

Cyclops aren't immortal → In that sense they are same as humans  
page 140  
Arrival at the island  
don't rely on the land

companions to embark on the ships in haste, for fear someone else might taste of the lotus and forget the way home, and the men quickly went aboard and sat to the oarlocks, and sitting well in order dashed the oars in the gray sea.

105 From there, grieving still at heart, we sailed on further along, and reached the country of the lawless outrageous Cyclopes who, putting all their trust in the immortal gods, neither plow with their hands nor plant anything, but all grows for them without seed, planting, without cultivation, wheat and barley and also the grapevines, which yield for them wine of strength, and it is Zeus' rain that waters it for them. These people have no institutions, no meetings for counsels; rather they make their habitations in caverns hewn out among the peaks of the high mountains, and each one is the law for his own wives and children, and cares nothing about the others.

110 There is a wooded island that spreads away from the harbor, neither close in to the land of the Cyclopes nor far out from it; forested; wild goats beyond number breed there, for there is no coming and going of human kind to disturb them, nor are they visited by hunters, who in the forest suffer hardships as they haunt the peaks of the mountains, neither again is it held by herded flocks, nor farmers, but all its days, never plowed up and never planted, it goes without people and supports the bleating wild goats. For the Cyclopes have no ships with cheeks of vermilion, are not civilized nor have they builders of ships among them, who could have made them strong-benched vessels, and these if made could have run them sailings to all the various cities of men, in the way that people cross the sea by means of ships and visit each other, and they could have made this island a strong settlement for them.

130 For it is not a bad place at all, it could bear all crops in season, and there are meadow lands near the shores of the gray sea, well watered and soft; there could be grapes grown there endlessly, and there is smooth land for plowing, men could reap a full harvest always in season, since there is very rich subsoil. Also there is an easy harbor, with no need for a hawser nor anchor stones to be thrown ashore nor cables to make fast; one could just run ashore and wait for the time when the sailors' desire stirred them to go and the right winds were blowing.

140 Also at the head of the harbor there runs bright water, spring beneath rock, and there are black poplars growing around it. There we sailed ashore, and there was some god guiding us in through the gloom of the night, nothing showed to look at, for there was a deep mist around the ships, nor was there any moon showing in the sky, but she was under the clouds and hidden. There was none of us there whose eyes had spied out the island, and we never saw any long waves rolling in and breaking on the shore, but the first thing was when we beached the well-benched vessels.

150 Then after we had beached the ships we took all the sails down, and we ourselves stepped out onto the break of the sea beach, and there we fell asleep and waited for the divine Dawn. But when the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers, we made a tour about the island, admiring everything there, and the nymphs, daughters of Zeus of the aegis, started the hill-roving goats our way for my companions to feast on.

155 At once we went and took from the ships curved bows and javelins with long sockets, and arranging ourselves in three divisions cast about, and the god granted us the game we longed for. Now there were twelve ships that went with me, and for each one nine goats

160 were portioned out, but I alone had ten for my portion. So for the whole length of the day until the sun's setting, we sat there feasting on unlimited meat and sweet wine; for the red wine had not yet given out in the ships, there was some still left, for we all had taken away a great deal in storing jars when we stormed the Kikonian's sacred citadel. We looked across at the land of the Cyclopes, and they were neat by, and we saw their smoke and heard sheep and goats bleating. But when the sun went down and the sacred darkness came over, then we lay down to sleep along the break of the seashore; but when the young Dawn showed again with her rosy fingers, then I held an assembly and spoke forth before all:

170 "The rest of you, who are my eager companions, wait here, while I, with my own ship and companions that are in it, go and find out about these people, and learn what they are, whether they are savage and violent, and without justice, or hospitable to strangers and with minds that are godly."

Thesis: Structure and community make something civilized

page 141  
off the land of the Cyclopes

non-human distance between Cyclops and humans

humans over cyclops

All things that make Greeks civilized

By not forming a community with the cyclops, are not civilized

Greeks are a community