyed his strong friendship (and fairness) by being in the "us" group. In Book XXIV the distinction between "us" and "them" is dissolved. All human beings are "us,"

and Achilles has a glimpse of the pointlessness of doing violence in the face of this truth. This is a fundamental change, a new vision. If it were any other way, the *Iliad* would be a lesser work.

So far we have considered the *Iliad* in terms of Whip and Whipped. There is also the category of Doctor. It is helpful to understand the relation of Doctor and Whip in order to grasp the full unity of plot of the *Iliad*.

The *Iliad* begins with the word “wrath” (*mēnis*) and is a perfectly told tale of Achilles’ wrath.⁹ We see the birth of Achilles’ anger in his humiliation by Agamemnon. We see the maintenance of that wrath through the visit by the embassy. And then we see the death of that wrath, which is simultaneous with, and one with, the birth of an even larger wrath, the human, impotent wrath in the face of death. This wrath, born with the death of Patroclus, is maintained mightily as Achilles fights on the battlefields of Troy. Its death is the true death of wrath, because this time the anger is not supplanted by a greater anger but rather is truly, if precariously, dissolved.¹⁰

If the *Iliad* is a perfectly told story of Achilles’ anger, why does it end with the burial of Hector? For those, like James Redfield, who find in Hector the true hero of the *Iliad*, his burial should make a fitting ending.¹¹ Hector is not the focus of the *Iliad*, however. The story centers on Achilles, who may be taken as a model for both his excellence in battle and his passionate insistence on that excellence. Why, then, does the *Iliad* end with the burial of Hector? I believe that the answer lies in Homer’s intuitive grasp of the threefold division of Camus: Hector is the vessel by which his respect for the Doctor figure can be seen.¹²

Like Rieu, Hector is an active, positive, and responsible person. In Book VI, when the battle is going poorly, Hector goes to Hecuba to tell her to offer a robe to Athena. He turns down Hecuba’s offer of wine lest it dull his fighting capabilities and leaves Helen because he senses his soldiers’ need for him. In Book XII he refuses to accept Poulydamas’ pessimistic interpretation of a bird sign. In general Hector is a resolute commander, a dutiful son, and a loving father and husband. And what is all of this if not Hector’s “human decency”—his doing his job as a human (*faire son métier d’homme*)?

When Andromache pleads with Hector to stay out of battle, Hector shows himself a reluctant warrior:

These things mean much to me, lady. But I am ashamed,
most terribly, before Troy’s men and long-robed women
if I shrink back, far from battle, like a coward.

And my spirit does not tell me to do this, for I’ve learned to be brave . . .

(VI, 441-45)

It is as if Hector rues having learned to be a hero because now he cannot avoid being one, although his desire is to stay with his wife and child. In this we see the “soft” side of Hector, the part of him that has no taste for being a Whip.

Hector continues with his well-known pessimism about the Trojan prospects:

For I know this well in my heart and my spirit:
 the day will come when sacred Troy will perish,
 and Priam, and the people of Priam of the great ash spear.
 (VI 447-49)

And later, when the dying Patroclus predicts Hector's imminent death, Hector does not deny it but responds with a noncommittal, "Who knows?" (XVI, 860). Here, too, there is a link with Dr. Rieu. To the extent that Hector plays the role of Doctor, he fights neither for love of glory nor love of killing nor even in hope of victory. Like Rieu, he makes the struggle with full knowledge that his efforts may come to nothing.

By ending with the funeral of Hector, Homer is able to set the seal on Hector as an admirable and cherished human being. Andromache and Hecuba speak mainly of the disaster that will come upon themselves as the result of Hector's death. But Helen, with less to fear, gives us a last piece about Hector's character: he was kind. She says that his words were always gentle and he was the only person in Troy who was kind to her, even chiding others who spoke harsh words (XXIV 766-75).¹³ In short, he was a Doctor, who healed when he could.

If the human choice which Homer holds highest is to be a Doctor in the broadest sense of the term—to give one's all to alleviating human suffering, as one performs one's human tasks—then it is not surprising that he would end with a tribute to the man who most exemplified this quality. But is this a break in theme?

Not at all. For the *Iliad* is about the life and death of anger. It is the story of the transformation of Achilles, from unconscious Whip to conscious human being. Being a Whip is the eclipse of one's human side, of one's compassionate heart, while being a Doctor is its fullest expression. What more fitting way to end a story about eclipse than by paying tribute to the shining of the sun?

NOTES

1. A version of this paper was delivered at the annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South in Columbia, Missouri, in 1990. The text of the *Iliad* is the Oxford Classical Text, and that of *The Plague* is *La Peste*, Gallimard edition, 1946. All translations are by the author.

2. As a patient remarks to Rieu, "But what does it mean, 'the plague'? It means life, and that's that" (p. 278). Irma M. Kashuba, S.S.J., states that there are three levels of understanding the plague: (1) literally, as a disease, (2) as a metaphor for life, and (3) as a metaphor for the German occupation of France ("A Method of Presenting Albert Camus's *The Plague*," in *Approaches to Teaching Camus's The Plague*, edited by Steven G. Kellman [New York: Modern Language Association, 1985]). On level 1 we have resemblance to Thucydides, as Kashuba notes. On level 3, where plague and war are connected, there is kinship with Homer.

3. One wonders whether Camus' ideas could possibly have come from his reading of the *Iliad*. Camus mentions passages of the *Iliad*, including Priam's statement about kissing Achilles' hand in

Book XXIV, in his notebook of March 1942, at which time he was working on *The Plague*. For Camus' debt to Greek sources in general, see Paul Archambault, *Camus' Hellenic Sources* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1972).

4. Another choice would be "scourge," whose development of meaning matches that of *fléau*, including plague, famine and war. But "scourge," like "flail," is a bit precious. I believe that if Camus had used more vivid, common, and appealing terms—for example *fouet*, *fouetté*, and *médecin*—his categories would have become part of popular speech.

5. Simone Weil, *The Iliad or the Poem of Force*, translated by M. McCarthy (Wallingford, PA: Pendle Hill Pamphlets, No. 91, 1957), and Rachel Bespaloff, *On the Iliad*, translated by M. McCarthy (New York: Pantheon, 1947).

6. Cedric Whitman, *Homer and the Heroic Tradition* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1958), p. 207.

7. As Bernard Knox states, in his introduction to *The Iliad*, translated by Robert Fagles (New York: Viking, 1990), p. 60, "That last phrase is a new view of the war; [Achilles] sees it now from Priam's point of view." (After completing the original draft of this paper, I read Bernard Knox's introduction and found that it contained several points I had made.)

8. Seth Schein, *The Mortal Hero: An Introduction to Homer's Iliad* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), p. 98.

9. As Seth Bernardete remarks ("Achilles and Hector: The Homeric Hero," Parts I and II, *St. John's Review* [Spring and Summer 1985], pp. 31–58, 85–114), the *Iliad* must be more than the story of Achilles' wrath, since so much of it does not advance our knowledge of Achilles and his wrath (p. 33). He sees the *Iliad* as tracing a progression of motivation for war: from revenge over Helen (personal) to the desire for fame (impersonal ambition), to revenge over Patroclus (personal) (p. 94).

10. This is not to say that Achilles will be a reformed man. For Tarrou insight made a permanent change, and he is ever more reluctant to play the Whip: "If . . . I should become a Whip myself, at least I don't consent. I try to be an innocent murderer" (p. 229). But Achilles may well return to his old enthusiasm for battle. And here Homer parts company from Camus. Achilles will be an "innocent murderer"—but then again, he has always been one, not because of reluctance but because his killing is natural. He kills with the innocence of a lion mangling its prey or an ocean pounding the shore. This is the "perfect conformity of his nature to his vocation" to which Bespaloff refers (p. 99).

11. James M. Redfield, *Nature and Culture in the Iliad: the Tragedy of Hector* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975). Redfield states that he will consider the *Iliad* as the story of Hector (p. 29), and so one would expect him to view the burial of Hector as the *Iliad's* natural ending. But in fact he treats the ransom as the closing, and not the funeral. He distinguishes the *resolution* of action—which involves the extinction of motives and demands in the characters—from the *form*, which involves completion on the aesthetic level. But where does the funeral fit in? Although Redfield has much of interest to say about funerals, this question is not answered. It seems that the motives are extinguished when Priam leaves Achilles' shelter, and the form may be as well (pp. 219, 221–22).

12. This is a different reading of Hector than Benardete's, cited above. Benardete sees Hector mainly as an Achilles *manqué* (and Achilles, by the end, as a hero who has fallen from heroism). He treats Hector's burial as a double for Achilles' burial. ". . . Achilles becomes the image of Hector, whose funeral can represent his own" (p. 109). "The corpse of Hector is mortal Achilles, and it is he as well as Hector who is buried at Troy" (p. 110). His presentation of Hector, while not wrong, is partial. Homer created in Hector a worthy antagonist for Achilles, yet a lesser man, and in this sense Hector *is* an Achilles *manqué*. But Homer also created in Hector a man of quiet virtues, who knew how to value peace. In this respect Hector surpasses Achilles and is worthy of burial in his own right.

13. For Hector's courtesy to Helen, see *Iliad* VI, 360–68. Compare the violence of Achilles' words to Agamemnon—"You greedy-hearted man, cloaked in shamelessness" (I, 149) and "You drunkard, with the face of a dog and the heart of a deer" (I, 225)—with Hector's mildness. Though he told his mother he wished the earth would swallow Paris (VI, 281–82), he addresses Paris with nothing worse than "amazing fellow" (*daimonie*, VI 326, 521), a term by which Hector and Andromache address each other (VI, 407, 486).