

Winged, Black, Dripping Descents: The Monstrous Feminine Death in Early Greek Religion

Translations of the *Iliad* are from Murray/Wyatt, the *Odyssey* from Murray/Dimock and of Hesiod from Most; with some amendments.

1. Death of Sarpedon; Hom. *Il.* 16.453-457.

αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τὸν γε λίπη ψυχὴ τε καὶ σιών,
πρέμπειν μιν Θάνατόν τε φέρειν καὶ νήδυμον” Υπνον,
εἰς ὅ κε δὴ Λυκίης εύρειής δῆμον ἵκωνται,
ἔνθα ἐ παρχύσουσι κασίγνητοί τε ἔται τε
τύμβωι καὶ στήλῃ

But when his soul and life have left him, send Thanatos and sweet Hypnos to carry him away until they come to the land of wide Lycia; and there will his brothers and his kinspeople give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the privilege of the dead.

2. Birth of Thanatos; Hes. *Th.* 211-212.

Νὺχ δ’ ἔτεκε στυγερόν τε Μόρον καὶ Κῆρα μέλαιναν
καὶ Οάνατον, τέκε δ” Υπνον, ἔτικε δὲ φῦλον ‘Ονείρων.

Night bore loathsome Doom and black Fate (*Ker*) and Death (*Thanatos*), and she bore Sleep (*Hypnos*), and she gave birth to the tribe of Dreams.

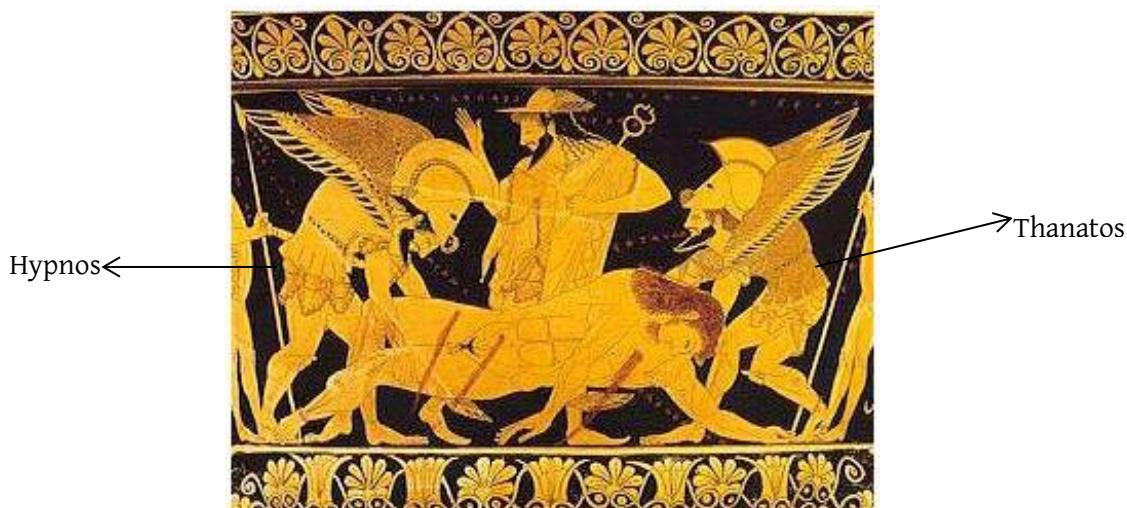
3. Houses of Sleep and Death; Hes. *Th.* 755-761.

ἡ μὲν ἐπιχθονίοισι φάος πολυδερκές ἔχουσα,
ἡ δ’ “Υπνον μετὰ χερσί, κασίγνητον Θανάτοιο.
Νὺξ ὄλον, νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένη ἡεροειδεῖ.
ἔνθα δὲ Νυκτὸς παῖδες ἐρεινῆς οἰκί’ ἔχουσιν,
“Υπνος καὶ Θάνατος, δεινοὶ θεοί· οὐδέ ποτ’ αὐτοὺς
‘Ηέλιος φαέθων ἐπιδέρκεται ἀκτίνεσσιν
οὐρανὸν εἰς ἀνιών οὐδ’ οὐρανόθεν καταβαίνων.

The one holds much seeing light for those on earth, but the other holds Sleep (*Hypnos*) in her hands the brother of Death (*Thanatos*) – deadly Night, shrouded in murky cloud.

That is where the children of dark Night have their houses, Sleep (*Hypnos*) and Death (*Thanatos*), terrible gods; never does the bright Sun look upon them with his rays when he goes up into the sky nor when he comes back down from the sky.

4. Thanatos and Hypnos carrying the body of Sarpedon; Attik red-figure krater, c. 515BCE.



5. Ker on the battlefield. Hom. *Il.* 18.535-538.

ἐν δ’ Ἔρις ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ὁμίλεον, ἐν δ’ ὄλον Κήρ,
ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄσουτον,
ἄλλον τεθνηώτα κατὰ μόθονέλκε ποδιιν·
εἴμα δ’ ἔχ’ ἀμφ’ ὕμοισι δαφοινεὸν αἷματι φωτῶν.

And among them Strife and Tumult joined, and destructive Ker, grasping one man alive, fresh-wounded, another without a wound, and another she dragged dead though the melee by the feet; and the raiment that she had about her shoulders was red with the blood of men.

6. Ker on the battlefield. Hes. Sh. 154-160.

ἐν δὲ Προϊώξις τε Παλίωξις τε τέτυκτο,
ἐν δ’ Ὀμαδός τε Φόβος τ’ Ἀνδροκτασίη τε δεδήει,
ἐν δ’ Ἔρις, ἐν δὲ Κυδοιμὸς ἐθύνεον, ἐν δ’ ὄλοη Κῆρ
ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
ἄλλον τεθνηῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἔλκε ποδοῖν.
εἶμα δ’ ἔχ’ ἄμφ’ ὕμοισι δαφοινεὸν σίματι φωτῶν,
δεινὸν δερκομένη καναχησί τε βεβρυχῦια.

Upon it were wrought Pursuit and Rally; upon it burned
Tumult and Murder and Slaughter; upon it was Strife, upon it
rushed Battle-Din, upon it deadly Ker was dragging men by
the feet though the battle, holding one who was alive but
freshly wounded, another who was unwounded, another who
had died. Around her shoulders she wore a cloak, purple with
the blood of men, and she glared terribly and bellowed with a
clanging sound.

7. Ker on the battlefield. Hes. Sh. 248-257.

αἵ δε μετ’ αὐτοὺς
Κῆρες κυάνεαι, λευκοὺς ἀραβεῦσαι ὁδόντας,
δεινωπαὶ βλοσυράι τε δαφοιναί τ’ ἄπληταί τε
δῆριν ἔχον περὶ πιπτόντων· πᾶσαι δ’ ἄρ’ ἵεντο
αἷμα μέλαν πιέειν· ὅν δὲ πρῶτον μεμάποιεν
κειμενὸν ἡ πίπτοντα νεούτατον, ἀμφὶ μὲν αὐτῷ
βάλλει ὄνυχας μεγάλους, ψυχὴ δ’ Ἄιδοσδε κατηεν
Τάρταρον ἐς κρυόενθ’. αἵ δὲ φρένας εὗτ’ ἀρέσαντο
αἷματος ἀνδρομέου, τὸν μὲν ρίπτασκον ὄπισσω,
ἄψ δ’ ὄμαδον καὶ μῶλον ἐθύνεον αὐτὶς ιοῦσαι.

Behind them, the dark Keres, gnashing their white teeth,
terrible-faced, grim, blood-red, dreadful, were engaged in
conflict around those who were falling. They were all eager to
drink black blood. Whomever they caught first, lying there or
falling freshly wounded, she clenched around him her great
claws, and his soul went down to Haides to chilling Tartarus.
When they had satisfied their spirits with human blood, they
would hurl him backwards, and going forward they would
rush once again into the battle din and melee.

8. Ker; Lucanian red-figure krater, c. 4th century BCE.



9a. Patroklos' ghost; Hom. Il. 3-77-79.

οὐ μὲν γὰρ ζωοί γε φίλων ἀπάνευθεν ἀταίρων
βουλὰς ἐζόμενοι βουλεύσομεν, ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ μὲν κῆρο
ἀμφέχανε στυγερῆ, ἢ περ λάχε γιγνόμενόν περ

Never more in life will we sit apart from our dear comrades
and take council together, but loathsome ker has gaped
around me, the fate that was appointed me even from my
birth.

'The verb that is used, *amphichainō*, indicates that when Ker opens her mouth to swallow you, she sends you back to the original abyss.'

Vernant, J.-P. (1991), 'Feminine Figures of Death in Greece', in F.I. Zeitlin (ed.), *Mortals and Immortals* (Princeton: Princeton University Press), 98.

'The *ker* swallowed Patroklos with the rare verb *amphichasko*, like the dragon-child who sucked at Klytaimnestra's breast in Aischylos (*Choephoroi* 545), mixing mother's milk with clots of blood, for the *ker*'s nature is mixed with life and death.'

Vermeule, E. (1979), *Aspects of Death in Early Greek Art and Poetry* (Berkeley: University of California Press), 40.

'By ἀμφέχανε, 'yawned', 'gaped', he must mean that the Ker opened her mouth to seize him like some monstrous beast. Several times we hear that the Keres carry dying men away, κῆρες ἔβαν θανάτοιο φέρουσαι (II. 302; xiv. 207), just as on the Shield of Achilles they drag the corpse to and fro.'

Clarke, M. (1999), *Flesh and Spirit in the Songs of Homer: A Study of Words and Myths* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), 249.

10. Skylla; Hom. Od. 12.85-97

ἐνθα δ' ἐνὶ Σκύλλῃ ναίει δεινὸν λελακυῖα.
τῆς ἡ τοι φωνὴ μὲν ὥση σκύλακος νεογιλῆς
γίγνεται, αὐτὴ δ' αὖτε πέλωρ κακόν· οὐδέ κέ τίς μιν
γηθήσειν ἴδων, οὐδ' εἰ θεὸς ἀντιάσειεν.
τῆς ἡ τοι πόδες εἰσὶ δυώδεκα πάντες ἄωροι,
ἔξ δέ τέ οἱ δειράì περιμήκεες, ἐν δὲ ἑκάστῃ
σμερδαλέῃ κεφαλή, ἐν δὲ τρίστοιχοι ὁδόντες
πυκνοὶ καὶ θαμέες, πλεῖοι μέλανος θανάτοιο.
μέσση μὲν τε κατὰ σπείους κοίλοι δέδυκεν,
ἔξω δ' ἔξισχει κεφαλὰς δεινοῖο βερέθρου,
αὐτοῦ δ' ἵχθυάρ, σκόπελον περιμαιμώσασα,
δελφῖνάς τε κύνας τε, καὶ εἴ ποθι μεῖζον ἔλησι
κῆπος, ἢ μυρία βόσκει ἀγάστονος Ἀμφιτρίτη.

In it dwells Skylla, yelping terribly. Her voice to be sure is only as loud as the voice of a newborn whelp, but she herself is an evil monster, nor would anyone be glad at the sight of her, not even though it should be a god that met her. She has, you must know, twelve legs, all flexible, and six necks, exceedingly long, and on each one a frightful head, and in it three rows of teeth, thick and close, full of black death. Up to her middle she is hidden in the hollow cave, but she holds her head out beyond the dread chasm, and fishes there, eagerly searching around the rock for dolphins and sea dogs and whatever greater beast she may happen to catch, such creatures as deep-moaning Amphitrite rears in multitudes past counting.

Select Bibliography

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