

Chapter 1 : Medea by Euripides Euripides - Penguin Books Australia

*Medea (Vintage Classics) [Euripides, Robin Robertson] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A bold new translation of Euripides's shockingly modern classic work by Forward Prize-winning poet.*

However, he then left her, seeking to advance his political ambitions by marrying Glauce , the daughter of King Creon of Corinth. Her elderly nurse and the Chorus of Corinthian women generally sympathetic to her plight fear what she might do to herself or her children. King Creon , also fearing what Medea might do, banishes her, declaring that she and her children must leave Corinth immediately. Medea begs for mercy, and is granted a reprieve of one day, all she needs to extract her revenge. Jason arrives and attempts to explain himself. He says that he does not love Glauce but can not pass up the opportunity to marry a wealthy and royal princess Medea is from Colchis in the Caucasus and is considered a barbarian witch by the Greeks , and claims that he hopes one day to join the two families and keep Medea as his mistress. Medea and the Chorus of Corinthian women do not believe him. She reminds him that she left her own people for him, murdering her own brother for his sake, so that she can never now return home. She also reminds him that it was she herself who saved him and slew the dragon which guarded the Golden Fleece, but he is unmoved, merely offering to placate her with gifts. Medea hints darkly that he may live to regret his decision, and secretly plans to kill both Glauce and Creon. Medea is then visited by Aegeus , the childless king of Athens, who asks the renowned sorceress to help his wife conceive a child. Medea tells the Chorus of her plans to poison a golden robe a family heirloom and gift from the sun god, Helios which she believes the vain Glauce will not be able to resist wearing. She resolves to kill her own children as well, not because the children have done anything wrong, but as the best way her tortured mind can think of to hurt Jason. She calls for Jason once more, pretends to apologize to him and sends the poisoned robe and crown as a gift to Glauce , with her children as the gift-bearers. As Medea ponders her actions, a messenger arrives to relate the wild success of her plan. Glauce has been killed by the poisoned robe, and Creon has also been killed by the poison while attempting to save her, both daughter and father dying in excruciating pain. She wrestles with herself over whether she can bring herself to kill her own children too, speaking lovingly to them all the while in a moving and chilling scene. As the Chorus of women laments her decision, the children are heard screaming. The Chorus considers interfering, but in the end does nothing. Jason discovers the murder of Glauce and Creon and rushes to the scene to punish Medea , only to learn that his children too have been killed. The play ends with the Chorus lamenting that such tragic and unexpected evils should result from the will of the gods. This may have been due to the extensive changes Euripides made to the conventions of Greek theatre in the play, by including an indecisive chorus, by implicitly criticizing Athenian society and by showing disrespect for the gods. The play explores many universal themes: It has been seen by some as one of the first works of feminism, with Medea as a feminist heroine. The relationship between the Chorus and Medea is one of the most interesting in all of Greek drama. The women are alternately horrified and enthralled by Medea , living vicariously through her. They both condemn her and pity her for her horrible acts, but they do nothing to interfere. Powerful and fearless, Medea refuses to be wronged by men, and the Chorus cannot help but admire her as, in taking her revenge, she avenges all the crimes committed against all of womankind. In the character of Medea , we see a woman whose suffering, instead of ennobling her, has made her into a monster. She is fiercely proud, cunning and coldly efficient, unwilling to allow her enemies any kind of victory. She sees through the false pieties and hypocritical values of her enemies, and uses their own moral bankruptcy against them. Her revenge is total, but it comes at the cost of everything she holds dear. She murders her own children in part because she cannot bear the thought of seeing them hurt by an enemy. Jason , on the other hand, is depicted as a condescending, opportunistic and unscrupulous man, full of self-deception and repugnant smugness. The other main male characters, Creon and Aegeus , are also depicted as weak and fearful, with few positive traits to speak of. Resources English translation by E. Coleridge Internet Classics Archive:

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Medea was not afraid to show her emotions, whether sadness, fear or anger but Jason remained calmed and had no hatred towards her. She screamed at him, called him.

Here every year three playwrights competed against each other, each writing a tetralogy of three tragedies and a satyr play alongside Medea were Philoctetes , Dictys and the satyr play Theristai. Euphorion won, and Euripides placed last. While Medea is considered one of the great plays of the Western canon , the Athenian audience did not react so favorably, and it placed third out of the three competing plays at the Dionysia festival of BC. With the rediscovery of the text in 1st-century Rome the play was adapted by the tragedians Ennius , Lucius Accius , Ovid , Seneca the Younger and Hosidius Geta , among others , again in 16th-century Europe. In 20th-century modern literary criticism , Medea and its "universal themes of revenge and justice in an unjust society" have provoked differing reactions from differing critics and writers. All scenes involve only two actors, Medea and someone else. The Chorus A staple in Greek theater would also usually be involved along with those two, representing the women of Corinth. The play is also the only Greek tragedy in which a kin-killer makes it unpunished to the end of the play, and the only one about child-killing in which the deed is performed in cold blood as opposed to in a state of temporary madness. The character of Medea has variously been interpreted as either fulfilling her role of "mother and wife" and as acting as a "proto-feminist". The play begins with Medea in a blind rage towards Jason for arranging to marry Glauce , the daughter of Creon king of Corinth. In the next scene Jason arrives to explain his rationale for his apparent betrayal. Medea, and the chorus of Corinthian women, do not believe him. She reminds him that she left her own people for him "I am the mother of your children. Whither can I fly, since all Greece hates the barbarian? Jason promises to support her after his new marriage, but Medea spurns him: He reveals to her that despite his marriage he is still without children. Medea then returns to plotting the murders of Glauce and Creon. She decides to poison some golden robes a family heirloom and gift from the sun god Helios and a coronet, in hopes that the bride will not be able to resist wearing them, and consequently be poisoned. Medea resolves to kill her own children as well, not because the children have done anything wrong, but because she feels it is the best way to hurt Jason. She calls for Jason once more and, in an elaborate ruse, apologizes to him for overreacting to his decision to marry Glauce. When Jason appears fully convinced that she regrets her actions, Medea begins to cry in mourning of her exile. She convinces Jason to allow her to give the robes to Glauce in hopes that Glauce might get Creon to lift the exile. Eventually Jason agrees and allows their children to deliver the poisoned robes as the gift-bearers. Forgive what I said in anger! I will yield to the decree, and only beg one favor, that my children may stay. They shall take to the princess a costly robe and a golden crown, and pray for her protection. Medea kills her son, Campanian red-figure amphora , c. When the children arrived with the robes and coronet, Glauce gleefully put them on and went to find her father. Soon the poisons overtook Glauce and she fell to the floor, dying horribly and painfully. Creon clutched her tightly as he tried to save her and, by coming in contact with the robes and coronet, got poisoned and died as well. While Medea is pleased with her current success she decides to take it one step forward. Since Jason brought shame upon her for trying to start a new family, Medea resolves to destroy the family he was willing to give up by killing their sons. However, she steels her resolve to cause Jason the most pain possible and rushes offstage with a knife to kill her children. As the chorus laments her decision, the children are heard screaming. Jason then rushes onto the scene to confront Medea about murdering Creon and Glauce and he quickly discovers that his children have been killed as well. Medea then appears above the stage with the bodies of her children in the chariot of the sun god Helios. When this play was put on, this scene was accomplished using the mechane device usually reserved for the appearance of a god or goddess. She confronts Jason, reveling in his pain at being unable to ever hold his children again: And for thee, who didst me all that evil, I prophesy an evil doom. She escapes to Athens with the bodies. Manifold are thy shapings, Providence! Davison provided the scenic design and Jonathan Dove the music. The production was first staged in in Berkeley, California. In this version, the main character is seduced by her middle school teacher. He abandons her, and she kills their child out of revenge. Medea is

re-characterised as an indigenous woman transported from her homeland to the city and about to be abandoned by her abusive social-climbing husband. His version also aims to analyze ideas such as the love that develops from the initial passion, problems in the marriage, and the "final hour" of the love between Jason and Medea. Kristina Leach adapted the story for her play *The Medea Project*, which had its world premiere at the Hunger Artists Theatre Company in and placed the story in a modern-day setting. The production was noted by Nehad Selaiha of the weekly *Al-Ahram* not only for its unexpected change of plot at the very end but also for its chorus of one hundred who alternated their speech between Arabic and English. Fringe Festivals in and

Chapter 3 : Medea in SearchWorks catalog

A bold new translation of this shockingly modern classic work by Forward Prize-winning poet, Robin blog.quintoapp.com has been abandoned by her husband. Jason, for whom she has sacrificed so much, has left her and their two children for a younger woman.

For Jason hath betrayed his own children and my mistress dear for the love of a royal bride, for he hath wedded the daughter of Creon, lord of this land. While Medea, his hapless wife, thus scorned, appeals to the oaths he swore, recalls the strong pledge his right hand gave, and bids heaven be witness what requital she is finding from Jason. NURSE Undone, it seems, are we, if to old woes fresh ones we add, ere we have drained the former to the dregs. Perdition catch him, but no he is my master still; yet is he proved a very traitor to his nearest and dearest. Do thou keep them as far away as may be, and bring them not near their mother in her evil hour. For ere this have I seen her eyeing them savagely, as though she were minded to do them some hurt, and well I know she will not cease from her fury till she have pounced on some victim. At least may she turn her hand against her foes, and not against her friends. O would that I could die! Into the house without delay, come not near her eye, approach her not, beware her savage mood, the fell tempest of her reckless heart. In, in with what speed ye may. Curse you and your father too, ye children damned, sons of a doomed mother! Ruin seize the whole family! Why hatest thou them? Woe is you, poor children, how do I grieve for you lest ye suffer some outrage! Strange are the tempers of princes, and maybe because they seldom have to obey, and mostly lord it over others, change they their moods with difficulty. Be it mine to reach old age, not in proud pomp, but in security! CHORUS I heard the voice, uplifted loud, of our poor Colchian lady, nor yet is she quiet; speak, aged dame, for as I stood by the house with double gates I heard a voice of weeping from within, and I do grieve, lady, for the sorrows of this house, for it hath won my love. What gain is life to me? Woe, woe is me! O, to die and win release, quitting this loathed existence! How shall a yearning for that insatiate resting-place ever hasten for thee, poor reckless one, the end that death alone can bring? Never pray for that. O, to see him and his bride some day brought to utter destruction, they and their house with them, for that they presume to wrong me thus unprovoked. O my father, my country, that I have left to my shame, after slaying my own brother. On no mere trifle surely will our mistress spend her rage. CHORUS Would that she would come forth for us to see, and listen to the words of counsel we might give, if haply she might lay aside the fierce fury of her wrath, and her temper stern. Never be my zeal at any rate denied my friends! But go thou and bring her hither outside the house, and tell her this our friendly thought; haste thee ere she do some mischief to those inside the house, for this sorrow of hers is mounting high. NURSE This will I do; but I doubt whether I shall persuade my mistress; still willingly will I undertake this trouble for you; albeit, she glares upon her servants with the look of a lioness with cubs, whenso anyone draws nigh to speak to her. For of itself doth the rich banquet, set before them, afford to men delight. But on me hath fallen this unforeseen disaster, and sapped my life; ruined I am, and long to resign the boon of existence, kind friends, and die. For he who was all the world to me, as well thou knowest, hath turned out the worst of men, my own husband. For divorce is not honourable to women, nor can we disown our lords. But when a man is vexed with what he finds indoors, he goeth forth and rids his soul of its disgust, betaking him to some friend or comrade of like age; whilst we must needs regard his single self. Wherefore this one boon and only this I wish to win from thee,-thy silence, if haply I can some way or means devise to avenge me on my husband for this cruel treatment, and on the man who gave to him his daughter, and on her who is his wife. For though woman be timorous enough in all else, and as regards courage, a coward at the mere sight of steel, yet in the moment she finds her honour wronged, no heart is filled with deadlier thoughts than hers. That thou shouldst mourn thy lot surprises me not. I see Creon, king of this land coming hither, to announce some new resolve. CREON enters, with his retinue. CREON Hark thee, Medea, I bid thee take those sullen looks and angry thoughts against thy husband forth from this land in exile, and with thee take both thy children and that without delay, for I am judge in this sentence, and I will not return unto my house till I banish thee beyond the borders of the land. For my enemies are bearing down on me full sail, nor have I any landing-place to come at in my trouble. Yet for

all my wretched plight I will ask thee, Creon, wherefore dost thou drive me from the land? I hear, too, so they tell me, that thou dost threaten the father of the bride, her husband, and herself with some mischief; wherefore I will take precautions ere our troubles come. Wherefore whoso is wise in his generation ought never to have his children taught to be too clever; for besides the reputation they get for idleness, they purchase bitter odium from the citizens. I too myself share in this ill-luck. Some think me clever and hate me, others say I am too reserved, and some the very reverse; others find me hard to please and not so very clever after all. Be that as it may, thou dost fear me lest I bring on thee something to mar thy harmony. Fear me not, Creon, my position scarce is such that should seek to quarrel with princes. Why should I, for how hast thou injured me? Thou hast betrothed thy daughter where thy fancy prompted thee. And now I grudge not thy prosperity; betroth thy child, good luck to thee, but let me abide in this land, for though I have been wronged I will be still and yield to my superiors. CREON Thy words are soft to hear, but much I dread lest thou art devising some mischief in thy heart, and less than ever do I trust thee now; for cunning woman, and man likewise, is easier to guard against when quick-tempered than when taciturn. Nay, begone at once! MEDEA Suffer me to abide this single day and devise some plan for the manner of my exile, and means of living for my children, since their father cares not to provide his babes therewith. Then pity them; thou too hast children of thine own; thou needs must have a kindly heart. For my own lot I care naught, though I an exile am, but for those babes I weep, that they should learn what sorrow means. So now, if abide thou must, stay this one day only, for in it thou canst not do any of the fearful deeds I dread. CREON and his retinue go out. Alas, for thy sorrows! Whither wilt thou turn? What protection, what home or country to save thee from thy troubles wilt thou find? O Medea, in what a hopeless sea of misery heaven hath plunged thee! Who shall gainsay this? But all is not yet lost! Still are there troubles in store for the new bride, and for her bridegroom no light toil. Dost think I would ever have fawned on yonder man, unless to gain some end or form some scheme? Nay, would not so much as have spoken to him or touched him with my hand. But he has in folly so far stepped in that, though he might have checked my plot by banishing me from the land, he hath allowed me to abide this day, in which I will lay low in death three of my enemies—a father and his daughter and my husband too. Now, though I have many ways to compass their death, I am not sure, friends, which I am to try first. Shall I set fire to the bridal mansion, or plunge the whetted sword through their hearts, softly stealing into the chamber where their couch is spread? One thing stands in my way. Well, suppose them dead; what city will receive me? What friendly host will give me a shelter in his land, a home secure, and save my soul alive? By that dread queen whom I revere before all others and have chosen to share my task, by Hecate who dwells within my inmost chamber, not one of them shall wound my heart and rue it not. Bitter and sad will I make their marriage for them; bitter shall be the wooing of it, bitter my exile from the land. Up, then, Medea, spare not the secrets of thy art in plotting and devising; on to the danger. Now comes a struggle needing courage. Dost see what thou art suffering? Thou hast cunning; and, more than this, we women, though by nature little apt for virtuous deeds, are most expert to fashion any mischief. Order and the universe are being reversed. Through all the breadth of Hellas honour is found no more; to heaven hath it sped away. MEDEA comes out of the house. For instance, thou, hadst thou but patiently endured the will of thy superiors, mightest have remained here in this land and house, but now for thy idle words wilt thou be banished. Thy words are naught to me. Cease not to call Jason basest of men; but for those words thou hast spoken against our rulers, count it all gain that exile is thy only punishment. I ever tried to check the outbursts of the angry monarch, and would have had thee stay, but thou wouldst not forego thy silly rage, always reviling our rulers, and so thou wilt be banished. Yet even after all this I weary not of my goodwill, but am come with thus much forethought, lady, that thou mayst not be destitute nor want for aught, when, with thy sons, thou art cast out. Many an evil doth exile bring in its train with it; for even though thou hatest me, never will I harbour hard thoughts of thee. MEDEA Thou craven villain for that is the only name my tongue can find for thee, a foul reproach on thy unmanliness, comest thou to me, thou, most hated foe of gods, of me, and of all mankind? Yet hast thou done well to come; for I shall ease my soul by reviling thee, and thou wilt be vexed at my recital. I will begin at the very beginning. I saved thy life, as every Hellene knows who sailed with thee aboard the good ship Argo, when thou wert sent to tame and yoke fire-breathing bulls, and to sow the deadly tilth. All this have I done for thee, thou traitor! Hadst thou been

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childless still, I could have pardoned thy desire for this new union. Gone is now the trust I put in oaths. I cannot even understand whether thou thinkest that the gods of old no longer rule, or that fresh decrees are now in vogue amongst mankind, for thy conscience must tell thee thou hast not kept faith with me. These knees thou didst embrace! All in vain, I suffered a traitor to touch me! How short of my hopes I am fallen!

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Medea has been abandoned by her husband. His new bride is the daughter of the most powerful man in Corinth and Medea and the boys are to be forced to leave the state and become refugees.