

EURIPIDES,

# Hippolytus.

TRANSLATED BY  
SEAN GURD.



HIPPOLYTUS.



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printed by lightning source, milton keynes  
in an endless edition (version 120821)  
ISBN 978-90-817091-5-6

uitgeverij, den haag  
shtëpia botuese, tiranë  
maison d'éditions, montréal

[www.uitgeverij.cc](http://www.uitgeverij.cc)

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## Introduction

There are things to admire in Hippolytus. His passion for distinctions, his clear and measured way of speaking, the fact that no matter how loud he gets he never seems to be shouting. He is, of course, virulently anti-feminist, advising at one point that men should keep their women in the stables with their goats and horses. This should not be overlooked; it is the tragic over-extension of his rage for precision, the almost-murderous perversion of a too-intense desire for virtue. And his passionate exactitude brings him down, of course: though he caused ripples of dismay in the theatre when he cried out “it was my tongue that swore, not my heart,” in the end his oath to conceal Phaedra’s love prevented him from saving himself with the truth. But there is something attractive anyway in his desire to get things right – and in his confidence that in every situation he actually *does*. A longing for perfection is something I share, though I have only the confident knowledge that it consistently eludes me. I look at him, and some part of me wants to brush aside his hatred of women and admire his rectitude, his short and clear consonants, his pure vowels, his exquisitely ironed shirts, his perfectly trimmed hair and beard.

Did Euripides, in the repose of his writing room (or his cave, as some say)<sup>1</sup> gaze upon his creation and feel a similar

<sup>1</sup> See T.1.iii in R. Kannicht, *Tragicorum Graecorum Fragmenta* vol. 5.1 (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, 2004), (henceforth, *TrGF*).

longing to get things right? Though he was judged “most tragic” in the generation after his death,<sup>2</sup> though more copies and fragments of his plays have survived than of any other tragedian, and though his *Orestes* became the most widely performed tragedy in Greco-Roman Antiquity, during his lifetime his success was only moderate, and to him his career may have felt more like a failure. He was regularly selected to have his plays performed in the annual festival of Dionysus at Athens. But the plays were performed in a competition, and in the competitions he lost and lost, winning first place only five times in a career that spanned more than forty years.<sup>3</sup> His corpus reads like the remains of a life spent trying to get a few things right and never being quite satisfied: scenes and schematized combinations of elements recur again and again, each time slightly changed. *Hippolytus* itself is an example: it contains two scenes in which a sick or dying character lies on a couch or a stretcher and is surrounded by silence and grief; he had experimented with such scenes in *Alcestis*, and would work with them again in *Herakles* and *Orestes*. Nor, judging from appearances, was he immune to the desire to score a hit, or to satisfy the audiences and the judges at the competition. *Hippolytus* is a rewrite of another *Hippolytus*, performed several years earlier, which scandalized the audience and certainly did not take first place.<sup>4</sup>

In that earlier *Hippolytus* (called by later writers *Hippolytus Veiled*), Euripides fashioned a Phaedra who was neither

<sup>2</sup> T 155–7 TrGF.

<sup>3</sup> T 65 TrGF.

<sup>4</sup> The timing of the two plays is an inference from the first hypothesis to the surviving tragedy, and has been disputed. See E. McDermott, “Euripides’ Second Thoughts,” *TAPhA* 130 (2000): 239–59; G. O. Hutchinson, “Euripides’ Other *Hippolytus*,” *ZPE* 149 (2004): 15–28; M. Cropp, “On the Date of the Extant *Hippolytus*,” *ZPE* 154 (2005): 43–5.

ashamed of loving her stepson nor incapable of taking steps to satisfy her desire. The forwardness of her approach to Hippolytus so outraged him that he covered his head with a robe (hence the play's later title). Euripides liked to write energetic and self-confident women like this. He staged his *Medea* in 431, just three years before he revised *Hippolytus*, and in it the jilted title character murders her children in revenge for Jason's new marriage to a more politically advantageous wife. Another flop: the play came in third of three. Evidently the judges did not like their women showing agency, especially when the consequences were transgressive. "The ornament of women," wrote another great Athenian a little earlier, "is silence."<sup>5</sup> Euripides' *Medea* and his first *Phaedra* had other decorations.

So three years after *Medea* crashed and burned and some time after the first *Hippolytus* suffered the same fate, he produced another Hippolytus play with a different setting and story. How could this one not have been a reaction to the failure of the first? "Second thoughts are always better," he has one of his characters say, as though he were offering an apology for his first thoughts on the same story. In this new version, *Phaedra* is suicidally ashamed of her love, choosing to die rather than have it discovered, and willing to bring down her beloved Hippolytus in the service of the same end. Now it is *Phaedra* herself who covers her head in shock and horror at her desire. Only an intermediary, a slave of the house and an old crone with her fingers in all sorts of illicit pots, communicates *Phaedra's* secret – against orders – and in consequence brings about the demise of two resolutely moral figures.

5 Sophocles, *Ajax* 293. The sentiment was common.

It worked. For his tale of two well-born nobles with an unswerving commitment to moral action, destroyed by the meddling of a slave (and by the hostility of some particularly uncaring divinities), the judges crowned Euripides winner. It was the first time he had won, after almost thirty years of work.

But did he, there in his cave, with the oil lamp burning and the slave taking dictation as he composed, feel any satisfaction? Did he feel that he had really nailed it? Did he know and love this new play as something perfectly achieved? I have doubts. He wrote such compelling portraits of two exquisitely well-crafted people, people whose moral craftsmanship is rivalled by none, only to prove the untenability and fragility of such virtue. Phaedra is lied to, terribly and brutally betrayed by a servant who holds that she knows better and talks with the speed and skill of someone working a short con, and Hippolytus, rendered helpless by his own oath, faces in his father a man so overdrawn, so explosively wrathful that not even the truth would palliate him. Against characters of such great and gaping flaws, Hippolytus' precision and Phaedra's willpower are hopeless. They break easily, like dry straw in a gale.

Was it a desire to dirty up this perfect but failed morality that led him to make them believe in an essential connection between their morality and their class? Phaedra links her resistance to adultery to the civilizing mission of royal families: adultery is popular among what she calls "bad" people because "good people" started doing it first. Euripides emphasizes the oxymoron – "good people" do bad things, so that "bad" people think them good – in order to draw attention to the untenability of connecting class and ethics like this. And then he

has Phaedra sacrifice herself to this ludicrous ideal: it is up to her, it seems, to rectify her whole social rank, to make it good in more than name.

Hippolytus is less subtle: there are those who, like himself, are wise and good by nature, and those who have to learn what virtue is and work to get it. Plenty of irony here: Hippolytus, though born of a king and a queen, is in fact illegitimate, as was his father Theseus. And it seems unlikely that many of Euripides' original audience felt in themselves the kind of innate virtue of which Hippolytus boasts and in which he rests confident even with his dying breath. Especially hard to imagine is that Euripides, whose plays lost and lost and who tinkered at the same scenes throughout his career as though something he could not quite put his fingers on was missing, should have felt much identity with a figure who felt himself made perfect in every way. If the Athenians rewarded Euripides for his portrayal of well-born virtue driven into the ground by the adventitious and socially invisible, they missed the point. Euripides was exploring the impossibility of such virtue, its inevitable fragility before the power of the flawed.

Hippolytus' confidence in his own wisdom and virtue comes across sometimes as a kind of low-key threat and sometimes as frothing rage – his reaction to news of Phaedra's love and the extraordinary attack on women that it blossoms into is an example. His outrage at Theseus' accusation that he has raped Phaedra is palpable when he protests that no man was born as virtuous as he. How much more effective might he have been in his own defence if he had not been paralyzed by outraged surprise that anyone could think such things of

him? This is the weakness of the self-righteous: to fail to hear the justice and the meaning of those who oppose them. Hippolytus' self-righteousness trespasses on impiety when, close to the end of his life, he wishes there were a curse a mortal could hurl effectively at a god; not even divinities, it seems, are as upright as he (this is a criticism levelled at Phaedra as well, when it is pointed out to her that even gods have affairs, and that therefore to be chaste is to claim impiously to be better than they are). At such moments Hippolytus seems like no one more than the Cyclops in the *Odyssey* (who is also descended from Poseidon), who boasts not only that he does not need the gods, but that he is better than them. Thus does Hippolytus' extreme virtue transform itself into barbarity. There is no apology for Euripides' earlier representations of immorality in this play: there is, instead, an exploration of the immorality of morality, a kind of controlled but destructive narrative rage at the impossible idea of perfection.

So perhaps Euripides hated Hippolytus, looked at him with steely-eyed resentment, and felt some satisfaction when he brought him down. But did he love him nonetheless? What is it to love Hippolytus but to love the longing for perfection and, through that, to long for the immolation of desire? After all, Hippolytus is flawless, in all but the hybris of flawlessness itself. Phaedra's love for him is in this sense the embodiment of its own impossibility: she longs not just for a man, but for a man who embodies the defeat of desire, a man dedicated with apparent success to the goddess of virginity. To love such a man is to love the possibility of not loving him; it was bound to become a murderous desire because only the

elimination of its object was worthy of its object. On the topic of desire and Greek tragedy, much of what has been written circulates between Oedipus and Antigone, between Freud and Lacan. Phaedra deserves a place. Here there is a figure of something more terrible than not yielding to your desire, something stranger than the sexual charge that comes from transgression: this is a desire that leads to the immolation of desire. If Euripides loved Hippolytus, perhaps he loved him as Phaedra loves him: in a way that can lead only to hatred, to the building in of flaws and failures. Because to love such perfection one would have to destroy it. Otherwise it would be debased by your desire. Phaedra's struggle with her passion for Hippolytus is the same as her longing for him. She wants nothing but the condition of not wanting.

This is to say: Phaedra's is not a condition in which transgression fuels desire, in which the very illegality of the act generates a desire to commit it. Nor, plainly, is it a desire that *will* transgress, regardless of the consequences. Things are much denser here, much more focussed and destructive. Phaedra's desire creates transgression not in the act that would satisfy it, but in the feeling of desire itself. It is a desire that was always going to destroy itself, a desire that from the beginning was indistinguishable from hate. That, if there is one, is the Phaedra complex.

There is a cliché among those who write about writing, that no work of literature is ever truly finished but only abandoned. This is unquestionable, and yet it seems profoundly false. Writing ends when the work you have longed to create, longed to realize without ever fully knowing what it would look like,

becomes loathsome; when the sense of tedium, boredom, frustration and failure that roars up when you face your work makes it impossible to do anything but thrust it away in disgust. And what is that thrusting away but an attempt to kill the longing and the object all in one stroke, to render the writing dead by transforming it into a work? Ernst Cassirer once wrote that writers continue to work even after their masterpieces are finished because they feel that they have failed to express whatever it was they wanted to say.<sup>6</sup> I think this is nearly right: writers *finish* their masterpieces at exactly the moment when they realize that they will never get it exactly right, that this work, too, is a failure. I think this is the predicament of Euripides, and of Phaedra, too; only the most extreme act of renunciation could liberate them from a desire bound to fail.

*Hippolytus* is not a living breathing masterwork of Greek drama. It is a death mask.



Uncanny, claimed Ernst Jentsch in 1906, was a living creature who might not be or a nonliving creature who might.<sup>7</sup> For Jentsch (and later, for Freud), the difficulty we have in distinguishing between wax figures and living humans, especially in low light, is a good example; similar effects are caused by the sight of mental illness since (says Jentsch) the apparent autonomies of a patient's behaviour suggest not life

<sup>6</sup> E. Cassirer, *The Logic of the Cultural Sciences*, trans. S. G. Lofts (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000), 110–11.

<sup>7</sup> E. Jentsch, "On the Psychology of the Uncanny," trans. R. Sellars. *Angelaki* 2 (1996): 7–21.

but a hidden and impersonal mechanism. Corpses, infected by our memories of the living, seem still alive and arouse the same feeling. Contemporary animators, designing human figures for games and films, flee the effect, seeking to avoid what has become known as the “uncanny valley” – a region of mimesis in which the lifelike and the non-lifelike combine in an unsettling way. But tragedy made a beeline for it, building a sensual niche in which the distinction between animate and inanimate, familiar and unfamiliar was systematically thrown off kilter.

From the beginning, tragedy was masked drama: actor and chorus alike covered their faces with a stiffened linen mask, most likely painted with realistic (or at least naturalistic) representations of characters. Theatre historians have fantasies about the acoustic properties of such masks (in fact they had none), or about their ability to be more clearly seen from the back of the large theatre of Dionysus. Much more important than what the mask helped to make evident, however, was what it concealed: a human face. Contemporary psychologists tell us that we derive an enormous amount of information about emotion from facial expressions: connecting what we see in a face with what we hear in words and tone of voice lets us understand the emotional situation we are faced with. It seems strange at first that a theatre as passionate as Attic tragedy should have prohibited actors from using such a powerfully expressive tool as their face, in the process depriving audiences of the opportunity to scan this information-rich surface. Whatever the original reason, however, the result was inexorably to place the actors right in the middle of the uncan-

ny valley: they were animate sculptures, speaking and moving through the most extreme psychological and physical agonies with a wooden constancy of facial expression. What animated these puppets? Who breathed beneath the impenetrable surface of their masks?

Did that mask just seem to move? Even masks without actors behind them terrify me: in the right light they seem to grimace and yawn, their empty eyes following me, their lips angling up into a sneer or opening wide in a cry of horror. The mask (I suppose, after a quick glance through some psychological literature) gets characterized by my brain as happy or sad, angry or afraid – and is then animated by my imagination, literally haunted by my own gaze. On the Attic stage those things spoke as well, deceiving the eye in the flickering light of thousands of inflamed imaginations.<sup>8</sup>

Nothing more uncanny than a tragic mask: dead still, calm, and yet animated from within and without, concealing a face and carrying the projected hallucinations of a theatre full of passionate spectators. Tragedy nestles right here, along the line of undecidability between perception and imagination; it is uncanny even before there is any story, because it breaks our trust in our own senses.

What's at stake here in vision's unstable twilight is a vacillation between what is clear, distinct, and unmoving – the mask, like a statue or a body in death – and what shifts and remains indistinct. What animates the stability of the mask is the voice: it guides our imagination, tells us what to see or hallucinate

<sup>8</sup> Greek drama was daytime drama: that changes nothing of what I have said, though you should be encouraged to hear phrases like “flickering light” as they are intended – metaphorically, and applied to the imagination.

in that frozen death's head. No surprise there, maybe. But the voice does something similar and much more distressing *behind* the mask, too. Masks not only freeze a character into a single expression; they also individuate characters. This mask is Theseus, that one is Phaedra. The problem is that one voice speaks from behind both those masks.

Greek tragedies were performed by three speaking actors only, in addition to the chorus. This constraint, which applies to all of Euripides' dramas, means that he very rarely presented a scene containing more than three speaking characters.<sup>9</sup> But it also means that more than one character had to be played by each actor. It is risky, reconstructing the distribution of roles (I will try in the next paragraph), but even before we do that it is clear that if masks individuate and distinguish between characters, the voice erased much of this individuation. Even granting for musical scoring and vocal technique, both of which must have contributed to characterization, the continuity of a single voice must have been audible across several roles – as though there were a fluctuating but continuous magma rolling on beneath the perfect distinction of the mask, an unstable animation in which multiple characters were haunted by the same breath.

It is likely that Euripides reserved one actor for the role of Hippolytus: he is the central character, and the role requires great power and a range extending from outrage to subtlety to the last tones of death. Assuming this to be the case, a distribution of the rest of the roles becomes evident:

<sup>9</sup> More than one *chorus* is possible, as in this play. For an overview of possible exceptions, see R. Pickard-Cambridge, *The Dramatic Festivals of Athens* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1968), 135–56.

First actor · Hippolytus  
Second actor · Phaedra, Theseus, Attendant  
Third actor · Aphrodite (Cypris), Nurse, Messenger,  
Artemis

This is certainly not the only possible distribution. But it is attractive for its reflection of the structure of the play, and for its metaphysics. Like several of Euripides' later plays, *Hippolytus* is a diptych describing two actions through a symmetrical binary structure. The first half of the play tells the tragedy of Phaedra, culminating in her suicide; the second half, the tragedy of Hippolytus, culminating in his death. The first half of the play is dominated by women – Hippolytus is the sole male, making a brief if spectacular entrance. The second half of the play is dominated by men. The two halves mirror each other: the first scene shows Phaedra, recumbent and on the point of death, while the last shows Hippolytus in the same position. The second scene deals with the consequences of Phaedra's true secret being revealed to Hippolytus; the third, with the consequence of Phaedra's false secret being revealed to Theseus.

The distribution of roles reflects this structure: both the second and third actors play female characters in the first half and male characters in the second. The second actor's major roles (Phaedra and Theseus) are not only married; they are intensely passionate figures whose ethical differences from Hippolytus have deadly consequences. Love and murderous rage are linked here through the voice emanating from behind both masks.

The third actor's mortal roles – the Nurse in the first half and the Messenger in the second – stand opposed to Phaedra and Theseus respectively, in analogous ways: each explores the consequences of their foil's passions, seeking to correct and temper them (Phaedra is guided towards greater love, and Theseus towards lesser hate). But it is in the third actor's performance of both Aphrodite and Artemis that the tragedy's metaphysics becomes clear. Here the voice erases a distinction on which, at least on first glance, the play depends. Hippolytus suffers, we are told, because Aphrodite is jealous of his attention to Artemis: a conflict, or at least a seething rivalry between the gods leads to the destruction of a man who otherwise seemed intensely pious and admirably exact, with the exception of that explosion of anti-feminist bile. But the voice of the third actor unites these two supposedly independent principles, chastening the rage of Aphrodite and sexualizing the chastity of Artemis in a single stroke. This is the metaphysics of the play: the priority and constitutive power, at a deep level, of a turbulent force of indistinction, allegorized as Aphrodite. In the Greek text, she is most often referred to as Cypris, a name which refers to the place of her generation when the waves of the sea mingled with the castrated testicles of Ouranos. On this story of her genesis, she is several generations older than the Olympians, nearly as old as the universe itself. The gods, she says at the beginning, call her goddess – she seems amused by the limiting nature and the metaphysical naïveté of the appellation. In the words of the nurse (spoken by the same voice that speaks through the mask of Cypris),

She moves in the sky,  
and in the waves of the sea, and everything comes into  
being  
because of her. She sews and gives love, whose children  
we all are.

Lying beneath the distinctions of myth, as beneath the distinctions of the mask, is a single erotogenic force, a drive that animates all creatures and in the same stroke robs them of their autonomy, rendering everything uncanny. Such a metaphysics, it is true, contradicts what we seem to see – a conflict between Cypris and Artemis. But what we see is perhaps not much more than the projection of a human imagination on a world that in the unsettling twilight seems objective and disenchanted and pulsating with some not-quite-perceptible life force all at the same time. To stage Cypris and Artemis is to animate the world much as the mind can animate a mask.

By 458 BCE and probably before, the tragic mask was joined by a second blockage of vision, this one on a much greater scale: the wooden hut or *skēnē* (*scaena* in Latin, scene in English; the modern backdrop is a direct descendant) within which actors changed costumes and masks and behind which, in the narrative semantics of the genre, terrible secrets were kept and terrible acts performed. From the central door of the *skēnē* in many plays a tableau was rolled out, usually showing corpses, always revealing the extremes to which human life can be driven. Voices, too, could be heard coming from back there, and these voices turned the *skēnē* into a kind of mask of its own.

*Hippolytus* uses the *skēnē* heavily; there are stages within stages, masks within masks. The play runs on images of concealment, destabilized by partial and misleading revelations. Scene one turns on Phaedra's resolve to suppress her passion even to the point of death, to maintain her social mask despite what she sees as inner rot – as well as her nurse's extraction of the secret. Scene two begins with Phaedra listening at the door of the *skēnē* and translating the concealed voices that emanate from it; her secret has been revealed to Hippolytus (who does not seem impressed). Scene three opens with the rolling out of Phaedra's corpse and continues with Theseus' opening of the "doors" of the tablet on which her suicide note and libel of Hippolytus is inscribed. It is probably no accident that since Parmenides the image of the gate was associated with revelation – and it is meaningful, too, that in this play all that ever emerges from a gate, real or metaphorical, is a corpse and a lie. Truth is indistinct.

Aphrodisiac indistinction, where everything runs into everything else, is not a region of primal oneness but a field where all differences persist as (perhaps) unactualized potentialities, in which all forms are still possible, and nothing stays the same for long. It might be connected to that time/space within the body between the impingement of a sensual stimulus and its registration as a perceptual event when experience remains virtual – the space of affect. Whatever you call it, it is this above all that kills Hippolytus – symbolically, at any rate, in its manifestation as the sea. The other watery deity in the play (one we never see but whose presence is constant and palpable) is Poseidon, Theseus' father, god of the sea and

earthquakes and horses. He and the foam-born Cypris share a medium, and it is the medium of indistinction. The thundering tsunami that rises up to terrify Hippolytus' horses morphs into a bull, symbol of Phaedra's Cretan line and of the bestial passions of her kinswoman Pasiphae, in a mingling of symbol and natural event that again defies your desire to keep things separate.

And it is Aphrodisiac indistinction, too, against which Hippolytus rebels. His Artemis is virgin and huntress, killer of the monstrous miscegenations of the earliest divine generation; his virtue is one that keeps itself separate. "I greet her from far off," he says of Cypris close to the opening of the play. What is Hippolytus, whose rage for perfection is so extreme, whose voice is shared with no other character, but the independent clarity of a mask?



What Hippolytus wants more than anything else, as he protests with outrage just before leaving Trozen for the last time, is the benefit of due process – oaths, witnesses, an investigation that would reveal who really lusted after whom. Ironic, given that in the first Hippolytus, as far as we can make out, he *did* get a trial – but too late, and Theseus' successful processing of Hippolytus failed to prevent his death. I cannot help hearing in the second Hippolytus' complaints the anger of his authorial *semblable* who lost year after year by a process of judging that might have seemed brutal to him. Judges took no cognizance of how he worked, how long or hard or why; they just voted,

and Euripides lost. But then I hear, in the fate of the first *Hippolytus*, an even grimmer commentary. Processed or not, we lose. We run aground. At the very least, this might cast a darker shadow on the business of watching or reading a play: in that twilight, things move too fast to make a fair assessment and, in any case, the reasonably high definition of what you see and hear belies the truth of indistinction, the multiplicities just below the surface.

Watching is a constrained activity, a form of captivity, but reading is plastic. This translation was begun to supply the script for an audio version of the play, recorded in the spring of 2012, and here and there it sacrifices literalness for sayability and the voices and passions of the actors on that occasion. But it was finished to be read, and engineered to create a reading caught between the poles of specificity and non-specificity that the play itself conjures and relies on at its generative core. Thus two texts: the one clear, perhaps overprecise, respectably modern in its presentation, and the other ancient, a reasonable approximation of the classical reading process, and indistinct in vital ways.

Like early modern dramatic texts, the exact provenance and original function of the scripts that have made it down to us are unknown. We do know that the ultimate survival of *Hippolytus* was thanks to its wide-spread use as a school text. But its relation to the first performance in 428 BCE is a matter only of speculation. Euripides presumably had a fair copy before production began; it was probably modified during rehearsals. The actors may have had copies, too (probably the young men who served in the chorus did not). The *chorēgos*,

a wealthy Athenian who paid for the production, might have been presented with or just made sure to get his hands on a high-quality text, to commemorate the play's success. Fans might have been able to buy copies. Any one of these sources might have provided the ultimate progenitor of our text. Several of them might have, in fact, if later editors compared and conflated traditions.

The plays toured extensively in the Greek-speaking world, and were restaged as repertoire for centuries afterwards. In the process they were subjected to enough modifications by producers and actors that in the later fourth century the Athenian statesman Lycurgus had a law passed prohibiting performances at Athens from deviating from the official "city" text of the tragedies (which he had commissioned). It is unlikely that the city text was the last word; but it marks an important moment in Athens' role in their dissemination, since after this the major sites of textual curatorship moved overseas, to Alexandria, Pergamum, Rome, Antioch, Constantinople.

Any single text of any single play is thus no more than a moment of clarity and stability, crossed and subtended by multiple vectors of change, including that of textual flux (from Euripides' first drafts to the latest printed text) and that of Euripides' life work as a writer, in the light of which the *Hippolytus* is just one attempt to produce something exactly right, to win the prize or finally satisfy himself or prove to himself that all this longing for perfection was a waste of time. I am intrigued by the possibility that a single text might somehow serve as a lens onto this wider zone of indistinction, representing a small region clearly but nonetheless containing a blurred

image of the whole, like a Leibnizian monad. After all, no text is a witness: it is, rather, a perception and a performance, and what every *Hippolytus* must perform is the awkward overlay of singular and plural, social practise and subliminal drive, that structures the tragedy. Modern critical editions can do this by juxtaposing a (relatively) clean and simple text with a textual apparatus reporting variants and theorizing the relationship between textual instantiations. A translation lacks the resolution to catch the fine variations which feed into the construction of an apparatus. But there are other means to hand.

Guessing at the exact words of the original text is always just that – guessing – though *Hippolytus* is less problematic than plays like *Iphigenia at Aulis*. But we can make a pretty secure guess at what such a text looked like. Texts read by fifth-century readers were fundamentally different from what is presented in the best medieval mss and printed in modern publications. The texts of Euripides' time and for many centuries afterwards did not indicate word division with spaces (or by any other means) and were extremely sparing in punctuation, often avoiding it altogether. There was only one "case" of letters – what we call "capitals." Musical sections were inscribed as though they were prose, without line endings to reflect their rhythm or their rhetorical structure. There was no indication of the speakers within a dramatic text, either. The earliest surviving dramatic texts, which come from over a century after Euripides' death and a time which was much more elaborate and precise in its textual culture, indicated speaker-change with a little line or *paragraphos* below the line and a double-point [:] at its end. This convention almost certainly

does not date back to Euripides' own time; it may not even date to Lycurgus. In any case, such indications were understood to be readers' marks: they did not have the same authority as the text and they were subject to readers' revisions.<sup>10</sup> At least ideationally, if not in concrete and distinguishable fact, a dramatic text was understood as containing no indication of speaker-change (and certainly none of who was saying what). The reader had to figure that out for him-/herself. The clear, legible, easy texts we are accustomed to reading are the fabrications of medieval and modern reading cultures.

The first text, then, presents the translation as the text would have been in the mid-fourth century, perhaps decades after Euripides' death. The second text processes *Hippolytus*, makes sense of it and makes it "readable." That is: too distinct, dangerously so. It gets in your way, conjures fantoms, tries to make you see. Fragments of the *Hippolytus Veiled*, otherwise almost entirely lost, are juxtaposed with similar passages in the text – not to suggest a reconstruction, but a dialogue and a complex set of reassessments. I have not tried to represent

<sup>10</sup> See, for background, J. Andrieu, *Le Dialogue Antique* (Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 1954); J.C.B. Lowe, "The Manuscript Evidence for Changes of Speaker in Aristophanes," *Bulletin of the Institute of Classical Studies* 9 (1962): 27–42; N.G. Wilson, "Indications of Speaker in Greek Dialogue Texts," *Classical Quarterly* 20 (1970): 305. For fifth- and fourth-century texts there is no direct evidence of whether there was any indication of speaker change in the text (there was certainly no indication of speakers), but such punctuation was always considered a reader's responsibility and prerogative, so indications are, as it were, a priori removable, an editable film over the text. See Dionysius Thrax, *Ars Grammatica* 2: "we must read keeping in mind delivery, rhythm, and distinctness." "Distinctness": that is, punctuation, as the scholiast noted. Punctuation not an authorial virtue: Aristotle, *Rhetoric* 1409a19–23, Cicero, *Orator* 68.228. Punctuating a required part of readerly preparation: Dionysius Thrax, *Ars Grammatica* 2, 4, cum scholia (ed. G. Uhlig [Teubner, 1883]); H. Keil, ed. *Grammatici Latini* I.437, VI.192, VII.324. Sophocles is said to have suffocated to death for want of punctuation in his text: *TrGF* 4:T A.58–62.

the full variety of textual variants, but I have signalled where, for one reason or another, the text is soft and different editions propose excisions or changes. The two texts must be read together: you, reader, form the bridge between the distinctly seen and the indistinct invisible. You, in the end, will be its mask.



*hippolytus · unprocessed*



APHRODITE  
ATTENDANTS OF HIPPOLYTUS  
NURSE  
PHAEDRA  
HIPPOLYTUS  
THESEUS  
MESSENGER  
ARTEMIS  
CHORUS OF TROZENIAN WOMEN  
MANYTHINGSANDNOTWITHOUTANAME  
GODSANDMENCALLMECYPRISANDGODDESS  
WHOREVERESMEIREVERE  
BUTIBRINGTORUINEVERY SINGLEONEFROMSEATOSEA  
WHOTHINKSHIMSELFTOOBIGFORME  
EVENWITHTHERACEOFGODSTHEREISACERTAIN  
PLEASUREWHENMENWORSHIPTHEM  
HERESPROOF  
HIPPOLYTUSSONOFTHESEUSANDTHEAMAZON  
HOLYPITTHEUSSTUDENTALONEOFALLWHOLIVEINTROZEN  
SAYSIAMTHEWORSTOFFPOWERS  
HESTAYSOUTOFTHEBEDROOM  
ANDWONTTOUCHMARRIAGE  
APOLLOSSISTERARTEMISDAUGHTEROFZEUS  
HEHONORSCALLINGHERTHEBESTOFFPOWERS  
INPERPETUALCOMMERCE  
WITHTHISVIRGININTHEGREENFOREST  
HECLEARSTHEEARTHOFWILDBEASTSWITHHISFASTDOGS  
ONHISKNEESININTERCOURSEWITHONETOOGREATFORMEN  
IDONTHOLDTHISAGAINSTHIMWHYSHOULDI

BUTIWILLPUNISHHIPPOLYTUSFORHISSINSAGAINSTME  
TODAYICLEAREDTHEGROUNDLONGAGOIMNEARLYDONE  
WHENHECAMEFROMPITTHEUSHOUSE  
TOSEETHERITESANDPARTICIPATEINTHEMYSTERIESATELEUSIS  
ATPANDIONS LANDTHEWELLBORNWIFEOPHISFATHER  
PHAEDRASAWHIMANDBYMYDESIGN  
HERHEARTWASOVERCOMEWITHTERRIBLEDESIRE  
ANDBEFORESHECAMEHERETOTROZEN  
SHEBUILTATEMPLETOCYPRIS  
CLOSETOTHEROCKOPPALLASFACINGHERE  
BECAUSESHELOVEDONEFARFROMHER  
INTHEFUTURETHEYWILLCALLITTHETEMPLE  
OFTHEGODDESSHARDONHIPPOLYTUS  
THENTHESEUSLEFTTHEKEKROPIANLAND  
FLEEINGTHEPOLLUTIONOFTHEBLOODOPALLASSONS  
ANDHESAILEDHEREWITHPHAEDRAFORAYEARLONGEXILE  
ATTHATPOINTGROANINGANDWHIPPEDBYEROS CROP  
SHESTARTEDTOWASTEAWAYINSILENCE  
NONEOFHERSERVANTSKNOWSHERDISEASE  
BUTHERPASSIONMUSTNOTBEWASTED  
IWILLMAKESURETHESEUSLEARNSOFIT  
ANDHELLUSETHECURSESEPOSEIDONGAVEHIMASAGIFT  
THREETHINGSTOASKTHEGODNEVERINVAIN  
TOKILLHISSONWHOWARSWITHME  
PHAEDRAWITHHERREPUTATIONINTACT  
WILLDIEILLTAKEWHATSELFESTEEMREQUIRES  
NOTWITHSTANDINGANYAGONYOFHERS  
ISEETHESONOFTHESEUS  
COMINGFROMTHETOILSOFHUNTING

HIPPOLYTUSIMGONEAGREATPARADE  
OFATTENDANTSSFOLLOWSHIM  
BARKINGOUTHYMNSTOTHEGODDESSARTEMIS  
HEHASNOIDEATHATTHEGATESOFHADES  
HAVEBEENOPENEDANDTHESEAREHISLASTRAYSOFLIGHT  
FOLLOWINGHEAVENLYARTEMISDAUGHTEROFZEUSWHO  
CARESFORUS  
MISTRESSMOSTAUGUSTQUEENGOODFRUITOFZEUSDELIGHT  
INMEOHARTEMISDAUGHTEROFLETOANDZEUSMOSTBEAU  
TIFULOFVIRGINSYOUOCCUPYHEAVENSWELLSIREDPAL  
ACETHEALLGOLDHOUSEOFZEUSDELIGHTINMEMOSTBEAU  
TIFULBYFAROFTHOSEINOLYMPUS  
TOYOU MISTRESS I BRING THIS WOVEN WREATH  
FROM AN UNDEFILED MEADOW WHERE NO SHEPHERD THINKS  
TO GRAZE HIS FLOCKS NOR DOES IRON PLOUGH  
ONLY THE SPRING BEES FLY THERE  
SHAME TENDS IT WITH DROPS OF RIVER WATER  
THOSE WITHIN NATE WISDOM THE KIND THAT LASTS FOREVER  
NOT THE KINDSOME HAVE TO LEARN PICK FLOWERS THERE  
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO BASE MEN ACCEPT DEAR MISTRESS  
THIS CROWN FOR YOUR GOLDEN HAIR FROM A PIOUS HAND  
ONLY I AM GIVEN THIS  
TO BE WITH HAND CONVERSE WITH YOU IN WORDS  
I HEAR YOUR VOICE I DO NOT SEE YOUR FACE  
MAY I REACH THE END OF MY LIFE AS I BEGAN IT  
LORDS SINCE WE MUST CALL ON THE GODS WILL YOU TAKE SOME MEAD  
VICE FROM ME  
CERTAINLY OTHERWISE WE WOULD NOT SEEM WISE  
DO YOU KNOW THE LAW FOR MORTALS

NOWHATAREYOUASKINGMEABOUT  
WEARETOHATEWHATISNOTFRIENDTOALL  
INDEEDWEAREWHOTHATSHAUGHTYGIVESNOPAIN  
ANDTHERESACERTAINGRACEINBEINGSOCIABLE  
THEGREATESTGRACEANDPROFITWITHONLYALITTLEWORK  
ANDDOYOUTHINKITSTHESAMEINHEAVEN  
IKNOWITWEGETOURLAWSFROMTHERE  
WHYTHENDONTYOUADDRESSANAUGUSTPOWER  
WHICHBECAREFULHERE  
THEIMAGEATYOURDOORCYPRIS  
IGREETHERFROMFAROFFIMHOLY  
BUTSHEISAUGUSTANDVERYWELLKNOWN  
NONEOFTHEGODSWHOLOVETHENIGHTARERIGHTFORME  
MYCHILDWESHOULDHONORTHEGODS  
DIFFERENTPEOPLECAREFORDIFFERENTGODSANDDIFFERENT  
MENTOO  
BEHAPPYIWISHYOU THEWISDOMYOU NEED  
GOINFOLLOWERSANDTURNYOURMINDSTOFOOD  
AFULLTABLEISPLEASANTAFTERHUNTING  
ANDRUBDOWNMYHORSESSO THATWHENIVEEATEN  
ICANHARNESSTHEMANDWORKTHEM PROPERLY  
ANDISAYGOODBYETOYOURCYPRIS  
IWILLPRAYTOYOURIMAGEMISTRESSCYPRIS  
WITHTHESOBERWORDSASLAVESHOULDUSE  
IWILLNOTIMITATEYOUNGMENWHOTHINKLIKETHAT  
BUTYOU SHOULD BEFORGIVINGIF SOMEONESPEAKSOFYOU  
WITHIDLEWORDSONACCOUNTOF THESTIFFINNARDSOFYOUTH  
IGNOREHIMGODSSHOULDBEWISERTHANUS  
THEREISAROCKWHICHDRIPSWATERSAIDTOBEFROMOCEANIT

SLEDGESENDSFORTHAFLOWINGSTREAMWEDIPOURPITCH  
ERSINIMETAFRIENDTHEREWASHINGHERBRIGHTCLOTH  
ESINTHEFOUNTAINTHENLAYINGTHEMOUTONTHEBACKO  
FAROCKHOTFROMTHESUNFROMHERIFIRSTHEARDNEWSO  
FOURMISTRESS

WEARINGOUTINASICKBEDKEEPINGHERBODYINSIDETHE  
HOUSEANDSHADINGHERBLONDHEADWITHADELICATEV  
EILTHISISTHETHIRDDAYIHEARTHATSHEHASKEPTHER  
BODYPUREOFDEMETERSGRAINHOLDINGHERMOUTHSHUT  
INFASTSOMESECRETSUFFERINGMAKESHERLONGTORUN  
HERSHIPAGROUNDONDEATH

ISAGODWITHINYOUAREYOU DRIVENTOWANDERBYPANORHE  
CATEONEOF THEAUGUSTCORYBANTSORTHEMOTHEROFT  
HEMOUNTAINSAREYOU CONSUMEDBECAUSEOFSINSGAIN  
STDIKTYNNESURROUNDED BYBEASTSDIDYOUFAILTOSACRI  
FICETOHERFORSHEWANDERSOVERLAKESANDDRYLANDAN  
DOVERTHEOCEANONTHEBROADBACKOFTHEBRINE

ORDOESSOMEONETENDYOURHUSBANDTHENOBLEKINGOFE  
RECHTHEUSSEEDMAKINGLOVETO HIMINSECRETFROMY  
OURBEDORHASSOMESAILORAMANSETOUTFROMCRETEAR  
RIVEDATTHISPORTHOSPITABLETOMARINERSBRINGING  
NEWSFORTHEQUEENANDISHERSOULBOUNDINBEDFROM  
SORROWATHERSUFFERINGS

THEUNSTRUNGHELPLESSNESSOFCHILDBIRTHANDFOOL  
ISHNESSLOVESTOCO HABITWITHTHEROUGH HARMON  
YOFWOMENTHATWINDHASBLOWNTHROUGHMYWOMB  
TOOICALLEDONARTEMISWHO EASESLABORHEAVENLYRUL  
EROFARROWSANDTHANKGODSHEALWAYSTRAVELSWITH  
METHOUGHMUCHENVIED

THE OLD NURSE BRINGS PHAEDRA OUTSIDE A HATEFUL CLOUD  
GROWS ON HER BROW. MY SOUL LONG TO LEARN WHAT IT IS  
HATRAVAGES THE BODY OF THE QUEEN. SHE HAS CHANGED SO  
MUCH

ILLS AND HATED DISEASES WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU WHAT SHOULD  
I NOT DO HERE IS THE LIGHT AND THE BRIGHT AIR YOURS  
SICK BED IS NOW OUTSIDE THE HOUSE YOU'RE EVERY WORD WASTO  
COME HERE BUT YOU WILL RUSH BACK TO YOUR BEDROOM  
AGAIN YOU FADE QUICKLY YOU DELIGHT IN NOTHING YOU DIS  
LIKE WHAT YOU HAVE YOU LOVE WHAT YOU DON'T IT'S BETTER  
TO BE SICK THAN END THE SICK THE FIRST IS SIMPLE TO THE  
SECOND ATTACHES HEART PAIN AND HANDS WORK EVERY  
HUMAN LIFE IS PAINFUL THERE IS NO END TO OIL DARK  
NESS HIDES BEHIND CLOUDS WHATEVER IS DEARER THAN  
LIFE WE PROVE UNHAPPY LOVERS OF WHAT SHINES HERE FOR  
LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF ANOTHER LIFE THERE IS NO PROOF  
FOR THINGS BENEATH THE EARTH ONLY STORIES SUSTAIN US  
LIFT MY BODY STRAIGHTEN MY HEAD THE BONDS OF MY LIMB  
SARE LOOSENED TAKE MY HANDS AND MY PALE ARMS THIS HA  
T IS TOO HEAVY FOR MY HEAD TO WEAR TAKE IT OFF SPREAD MY  
HAIR OVER MY SHOULDERS

COURAGE CHILD DON'T TOSS AND TURN SO VIOLENTLY YOU WILL  
BEAR YOUR SICKNESS MORE EASILY WITH PEACE AND A NOBLE  
MIND ALL MORTALS SUFFER

A I A I WANT TO DRINK PURE WATER FROM A DEWY SPRING I  
WANT TO LIE BACK AND REST UNDER THE TREES IN SOME  
GRASSY MEADOW

CHILD WHY CRY DON'T SAY THESE THINGS NEAR THE CROWD HURL  
ING WORDS MOUNTED ON MADNESS

SENDMETOTHEMOUNTAINIWILLGOTOTHEFORESTWHERE  
BEASTKILLINGDOGSPRESSTHESPOTTEDDEERGODSILONG  
TOSHOUTTOTHEDOGSTOSHOOTTHETHESSALIANJAVELIN  
PASTMYBLONDHAIRTOHOLDTHEBARBEDDARTINMYHAND  
WHYTHISANXIETYCHILDWHATDOYOU CAREABOUTHUNT  
INGWHYDOYOU LUSTFORFLOWINGSPRINGSTHERESA  
HILLWITHWATERJUSTNEXTTOTHETOWERWECANGETY  
OUADRINKTHERE  
ARTEMISMISTRESSOFTHESALT LAKEANDTHECOURSETHUN  
DERINGWITHHORSESHOOVESIWISHIWEREONYOURPLAINS  
BREAKINGSTUDS  
WHYTHROWTHESEFRENZIEDWORDSABOUTJUSTNOWYOU  
WERESETTINGOUTFORTHEMOUNTAINTOHUNTANDNOWY  
OULONGFORHORSESONTHEWAVELESSSAND  
THESETHINGSNEEDANORACLETOTELLWHICHGODREINSY  
OUINANDDRIVESYOUFROMYOURSENSESCHILD  
WHATHAVEIDONEHOWFARHAVEIBEENDRIVENFROMGOOD  
THOUGHTSIWASCRAZYIWASCURSEDBYSOMEPOWER  
PHEUPHEUALASNURSECOVERMYHEADAGAINIMASHAM  
EDOFWHATIVESAIDCOVERMEATEARMOVESDOWNFROM  
MYEYEANDDITEMBARRASSESMEITHURTSSTO STRAIGHTENY  
OURMINDANDITIS TERRIBLETOBEINSANEBESTTODIEBEFO  
REYOU BECOMELUCIDAGAIN  
ILLCOVERYOU BUTWHENWILLDEATHCOVERMEIMOLDIVE  
LEARNEDALOTMORTALSSHOULDDRINKOFFRIENDSHIP  
MODERATELYNOTFROMTHEDEEPESTMARROWOF THE  
SOULAMINDSLOVECHARMSSHOULDBEEASYTOUN  
DOORTHRUSTAWAYORTIEMORETIGHTLYITIS AVERYDIF  
FICULTWEIGHTFORONESOULTOLABOROVERTWOPEO

PLEASIAMWRACKEDBYPAINFORHERTOOMUCHDISCIPLIN  
E  
CAUSESMOREHARMTHANPLEASUREANDWARSWITH  
HEALTHIPRAISETOOMUCHLESSTHANNOTHINGINEXCES  
SANDTHEWISEAGREEWITHME  
OLDFAITHFULNURSEOFTHEQUEEN  
WESEEPHAEDRASSADCONDITION  
BUTTHERESNOINDICATIONOFHERDISEASE  
TELLUSWHATYOUKNOW  
NOTHINGIVEASKEDSHEWONTSAY  
NOTEVENHOWTHISSTARTED  
YOULENDUPWHEREIENDEDUPSHESSILENT  
HERBODYISSOWEAKANDWASTEDAWAY  
SHEHASNTEATENINTHREEDAYS  
ISSHECURSEDORSUICIDAL  
SUICIDALSHELLREFUSEFOODRIGHTTOTHEEDGEOFLIFE  
ITWOULDBESTRANGEIFHERHUSBANDWEREPLEASED  
ABOUTALLTHIS  
SHECOVERSTHESETHINGSOVERSHEDENIESSHESILL  
HECANTTELLWHENHELOOKSATHER  
HEHAPPENSTOBEABROAD  
AREN'TYOUAPPLYINGCOMPULSIONTODISCOVER  
THECAUSEOFHERDISEASEDANDWANDERINGSPIRIT  
IDIDEVERYTHINGIACCOMPLISHEDNOTHING  
BUTIWONTLETUPEVENNOW  
YOUTOOWILLWITNESSHOWIAM  
WITHILLFATEDMISTRESSESIFYOUSTAY  
COMECHILDFORGETWHATWESAIDBEFORE  
YUBECOMESWEETERRELAX  
YOURHATEFULBROWANDTHERUNOFYOURTHOUGHTS

ANDIWILLSWITCHTOABETTERWAYOFSPEAKING  
WHEREVERISAIDSOMETHINGYOUOOKILL  
ANDEVENIFYOUARESICK  
FROMSOMEUNSPEAKABLEDISEASE  
THESEWOMENHEREWILLSETYOURIGHT  
BUTIFTHEMISFORTUNECANBEBROUGHT  
BEFOREMALESSPEAK  
SOTHATITCANBEDISCLOSEDTODOCTORS  
EIENWHYAREYOUSILENTYOUSHOULDNTBESILENTCHILD  
BUTEITHERREPROVEMEIFISAYSOMETHINGAMISS  
ORAGREEWHENISPEAKWELL  
SAYSOMETHINGLOOKATME  
AIMEWOMENWEWORKADIFFERENTROAD  
BUTWEENDUPINTHESAMEPLACE  
SHEWOULDNTACCEDE TOMYWORDS  
THENANDSHEWONTOBEYNOW  
ALLTHESAMEIWARNYOUYOU CANBEMORESTUBBORN  
THANTHESEAIFYOULIKEBUTIFYOUDIE  
YOUBETRAYYOURCHILDRENLEAVINGTHEM  
WITHNOSHAREINTHEIRFATHERSHOUSE  
BYTHEAMAZONQUEENOFHORSES  
WHOBREAMASTERFORYOURCHILDRENABASTARD  
WHOTHINKSHESLEGITIMATEYOUKNOWHIMWELL  
HIPPOLYTUS  
OIMOI  
AHHTHATHITSSOMETHINGTENDER  
YOUDESTROYMENURSEBYTHEGODSIBEGYOUAGAIN  
BESILENTABOUTTHATMAN  
YOUSEENOWYOUTHINKSTRAIGHTBUTEVENSO

YOUWONTSAVEYOURCHILDRENORYOURLIFE  
ILOVEMYCHILDRENIMWINTEREDINBYSOMETHINGELSE  
AREYOURHANDSPUREOFBLOODCHILD  
MYHANDSAREPURETHERESASTAINONMYSOUL  
BECAUSEOFSOMEHOSTILEMAGIC  
AFRIENDDESTROYSMETHOUGHNEITHEROFUSWANTSTHIS  
THESEUSHASWRONGEDYOUSOMEHOW  
MAYINEVERDOHIMWRONG  
WHAT TERRIBLE THING DRIVES YOU TO DEATH  
LET ME SIN I DON'T SIN AGAINST YOU  
I WILL NOT IF I DID IT WOULD BE YOUR FAULT  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING YOU FORCE ME BY SUPPLICATING MY HANDS  
AND YOUR KNEES AND I WILL NEVER LET GO  
IF YOU LEARNED THEM THESE THINGS WOULD TURN OUT EVIL  
FOR YOU  
IS THERE SOME GREATER EVIL THAN TO MISS YOU  
IT WOULD KILL YOU BUT IT BRINGS ME HONOR  
BUT YOU CONCEAL IT EVEN WHEN I BEG  
I AM WORKING GOOD OUT OF TERRIBLE MATERIAL  
BUT IF YOU SPEAK YOUR HONOR WILL BE GREATER  
LEAVE OFF LET GO  
I WILL NOT YOU WONT GIVE ME WHAT YOU SHOULD  
I WILL GIVE IT I AM SHAMED BEFORE YOU REVERENT HAND  
THEN I AM SILENT YOUR TURN TO SPEAK  
OH WRETCHED MOTHER WHAT A LOVE YOU LOVED  
FOR THE BULLS SHE HAD  
AND YOU MY SISTER BRIDE OF DIONYSUS  
CHILD WHAT ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM WHY ABUSE YOUR FAMILY  
I AM THE THIRD TO BE DESTROYED

THIS TERRIFIES ME WHERE DOES IT TEND  
WE'VE BEEN WRETCHED FOR A LONG TIME THIS IS NOTHING NEW  
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I WANT TO HEAR  
PHEU  
CAN YOU SAY WHAT I MUST  
I'M NOT A PROPHET TO KNOW CLEARLY WHAT IS DARK  
WHAT IS IT WHEN THEY SAY THAT MEN LOVE  
THAT IS THE SWEETEST THING CHILD AND ALSO FULL OF PAIN  
WE ONLY GET THE SECOND PART  
YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH MY CHILD  
WHOEVER HE IS THE AMAZON'S CHILD  
YOU MEAN HIPPOLYTUS  
YOU SAID HIS NAME NOT ME  
O I M O I WHAT ARE YOU SAYING YOU DESTROY ME  
WOMEN THIS CANNOT BE BORN CANNOT BE A TOLIVE  
HATEFUL DAY HATEFUL LIGHT  
I WILL SET ASIDE NOW HURLOFF THIS BODY  
I WILL RELIEVE MYSELF OF LIFE IN DEATH  
FAREWELL I AM NO LONGER  
PRUDENT PEOPLE LOVE WRONGLY AGAINST THEIR WILL  
BUT ALL THE SAME CYPRIS IS NOT A GODDESS  
BUT IF THERE IS SOMETHING GREATER THAN A GOD  
SHE IS THAT SHE HAS DESTROYED HER METHE HOUSE  
DID YOU HEAR OH DID YOU HEAR OH THE QUEEN CRYING O U  
TUN HEARABLE WRETCHED SUFFERING I WOULD DIE BE  
FORE I REACHED YOUR THOUGHTS MY FRIEND ALAS PHEU  
PHEU YOU ARE WRETCHED IN THESE AGONIES WE ARE CHILD  
REN OF PAIN YOU ARE KILLED YOU BROUGHT YOU'RE EVILS INTO  
THE LIGHT WHAT EXPANSE OF TIME AWAITS YOU NOW SOME

THINGNEWWILLHAPPENHEREITISNOLONGERINDISTINC  
TWHERE THEFATEOFCYPRISWILLLANDOHWRETCHEDCRE  
TANCHILD

WOMENOFTROZENWHOLIVEATTHEOUTERFOYER  
OFPELOPSLANDIHAVEALREADYREFLECTED  
THROUGHTHELONGHOURSOFTHENIGHT  
ONHOWTHELIVESOFMENAREWRECKED  
ITSEEMSTOMETHEYDONOTSUFFER  
BECAUSEOFWHATORHOWTHEYTHINKMOSTTHINKWELL  
LOOKATITLIKETHISTHEYKNOWANDUNDERSTAND  
WHATSGOODBUTTHEYDONTWORKFORIT  
SOMEARELAZYSOMEPLACEPLEASUREAHEADOFGOODNESS  
ANDTHEREAREMANYPLEASURESINLIFELONGTALKSLEISURE  
LEISUREISANEVILDELIGHTTHENTHEREISSHAME  
BUTTHEREARETWO KINDSOF SHAMETHONEISNOTBAD  
BUTTHEOTHERCAN CAUSEAFAMILYMASSIVEPAIN  
IFWEHADACLEARERSENSEOFTIMING  
THESAMELETTERSWOULDNOTOUTLINETWODIFFERENTTH  
INGS  
IMTHINKINGCLEARLYONTHIS  
NODRUGWILLMAKEMECHANGEMYMIND  
IWILLSHOWYOUTHECOURSEOFMYTHOUGHT  
LOVEDAMAGEDMESOIASKEDMYSELF  
HOWICOULD BEARITBESTIBEGAN  
WITHTHEPRINCIPLETHATISHOULDBESILENT  
ANDCONCEALTHE DISEASE THEREISNOTHINGTRUSTWORTHY  
INTHETONGUEITCHASTISESTHETHOUGHTSOFMEN  
INPUBLICBUTGETSTHEWORSTHARMFROMITSOWNOPERATION  
SECONDIRRESOLVEDTOBEARMYMINDLESSNESSWELL

ANDSTRUGGLEFORVICTORYBYBEINGPRUDENT  
THIRDSINCEIFAILEDTOMASTERCYPRISINTHESEWAYS  
ITSEEMEDBESTTODIE  
THISISTHEBESTPLANNONECANARGUEAGAINSTIT  
IDONOTWANTMYGOODDEEDSUNNOTICED  
NORMYSHAMEFULONESWITNESSED  
IKNEWIHADANINFAMOUSDISEASE  
ANDINADDITIONILEARNEDWELLTHATIWASAWOMAN  
ATHINGOFHATETOALLTHATWOMANWHOFIRST  
SHAMEDHERBEDWITHMENOUTSIDETHEHOME  
SHOULDHAVEDIEDTHEWORSTDEATHIMAGINABLE  
ITWASFROMNOBLEFAMILIESTHATTHISEVILAROSE  
AMONGFEMALESFORWHENDISGRACEFULTHINGS  
ARETOLERATEDBYTHEGOODTHEN  
THEYSEEMGOODTOBADPEOPLETOO  
IHATETHOSEWHOAREPRUDENTINWORDS  
BUTINSECRETRISETODAREUNSEEMLYTHINGS  
OHMISTRESSQUEENCYPRISHOW  
CANTHEYEVEERLOOKINTHEEYESOFTHEIRPARTNERS  
HOWDOTHEYNOTFEARTHATTHEIRALLYDARKNESS  
ANDTHEVERYBEAMSOFTHEHOUSEMIGHTFINDAVOICE  
THISISWHATKILLSMEFRIENDS  
IWOULDNEVERBECAUGHTDISGRACINGMYMAN  
ORTHECHILDRENIBOREIWANTTHEMTOFLOURISH  
ANDLIVEINTHECITYOFTHEGLORIOUSATHENIANSFREE  
ANDFREETOSPEAKBECAUSETHEIRMOTHERHADAGOODREPU  
TATION  
ITENSLAVESAMANEVENIFHEHASGUTS  
TOKNOWTHEEVILSOFHISMOTHERORHISFATHER

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THEY SAY BETTER THAN BEING ALIVE  
TO HAVE A GOOD AND JUST MIND TIME REVEALS BAD MEN  
WHEN IT LIKES HOLDING A MIRROR UP TO THEM  
AS THOUGHT TO A YOUNG GIRL I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN WITH THEM  
PHEU PHEU WHAT A FINE THING PRUDENCE IS  
HOW WELL RESPECTED  
MISTRESS JUST NOW YOUR MISFORTUNE GAVE ME A TERRIBLE  
FRIGHT  
BUT IT WAS MOMENTARY NOW I THINK IT'S MINOR  
AND AMORTALS SECOND THOUGHTS  
ARE THE WISER ONES YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED  
SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY OR BEYOND REASON  
THE DRIVES OF THE GODDESSES STRIKE YOU DOWN  
YOU LOVE HOW IS THAT AMAZING YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY  
WILL YOU DESTROY YOUR SOUL BECAUSE OF IT  
IT WILL HARDLY HELP THOSE WHO LOVE OR WILL LOVE IF THEY HA  
VE TO DIE  
IF SHE STREAMS ON US WITH GREAT VOLUME CYPRIS IS HARD TO  
BEAR  
BUT SHE APPROACHES PEACEFULLY IF YOU DON'T RESIST  
ONLY WHEN SHE FINDS AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSON WITH HARRO  
GANT THOUGHTS  
DOES SHE TAKE HIM AND TREAT HIM ROUGH SHE MOVES IN THE SKY  
AND IN THE WAVES OF THE SEA AND EVERYTHING COMES INTO BE  
ING  
BECAUSE OF HER SHE SOWS AND GIVES LOVE WHOSE CHILDREN  
WE ALL ARE  
WHOEVER KNOWS THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS  
OR THE MUSES KNOWS HOW ZEUS LOVED SEMELE AND MARRIED

HER  
ANDHOWTHEBRIGHTFACEDDAWN  
ONCESTOLECEPHALUSINTOTHEDIVINESPHEREBECAUSEO  
FLOVE  
BUTALLTHESAMETHEYLIVEOPENLYINHEAVEN  
ANDDONOTFLEECOMPANIONSHIPTHEYWULDHATEISUPPOSE  
TOBEDEFEATEDBYTHEIRMISFORTUNEWILLYOUNOTGIVEIN  
YOURFATHERSHOULDHAVEPLANTEDYOUONDIFFERENTTERMS  
ORWITHOTHERGODSIFYOUWILLNOTOBEYTHESELAWS  
HOWMANYMENSEETHEIRWIVESINFECTEDBUTPRETENDTHEY  
DONT  
HOWMANYFATHERSCOMMUNEWITHCYPRIS  
INTHECOMPANYOFTHEIRERRINGSONS  
AMONGTHEWISEITISCONSIDEREDAMORTALNECESSITY  
TOCONCEALWHATISNOTFINEWESHOULDN'TLABORTOOHAR  
DATLIFE  
WECANTEVENGETAROOFPERFECTHOWDOYOUTHINKYOUCAN  
ESCAPEYOURFATE  
IFYOUHAVEMOREGOODTHANBADYOUREDOINGWELL  
THATISTHEMEASUREHUMANSUSE  
OHDEARCHILDSTOPYOUREVILTHOUGHTS  
STOPACTINGSOOUTRAGEOUSLYITISNOTHING  
BUTOUTRAGETOWANTTOBEGREATERTHANGOD  
DARELOVEGODWANTSITTURNYOORSICKNESSTOAGOODEND  
THEREAREPELLSANDSOOTHINGWORDSSOMEMEDICINE  
FORYOURAILMENTWILLAPPEARINDEEDTHEMENWOULD  
THINKUSSLOW  
IFFEWOMENDIDNTCOMEUPWITHSOMEDEVICE  
PHAEDRASHEGIVESTHEMOREUSEFULADVICE

FORTHECURRENTCIRCUMSTANCESBUTIPRAISEYOU  
STILLMYPRAISEISHARDERTOSAY  
ANDHARDERTOHEARTHANHERADVICE  
THISKINDOFFASTTALKISJUSTWHATRUINSCITIESANDHOMES  
YOUSHOULDNOTSAYTHINGSEASYONTHEEAR  
YOUSHOULDSAYWHATENHANCESAREPUTATION  
OHENOUGHWITHTHEPRIESTTALKYOUHAVENONEEDOFSHAPE

LYWORDS

YOUNEEDAMANHESHOULDLEARNASSOONASPOSSIBLE  
ANDWESHOULDTELLTHEWHOLETRUTH  
YOUHAPPEPTOBEAPRUDENTWOMENANDIFYOUHADNT  
REACHEDTHISPOINT

IWOULDNEVERLEADYOUONFORTHESAKEOFSEX  
BUTTHISISABIGDEALTHESTRUGGLEISFORYOURLIFE  
WEREDOINGNOTHINGWRONG  
YOUSAYTERRIBLETHINGSSHUTYOURMOUTH  
ANDSETASIDETHESESHAMEFULWORDS  
SHAMEFULBUTBETTERTHANVIRTUEINYOURSITUATION  
THEACTISBETTERIFITWILLSAVEYOUOUTHANTHENAMEYOUDDIE  
PROTECTING

YOUSPEAKSHAMEFULTHINGSWELLSTOPMYSOULISALREADY  
UNDERMINEDBYLOVE

ANDIFYOUKEEPSPEAKINGLIKETHATIWILLBEENSNAREDIN  
WHATIFLEE

IFTHISISHOWYOUREALLYFEELJUSTDONTIN  
OTHERWISELISTENTOMEIHAVEEASECONDOPTION  
IHAVECERTAINPOTIONSINTHEHOUSEWHICHSOOTHEDESIRE  
JUSTNOWITHOUGHTOFTHEMTHEYWILLENDTHISAILMENT  
WITHOUTCAUSINGYOUSHAMEORHARMINGYOURWITS

BUT YOU MUST STAY STRONG WE NEED SOME TOKEN  
FROM THE ONE YOU DESIRE EITHER SOME HAIR  
OR SOMETHING FROM HIS CLOTHING TO JOIN  
ELEMENTS FROM TWO PEOPLE IN A SINGLE ACT OF GRACE  
DO I PUT THIS DRUG IN MY MOUTH OR ON MY SKIN  
I DON'T KNOW YOU SHOULD WANT TO BENEFIT NOT UNDERSTAND  
MY CHILD

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL TURN OUT TOO CLEVER FOR ME  
YOU ARE AFRAID OF EVERYTHING WHAT EXACTLY WORRIES YOU  
THAT YOU WOULD COMMUNICATE ANY OF THIS WITH THESE US  
SON

NONO MY CHILD I WILL ARRANGE IT JUST SO  
ONLY LET MISTRESS CYPRIS WORK WITH ME  
IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME TO TELL THE DETAILS  
OF THE REST TO MY FRIENDS INSIDE  
LOVE LOVE WHO POURS DESIRE OVER HER EYES LEADING SWEET  
BEAUTY INTO THE SOULS YOU BESIEGE NEVER APPEAR TO ME  
WITH HARM OR COME WITHOUT MEASURE THERE IS NO FIRE  
OR POWERFUL BOLT OF HEAVEN LIKE THE ARROW OF APHRODITE  
SENT BY LOVE THE SON OF ZEUS

BY THE WATERS OF ALPHEUS AND IN THE TEMPLES OF APOLLO AT  
DELPHI WE PILE UP SACRIFICIAL DEER IN VAIN BUT LOVE THE  
RANT OVER MEN HOLDING THE KEY TO THE DEAREST BED  
ROOM OF APHRODITE WE DON'T HONOR HIM THOUGH HER  
INSUE ENTERING WITH UTTER DESTRUCTION WHEN HE COMES  
THE FILLY INO CHALIA UNYOKED TO THE BED WITH NO MAN AND  
NO MARRIAGE APHRODITE TOOK HER FROM HER FATHER  
SHOUSE AND YOKED HER LIKE A RUNNING NAIAD OR A BACCHANT  
WITH BLOOD AND SMOKE IN A GORY WEDDING TO THE

SON OF ALCMAEON AT TERRIBLE MARRIAGE  
OH HOLY WALLS OF THE BESOHM MOUTH OF DIRCE YOU COULD SAY  
HOW CYPRIS PROCEEDS SHE GAVE AS BRIDE THE MOTHER OF T  
WICE BORN BACCHUS TO THE BLAZING THUNDER BOLT MAR  
RYING HER TO DEATH SHE IS UNPREDICTABLE LIKE A BEE SHE  
BREATHES TERRIBLE THINGS  
SILENCE WOMEN WE ARE UNDONE  
WHAT TERROR HAS HAPPENED IN YOUR HOUSE  
SH I WANT TO HEAR THE VOICES INSIDE  
I AM SILENT BUT THIS IS AN ILL PRELUDE  
I O M O I A I A I  
MY SUFFERINGS  
WHY THIS SCRY WHAT ARE YOU SHOUTING NAME THE SOUND THAT  
TERRIFIES YOUR HEART  
WE ARE DESTROYED COME TO THE DOOR  
AND LISTEN TO THE UPROAR IN THE HOUSE  
YOU ARE THERE YOU RELAY THE VOICE OF THE HOUSE TELL ME  
TELL ME WHAT EVIL IS EMERGING THERE  
THE SON OF THE HORSE LOVING AMAZON IS SHOUTING  
HIPPLYTUS CALLING MY SERVANT TERRIBLE NAMES  
I HEAR CRIES BUT NOT CLEARLY THE SHOUTS COME TO YOUR TH  
ROUGH THE DOORS OF THE HOUSE  
IT IS CLEAR TO ME HE CALLS HER AN EVIL GOBETWEEN  
HE ACCUSES HER OF BETRAYING HER MASTERS BED  
THESE ARE EVILS YOU ARE BETRAYED WHAT CAN I TELL YOU HID  
DENTHINGS HAVE COME TO LIGHT AND YOU ARE DESTROYE  
D A I A I E H A N D E D O V E R B Y Y O U R F R I E N D S  
SHE KILLS ME BY NAMING MY MISFORTUNE  
THIS IS NO CURE EVEN IF IT COMES FROM A FRIEND

WHATNOWWHATWILLYOUDOAREYOUWITHOUTDEVICES  
IONLYKNOWONEWAYOUTOFTHESEAGONIES  
TODIEASSOONASPOSSIBLE  
MOTHEREARTHWIDEEXPANSEOFTHESUN  
WHATUNSPEAKABLEWORDS  
SILENCECHILDSOMEONEMIGHTHEARYOUSHOUT  
ICANTLISTENSILENTLYTOSUCHTERRORS  
PLEASEBYYOURWHITERIGHTHAND  
KEEPYOURHANDSTOYOURSELFDONTTOUCHMYROBE  
BYOURKNEESDONOTUNDOME  
WHYSPEAKTHISWAYIFASYOUSAYOU SAYNOTHINGILL  
CHILDTHISISNOTASTORYTOBESHARED  
GOODTHINGSAREENHANCEDBYPUBLICITY  
CHILDDONTBREAKYOUROATH  
NONONOMYTONGUESWORENOTMYHEART  
CHILDWHATWILLYOUDOWILLYOUUNDO THOSECLOSESTTOYOU  
NOONEUNJUSTISCLOSETOME  
FORGIVEMEHUMANSMAKEMISTAKESCHILD  
ZEUSWHYDIDYOUSETTLEWOMENINTHESUNSLIGHT  
THEYARECOUNTERFEITEVILIFYOUWANTEDTHERACETORE  
PRODUCE  
ITDIDNTHAVETOBETHROUGHWOMEN  
WECOULDHAVEPLACEDBRONZEORIRON  
ORAWEIGHTOFGOLDINTOYOURTEMPLEANDBOUGHTCHIL  
DREN  
ASTHESEEDOFFOUROFFERINGSEACHACCORDINGTOHISWORTH  
ANDTHENWECOULDHAVELIVEDINOURHOUSESFREEOFTHEFE  
MALE  
ASITISWHENWEAREABOUTTOTAKESUCHANEVILHOME

WEPAYFORITWITHTHEHAPPINESSOFHISHOUSE  
THISMAKESCLEARHOWGREATANEVILAWOMANIS  
EVENTHEONEWHOSEWEDANDRAISEDAWOMAN  
IMEANHERFATHERSUPPLEMENTSHERWITHADOWRY  
ANDISRELIEVEDTOSENDHERAWAY  
THEONETAKINGTHISRUINOUSSHOT  
ADDSORNAMENTTOTHESTATUEANDDELIGHTS  
ADDSBEAUTYTOTHEWORSTTHINGHEOWNSANDDELIGHTS  
ELABORATESHERWITHCLOTHINGANDDESTROYSTHEHAPPI  
NESSOFHISHOUSE  
HEMUSTANDTHERESULTEITHERHEMAKESAGOODALLIANCE  
ANDPRESERVESABITTERBRIDALBEDBECAUSEHELIKESHISIN  
LAWS  
ORHEGETSASWEETBEDANDAUUSELESSFATHERINLAW  
ANDSUPPRESSESHISMISFORTUNEWITHHAPPINESS  
HEHASIT EASYIFSHESNOTHINGEVENIFTHEWOMAN  
SITSAROUNDTHEHOUSEDOINGNOTHINGLIKEANIDIOT  
IHATESMARTWOMENILLNEVERLETONE  
INMYHOUSEWHOTHINKSMORE  
THANAWOMANSHOULDCYPRISINBREEDSDEVIUSEVILS  
INWISEWOMENAWOMANWITHNOBRAINSATLEASTSTAYSOU  
TOFTROUBLE  
NOWIFESHOULDHAVEASERVANTEITHERTHEYSHOULDLIVE  
WITHTHESILENTCHEWINGOFBEASTS  
PROHIBITEDFROMCONVERSATION  
ASITISWOMENPLANWICKEDTHINGSINSIDETHEHOUSE  
ANDTHEIRSERVANTS CARRYTHEIRINTENTIONSOUT  
YOULOOKINGFORANALLY  
AGAINSTTHEINVOLATEBEDOFMYFATHER

IAMGOINGTOWASHAWAYINRUNNINGWATER  
WHATMYEARSHAVEHEARDHOWCOULDIBESOEVIL  
THATICOULDPRETENDTOBEHOLYEVENHEARINGSUCHATHING  
UNDERSTANDTHATONLYMPIETYSAVESYOU  
IFIHADNOTCONSTRAINEDMYSELFUNAWARESBYHOLYOATHS  
IWOULDNOTHAVEKEPTTHISFROMMYFATHER  
IWILLEAVETHEHOUSEFORSOLONGASTHESEUSISAWAY  
ANDIWILLKEEPMYMOUTHSHUT  
BUTWHENMYFATHERRETURNSIWILLCOMETOWATCH  
HOWYOUANDYOURMISTRESSLOOKATHIM  
IWILLKNOWYOURDARINGIVEHADASTEALREADY  
TOHELLWITHBOTHOFYOUIWILLNEVERHAVEENOUGHOFHAT  
INGWOMEN  
NOTEVENIFSOMEONESAYSTHATSALLITALKABOUT  
ITSALLITALKABOUTBECAUSETHEYAREALWAYSEVIL  
EITHERTEACHTHEMTOHAVESOMEPRUDENCE  
ORLETMEALWAYSWALKALLOVERTHEM  
OHWRETCHEDUNHAPPYFATEOFWOMENONCEWEHAVEFALL  
ENWHATTECHNIQUEORARGUMENTDOWEHAVETOUNDO  
THEKNOTOFWORDSWEHAVEBEENPUNISHEDOHEARTHAN  
DLIGHTWHEREWILLIESCAPETHISFATEHOWWILLIHID  
EMYPAINWHATDIVINEASSISTANCEORHUMANCOMPANION  
ORALLYINMYUNJUSTACTSWILLAPPEARMYSUFFERINGPUT  
SANUNAVOIDABLELIMITONLIFEIAMTHEMOSTUNFORTUNA  
TEOFWOMEN  
PHEUPHEU  
ITSALLOVERTHETECHNIQUEOFOURSERVANT  
WILLNOTSTRAIGHTENITOUTTHISISBAD  
MOSTEVILDESTROYEROFFRIENDSYOUVEDONEMEIN

LET ZEUS MY PROGENITOR UPROOT YOU  
AND RUBY YOU OUT WITH HIS FIRE DIDN'T ISAY  
DIDN'T I FOR TELL YOUR INTENT WHEN I BEGGED YOU  
TO STAY SILENT ON THE THINGS NOW RUINING MY NAME  
YOU COULDN'T RESTRAIN YOURSELF AND I WILL DIE STRIPPED OF  
MY REPUTATION  
I NEED TO THINK THROUGH THINGS AGAIN  
HE IS TOUCHED BY FURY IN HIS HEART  
AND WILL TELL HIS FATHER OF OUR SINS AND HE WILL TELL THE  
OLD MAN  
PIT THE US OF MY MISFORTUNE AND HE WILL FILL THE WHOLE  
EARTH  
WITH THE MOST SHAMEFUL WORDS DIE  
YOU AND WHOEVER IS EAGER TO DO WRONG GOOD FOR UNWILLING  
FRIENDS  
FIND FAULT WITH MY BAD LUCK THE BITE OVERPOWERS  
OUR INSIGHT  
BUT I HAVE THINGS TO SAY IN REPLY IF YOU CAN LISTEN  
I RAISED YOU AND I ONLY THINK ABOUT YOUR GOOD  
I SOUGHT MEDICINE FOR YOUR DISEASE AND I DID NOT FIND  
WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR IF I HAD SUCCEEDED  
YOU WOULD HAVE CALLED ME WISE  
OUR BRAINS ARE BASED ON OUR FORTUNES  
HOW IS THIS JUST AND SATISFYING THAT YOU SHOULD WOUND ME  
THEN START A PHILOSOPHICAL DEBATE  
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THIS TOO MUCH I WAS NOT WISE  
BUT SALVATION CAN COME EVEN OUT OF THIS CHILD  
STOP TALKING YOU DID NOT ADVISE ME WELL BEFORE  
AND THEN YOU ACTED BADLY GET OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET

ANDSAVEYOURSELFILLARRANGEMYOWNAFFAIRSNOW  
BUTYOUWELLBORNCHILDRENOFTROZENGRANTMETHIS  
COVERINSILENCEWHATYOUHEARHERE  
ISWEARBYAUGUSTARTEMISDAUGHTEROFZEUS  
THATIWILLNEVERSHOWYOUREVILSTOTHELIGHT  
YOUSPEAKWELLIHAVEANINVENTION  
WHICHWILLPROVIDEMYCHILDRENWITHAREPUTABLELIFE  
ANDHELPMYSELFIWILLNOTSHAMEMYCRETANHOME  
IWILLNOTGOTOFACETHESEUSWITHSHAMEFULDEEDSBE  
TWEENUS  
FORTHEAKEOFONESOULALONE  
YOUINTENDSOMEVILTHATYOU CANTTAKEBACK  
IINTENDDEATHIAMWORKINGOUTHOW  
DONT SAYTHESE THINGS  
YOUTOOADVISEMEWELLIWILLDELIGHTMYDESTROYERCYPRIS  
BYBEINGRELIEVEDOFLIFETODAY  
ABITTERLOVEDEFEATSMEBUTIWILLBETROUBLEFORANOTHER  
ASIDIEHEWILLLEARNNOTTOBESELFRIGHTEOUS  
INTHEFACEOFMYILLSHEWILLSHARETHISDISEASEWITHME  
ANDHEWILLLEARNTOBEPRUDENT  
TAKEMETOSOMEHIGHRETREATANDMAKEMEAWINGEDBIRD  
LIFTMEUPOVERTHEOCEANWAVEOFTHEADRIATICSHORE  
SANDTHEWATERSOFERIDANUSWHEREINTOTHEAZURE  
DEEPTHEWRETCHEDSISTERSOPPHAETHONDISTILLAMBER  
RAYSOFTEAR  
I WANT TO REACH THE APPLE BEARING SHORES OF THE WESTERN  
INGERS WHERE THE ADMIRAL OF THE AZURE WATERS NO LONGER  
GIVES A PATH TO SAILORS BUT DECLARES THAT THE AU  
GUST LIMIT OF HEAVENS SUSTAINED BY ATLAS WHERE THE AM

BROSIALSPRINGSFLOWBYTHEBEDOFZEUSWHEREVERDANT  
GENEROUSEARTHAUGMENTSTHEHAPPINESSOFTHEGODS  
OHWHITEWINGEDCRETANSHIPTHATBROUGHTMYQUEENO  
VERTHEBOOMINGOCEANWAVEANILLMARRIEDBENEFIT  
FROMHERHAPPYHOMEANILLOMENFOLLOWEDHERALL  
THEWAYWHENSHESETOUTFROMCRETEWHENSHEARRIVE  
DATATHENSANDWHENTHEYATTACHEDTHEWOVENEND  
SOFHEROPETOTHEDOCKONTHESHORESOFMOUNICHION  
TODISEMBARK

BECAUSEOFTHATHERWITSAREBROKENBYAPHRODITESPLA  
GUEUNHOLYDESIRESSANDSOAKEDBYWAVESOFMISFOR  
TUNESHEWILLFASTENTOHERWHITENECKANOOSEHUN  
GFROMTHEBEAMSOFHERBRIDALCHAMBERSHAMEDBYTHE  
HATEFULCONFLUENCEOFPOWERSCHOOSINGAGOODREPU  
TATIONABOVEALLALLEVIATINGHERTHOUGHTOFFPAINFUL  
DESIRE

IOUIOU  
RUNSHOUTINGTOTHEGATESOFTHEHOUSE  
OURMISTRESSTHEWIFEOFTHESEUSISSTRANGLER  
PHEUPHEUITISDONETHEWOMANISNOLONGER  
QUEENCAUGHTINTHEHANGINGNOOSE  
WHYDOYOUNOTHURRYWILLNOONEBRINGATWOEDGED  
BLADETOCUTTHEKNOTAROUNDHERNECK  
WHATSHOULDWEDOSHOULDWECROSSTHEBOUNDARYINTO  
THEHOUSE

ANDRELEASETHEQUEENFROMTHETIGHTENEDNOOSE  
WHYARENTTHEREYOUNGSAVANTSINSIDE  
INTERFERINGALLTHETIMEISNOTASAFEWAYTOLIVE  
LAYOUTANDARRANGETHEWRETCHEDCORPSE

THISISBITTERHOUSEKEEPINGFORMYMASTER  
THEWOMANISDEAD  
THEYARELAYINGOUTTHECORPSE  
WHATISALLTHISSHOUTING  
AHEAVYECHOFSERVANTS COMESFROMTHEHOUSE  
STRANGENOONETHOUGHTITRIGHTTOOPEN THEGATES  
ANDSPEAKTOMEJOYFULLYASARECENTVISITORTOTHEORACLES  
HASSOMETHINGNEWHAPPENEDTOOLDPITTHEUS  
HISAGEISVERYADVANCED  
ITWILLBEPAINFULTOUSWHENHELEAVESTHEHOUSE  
FATEREACHESITSHANDSNOTAGAINSTTHEOLD  
THESEUSYOUNGDEATHSWILLGRIEVEYOU  
OIMOIAMISTRIPPEDOFHELIFE OFACHILD  
THECHILDREN LIVEITISMOREPAINFULTHAN THATTHEIR MOTH  
ERISDEAD  
WHATAREYOUSAYINGMYBRIDEISDEADFROMWHAT  
FROMTHEHANGINGNOOSE  
FROZENBYGRIEFFROMWHATDISASTER  
WEONLYKNOWTHATMUCHWEJUSTNOWCAME  
THESEUSTOLAMENTYOUREVILS  
AIAIWHYDOIGARLANDMYHEAD  
WITHWOVENBRANCHESIAMANILLFORTUNEDPILGRIM  
LIFTTHELOCKSOFTHEGATES  
FOLDBACKTHEHINGESSOICANSEETHEBITTERSIGHT  
OF THEWOMANWHODESTROYSMEBYDYING  
IOIOEVILCASEYOUSUFFEREDYOUHAVEACTEDTOCON  
FOUNDTHEWHOLEHOUSEAIAIDARINGDYINGBYFORCEAN  
DANUNHOLYMISFORTUNETHEACTOFYOUROWNHANDWHO  
DARKENEDYOURLIFE

OHTHESEPAINSIHAVESUFFEREDTHEGREATESTOFMYWOESFATE  
HOWHEAVILYYOUPALLONMEANDMYHOUSEANUNKNOWN  
STAINFROMSOMEAVENGINGSPIRIT  
ANUNLIVABLEDESTRUCTIONISEESUCHASEAOFEVILS  
THATITWILLNEVERMAKEITBACKNEVERMAKEITOVERTHEWA  
VEOF CALAMITY  
WHATWORDWILLIUSEFORYOURDEEPDOOM  
VANISHEDLIKESOMEBIRDFROMMYHANDYOULEAPTAND  
SURGEDTOHADES  
AIAITHESEARETERRIBLEAGONIESIAMOVERWHELMEDWITH  
THISDIVINEDISASTERFROMSOMEWHEREBECAUSEOFTHE  
INSOFSOMEANCESTOR  
NOTTOYOUALONELORDHAVETHESESORROWSCOME  
YOUHAVELOSTANOBLEWIFEWITHMANYOTHERS  
IWANTTHEUNDERWORLDIWANTTHEDARKNESSBENEATHTHIS  
WORLDIWANTTOLIVewithTHEDARKNESSINDEATH  
DEPRIVEDOFYOURDEARESTCONGRESSYOU DIDNTDIEY  
OUKILLED  
WHOWILLTELLMEWHATDEADLYFORTUNE OVERCAMEYOUR  
HEART  
WILLSOMEONETELLMEWHATHAPPENEDORHASTHIS  
CROWDOFSERVANTSGATHEREDPOINTLESSLYINFRONTOF  
MYROYALHOUSE  
WHATAGRIEFIHAVESEEN  
AGRIEFTHATCANNOTBEENDUREDORUTTEREDIAMKILLEDTHE  
HOUSEISDESERTEDTHECHILDRENAREORPHANED  
AIAIYOUHAVELEFTUSBESTOFWOMENONWHOMTHELIGHT  
OFTHE SUNLOOKSANDTHESTARLITRADIANCEOFTHENIGHT  
WHATEVILSTHEHOUSEHASMYEYELIDSARETOUCHEDWITH

FLOWINGTEARSFORYOURFATEBUTIHAVELONGSINCESHUD  
DEREDATTHEPAINTHATFOLLOWS  
WAIT  
WHATISTHISTABLETGRASPEDINHERBELOVEDHAND  
DOESITSIGNIFYSOMETHINGNEW  
HASTHEWOMANWRITTENALETTER  
WITHREQUESTSABOUTOURBEDANDCHILDREN  
TAKEHEARTTHEREISNOWOMAN  
WHOWILLMOVEINTOTHEBEDANDHOMEOFTHESEUS  
OHTHEOUTLINEOFTHEDEADWOMANS  
GOLDENSEALSTROKESMYEYES  
BREAKTHESEALEDENCLOSURE  
LETSSEEWHATTHETABLETWANTSTOSAYTOME  
PHEUPHEUGODBRINGSANEWUNEXPECTEDDEVIL  
INONUS  
ISAYTHEHOUSEOFMYMASTERPHEUPHEU  
ISDESTROYEDANDISNOMORE  
OHSPIRITIFYOUCANDONOTBRINGDOWNTHEHOUSE  
LISTENTOMEIBEGLIKEAPROPHETISEEANILL  
OMENCOMINGOVERUSFROMSOMEQUARTER  
OIMOITHISISANEWEVILONTOPOFTHEOLDONE  
UNENDURABLEANDINCOMMUNICABLE  
WHATISITSAYIFITCANBESAIDTOME  
THISLETTERS HOUTSTERRIBLETHINGSWHEREWILLIESCAPETH  
EWEIGHTOFEVILIAMDEADDESTROYEDSUCHAMELODY  
ISAWSPEAKINGONTHE TABLETS  
AIAIYOU MAKEAPPEARAWORDWHICHLEADSINWOE  
IWILLCONTAINTHISIN ESCAPABLERUINOUSEVILBEHINDTHE  
GATESOFMYMOUTHNOMORECITY

HIPPOLYTUS DARED TO TOUCH MY BED  
INFORCED I SHONORING THE AUGUSTEYE OF ZEUS  
BUT FATHER POSEIDON OF THE THREE  
CURSES YOU ONCE GAVE ME I WILL WORK ONE  
AGAINST MY SON AND HE WILL NOT ESCAPE  
THIS DAY IF IN DEED YOU HAVE GIVEN ME RELIABLE CURSES  
LORD TAKE THAT BACK BY THE GOD  
FOR YOU WILL DISCOVER THAT YOU HAVE MISSED THE MARK  
NOT POSSIBLE I WILL DRIVE HIM FROM THIS ISLAND  
HE WILL BE BLASTED BY ONE OF TWO FATES  
EITHER POSEIDON WILL HONOR MY CURSES  
AND SEND HIM DEAD TO THE HOUSE OF HADES  
OR FALLING FROM THIS ISLAND AND WANDERING  
OVER FOREIGN EARTH HE WILL BE THE BILGE OF MISERY  
BUT THERE IS YOUR SON HIMSELF ARRIVED AT THE RIGHT TIME  
HIPPOLYTUS RELEASE YOU RE VIL ANGER LORD  
THESE US HAVE COUNCILS MORE AGREEABLE TO YOUR HOUSE  
I HEARD YOUR SHOUTING FATHER AND CAME  
QUICKLY AS TO WHY YOU ARE GROANING SO LOUDLY  
I HAVE NO IDEA AND WANT TO LEARN FROM YOU  
WAIT WHAT IS THIS I SEE YOUR WIFE FATHER  
DEAD THIS IS WORTH THE GREATEST WONDER  
JUST NOW I LEFT HER AND NOT LONG AGO  
SHE WAS LOOKING ON THE LIGHT  
WHAT HAS SHE SUFFERED IN WHAT MANNER DID SHE DIE  
FATHER I WANT TO KNOW THIS FROM YOU  
YOU ARE SILENT NO USE FOR SILENCE AMONG EVILS  
A HEART THAT LONG STOLEARN ALL  
IS CONVICTED OF GLUTTONY EVEN AMONG EVILS

ITISNOTRIGHTTOHIDEYOURMISFORTUNESFATHER  
FROMFRIENDSBUTIAMMOREETHANAFRIEND  
HUMANITYSOWRONGSOVAIN  
WHYDOYOU TEACHYOURMYRIADARTS  
ANDDEVEISEANDINVENTSOMANYTHINGS  
WHENYOU DONTKNOWANDWILLNEVERLEARN  
TOTEAACHPRUDENCETOAWITLESSMAN  
YOUSPEAKOFATERRIBLESOPHISTWHOCANCOMPEL  
THESENSELESSTOSHOWIT  
BUTDONT SPEAKSOSUBTLYFATHERTHISISACRISIS  
IFEARYOURTONGUEWANDERS  
PHEUTHERESHOULD BESOME CLEARSIGN  
OFFRIENDSORSOMEWAYTODIAGNOSEAMIND  
ANDKNOWWHOISTRUEANDWHOISNOTAFRIEND  
ANDEVERYMANSHOULDHAVETWOVOICES  
ONEJUSTANDTHEOTHERASHENEEDSIT  
THISWAYUNJUSTTHOUGHTSWOULD BE  
CONVICTEDBYTHEJUSTANDWEWOULDNEVERBEDECEIVED  
HASAFRIENDBEENSLANDERINGMETOYOUREARS  
IVEBEENFRAMEDFORSOMETHING  
IMSHOCKEDYOURWORDSSHOCKME  
DEVIANTANDUNSEATEDOFSENSE  
PHEUHOWFARWILLAMORTALMINDPROGRESS  
WHATLIMITISTHEREOFAUDACITY  
IFITGROWSLIKEACANCERTHROUGHOUTAMANSLIFE  
ANDTHELATERMANEXCEEDSTHEEARLIER  
INOUTRAGETHEGODSWILLHAVEETOADD  
ANOTHEREARTHTOHOLD  
THEUNJUSTANDTHENATURALLYBAD

LOOKATHIMMYSON  
WHOHASSHAMEDMYBEDANDBEENEXPOSED  
BYTHEDEADASPATENTLYTHEMOSTEVILPERSONHERE  
SINCEIAMALREADYSTEEPEDINTHISSTAINSHOW  
YOURFACEDIRECTLYTOYOURFATHER  
DOYOUHAVECONGRESSWITHGODS  
LIKEANINTELLIGENTMANAREYOUPRUDENTANDUNTAINED

BYILL

IWONTBEPERSUADEDBYYOURBOASTS  
TOIGNORANTLYATTRIBUTEIGNORANCETO THEGODS  
OHGOAHEADDEALINFOOD  
ANDVEGETARIANISMANDHAVEORPHEUSASYOURMASTER  
ANDENJOYYOURSACREDTRANSPORTS  
ANDHONORTHE SMOKEOFMANYBOOKS  
YOUARECAUGHTIWARNALL  
TOAVOIDMENLIKEHIMTHEYHUNT  
WITHAUGUSTWORDSANDDEVISESHAMEFULACTS  
SHEISDEADYOUTHINKTHISWILLSAVEYOU  
YOUAREINDICTEDEVENMOREBYTHISYOUYOU  
WHATOATHSORWORDSCOULD OVERCOME  
HERWITNESSANDLETYOUFLEEYOURGUILT  
WILLYOUSAYYOUHATEDHERTHATBASTARDS  
ARENATURAL ENEMIESOFLEGITIMATECHILDREN  
YOUCALLHERABADSELLEROFHEROWNLIFE  
IFSHEDESTROYEDWHATWASDEARESTTOHEROUTOFHATEFO

RYOU

ORMAYBETHATIDIOCYISNOTPRESENTINMEN  
BUTNATURALINWOMENYOUNGMEN  
ARENOLESSPRONETOFAILURETHANWOMEN

WHENCYPRISSHAKESTHEIRYOUNGHEARTS  
OHFINEWHYDOIVIEWWITHYOURWORDS  
WHENTHEREISTHECLEARESTWITNESSOFACORPSE  
LEAVETHISLANDASFASTASYOUCAN  
NEVERAPPROACHGODBUILTATHENS  
EVENTSBORDERS  
IFIYIELDSUFFERINGTHESETHINGSFROMYOU  
SINISOFTHEISTHMUSWILLNOLONGERADMIT  
IKILLEDHIMBUTWILLCLAIMMYBOASTSAREFALSE  
NORWILLTHESCIRONIANROCKSTHATSKIRT'THESEA  
SAYTHATIAMHARSHONCRIMINALS  
IDONTKNOWHOWTOSAYTHATANYMORTAL  
HASAGOODFATETHINGSAREUPSIDEDOWN  
FATHERTHEFORCEANDTENSIONOFOURMIND  
ARETERRIBLEBUTTHEMATTERTHOUGHITHASFINEWORDS  
ISNOTFINEWHENYOUUNFOLDANDINSPECTIT  
IAMNOTAPRETTYSPEAKERINFRONTOFACROWD  
IMCLEVERWITHMYOWNAGEANDINSMALLGROUPS  
BUTTHATISRIGHTANDGOODMENTHEWISETHINK  
TRIFLINGSEEMINSPIREDWHENTHEYSPEAKBEFOREACROWD  
BUTSINCETHISMISFORTUNETOUCHESME  
IMUSTRELEASEMYVOICEIWILLBEGIN  
WHEREYOUBEGANTHINKINGYOUCOULDDESTROYME  
WITHOUTRESPONSEBEHOLDTHISLIGHT  
ANDTHEEARTHHEREISNOMANHERE  
MOREPRUDENTTHANIEVENIFYOUDENYIT  
IKNOWTOHONORTHEGODSFIRST  
ANDTOHAVEFRIENDSWHODONOTATTEMPTINJUSTICE  
BUTWOULDBEASHAMEDTOSPEAKILL

ORRENDEERSHAMEFULSERVICE  
IDONOTJOKEABOUTMYFRIENDSFATHER  
IAMTHESAMENEARTHEMANDFAR  
IAMUNTOUCHEDBYTHEONETHINGYOU THINKYOU CAUGHTM  
    EDOING  
TOTHISDAYMYBODYISPUREOFSEX  
IDONTKNOWABOUTTHATSTUFFEXCEPTWHATI HEARD  
ORSEENINPICTURESANDIDONTWANT  
TOLOOKATTHOSEI HAVEAVIRGINSOUL  
MYPRUDENCEDOESNTCONVINCEYOUFINE  
SHOWHOWIWASCORRUPTED  
WASHERBODYTHEMOSTBEAUTIFUL  
OFALLWOMENSBODIESDIDIHOPE  
TOLIVEINYOURHOUSE THANKSTOTHEMARRIAGE  
IWOULDHAVEBEENASENSELESSFOOL  
HOWISITSWEETFORAPRUDENTMANTOBEKING  
MONARCHYPLEASESTHOSEWHOSEMINDSARERUINED  
IWANTTOBEFIRSTINSPOITS  
INTHECITYIWANTTOBESECOND  
ALLTHEWHILEENJOYINGTHEBESTASFRIENDS  
ICANDOWHATI WANTBUTWITHOUTFEAR  
ANDTHATGIVESMORETHANROYALPLEASURE  
ONEMORETHING  
IFIHADACHARACTERWITNESS  
ANDTHISISPAINITIFFWERESTILLALIVE  
YOUWOULDHAVEHADTOINVESTIGATE  
THENYOUWOULDHAVE DISCOVEREDTHEREALCRIMINALS  
ASITISILLSWEARBYZEUSANDTHEBROADEARTH  
THATINEVERTOUCHEDYOURMARRIAGE

NEVERWANTEDTOOREVENTHOUGHTABOUTIT  
MAYIDIEINSILENTOBSCURITY  
WITHNOCITYANDNOHOMEAFUGITIVEWANDERINGTHEEARTH  
ANDMAYNEITHERTHESEANORTHEEARTHRECEIVEMY  
DYINGFLESHIFIAMVILE  
WHATFEARDROVEHERTODESTROYHERLIFE  
IDONOTKNOWIMAYSAYNOMORE  
SHEWASPRUDENTTHOUGHSHECOULDNOTBE  
BUTIWHOCANBEDIDNOTUSEITWELL  
ANAPPROPRIATEPROTECTIONAGAINSTTHECHARGEYOUUT  
TERED  
INSWEARINGBYTHEGODSHARDLYUNTRUSTWORTHY  
ISHESOMEKINDOFSORCERERORMAGICIAN  
WHOTHINKSHECANGOVERNMYSOUL  
BYHOLDINGHISTEMPERTHOUGHHE DISHONORSTHEONEWHO  
BOREHIM  
IAMAMAZEDATYOUINALLTHISFATHER  
IFYOUWERETHECHILDANDIWEREYOURFATHER  
IWOULDHAVEKILLEDYOUIFYOUHADTHOUGHT  
TOTOUCHMYWOMANNOTJUSTIMPOSEDEXILE  
HOWWELLYOUSPEAKYOUWILLNOTDIE  
ASYOUESTABLISHTHELAWFORYOURSELF  
AQUICKDEATHISEASYFORANUNHAPPYMAN  
INSTEADYOUWILLWANDERFARFROMYOURFATHERSLAND  
ANDDRAGOUTAMISERABLELIFEONFOREIGNEARTH  
THATISTHEREWARDFORIMPIETY  
OIMOIHATAREYOU DOINGWILLYOUNOTACCEPT  
TIMESWITNESSONMYBEHALFBUTDRIVEMEFROMTHISEARTH  
BEYONDTHEOCEANANDTHELIMITSOFATLAS

IFICOULDSOMUCHIHATEYOU  
WITHOUTTESTINGMYOATHORPLEDGEORTHEVOICE  
OPPROPHETSYOUWOULDDRIVEMEOUT  
THISTABLETCONTAINSNOPROPHECIES  
BUTITACCUSESYOUFAITHFULLYLEAVEALONETHEBIRDS  
WANDERINGOVEROURHEADS  
OHGODSWHYDOINOTOPENMYMOUTH  
IAMDESTROYEDBYYOU THOUGHIREVEREYOU  
IWILLNOTIWOULDNOTPERSUADEHIM  
IWOULDBREAKMYOATHINVAIN  
MYGODYOURSOLEMNITYISKILLINGME  
GETOUTGETOUTGETOUT  
WHERE SHOULDITURNWHO  
WILLACCEPTMENOWIMCHARGEDWITHTHIS  
SOMEONEWHOLIKESTHECOMPANYOFCORRUPTORS  
OFWOMENSOMEONEWHOLIKESTOLIVIEWITHEVIL  
THEBLOWBRINGSTEARSTHATISEEMSOEVILTOYOU  
YOUSHOULDHAVETHOUGHTABOUTTHATANDGROANED  
BEFOREYODAREDTOOUTRAGEYOUREFATHERSWIFE  
OHHOUSEIFONLYYOUWOULDSPEAKFORME  
ANDBEARWITNESSASTOWHETHERIAMVILE  
GOODWITNESSESWHOCANNOTTALK  
THESILENTACTDECLARESYOURGUILT  
PHEU  
IFICOULDSTANDANDLOOKATMYSELF  
TOWEEPOVERTHEEVILSIENDURE  
YESYOUARETRAINEDATHONORINGYOURSELF  
MORETHANYOURPARENTSMORETHANDOINGHOLYTHINGS  
MORETHANBEINGJUST

OHUNHAPPYMOTHEROHBITTERBIRTH  
LETNONEOFMYFRIENDSBEBASTARDS  
DRAGHIMAWAY  
IEXILEDHIMLONGAGO  
ANYOFTHEMTHATTOUCHESMEWILLCRYOUT  
EXPELMEYOURSELFIFYOUHAVETHEGUTS  
IWILLIFYOUDONTGO  
IFEELNOTHINGFORYOU  
THENETCLOSESITSEEMS  
IKNOWTHETRUTHBUTIDONTKNOWHOWTOTELLIT  
OHDAUGHTEROFLETODEARESTTOME OF ALL THE GODS  
PARTNERFELLOWHUNTERWEFLEE  
FARFROMGLORIOUSATHENSFAREWELL CITY  
ANDLANDOFERECHTHEUSOHPLAINOFTROZEN  
SOMANYBLESSINGSYOUHAVEFORAYOUNGMAN  
FAREWELLIADDRESSYOUFORTHELASTTIME  
GOYOUNGMENOFTHISLAND  
ADDRESSMEANDSENDMEFROMTHISEARTH  
YOUWILLNEVERSEEAPURERMAN  
EVENIFITDOESNTSEEMTHATWAYTOHIM  
CAREFORTHEGODSWHENITCOMESTOMYMINDISBLOWNAWAY  
BY PAIN AND UNDERSTANDING WHAT HOPE IS LEFT TO SEETH  
INGS HIDDEN IN THE FATES AND ACTS OF MEN NOW THIS  
NOW THAT LIFE IS A WANDERER LIFE ALWAYS ALTERS  
FATE GIVE ME THIS ALLOTMENT FROM THE GODS GOODLUCKA  
NDA HEART UNTAINTED BY PAIN OPINIONS NEITHER STRICT  
NOR STRANGE AN EASY STYLE CHANGING WITH THE TIMES  
FROM BIRTH TO DEATH  
I NO LONGER HAVE PURE THOUGHTS I SEE THINGS I NEVER EX

PECTEDTHECLEARESTSTAROFHELLENICATHENSSENTTOA  
NOTHERLANDBYAFATHERSRAGEOHSANDSOFMYNATIVE  
SHOREOHOAKSOFTHEMOUNTAINWHEREWITHFASTFOOT  
EDHOUNDSHEHUNTEDBEASTSINTHETRAINOFAUGUSTDIC  
TYNNE

HEWILLNOLONGERMOUNTTHISCHARIOTCOMMANDINGTHE  
COURSEAROUNDTHELAKEWITHTHEFEETOFACINGSTEED  
STHEUNSLIPPINGMUSEBENEATHTHEBRIDGEOFSTRING  
SWILLCEASEINHISFATHERSHOSETHERESTINGPLACESOFT  
HEDAUGHTEROFLETOINTHEDEEPLADESWILLGOUNGAR  
LANDEDTHECONTESTOFMAIDENSTOBEYOURBRIDEISDE  
STROYEDBYYOURFLIGHT

WITHEARSATYOURMISFORTUNEIWILLCARRYABROADY  
OURFATETHATSHOULDNOTBEOHWRETCHEDMOTH  
ERYOUBOREFRUITLESSLYPHEUIRAGEATTHEGODSIO  
IOYOKEDGRACESWHYDOYOUSENDHIMFROMHISFATHER  
SLANDFROMHISHOMEHEDIDNOTHINGWRONG

ISEEACOMPANIONOFHIPPOLYTUSTHERE  
COMINGQUICKLYWITHASULLENFACETOTHEHOUSE  
WHEREWILLIFINDTHESEUSTHELORDOFTHIS  
COUNTRYLADIESTELLMEIFYOUKNOW

ISHEINSIDE

HESCOMINGOUT

THESEUSIBRINGASTORYWORTHWORRYINGABOUT  
FORYOUANDFORTHECITIZENSWHOLIVE

INATHENSANDTROZEN

WHATISITHASSOMENEWDISASTER

HAULEDDOWNTHESETWONEIGHBORINGCITIES

HIPPOLYTUSISNOMORETOSAYITSTRAIGHT

BUTHEBEHOLDSTHELIGHTBYTHESMALLESTINCLINEOFTHE  
CALE  
ATWHOSEHANDDIDSOMEONEATTACKHIMINARAGE  
SOMEONEWHOSEWIFEHEFORCEDASHEDIDHISFATHERS  
THEFRAMEOFHISOWNCHARIOTDESTROYEDHIM  
ANDTHECURSEFROMYOURMOUTHWHICHYOUTBEGGED  
OFYOURFATHERLORDOF THESEAONTHEMATTEROFYOURSON  
OHGODSANDPOSEIDONYOU TRULYARE  
MYFATHERSINCEYOUHEARMYPRAYERS  
HOWDIDHEDIESAYHOWTHEMALLETT  
OFJUSTICESTRUCKHIMHEWHODISHONOREDME  
WEWERENEARTHEWAVEBEATENSHORE  
COMBINGTHEMANESOF FOURHORSES  
ANDLAMENTINGOVERTHEMESSAGE  
THATHIPPOLYTUSCOULDNOLONGERTURNHISFEET  
ABOUTTHISLANDSINCEHEWASEXILED BYYOU  
THENHECAME TOUSONTHE SHOREWITHTHESAME  
MELODYOF TEARSANDAMYRIADTHRONG  
OFFRIENDSOFTHE SAMEAGEFOLLOWEDBEHIND  
AFTERAWHILEHESTOPPEDGROANINGANDSAID  
WHYAMISOPERPLEXEDBYTHISIMUSTOBEY  
EQUIPTHEYOKEHORSES FORTHECHARIOT  
SERVANTSTHISISNOLONGERMYPITY  
THENEVERYMANWASURGEDON  
ANDFASTERTHANYOUCOULD SAYITWESET  
THEEQUIPPEDHORSES BYOURMASTER  
ANDHEGRASPED THEREINSINHIS HANDS  
ANDFASTENEDHISFEET TOTHEFOOTSTALLS  
ANDFIRSTHESPOKE TOTHEGODS

ZEUSMAYINOLONGERBEIFIAMVILE  
ANDMAYMYFATHERKNOWTHATHEDISHONORSME  
WHETHERIDIEORLOOKONTHELIGHT  
WITHTHISHETOOKTHEWHIPANDBROUGHTITDOWN  
ONTHEHORSESALLATONCEANDWESERVANTS  
FOLLOWEDOURMASTERONTHEROADTOARGOSANDEPIDAURUS  
UNTILWEREACHEDDESERTEDLANDS  
THEREISAHEADLANDBEYONDTHISCOUNTRY  
LYINGAGAINSTTHESARONICGULF  
THERESOMEKINDOFTERRESTRIALECHOLIKETHETHUN  
DEROFZEUS  
SENTFORTHADEEPROARITMADEUSSHUDDERWHENWEHEAR  
DIT  
THEHORSESRAISEDTHEIRHEADSSTRAIGHTANDTHEIREARS  
TOHEAVENANDWEHADALIVELYFEAR  
OVERTHEORIGINSOFTHAT SOUNDANDLOOKING  
TOWARDSTHESEABEATBEACHWESAWAWAVE  
RISINGUNCANNILYTOTHE SKYSO THATMYEYE  
WASDEPRIVEDOFTHESIGHTOFTHESCIRONIANS SHORE  
ANDTHEISTHMUSANDTHEROCKOFASCLEPIUSWEREHIDDEN  
ITSWELLEDANDSPASHINGMUCHFOAM  
ALLAROUNDWITHASALTYSPRAY  
ITMOVEDTOWARDSTHEBEACHWHERE THECHARIOTWAS  
ANDWITHITSBILLOWINGANDSURGING  
THEWAVESENTFORTHABULLASAVAGEBEAST  
ANDTHEWHOLEEARTHWASFILLEDWITHITSVOICE  
ANDANSWEREDBACKWITHTERRIFYINGECHOES  
THEVISIONWASTOOGREATFOR SIGHT  
STRAIGHTWAYATERRIBLEFEARFELLONTHEHORSES

OUR MASTER WHO KNEW HIS HORSES WELL  
SEIZED THEREIN SIN HIS HANDS  
AND PULLED LEANING BACK LIKE A SAILOR  
HANGING HIS BODY BACK FROM THE STRAPS  
BUT THEY BIT THE FIRE BORN BIT IN THEIR JAWS  
AND CARRIED HIM BY FORCE TURNING NOT BENEATH  
THEIR CAPTAIN'S HAND NOR THE BRIDLE NOR THE  
CHARIOT IF HOLDING THE TILLER HE GUIDED  
THEIR COURSE TO SOFTER GROUND  
THE BULL APPEARED IN FRONT OF THEM AND TURNED THEM ASIDE  
DRIVING THE FOUR HORSED CHARIOT WILD WITH FEAR  
BUT IF THEY WERE BORN WITH RAGING MINDS TOWARD  
STHE ROCKS  
IT SILENTLY DREW NEAR AND FOLLOWED  
UNTIL IT OVER THREW THE CHARIOT LIKE A REARING HORSE  
HURLING THE WHEELS AGAINST THE ROCKS  
EVERYTHING WAS CONFOUNDED THE WHEELS NAVES  
AND THE PINS OF THE WHEELS AND THE AXLES LEAPT UP  
AND HE HIMSELF WAS DRAGGED ALONG  
AS THOUGH WO WENT TOGETHER WITH THEREINS  
AS THOUGH BOUND IN AN INDISSOLUBLE KNOT  
HIS HEAD WAS SMASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS  
AND HIS FLESH WAS TORN AND HE CRIED OUT TERRIBLE THINGS  
STAY HORSES I RAISED MYSELF  
DO NOT RUB ME OUT TO THE CURSE OF MY FATHER  
WHO WANTS TO SAVE THE BEST OF MEN  
MANY WANTED TO BUT WE WERE LEFT BEHIND  
OUR FEET TOO SLOW THE BONDS OF LEATHER  
WERE CUT I DON'T KNOW HOW AND HE WAS RELEASED

ANDFELLSTILLBREATHINGALITTLELIFEYET  
BUTTHEHORSESANDTHETERRIBLEMONSTEROFTHATBULL  
WERECOVEREDOVERSOMEWHEREINTHATCRAGGYPLACE  
IAMASLAVEOFOURHOUSELORD  
BUTIWILLNEVERBEABLETOBELIEVE  
THATAMANSUCHASYOURSONWASVILE  
NOTEVENIFTHEWHOLEFEMALERACEHANGSITSELF  
ANDEVERYPLANKOFPINEONIDAIS FILLED  
WITHWRITINGIKNOWHEWASAGOODMAN  
AIAINEWEVILSFALLONUS  
THEREISNOALLEVIATIONFROMPAIN  
IENJOYEDYOURWORDSIHATETHEMAN  
WHOSUFFEREDTHESE THINGSBUTINREVERENCE  
OFTHEGODSANDHIMAFTERALLHEWASMYSON  
ISAYINEITHERDELIGHTNORGRIEVE  
WHATNOWSHOULDWEBRINGHIMWHAT  
SHOULDWEDOWITHTHEVICTIMTHATWOULDPLEASEYOUR  
HEART  
REFLECTIFYOUTAKEMYADVICE  
YOUWILLNOTBETOOHARSHWITHYOURUNLUCKYSON  
BRINGHIMSOICANLOOKINHISEYES  
ANDDISPROVEWITHWORDSANDHISDISASTER  
THECLAIMHENEVERTOUCHEDMYBED  
CYPRISYOU CARRYOFFTHEUNBENDINGWITSOFGODSAND  
MENANDWITHYOU THEONEWITHCOLORFULWINGSENCLOS  
INGTHEMINHISFASTFEATHERSLOVEFLIESOVERTHEEAR  
THANDOVERTHERESOUNDINGSALTSEAHEENCHANTST  
HOSEWHOSEMADHEARTSHERUSHESONFLUTTERINGAND  
FLASHINGGOLDTHEWHELPSOFMOUNTAINANDOCEAN

WHOEVERTHEEARTHRAISESANDTHEFLASHINGSUNBE  
HOLDSMENTOOUALONEGOVERNALLTHESECYPRISIN  
HONOREDMONARCHY  
YOUWELLBORNCILD OFAIGEUSICALLOYOUTOLISTENAR  
TEMISADDRESSESYOU THE DAUGHTER OF FLETOTHESEUS  
WHYDOYOUDELIGHTINTHESE THINGS YOU KILLED YOUR  
SONNOTPIOUSLYPERSUADEDBYYOURWIFESFALSEWORDS  
ABOUTTHINGSUNSEENNOWTHEDISASTERISPLAIN TOSEE  
HOWWILLYOUNOTHIDEYOURBODYBENEATHTHEEARTH  
INSHAMEORCHANGEYOURLIFESTYLETOTHATOFABIRD  
ANDLIFTYOURFEETAWAYFROMTHESEAGONIESYOUHAVE  
NOPARTOFLIFEAMONGGOODMEN  
LISTENTHESEUSTOTHEARRANGEMENTOFYOUREVILS  
THISWILLINVOLVENOADVANCEMENTITWILLONLYHURTYOU  
MORE  
BUTICAMETOSHOWTHATTHEMINDOFYOURCHILD  
WASJUSTSOHECANDIEWITHAGOODNAME  
ANDTOSHOWYOURWIFESFRENZYANDINAWAYHERNOBILITY  
SHEWASBITBYTHEGODDESS  
MOSTHATEFULTOTHOSEOFUSWHOTAKEPLEASURE  
INVIRGINITYTHATMADEHERLOVEYOURSON  
SHE TRIED TO OVERCOME CYPRIS WITH HER MIND  
BUTWASCOMPLETELYDESTROYED  
BYTHEMACHINATIONSOFFERNURSE  
WHOINDICATEDTHE DISEASE TO YOUR SON  
BUTBOUNDHIMFIRSTBYOATHS  
ANDHEASWASJUSTDIDNOTYIELD  
TOHERWORDSNORWHENHEWASMALIGNEDBYYOU  
WOULDHEBREAKTHEFAITHOFHISOATH

SHEAFRAIDTHATSHEWOULDBEFOUNDOUT  
WROTEFALSETHINGSANDRUINEDYOURSON  
WITHLIESYOUFOUNDCONVINCING  
OIMOI  
DOESTHESTORYBITETHESEUSPEACE  
SOYOUCANHEARWHATHAPPENEDNEXTTHENYOUANGROAN  
YOUKNOWYOUHAVETHREETRUSTWORTHYOATHSFROMYOUR  
FATHER  
YOUTOOKONEOFTHESEHORRIBLEMAN  
TOUSEAGAINSTYOURSONITSHOULDHAVEBEENDIRECTEDAT  
SOMEFOE  
YOUROCEANICFATHERTHINKINGWELLOFYOU  
GAVEWHATHEPROMISED  
BUTYOUSEEMVILETOHIMANDTOME  
SINCEYOUWAITEDFORNEITHERPROOFNORPROPHECY  
DIDNOTINVESTIGATEDIDNOTGIVETIME  
FORCONSIDERATIONYOUSENTTHECURSE  
ONYOURSONANDKILLEDHIMMUCHFASTERTHANYOUSHOULD  
HAVE  
MISTRESSMAYIDIE  
YOUHAVEDONETERRIBLETHINGS  
BUTYOUMIGHTSTILLBEFORGIVEN  
CYPRISWASFULLOFRAGEANDWANTEDTHINGSTHISWAY  
THECUSTOMAMONGTHEGODSIS  
THATNOONECOUNTERMANDSTHEURGEOFANOTHERGOD  
WESTANDASIDE  
BUTKNOWWELLIFIDIDNTFEARZEUS  
IWOULDNOTHAVECOMETOTHESHAMEFULPOINT  
OFLETTINGTHEMANILOVEMOSTDIE

YOURIGNORANCEACQUITSYOURSIN  
OFBEINGEVILANDTHEWOMANPREVENTEDANINVESTIGATION  
BYPERSUADINGYOUWITHHERDEATH  
THESEILLSBREAKOVERYOUINPARTICULAR  
BUTIFEELITTOOTHEGODSDONOTENJOY  
THEDEATHOFAPIOUSMANWEWRECK  
THEVILETOGETHERWITHTHEIRHOUSESANDTHEIRCHILDREN  
THEWRETCHEDONEISCOMINGNOWYOUNGFLESHANDBLONDE  
    HEADOUTRAGEDOHLABOROFTHEHOUSEADDOUBLEPAIN  
    SENTBYTHEGODSHASSEIZEDTHEHALLS  
AIAIAIAIAMOUTRAGEDBYTHEUNJUSTDECREESOFANUNJUST  
    FATHEROIMOIMOIPAINSDARTTHROUGHMYHEADANDCON  
    VULSIONSLEAPONMYBRAINSTOPIMWORNOUTLETMEPAU  
    SEEOHHATEFULCARRIAGEHORSESRAISEDBYMYOWN  
    HANDYOUHAVECOMPLETELYDESTROYEDMEKILLEDME  
    PHEUPHEUBYTHEGODSGENTLYSERVANTSTOUCHMY  
    WOUNDEDFLESHGENTLYWHOSTANDSTOMYRIGHTLEAN  
    MEFORWARDSTRETCHMETIGHTANUNHAPPYMANCURSED  
    BYHISFATHERSDEEDSZEUSZEUSDOYOUSEETHISIAMTHER  
    EVERENTONETHEGODWORSHIPPERIAMTHEONEEXCEEDIN  
    GALLINPRUDENCEIAMTHEONEGOINGWIDEEYEDTOHADE  
    SIAMTHEONEWHOLOSTMYLIFETOSOMEOTHERPURPOSE  
    DIDIWORKMYPIOUSWORKSFORMEN  
AIAIAIAITHEPAINDON'TTOUCHMELETDEATHHEALMEKILLME  
    KILLMEIDESIREATWOEDGEDSWORDTODISSECTMEAND  
    LAYMETORESTMYFATHERSTERRIBLECURSESOMEBLOO  
    DYSINBORNWITHMEFROMMYANCESTORSBREAKSOU  
    TANDWILLNOTWAITANDCOMESAGAINSTMEITMUSTBE  
    THISIAMGUILTYOFNOEVILIOMOIMOIWWHATSHOULDISAY

HOWCOULDIRELIEVEMYLIFEOFTHEAGONIESOFTHISSUF  
FERINGIFONLYTHEBLACKNECESSITYOFNIGHTWOULD  
LULLMEALLTHEWAYTOHADES  
OHWRETCHEDMANWHATKINDOFMISFORTUNEYOKESYOU  
THENOBILITYOFYOURMINDHASDESTROYEDYOU  
WAIT  
ODIVINELYSCENTEDBREATH EVENINEVILS  
IPERCEIVEYOUANDMYBODYRISES  
THEGODDESSARTEMISISHERE  
OHWRETCHEDMANSHEISWHOMYOULOVEMORETHANANYO  
THERGOD  
DOYOUSEEMEMISTRESSINMYSADSTATE  
ISEEYOUBUTIMAYNOTCRY  
YOUNOLONGERHAVEAHUNTERORASERVANT  
NOBUTILOSEONEMOSTDEARTOME  
NOMOREGUARDOVERYOURHORSESORYOURSTATUES  
MEDDLINGCYPRISWROUGHTTHIS  
OIMOWILEARNTHEPOWERTHATDESTROYEDME  
HERPRIDEWASWOUNDED SHEHATEDYOURPRUDENCE  
ONEDESTROYEDTHREE  
YOURFATHERYOUANDHISWIFETHIRD  
IGROANFORMYFATHERTOO  
HEWASDECEIVEDBYTHECOUNCILSOFTHEGODS  
FATHERYOUAREWRETCHEDINTHESECALAMITIES  
IAMDESTROYEDCHILDTHEREISNOMOREPLEASUREINLIFE  
IGROANFORYOURMISTAKENOTFORME  
IFICOULD DIEINSTEADOFYOU  
OHBITTERGIFTOFYOURFATHERPOSEIDON  
IWISHITHADNEVERCOMETOMYLIPS

YOUWOULDHAVEKILLEDMEYOUWERESOANGRY  
MYTHOUGHTSWERERUINEDBYTHEGODS  
PHEU  
IFONLYTHERACEOFMORTALSHADACURSEFORTHEGODS  
STOPTHANKSTOYOURPIETYANDYOURGOODHEART  
THEANGERTHATFALLSONYOURBODYATTHEWILL  
OFTHEGODDESSCYPRISWILLNOTGOUNPUNISHED  
EVENTHOUGHYOU LIE IN SUBTERRANEAN DARKNESS  
I WILL PUNISH ANOTHER WITH INESCAPABLE ARROWS  
SENT FROM MY OWN HAND ANOTHER WHO IS MOST DEAR TO HER  
AND IN EXCHANGE FOR THESE EVILS  
I WILL GIVE YOU THE GREATEST HONORS  
IN THE CITY OF FROZEN UNYOKED GIRLS  
WILL CUT THEIR HAIR TO YOU AND THROUGH THE LONG AGES  
YOU WILL PICK THE FRUIT OF THEIR DEEPEST GRIEF  
YOUNG GIRLS WILL ALWAYS MAKE MUSIC FOR YOU  
PHAEDRAS LOVE WILL NOT BE SILENT OR FORGOTTEN  
BUT YOU CHILD OF FOLDAIGEUS  
TAKE YOUR SON IN YOUR ARMS AND EMBRACE HIM  
YOU DESTROYED HIM UNWILLINGLY  
MEN MAKE SUCH MISTAKES WHEN THE GODS DECIDE  
I BEG YOU DON'T HATE YOUR FATHER  
HIPPLYTUS FATE DESIGNED YOUR DEATH  
FAREWELL IT IS NOT PERMITTED FOR ME TO SEE DEATH  
NOR STAIN MY EYES WITH MORTAL EXHALATION  
I SEE THAT YOU ARE CLOSE TO THAT  
FAREWELL TO YOU TOO HAPPY MAIDEN  
BUT YOU LEAVE ALONG ASSOCIATIONS SO EASILY  
I WILL STOP MY STRIFE WITH MY FATHERS SINCE YOU REQUIRE IT

IHAVEALWAYSBOBEYEDYOURWORDS  
ATAIDARKNESSHASARRIVEDONMYEYES  
TAKEMYBODYFATHERANDLAYITOUT  
OIMOICILDWHATAREYOU DOINGTOME  
IAMDEADISEETHEGATESOFHADES  
DOYOULEAVEME WITHUNHOLYHANDS  
ILIBERATEYOU OFMYSLAUGHTER  
YOUAKEMEFREEOFBLOOD  
ARTEMISMISTRESSOFTHEBOWISMYWITNESS  
MYSONYOUARENOBLEINYOURFATHERSEYES  
FAREWELLFATHERFAREVERYWELL  
OIMOIEHASAGOODANDPIOUSSOUL  
PRAYTOHAVETHESAMEINYOURLEGITIMATESONS  
DONOTLEAVEMESONHAVESTRENGTH  
MYSTRENGTHISDONEIDIE  
COVERMYFACEQUICKLYWITHMYROBE  
GLORIOUSATHENSYOULOSEAGREATMAN  
IWILLREMEMBERWELLYOURDEEDSCYPRIS  
THISAGONYCOMESUNDESIREDTOALLCITIZENSTHEREWILLBE  
ATORRENTOFMANYTEARSTHESTORIESOFTHEGREATAREAL  
WAYSFULLOFGRIEF

## *hippolytus · processed*

### **Note on the text and sources**

In the text that follows, sung and chanted sections are indicated in italics.

With one exception, I translate the text of J. Diggle, *Euripidis Fabulae* t. I (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984). I have also consulted and benefitted from W.S. Barrett, *Hippolytos* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1964); W. Stockert, *Hippolytus* (Stuttgart: Teubner, 1994); D. Kovacs, *Euripides: Children of Heracles, Hippolytus, Andromache, Hecuba* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1995), to which I refer by the last name of the editor (e.g. Diggle, Barrett, Kovacs, etc).

Passages between [ ... ] are deemed non-Euripidean in Diggle's edition.



## Dramatis Personae

**FIRST ACTOR · HIPPOLYTUS**

**SECOND ACTOR · PHAEDRA, THESEUS, ATTENDANT**

**THIRD ACTOR · CYPRIS, NURSE, MESSENGER, ARTEMIS**

**CHORUS OF TROZENIAN WOMEN**

**ATTENDANTS OF HIPPOLYTUS**



## Prologue

*Waves and static, as though someone were listening  
to white noise on the radio by the sea. Out of  
the combination of sounds the voice of Cypris  
emerges; it belongs to neither the noise nor the  
sea, but to the spectral coalescence of both.*

CYPRIS

Many things, and not without a name:  
Gods and men call me Cypris and goddess.  
Who reveres me, I revere.  
but I bring to ruin every single one from sea to sea  
who thinks himself too big for me.  
Even with the race of gods there is a certain...  
pleasure when men worship them.

Here's proof.  
Hippolytus, son of Theseus and the Amazon,

<sup>2</sup> Cypris] Aphrodite. In many accounts, Cypris was generated when the severed genitals of Ouranos fell into the sea; she emerged from the foam on the island of Cyprus. Euripides uses this name extensively throughout the play to emphasize her chronological priority to the other Olympian gods, and to ensure a mythological link between the goddess and the ocean.  
<sup>9</sup> son of... Amazon] Hippolyte, the amazon queen, was Hippolytus' mother.

holy Pittheus' student, alone of all who live in Trozen  
says I am the worst of powers.

He stays out of the bedroom  
and won't touch marriage.

Apollo's sister Artemis, daughter of Zeus  
he honors, calling her the best of powers.

In perpetual commerce

with this virgin in the green forest,  
he clears the earth of wild beasts with his fast dogs,  
on his knees in intercourse with one too great for men.

I don't hold this against him. Why should I?

But I will punish Hippolytus for his sins against me.

Today – I cleared the ground long ago. I'm nearly done.

When he came from Pittheus' house  
to see the rites and participate in the mysteries at Eleusis  
at Pandion's land the well-born wife of his father  
Phaedra saw him, and by my design  
her heart was overcome with terrible desire.  
And before she came here, to Trozen,

Most of the sexual  
puns in the transla-  
tion are hard to find  
in the original Greek.

10

20

<sup>10</sup> Pittheus] Theseus' grandfather, and king of Trozen. In the Athenian version of the Theseus myth, Theseus was the son of Aigeus, king of Athens, and Aithra, Pittheus' daughter. In the Trozenian version of the myth, Theseus was the son of Poseidon. This is the version Euripides exploits in this play.

<sup>10</sup> Trozen] A city thirty miles away from Athens across the Saronic gulf, visible from the slopes of the Acropolis. The city had very close relations with Athens and was briefly occupied by the latter in the middle of the fifth century BCE. Its cult of Hippolytus was much older and more prominent than the cult of Hippolytus at Athens. The city seems also to have had very old and close links with Theseus.

<sup>24</sup> Eleusis] Midway between Trozen and Athens, Eleusis was the location of a major mystery religion. Initiates to the mysteries were required not to share the nature of the ritual with non-initiates.

<sup>25</sup> Pandion's land] Attica. Pandion was king of Athens two generations earlier than Theseus.

she built a temple to Cypris  
30 close to the rock of Pallas, facing here,  
because she loved one far from her.  
In the future they will call it the temple  
of the goddess hard on Hippolytus.

Then Theseus left the Kekropian land  
fleeing the pollution of the blood of Pallas' sons,  
and he sailed here with Phaedra for a year-long exile.  
At that point, groaning and whipped by Eros' crop  
she started to waste away in silence.  
None of her servants knows her disease.  
40 But her passion must not be wasted.  
I will make sure Theseus learns of it  
and he'll use the curses Poseidon gave him as a gift –  
three things to ask the god, never in vain –  
to kill his son who wars with me.

Phaedra, with her reputation intact,  
will die. I'll take what self-esteem requires  
notwithstanding any agony of hers.

31 far from her] Translating *ekdēmon*. Some manuscripts have *ekdēlon*, which would make the line mean "loving openly," that is, in contrast to the secrecy in which she conceals her passion at Trozen.

34 Kekropian land] Attica. Kekrops was an early, mythical king of Athens.

35 Pallas' sons] When Pandion died, he divided Attica among his sons. Athens went to Aigeus and southern Attica went to Pallas. Pallas' sons contested Theseus' right to succeed Aigeus, and Theseus killed them defending his rule. Murder of kin implies pollution: Theseus went into exile at Trozen to expiate the sin and be purified.

I see the son of Theseus  
coming from the toils of hunting.  
Hippolytus. I'm gone. A great parade  
of attendants follows him, 50  
barking out hymns to the goddess Artemis.  
He has no idea that the gates of Hades  
have been opened and these are his last rays of light.

*Enter Hippolytus with a chorus of attendants.*

HIPPOLYTUS

*Follow! Sing heavenly Artemis, daughter of Zeus,  
who cares for us.*

ATTENDANTS

Sung in the purest  
of head tones.

*Mistress most august queen  
good fruit of Zeus;  
delight in me Oh Artemis  
daughter of Leto and Zeus  
most beautiful of virgins. 60  
You occupy heaven's well-sired palace  
the all-gold house of Zeus.  
Delight in me, most beautiful by far  
of those in Olympus.*

HIPPOLYTUS

To you, mistress, I bring this woven wreath

<sup>56</sup> Older texts attribute this song to a chorus of Hippolytus' attendants. Most modern editors attribute it to Hippolytus and his attendants.

from an undefiled meadow, where no shepherd thinks  
to graze his flocks, nor does iron plough.

Only the spring bees fly there.

Shame tends it with drops of river water.

70 Those with innate wisdom – the kind that lasts for ever,  
not the kind some have to learn – pick flowers there.  
It is forbidden to base men. Accept, dear mistress,  
this crown for your golden hair from a pious hand.

Only I am given this:

to be with and converse with you... in words:

I hear your voice, I do not see your face.

May I reach the end of my life as I began it.

ATTENDANT

Lord, since we must call on the gods, will you take  
some advice from me?

HIPPOLYTUS

Certainly – otherwise we would not seem wise.

ATTENDANT

80 Do you know the law for mortals?

HIPPOLYTUS

No... What are you asking me about?

ATTENDANT

We are to hate what is not friend to all.

HIPPOLYTUS

Indeed we are. Who that's haughty gives no pain?

ATTENDANT

And there's a certain grace in being sociable?

HIPPOLYTUS

The greatest grace. And profit, with only a little work.

ATTENDANT

And do you think it's the same in heaven?

HIPPOLYTUS

I know it – we get our laws from there.

ATTENDANT

Why then don't you address an august power?

HIPPOLYTUS

Which? – Be careful here.

ATTENDANT

The image at your door – Cypris.

90

HIPPOLYTUS

I greet her from far off. I'm holy.

ATTENDANT

But she is august, and very well known.

HIPPOLYTUS

None of the gods who love the night are right for me.

ATTENDANT

My child, we should honor the gods.

HIPPOLYTUS

Different people care for different gods –  
and different men, too.

ATTENDANT

Be happy. I wish you the wisdom you need.

HIPPOLYTUS

Go in, followers, and turn your minds to food.

A full table is pleasant after hunting.

And rub down my horses, so that when I've eaten

100 I can harness them and work them properly.

And I say goodbye to your Cypris.

ATTENDANT

I will pray to your image, mistress Cypris,

with the sober words a slave should use –

I will not imitate young men who think like that.

But you should be forgiving. If someone speaks of you  
with idle words on account of the stiff innards of youth,  
ignore him. Gods should be wiser than us.

92-7 The original order of these lines has been found incoherent in most modern editors. I translate the order of Diggle.



Parodos

*Enter the chorus of Trozenian women.*

CHORUS

*There is a rock, which drips water* strophe a  
*said to be from Ocean; its ledge sends forth a flowing stream*  
110 *we dip our pitchers in. I met a friend there*  
*washing her bright clothes*  
*in the fountain, then laying them out*  
*on the back of a rock hot from the sun. From her*  
*I first heard news of our mistress,*  
  
*wearing out in a sick bed, keeping her body* antistrophe a  
*inside the house and shading her blond head*  
*with a delicate veil.*  
*This is the third day, I hear,*  
*that she has kept her body pure of Demeter's grain,*  
*holding her mouth shut in fast.*  
120 *Some secret suffering makes her long*  
*to run her ship aground on death.*

109 stream] Barrett identifies this as the "golden-flowing" spring. According to Pausanias (*Description of Greece* 2.31.10), "[The Trozenians] say that when a nine-year drought afflicted the land, during which the god sent no rain, all the other waters dried up but this 'golden-flowing' spring continued to flow even then."

strophe b *Is a god within you? Are you driven to wander  
by Pan or Hecate,  
one of the august Corybants  
or the Mother of the Mountains?  
Are you consumed because of sins against Diktyne,  
surrounded by beasts –  
did you fail to sacrifice to her?  
For she wanders over lakes and dry land and over the ocean  
on the broad back of the brine.*

antistrophe b *Or does someone tend your husband* 130  
*the noble king of Erechtheus' seed,  
making love to him  
in secret from your bed?  
Or has some sailor, a man set out from Crete, arrived  
at this port hospitable to mariners  
bringing news for the queen, and is her soul bound in bed  
from sorrow at her sufferings?*

epode *The unstrung helplessness*  
*of childbirth and foolishness loves*  
*to cohabit with the rough harmony* 140  
*of women.  
That wind has blown  
through my womb too. I called on Artemis  
who eases labor, heavenly ruler*

126 Diktyne] A cult name of Artemis.

131 Erechtheus] A mythical king of Athens. The constant reference to hereditary rulers draws attention to the thematic importance of Hippolytus' illegitimacy – and to Theseus' own questionable links to the royal line.

*of arrows, and thank god she  
always travels with me, though much envied.*

*The old nurse brings Phaedra outside:  
a hateful cloud grows on her brows.  
My soul longs to learn what it is  
150 that ravages the body of the queen.  
She has changed so much!*



Scene One

*Enter Phaedra and the Nurse; the former is recumbent on a couch while the latter bustles about her with gestures that might be those of a caregiver or a guard.*

NURSE

*Ills and hated diseases!*

*What can I do for you? What should I not do?*

*Here is the light, and the bright air;*

*your sick bed is now outside the house.*

*Your every word was to come here,*

*but you will rush back to your bedroom again.*

*You fade quickly. You delight in nothing.*

*You dislike what you have. You love what you don't.*

160 *It's better to be sick than tend the sick –*

*the first is simple. To the second*

*attaches heart's pain and hand's work.*

*Every human life is painful.*

*There is no end to toil.*

*Darkness hides behind clouds*

*whatever is dearer than life.*

*We prove unhappy lovers*

154 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

*Oh bright air, and the holy light of day,  
how sweet it is to look on you – for those who are doing well  
and for those who are not, like me.*

*of what shines here  
for lack of knowledge of another life.  
There is no proof for things beneath the earth.  
Only stories sustain us.*

170

PHAEDRA

*Lift my body, straighten my head:  
the bonds of my limbs are loosened.  
Take my hands and my pale arms.  
This hat is too heavy for my head to wear.  
Take it off, spread my hair over my shoulders.*

NURSE

*Courage, child; don't toss and turn so violently.  
You will bear your sickness more easily  
with peace and a noble mind.  
All mortals suffer.*

180

PHAEDRA

*Aiai.*

She longs for the  
haunts of the virgin  
Artemis; she longs  
for sex with the virgin  
Hippolytus.

*I want to drink pure water  
from a dewy spring.  
I want to lie back and rest  
under the trees in some grassy meadow.*

NURSE

*Child, why cry?  
Don't say these things near the crowd,  
hurling words mounted on madness.*

PHAEDRA

*Send me to the mountain. I will go*  
190 *to the forest where beast-killing dogs press the spotted deer.*  
*Gods! I long to shout to the dogs,*  
*to shoot the Thessalian javelin past my blond hair,*  
*to hold the barbed dart in my hand.*

NURSE

*Why this anxiety, child?*  
*What do you care about hunting?*  
*Why do you lust for flowing springs?*  
*There's a hill with water just next to the tower;*  
*we can get you a drink there.*

PHAEDRA

*Artemis, mistress of the salt lake*  
200 *and the course thundering with horse's hooves:*  
*I wish I were on your plains breaking studs!*

NURSE

*Why throw these frenzied words about?*  
*Just now you were setting out for the mountain*  
*to hunt – and now you long for horses*  
*on the waveless sand.*

<sup>199</sup> salt lake] Behind the north shore of Trozen there is a salt lagoon, separated from the sea by a sandy causeway. It had a temple to Artemis dedicated by Saron, a king of Trozen who drowned while hunting a deer (Pausanias, *Description of Greece* 2.30.7). The sandy causeway was where Hippolytus ran his horses.

She has a plan. *These things need an oracle  
to tell which god reins you in  
and drives you from your senses,  
child.*

PHAEDRA

*What have I done? 210  
How far have I been driven from good thoughts?  
I was crazy, I was cursed by some power.  
Pheu pheu. Alas.  
Nurse, cover my head again.  
I'm ashamed of what I've said.  
Cover me – a tear moves down from my eye  
and it embarrasses me.  
It hurts to straighten your mind  
and it is terrible to be insane. Best  
to die before you become lucid again. 220*

NURSE

*I'll cover you. But when will death cover me?  
I'm old; I've learned a lot.  
Mortals should drink of friendship moderately,  
not from the deepest marrow of the soul.  
A mind's love-charms should be easy to undo,  
or thrust away, or tie more tightly.*

206 need an oracle] The author of the Hippocratic *On the Sacred Disease* criticizes as charlatans those who treat disease by linking symptoms with the influence of malign gods: "If patients imitate a goat, or grind their teeth, or convulse on the right side, [these people] say that the mother of the gods is the cause. But if a patient speaks in a sharper and more intense tone of voice, this seems like a horse, and they say that Poseidon is the cause. *Etc.*"

*It is a very difficult weight for one soul  
to labor over two people, as I  
am wracked by pain for her.*

230 *Too much discipline causes more harm than pleasure  
and wars with health.  
I praise “too much” less  
than “nothing in excess,”  
and the wise agree with me.*

CHORUS

Old, faithful nurse of the queen,  
we see Phaedra’s sad condition  
but there’s no indication of her disease.  
Tell us what you know.

NURSE

Nothing. I’ve asked; she won’t say.

CHORUS

240 Not even how this started?

NURSE

You’ll end up where I ended up. She’s silent.

CHORUS

Her body is so weak and wasted away.

230 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Those who flee Cypris are  
as sick as those who hunt her down.

The nurse’s voice and  
Cypris’ are the same:  
is this an expression of  
helplessness or a strug-  
gle to keep Phaedra  
within her control?

NURSE

*(Argumentative)* She hasn't eaten in three days.

CHORUS

Is she cursed or suicidal?

NURSE

Suicidal. She'll refuse food right to the edge of life.

CHORUS

It would be strange if her husband were pleased about  
all this.

NURSE

She covers these things over. She denies she's ill.

CHORUS

He can't tell when he looks at her?

NURSE

*(Almost snarling)* He happens to be abroad.

CHORUS

Aren't you applying compulsion to discover  
the cause of her diseased and wandering spirit?

250

NURSE

I did everything. I accomplished nothing.  
But I won't let up even now.

You too will witness how I am  
with ill-fated mistresses. If you stay.

Come, child, forget what we said before.  
You become sweeter; relax  
your hateful brow and the run of your thoughts,  
and I will switch to a better way of speaking  
260 wherever I said something you took ill.  
And even if you are sick  
from some unspeakable disease,  
these women here will set you right.  
But if the misfortune can be brought  
before males, speak  
so that it can be disclosed to doctors.

Eien, why are you silent? You shouldn't be silent, child,  
but either reprove me, if I say something amiss,  
or agree when I speak well.  
270 Say something. Look at me.  
Ai me. Women, we work a different road  
but we end up in the same place.  
She wouldn't accede to my words  
then, and she won't obey now.  
All the same. I warn you: You can be more stubborn  
than the sea if you like. But if you die  
you betray your children, leaving them  
with no share in their father's house.  
By the Amazon queen of horses  
280 who bore a master for your children, a bastard

A seduction.

who thinks he's legitimate, you know him well –  
Hippolytus...

PHAEDRA  
Oimoi.

NURSE  
Ahh – that hits something tender.

PHAEDRA  
You destroy me, nurse. By the gods I beg you again:  
be silent about that man.

NURSE  
You see? Now you think straight. But even so  
you won't save your children or your life.

PHAEDRA  
I love my children. I'm wintered in by something else.

The nurse is  
mystified. But  
Cypris knows.

NURSE  
Are your hands pure of blood, child?

290

PHAEDRA  
My hands are pure. There's a stain on my soul.

NURSE  
Because of some hostile magic?

PHAEDRA

A friend destroys me. Though neither of us wants this.

NURSE

Theseus has wronged you somehow.

PHAEDRA

May I never do him wrong!

NURSE

What terrible thing drives you to death?

PHAEDRA

Let me sin – I don't sin against you.

NURSE

I will not. If I did, it would be your fault.

*She craftily touches Phaedra's hands and  
knees in the gesture of supplication.*

PHAEDRA

What are you doing? You force me by supplicating my hands?

NURSE

300 And your knees – and I will never let go.

PHAEDRA

If you learned them these things would turn out evil for you.

NURSE

Is there some greater evil than to miss you?

PHAEDRA

It would kill you. But it brings me honor.

NURSE

But you conceal it, even when I beg.

PHAEDRA

I am working good out of terrible material.

NURSE

But if you speak your honor will be greater!

PHAEDRA

Leave off! Let go!

NURSE

I will not – you won't give me what you should.

PHAEDRA

I will give it. I am ashamed before your reverent hand.

NURSE

Then I am silent. Your turn to speak.

310

<sup>305</sup> terrible material] This reading is preserved as a variant in the scholia and in one MS; most texts have "I am working terrible things out of good material."

PHAEDRA

Oh wretched mother, what a love you loved!

NURSE

For the bull she had?

PHAEDRA

And you, my sister, bride of Dionysus.

NURSE

Child, what are you suffering from? Why abuse your family?

PHAEDRA

I am the third to be destroyed.

NURSE

This terrifies me. Where does it trend?

PHAEDRA

We've been wretched for a long time – this is nothing new.

NURSE

I have no idea what I want to hear.

312 the bull she had] Phaedra's mother Pasiphae, Minos' wife, conceived a lust for one of the household's bulls. She had a wooden cow constructed within which she concealed herself to mate with it. The issue of this congress was a creature with the head of a bull and the lower torso of a man – the Minotaur. In a suspected fragment of Pindar, Zeus lusted after Pasiphae and became the bull to mate with her (fr. 92 Snell-Mahler).

313 bride of Dionysus] Ariadne. In the well-known account of Ovid, Ariadne assisted Theseus in killing the Minotaur, escaped with him, and was abandoned by him on the shores of Naxos, where she was picked up by Dionysus. Barrett detects an earlier version of the myth, however, in which Ariadne abandons Dionysus for Theseus.

The nurse still gropes in the dark. But her voice is playing a different game, delicately drawing out the confession.

PHAEDRA

Pheu.

Can't you say what I must?

320

NURSE

I'm not a prophet to know clearly what is dark.

PHAEDRA

What is it when they say that men "love"?

NURSE

That is the sweetest thing, child, and also full of pain.

PHAEDRA

We only get the second part.

NURSE

You're in love. Who, my child?

PHAEDRA

Whoever he is, the Amazon's child...

NURSE

You mean Hippolytus.

PHAEDRA

You said his name, not me.

NURSE

Oimoi. What are you saying? You destroy me.

330 Women, this cannot be born – I cannot bear to live.

Hateful day. Hateful light.

I will set aside – no, hurl off this body.

I will relieve myself of life in death.

Farewell. I am no longer.

Prudent people love wrongly – against their will,  
but all the same. Cypris is not a goddess,  
but if there is something greater than a god,  
she is that. She has destroyed her, me, the house.

She means it. Her  
voice doesn't.

CHORUS

*Did you hear Oh did you hear Oh*

340 *the queen crying out unhearable  
wretched suffering?*

*I would die before I reached your thoughts,  
my friend. Alas. Pheu pheu.*

*You are wretched in these agonies.*

*We are children of pain.*

*You are killed, you brought your evils into the light.*

*What expanse of time awaits you now?*

*Something new will happen here.*

350 *It is no longer indistinct where the fate of Cypris  
will land. Oh wretched Cretan child.*

strophe c

339–51 Did you hear ...] The melody with which this strophe is sung reappears with Phaedra's song on page 119.

PHAEDRA

No sign of  
weakness here.  
Nothing but  
presence and  
power.

Women of Trozen, who live at the outer foyer  
of Pelops' land: I have already reflected  
through the long hours of the night  
on how the lives of men are wrecked.  
It seems to me they do not suffer  
because of what or how they think. Most think well.  
Look at it like this: they know and understand  
what's good. But they don't work for it.  
Some are lazy; some place pleasure ahead of goodness.  
And there are many pleasures in life: long talks, leisure – 360  
leisure is an evil delight. Then there is shame.  
But there are two kinds of shame; the one is not bad,  
but the other can cause a family massive pain.  
If we had a clearer sense of timing,  
the same letters would not outline two different things.

I'm thinking clearly on this.  
No drug will make me change my mind.  
I will show you the course of my thought.

Love damaged me, so I asked myself  
how I could bear it best. I began 370

352 Pelops' Land| The Argolid.

361 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Oh mistress Shame, if only you were with  
all mortals and lifted shamefulness from their hearts!

369 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

I have a teacher of boldness and daring  
most skilled at finding a way when you are at a loss –  
Love, the hardest god of all to fight.

with the principle that I should be silent  
and conceal the disease. There is nothing trustworthy  
in the tongue: it chastises the thoughts of men  
in public but gets the worst harm from its own operation.  
Second, I resolved to bear my mindlessness well  
and struggle for victory by being prudent.  
Third, since I failed to master Cypris in these ways,  
it seemed best to die.

This is the best plan. No one can argue against it.

380 I do not want my good deeds unnoticed,  
nor my shameful ones witnessed.

I knew I had an infamous disease,  
and in addition I learned well that I was a woman,  
a thing of hate to all. That woman who first  
shamed her bed with men outside the home  
should have died the worst death imaginable.  
It was from noble families that this evil arose  
among females. For when disgraceful things  
are tolerated by the good, then

390 they seem good to bad people too.

I hate those who are prudent in words  
but in secret rise to dare unseemly things.  
Oh mistress queen Cypris, how  
can they ever look in the eyes of their partners,  
how do they not fear that their ally darkness  
and the very beams of the house might find a voice?  
This is what kills me, friends:  
I would never be caught disgracing my man  
or the children I bore. I want them to flourish

and live in the city of the glorious Athenians free  
and free to speak, because their mother had  
a good reputation.

400

It enslaves a man, even if he has guts,  
to know the evils of his mother or his father.  
There is only one thing, they say, better than being alive:  
to have a good and just mind. Time reveals bad men  
when it likes, holding a mirror up to them  
as though to a young girl. I don't want to be seen with them.

CHORUS

Pheu pheu. What a fine thing prudence is,  
how well respected.

NURSE

Mistress, just now your misfortune gave me a terrible fright – 410  
but it was momentary. Now I think it's minor,  
and a mortal's second thoughts  
are the wiser ones. You have not suffered  
something extraordinary or beyond reason:  
the drives of the goddess strike you down.  
You love. How is that amazing? You're in good company.  
Will you destroy your soul because of it?  
It will hardly help those who love, or will love,  
if they have to die.  
If she streams on us with great volume,  
Cypris is hard to bear.  
But she approaches peacefully if you don't resist. 420

Only when she finds an extraordinary person  
with arrogant thoughts  
does she take him and treat him rough. She moves in the sky,  
and in the waves of the sea, and everything comes into being  
because of her. She sows and gives love,  
whose children we all are.

Whoever knows the writings of the ancients  
or the Muses knows how Zeus loved Semele and married her,  
and how the bright-faced Dawn  
once stole Cephalus into the divine sphere because of love.

But all the same they live openly in heaven  
430 and do not flee companionship. They would hate, I suppose,  
to be defeated by their misfortune. Will you not give in?  
Your father should have planted you on different terms,  
or with other gods, if you will not obey these laws.

How many men see their wives infected  
but pretend they don't?

How many fathers commune with Cypris  
in the company of their erring sons?

Among the wise it is considered a mortal necessity  
to conceal what is not fine. We shouldn't labor too  
hard at life:

we can't even get a roof perfect. How do you think you can  
escape your fate?

440 If you have more good than bad, you're doing well;  
that is the measure humans use.

Oh dear child, stop your evil thoughts.  
Stop acting so outrageously. It is nothing

but outrage to want to be greater than god.  
Dare; love; god wants it. Turn your sickness to a good end.  
There are spells and soothing words; some medicine  
for your ailment will appear. Indeed, the men would  
    think us slow  
if we women didn't come up with some device.

CHORUS

Phaedra, she gives the more useful advice  
for the current circumstances. But I praise you.  
Still, my praise is harder to say  
and harder to hear than her advice.

450

PHAEDRA

This kind of fast talk is just what ruins cities and homes.  
You should not say things easy on the ear.  
You should say what enhances a reputation.

NURSE

Oh, enough with the priest-talk. You have no need  
    of shapely words.  
You need a man. He should learn as soon as possible,  
and we should tell the whole truth.  
You happen to be a prudent woman, and if you  
    hadn't reached this point  
I would never lead you on for the sake of sex.  
But this is a big deal. The struggle is for your life.  
We're doing nothing wrong.

460

PHAEDRA

You say terrible things. Shut your mouth  
and set aside these shameful words.

NURSE

Shameful but better than virtue in your situation.  
The act is better, if it will save you, than the name you'd  
die protecting.

PHAEDRA

You speak shameful things well! Stop! My soul is already  
undermined by love,  
and if you keep speaking like that I will be ensnared in  
what I flee.

NURSE

If this is how you really feel, just don't sin.

*A new seduction.*

470 Otherwise listen to me. I have a second option:  
I have certain potions in the house which soothe desire –  
just now I thought of them. They will end this ailment  
without causing you shame or harming your wits.  
But you must stay strong. We need some token  
from the one you desire, either some hair  
or something from his clothing, to join  
elements from two people in a single act of grace.

PHAEDRA

Do I put this drug in my mouth or on my skin?

NURSE

I don't know. You should want to benefit, not understand,  
my child.

PHAEDRA

I'm afraid you'll turn out too clever for me.

480

NURSE

You are afraid of everything. What exactly worries you?

PHAEDRA

That you would communicate any of this with Theseus' son.

NURSE

No no, my child – I will arrange it just so.  
Only let mistress Cypris work with me –  
it is enough for me to tell the details  
of the rest to my friends inside.

*The nurse goes into the house, leaving  
Phaedra still recumbent on her couch.*

## First Ode

### CHORUS

*Love, Love, who pours desire  
over her eyes, leading sweet  
beauty into the souls you besiege,  
490 never appear to me with harm,  
or come without measure.  
There is no fire or powerful bolt of heaven  
like the arrow of Aphrodite  
sent by Love the son of Zeus.*

strophe d

*By the waters of Alpheus  
and in the temples of Apollo at Delphi  
We pile up sacrificial deer – in vain.  
But Love, tyrant over men,  
holding the key to the dearest bedroom  
500 of Aphrodite? We do not honor him,  
though he ruins us, entering  
with utter destruction when he comes.*

antistrophe d

*The sounds of shouting begin to emerge from off stage.*

495 Alpheus] The river at Olympia.

strophe e *The filly in Oechalia  
unyoked to the bed,  
with no man and no marriage. Aphrodite  
took her from her father's house  
and yoked her like a running naiad  
or a Bacchant with blood and smoke  
in a gory wedding  
to the son of Alcmaeon. A terrible marriage.*

510

*Phaedra rises in anxiety and moves to  
the door to listen to the noise.*

antistrophe e *Oh holy walls  
of Thebes! Oh mouth of Dirce,  
you could say how Cypris proceeds.  
She gave as bride the mother  
of twice-born Bacchus to the blazing thunderbolt,  
marrying her to death.  
She is unpredictable like a bee.  
She breathes terrible things.*

503 Filly in Oechalia] Iole, the daughter of Eurytus. On a visit to Oechalia, Heracles quarreled with Eurytus, sacked his city, killed his sons, and took Iole home with him as concubine. His wife Deianeira, unimpressed at the presence of this new houseguest, applied what she thought was a love-charm to his clothing and thus began the excruciating process of his apotheosis.

512 Dirce] Fountain at Thebes.

514 mother] Semele. Pregnant with Dionysus, she was exposed to the full splendor of Zeus in his true form – and burnt to death.

Scene Two

*The muffled sound of Hippolytus shouting continues.  
Phaedra never hears exactly what he says.*

PHAEDRA

Silence, women – we are undone.

CHORUS

520 What terror has happened in your house?

PHAEDRA

Shh! – I want to hear the voices inside.

CHORUS

I am silent. But this is an ill prelude.

PHAEDRA

Io moi aiai.

My sufferings.

CHORUS

*Why this cry? What are you shouting?  
Name the sound that terrifies  
your heart.*

PHAEDRA

We are destroyed. Come to the door  
and listen to the uproar in the house.

CHORUS

*You are there – you relay the voice of the house.  
Tell me, tell me –  
what evil is emerging there?*

530

PHAEDRA

The son of the horse-loving Amazon is shouting –  
Hippolytus, calling my servant terrible names.

CHORUS

*I hear cries, but not clearly –  
the shouts come to you  
through the doors of the house.*

PHAEDRA

It's clear to me – he calls her an evil go between,  
he accuses her of betraying her master's bed.

CHORUS

*These are evils. You are betrayed.  
What can I tell you?  
Hidden things have come to light, and you are destroyed.  
Aiai e e. Handed over by your friends.*

540

PHAEDRA

She kills me by naming my misfortune.  
This is no cure, even if it comes from a friend.

CHORUS

What now? What will you do? Are you without devices?

PHAEDRA

I only know one way out of these agonies:  
to die as soon as possible.

*Hippolytus and the nurse rush outside.*

HIPPOLYTUS

Mother earth! Wide expanse of the sun!  
550 What unspeakable words!

Never even a  
glance at Phaedra.

NURSE

Silence, child – someone might hear you shout.

HIPPOLYTUS

I can't listen silently to such terrors.

NURSE

Please, by your white right hand.

HIPPOLYTUS

Keep your hands to yourself! Don't touch my robe.

NURSE

By your knees, do not undo me.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why speak this way if – as you say – you say nothing ill?

NURSE

Child, this is not a story to be shared.

HIPPOLYTUS

Good things are *enhanced* by publicity.

NURSE

Child, don't break your oath.

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no, no. My tongue swore, not my heart.

560

NURSE

Child, what will you do? Will you undo those closest to you?

HIPPOLYTUS

No one unjust is close to me.

NURSE

Forgive me – humans make mistakes, child.

HIPPOLYTUS

Zeus! Why did you settle women in the sun's light?

They are counterfeit, evil. If you wanted the race  
to reproduce,  
It didn't have to be through women.  
We could have placed bronze or iron  
or a weight of gold into your temple and bought children  
as the seed of our offerings, each according to his worth,  
570 and then we could have lived in our houses free of the female.  
[[As it is, when we are about to take such an evil home  
we pay for it with the happiness of our house.]]  
This makes clear how great an evil a woman is:  
Even the one who sowed and raised a woman,  
I mean her father, supplements her with a dowry  
and is relieved to send her away.  
The one taking this ruinous shoot  
adds ornament to the statue and delights,  
adds beauty to the worst thing he owns and delights,  
580 elaborates her with clothing and destroys the happiness of  
his house.  
[[He must! And the result? Either he makes a good alliance  
and preserves a bitter bridal bed because he likes his in-laws,  
or he gets a sweet bed and a useless father-in-law,  
and suppresses his misfortune with happiness.]]  
He has it easy if she's nothing – even if the woman  
sits around the house doing nothing like an idiot.

571-2 As it is ...] These lines refer to the custom of the bride-gift, in which the husband paid the father of the bride on taking her. They are inconsistent with the custom of the dowry, on which the next lines depend. For this reason they have been suspected as interpolations.  
573-7 This makes clear ...] These lines refer to the custom of the dowry, inconsistent with the custom of paying the father of the bride, on which the previous lines depend. For this reason they have been suspected as interpolations.

I hate smart women. I'll never let one  
in my house who thinks more  
than a woman should. Cypris inbreeds devious evils  
in wise women. A woman with no brains at least stays  
out of trouble. 590

No wife should have a servant, either. They should live  
with the silent chewing of beasts,  
prohibited from conversation.

As it is women plan wicked things inside the house  
and their servants carry their intentions out:  
you, looking for an ally  
against the inviolate bed of my father.

I am going to wash away in running water  
what my ears have heard. How could I be so evil  
that I could pretend to be holy even hearing such a thing? 600  
Understand that only my piety saves you.

If I had not constrained myself unawares by holy oaths,  
I would not have kept this from my father.  
I will leave the house, for so long as Theseus is away,  
and I will keep my mouth shut.

But when my father returns, I will come to watch  
how you and your mistress look at him.

[[I will know your daring. I've had a taste already.]]

To hell with both of you. I will never have enough of  
hating women,  
not even if someone says that's all I talk about. 610  
It's all I talk about because they are always evil.  
Either teach them to have some prudence,  
or let me always walk all over them.

*He exits, firing one wrathful glance at Phaedra.*

PHAEDRA

*Oh wretched, unhappy  
fate of women!*

antistrophe c

*Once we have fallen what technique or argument do we have  
to undo the knot of words?*

*We have been punished. Oh earth and light!*

*Where will I escape this fate?*

620 *How will I hide my pain?*

*What divine assistance, or human  
companion or ally in my unjust acts  
will appear? My suffering puts  
an unavoidable limit on life.*

*I am the most unfortunate of women.*

CHORUS

*Pheu pheu.*

*It's all over. The technique of your servant  
will not straighten it out. This is bad.*

PHAEDRA

*(To the nurse) Most evil destroyer of friends,  
you've done me in.*

630 *Let Zeus my progenitor uproot you*

<sup>614</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled:*

*Instead of fire we women blossomed –  
another fire, greater,  
much harder to fight.*

and rub you out with his fire. Didn't I say,  
didn't I foretell your intent, when I begged you  
to stay silent on the things now ruining my name?  
You couldn't restrain yourself. And I will die stripped of  
my reputation.

I need to think through things again.  
He is touched by fury in his heart  
and will tell his father of our sins, and he will tell the old man  
Pittheus of my misfortune and he will fill the whole earth  
with the most shameful words. Die! –  
You and whoever is eager to do wrong good for  
unwilling friends.

640

NURSE

Find fault with my bad luck. The bite overpowers  
your insight.  
But I have things to say in reply, if you can listen.  
I raised you, and I only think about your good.  
I sought medicine for your disease, and I did not find  
what I was looking for. If I had succeeded,  
you would have called me wise.  
Our brains are based on our fortunes.

<sup>645</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled:*

The fortunes of mortals are not based on piety.  
Everything is hunted down and caught  
by daring and more powerful hands.

PHAEDRA

How is this just and satisfying, that you should wound me,  
then start a philosophical debate?

NURSE

650 We're talking about this too much. I was not wise.  
But salvation can come even out of this, child.

PHAEDRA

Stop talking. You did not advise me well before,  
and then you acted badly. Get out from under my feet  
and save yourself. I'll arrange my own affairs now.

*Exit nurse.*

But you, well-born children of Trozen, grant me this –  
cover in silence what you hear here.

CHORUS

I swear by august Artemis, daughter of Zeus,  
that I will never show your evils to the light.

PHAEDRA

660 You speak well. I have an invention  
which will provide my children with a reputable life  
and help myself. I will not shame my Cretan home.  
I will not go to face Theseus with shameful deeds between us,  
for the sake of one soul alone.

CHORUS

You intend some evil that you can't take back.

PHAEDRA

I intend death. I am working out how.

CHORUS

Don't say these things!

PHAEDRA

*(Ironic)* You too advise me well. *(Resolute)* I will delight my  
destroyer Cypris  
by being relieved of life today.

A bitter love defeats me. But I will be trouble for another  
as I die. He will learn not to be self-righteous  
in the face of my ills. He will share this disease with me  
and he will learn to be prudent.

670

*She exits.*

## Second Ode

### CHORUS

*Take me to some high retreat* strophe f  
*and make me a winged bird.*  
*Lift me up over the ocean wave*  
*of the Adriatic shores*  
*and the waters of Eridanus*  
*where into the azure deep the wretched sisters*  
*of Phaethon distill*  
680 *amber rays of tears.*

*I want to reach the apple-bearing* antistrophe f  
*shores of the western singers,*  
*where the admiral of the azure waters*  
*no longer gives a path to sailors*  
*but declares that the august limit of heaven, sustained by Atlas;*  
*where the ambrosial springs flow by the bed of Zeus;*  
*where verdant, generous earth augments*  
*the happiness of the gods.*

*Oh white-winged Cretan* strophe g  
690 *ship, that brought my queen*  
*over the booming*

<sup>677</sup> Eridanus] Mythical water where Phaethon crashed the chariot of his father Helios. His sisters turned to poplars and weep tears of amber into the Baltic sea.

*ocean wave, an ill-married benefit,  
from her happy home.  
An ill omen followed her all the way, when she set out  
from Crete, when she arrived at Athens,  
and when they attached the woven ends of the rope  
to the dock on the shores of Mounichion to disembark.*

antistrophe g *Because of that her wits  
are broken by Aphrodite's plague –  
unholy desires –  
And soaked by waves of misfortune she will fasten  
to her white neck a noose,  
hung from the beams of her bridal chamber,  
shamed by the hateful confluence of powers,  
choosing a good reputation above all,  
alleviating her thought of painful desire.*

700

Scene Three

*The nurse's voice is muffled but clear.  
She speaks from inside the house.*

NURSE

Iou iou.

Run shouting to the gates of the house.

Our mistress the wife of Theseus is strangled!

CHORUS

710 Pheu pheu. It is done. The woman is no longer  
queen, caught in the hanging noose.

NURSE

Why do you not hurry? Will no one bring a two-edged  
blade to cut the knot around her neck?

CHORUS

What should we do? Should we cross the boundary into  
the house

and release the queen from the tightened noose?

*(Replying to itself)* Why? Aren't there young servants inside?  
Interfering all the time is not a safe way to live.

NURSE

Lay out and arrange the wretched corpse.  
This is bitter housekeeping for my master.

CHORUS

The woman is dead –  
they are laying out the corpse.

720

*Theseus enters, wearing the garlands of a  
recent visitor to the oracle of Delphi.*

THESEUS

What is all this shouting?  
A heavy echo of servants comes from the house.  
Strange: no one thought it right to open the gates  
and speak to me joyfully, as a recent visitor to the oracles.  
Has something new happened to old Pittheus?  
His age is very advanced.  
It will be painful to us when he leaves the house.

CHORUS

Fate reaches its hands not against the old,  
Theseus. Young deaths will grieve you.

730

THESEUS

Oimoi. Am I stripped of the life of a child?

CHORUS

The children live. It is more painful than that. Their  
mother is dead.

THESEUS

What are you saying? My bride is dead? From what?

CHORUS

From the hanging noose.

THESEUS

Frozen by grief? From what disaster?

CHORUS

We only know that much. We just now came,  
Theseus, to lament your evils.

THESEUS

Aiai. Why do I garland my head  
with woven branches? I am an ill-fortuned pilgrim.

740 Lift the locks of the gates,  
fold back the hinges, so I can see the bitter sight  
of the woman who destroys me by dying.

First unfolding.

*The doors of the house open and  
Phaedra's corpse is rolled out.*

CHORUS

*Io io. Evil case.*

*You suffered, you have acted  
to confound the whole house.*

*Aiai. Daring:*

*dying by force and an unholy misfortune,*

*the act of your own hand.  
Who darkened your life?*

THESEUS

strophe h *Oh these pains. I have suffered  
the greatest of my woes. Fate,*

750

*how heavily you fall on me and my house,  
an unknown stain from some avenging spirit;*

*an unlivable destruction.  
I see such a sea of evils*

*that I will never make it back,  
never make it over the wave of calamity.*

*What word will I use  
for your deep doom?*

*Vanished like some bird from my hand,  
you leapt and surged to Hades.*

760

*Aiai. These are terrible agonies.  
I am overwhelmed with this divine disaster from somewhere  
because of the sins of some ancestor.*

748-64 Oh these pains ...] This strophe and its corresponding antistrophe have a musical structure which seems to fluctuate between the sung and the spoken, as though Theseus were still divided between high passion and calm grief. Each strophe alternates couplets in glyconics, a swift, passionate meter, and in iambic trimeters, the meter of speech.

CHORUS

Not to you alone, lord, have these sorrows come;  
you have lost a noble wife with many others.

THESEUS

*I want the underworld. I want the darkness beneath this world.* antistrophe h  
*I want to live with the darkness in death,*

*deprived of your dearest congress.*

770 *You didn't die; you killed.*

*Who will tell me what deadly fortune  
overcame your heart?*

*Will someone tell me what happened, or has this crowd  
of servants gathered pointlessly in front of my royal house?*

*Static.*

*What a grief I have seen,*

*A grief that cannot be endured or uttered. I am killed.  
The house is deserted. The children are orphaned.*

*Aiai. You have left us  
best of women on whom the light  
780 of the sun looks – and the star-lit radiance of the night.*

778-80 Aiai ...] these lines are attributed to the chorus in most of the mss.

CHORUS

*What evils the house has.  
My eyelids are touched with flowing tears for your fate.  
But I have long since shuddered at the pain that follows.*

THESEUS

Wait –

Second unfolding. what is this tablet grasped in her beloved hand?  
Does it signify something new?  
Has the woman written a letter  
with requests about our bed and children?  
Take heart; there is no woman  
who will move into the bed and home of Theseus.  
Oh – the outline of the dead woman's  
golden seal strokes my eyes.  
Break the sealed enclosure.  
Let's see what the tablet wants to say to me.

790

*He reads.*

CHORUS

Pheu pheu. God brings a new, unexpected evil  
in on us.

*Static.*

I say the house of my master – pheu pheu –  
is destroyed and is no more.

[[Oh spirit, if you can, do not bring down the house.  
800 Listen to me I beg: like a prophet, I see an ill  
omen coming over us from some quarter.]]

THESEUS

*(Looking up from the tablet)* Oimoi. This is a new evil on top  
of the old one,  
unendurable and incommunicable.

CHORUS

What is it? Say, if it can be said to me.

THESEUS

*This letter shouts terrible things. Where will I escape  
the weight of evil? I am dead, destroyed,  
such a melody I saw  
speaking on the tablets.*

CHORUS

Aiai. You make appear a word which leads in woe.

THESEUS

810 *I will contain this inescapable ruinous  
evil behind the gates of my mouth  
no more. City!*

799-801 Oh spirit ...] These lines are reported to have been missing from some texts in the scholia. In Barrett's judgment "the bathos is intolerable"; he found the passage "absurdly incompetent."

Hippolytus dared to touch my bed  
in force, dishonoring the august eye of Zeus.  
But, father Poseidon, of the three  
curses you once gave me, I will work one  
against my son, and he will not escape  
this day, if indeed you have given me reliable curses.

CHORUS

Lord, take that back, by the god,  
for you will discover that you have missed the mark.

820

THESEUS

Not possible. I will drive him from this land.  
He will be blasted by one of two fates:  
either Poseidon will honor my curses  
and send him dead to the house of Hades,  
or falling from this land and wandering  
over foreign earth he will bale the bilge of misery.

CHORUS

But there is your son himself, arrived at the right time –  
Hippolytus. Release your evil anger, lord  
Theseus, have councils more agreeable to your house.

*Enter Hippolytus.*

<sup>817</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled:*

What then, if you are released and betray me, should you suffer?

HIPPOLYTUS

- 830 I heard your shouting, father, and came  
quickly. As to why you are groaning so loudly,  
I have no idea, and want to learn from you.  
Wait – what is this? I see your wife, father,  
dead. This is worth the greatest wonder:  
Just now I left her, and not long ago  
she was looking on the light.  
What has she suffered? In what manner did she die?  
Father, I want to know this from you.  
You are silent? No use for silence among evils.
- 840 [[A heart that longs to learn all  
is convicted of gluttony even among evils.]]  
It is not right to hide your misfortunes, father,  
from friends, – but I am more than a friend.

THESEUS

Humanity – so wrong, so vain:  
why do you teach your myriad arts  
and devise and invent so many things  
when you don't know and will never learn  
to teach prudence to a witless man?

HIPPOLYTUS

- You speak of a terrible sophist, who can compel  
850 the senseless to show it.  
But don't speak so subtly, father. This is a crisis.  
I fear your tongue wanders.

THESEUS

Pheu. There should be some clear sign  
of friends, or some way to diagnose a mind  
and know who is true and who is not a friend.  
And every man should have two voices,  
one just, and the other as he needs it;  
this way unjust thoughts would be  
convicted by the just, and we would never be deceived.

HIPPOLYTUS

Has a friend been slandering me to your ears?  
I've been framed for something.  
I'm shocked – your words shock me,  
deviant and unseated of sense.

860

Theseus is all power, a  
big man with a history  
of violent exploits.

THESEUS

Pheu. How far will a mortal mind progress?  
What limit is there of audacity?  
If it grows like a cancer throughout a man's life  
and the later man exceeds the earlier  
in outrage, the gods will have to add  
another earth to hold  
the unjust and the naturally bad.  
(*To the chorus*) Look at him: my son,

870

853-9 *Hippolytus Veiled*:

Pheu pheu – that facts have no voice  
for men, and clever speakers are not nothing.  
As it is they steal away and twist things with fluent  
mouths, and what should be our opinion isn't.

who has shamed my bed and been exposed  
by the dead as patently the most evil person here.  
(*To Hippolytus*) Since I am already steeped in this stain, show  
your face directly to your father.  
Do you have congress with gods  
like an intelligent man? Are you prudent and untainted by ill?  
I won't be persuaded by your boasts  
to ignorantly attribute ignorance to the gods.

- 880 Oh go ahead – deal in food  
and “vegetarianism” and have Orpheus as your master  
and enjoy your sacred transports  
and honor the smoke of many books.  
You are caught. I warn all  
to avoid men like him. They hunt  
with august words – and devise shameful acts.  
She is dead. You think this will save you?  
You are indicted even more by this, you... you...  
What oaths or words could overcome  
890 her witness and let you flee your guilt?  
Will you say you hated her, that bastards  
are natural enemies of legitimate children?  
You call her a bad seller of her own life,  
if she destroyed what was dearest to her out of hate for you.  
Or maybe that idiocy is not present in men  
but natural in women? Young men  
are no less prone to failure than women  
when Cypris shakes their young hearts.  
Oh, fine – why do I vie with your words  
900 when there is the clearest witness of a corpse?

He has no comprehension of Hippolytus' culture or practice.

Leave this land as fast as you can.  
Never approach god-built Athens,  
Even its borders.  
If I yield, suffering these things from you,  
Sinis of the Isthmus will no longer admit  
I killed him, but will claim my boasts are false,  
nor will the Scironian rocks that skirt the sea  
say that I am harsh on criminals.

CHORUS

I don't know how to say that any mortal  
has a good fate. Things are upside down.

910

Hippolytus, raised with  
the best teachers, is all  
technique to counter  
Theseus' power.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, the force and tension of your mind  
are terrible. But the matter, though it has fine words  
is not fine when you unfold and inspect it.  
I am not a pretty speaker in front of a crowd;  
I'm clever with my own age, and in small groups.  
But that is right and good: men the wise think  
trifling seem inspired when they speak before a crowd.

905 Sinis] Travelling from Trozen to Athens, Theseus defeated Sinis who had been challenging people to pull down the tip of a pine tree; the spring loaded, these unsuspecting victims would then either be flung off into space or simply torn in two by the recoiling tree. Theseus did the same to Sinis. In Bacchylides, Sinis was the son of Poseidon, and would thus be Theseus' half-brother.

907 Scironian rocks ...] Sciron, sitting at the edge of a tall cliff overlooking the Saronic gulf, compelled passersby to wash his feet. As they were doing so, he kicked them off the rock and into the sea, where they were devoured by a sea turtle. Theseus requited Sciron in kind.

911 force and tension] The language here is musical: Hippolytus describes Theseus' mind as though it were a tightly strung lyre. Compare the description of women as a "rough harmony," afflicted by "unstrung helplessness" in the parodos.

But since this misfortune touches me,  
I must release my voice. I will begin  
920 where you began, thinking you could destroy me  
without response. Behold this light  
and the earth. There is no man here  
more prudent than I – even if you deny it.  
I know to honor the gods first,  
and to have friends who do not attempt injustice  
but would be ashamed to speak ill  
or render shameful service.  
I do not joke about my friends, father.  
I am the same near them and far.  
930 I am untouched by the one thing you think  
you caught me doing.  
To this day my body is pure of sex.  
I don't know about that stuff – except what I've heard  
or seen in pictures; and I don't want  
to look at those. I have a virgin soul.  
My prudence doesn't convince you? Fine.  
Show how I was corrupted.  
Was her body the most beautiful  
of all women's bodies? Did I hope  
to live in your house thanks to the marriage?  
940 I would have been a senseless fool.  
How is it sweet for a prudent man to be king?

*Static.*

941 *Hippolytus Veiled:*  
I see that in many men  
earlier success breeds outrage.

Monarchy pleases those whose minds are ruined.

I want to be first in *sports*.

In the city I want to be second,  
all the while enjoying the best as friends.

I can do what I want, but without fear –  
and that gives more than royal pleasure.

One more thing.

If I had a character witness  
and this... this... plaintiff were still alive

950

You would have had to investigate.

Then you would have discovered the real criminals.

As it is, I'll swear by Zeus and the broad earth  
that I never touched your marriage;  
never wanted to or even thought about it.

May I die in silent obscurity

[[with no city and no home, a fugitive wandering the earth]]

and may neither the sea nor the earth receive my  
dying flesh, if I am vile.

What fear drove her to destroy her life

960

I do not know. I may say no more.

She was prudent though she could not be,  
but I, who can be, did not use it well.

#### CHORUS

An appropriate protection against the charge you uttered  
in swearing by the gods – hardly untrustworthy.

<sup>942</sup> Monarchy ...] "Arrant nonsense," says Barrett, who views the line with "the gravest suspicion."

<sup>942</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled*:

Wealth breeds outrage, not a modest life.

THESEUS

Is he some kind of sorcerer or magician  
who thinks he can govern my soul  
by holding his temper, though he dishonors the one who  
bore him?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am amazed at you in all this, father:  
970 if you were the child, and I were your father,  
I would have killed you if you had thought  
to touch my woman, not just imposed exile.

THESEUS

How well you speak. You will not die  
as you establish the law for yourself –  
a quick death is easy for an unhappy man.  
Instead you will wander far from your father's land  
and drag out a miserable life on foreign earth.  
[[That is the reward for impiety.]]

HIPPOLYTUS

Oimoi. What are you doing? Will you not accept  
980 time's witness on my behalf, but drive me from this earth?

979 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

You yourself do something now. Then call the gods.

If you work, god helps.

980 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Time creeps. It loves to tell the truth.

THESEUS

Beyond the ocean and the limits of Atlas,  
if I could, so much I hate you.

HIPPOLYTUS

Without testing my oath or pledge or the voice  
of prophets you would drive me out?

THESEUS

This tablet contains no prophecies  
but it accuses you faithfully. Leave alone the birds  
wandering over our heads.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh gods, why do I not open my mouth?  
I am destroyed by you, though I revere you.  
I will not. I would not persuade him.  
I would break my oath in vain.

990

THESEUS

My god. Your solemnity is killing me.  
Get out. Get out. Get out.

HIPPOLYTUS

Where should I turn? Who  
will accept me now I'm charged with this?

<sup>983</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Well I say, anyway, that you should not know the law  
more than necessary things in a crisis.

THESEUS

Someone who likes the company of corruptors  
of women. Someone who likes to live with evil.

HIPPOLYTUS

*(Groans, as if kicked in the kidneys)* The blow brings tears,  
that I seem so evil to you.

THESEUS

1000 You should have thought about that and groaned,  
before you dared to outrage your father's wife.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh house, if only you would speak for me  
and bear witness as to whether I am vile.

THESEUS

Good – witnesses who cannot talk.  
The silent act declares your guilt.

HIPPOLYTUS

Pheu.  
If I could stand and look at myself,  
to weep over the evils I endure.

THESEUS

1010 Yes – you are trained at honoring yourself  
more than your parents, more than doing holy things,  
more than being just.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh unhappy mother. Oh bitter birth!  
Let none of my friends be bastards.

THESEUS

Drag him away.  
I exiled him long ago.

HIPPOLYTUS

Any of them that touches me will cry out.  
Expel me yourself, if you have the guts.

THESEUS

I will, if you don't go.  
I feel nothing for you.

HIPPOLYTUS

The net closes, it seems.  
I know the truth, but I don't know how to tell it.  
Oh daughter of Leto, dearest to me of all the gods,  
partner, fellow hunter, we flee  
far from glorious Athens. Farewell, city  
and land of Erechtheus. Oh plain of Trozen,  
so many blessings you have for a young man –  
farewell. I address you for the last time.  
Go, young men of this land,  
address me and send me from this earth.

1020

You will never see a purer man  
1030 even if it doesn't seem that way to him.

*Exit Hippolytus.*



## Third Ode

*Theseus remains on stage attending to Phaedra's corpse.*

### CHORUS

*Care for the gods, when it comes to my mind,  
is blown away by pain and understanding. What hope is left  
to see things hidden in the fates and acts of men?  
Now this, now that; life is a wanderer.  
Life always alters.*

strophe *i*

*Fate give me this allotment from the gods:  
good luck and a heart untainted by pain,*

antistrophe *i*

1031–66 In this ode the Greek displays a curious discrepancy. The chorus refers to themselves in the feminine twice and in the masculine twice or perhaps three times (depending on the edition). They cannot be both masculine and feminine. Two solutions are currently accepted: emendation to remove the masculine participles, or ascription of the masculine parts of the ode to a secondary chorus of Hippolytus' attendants. Diggle's text opts for the second of these strategies. Kovacs opts for the first. I translate Kovacs' solution in the body of the text. Diggle's text is as follows:

### ATTENDANTS

*Care for the gods, when it comes to my mind  
takes away pain: but though I conceal some hope of understanding  
I am abandoned when I behold the fates and acts of men.  
Now this, now that; life is a wanderer.  
Life always alters.*

### CHORUS

*Fate give me this allotment from the gods:  
good luck and a heart untainted by pain,*

*opinions neither strict nor strange;  
an easy style, changing with the times  
from birth to death.*

1040

strophe j *I no longer have pure thoughts. I see things I never expected:  
the clearest star of Hellenic Athens  
sent to another land  
by a father's rage.  
Oh sands of my native shore,  
Oh oaks of the mountain, where with fast  
footed hounds he hunted beasts  
in the train of august Dictynne!*

antistrophe j *He will no longer mount his chariot,  
commanding the course around the lake with the feet of  
racing steeds.  
The unsleeping Muse beneath the bridge of strings*

1050

*opinions neither strict nor strange;  
an easy style, changing with the times  
from birth to death.*

ATTENDANTS

*I no longer have pure thoughts. I see things I never expected:  
the clearest star of Hellenic Artemis  
sent to another land  
by a father's rage.  
Oh sands of my native shore,  
Oh oaks of the mountain, where with fast  
footed hounds he hunted beasts  
in the train of august Dictynne!*

CHORUS

*He will no longer mount his chariot,  
commanding the course around the lake with the feet of racing steeds.  
The unsleeping Muse beneath the bridge of strings*

*will cease in his father's house.  
The resting places of the daughter of Leto  
in the deep glades will go ungarlanded.  
The contest of maidens to be your bride  
is destroyed by your flight.*

*With tears at your misfortune  
I will carry abroad your fate  
that should not be. Oh wretched mother.*

1060 *You bore fruitlessly. Pheu.*

*I rage at the gods.*

*Io Io.*

*Yoked Graces, why do you send him  
from his father's land  
from his home?  
He did nothing wrong.*

epode

*will cease in his father's house.  
The resting places of the daughter of Leto  
in the deep glades will go ungarlanded.  
The contest of maidens to be your bride  
is destroyed by your flight.*

*With tears at your misfortune  
I will carry abroad your fate  
that should not be. Oh wretched mother.*

*You bore fruitlessly. Pheu.*

*I rage at the gods.*

*Io Io.*

*Yoked Graces, why do you send him  
from his father's land  
from his home?  
He did nothing wrong.*



## Scene Four

CHORUS

I see a companion of Hippolytus there,  
coming quickly, with a sullen face, to the house.

*Enter the Messenger.*

MESSENGER

1070 Where will I find Theseus the lord of this  
country, ladies? Tell me if you know.  
Is he inside?

CHORUS

He's coming out.

MESSENGER

Theseus, I bring a story worth worrying about,  
for you and for the citizens who live  
in Athens and Trozen.

THESEUS

What is it. Has some new disaster  
hauled down these two neighboring cities?

MESSENGER

Hippolytus is no more, to say it straight.  
But he beholds the light by the smallest incline of the scale.

THESEUS

At whose hand? Did someone attack him in a rage,  
someone whose wife he forced as he did his father's?

1080

MESSENGER

The frame of his own chariot destroyed him,  
and the curse from your mouth, which you begged  
of your father, lord of the sea, on the matter of your son.

THESEUS

Oh gods, and Poseidon, you truly are  
my father, since you hear my prayers.  
How did he die? Say how the mallet  
of Justice struck him, he who dishonored me.

MESSENGER

We were near the wave-beaten shore  
combing the manes of our horses  
and lamenting over the message  
that Hippolytus could no longer turn his feet  
about this land, since he was exiled by you.  
Then he came to us on the shore, with the same  
melody of tears, and a myriad throng  
of friends of the same age followed behind.  
After a while he stopped groaning and said:

1090

“why am I so perplexed by this? I must obey.  
Equip the yoke-horses for the chariot,  
1100 servants. This is no longer my city.”

Then every man was urged on,  
and faster than you could say it we set  
the equipped horses by our master.  
And he grasped the reins in his hands,  
and fastened his feet to the footstalls.  
And first he spoke to the gods:  
“Zeus, may I no longer be if I am vile.  
And may my father know that he dishonors me,  
whether I die or look on the light.”

1110 With this he took the whip and brought it down  
on the horses all at once. And we servants  
followed our master on the road to Argos and Epidaurus,  
until we reached deserted lands.

There is a headland beyond this country,  
lying against the Saronic gulf.  
There some kind of terrestrial echo, like the thunder of Zeus,  
sent forth a deep roar – it made us shudder when we heard it.  
The horses raised their heads straight and their ears  
to heaven, and we had a lively fear  
1120 over the origins of that sound. And looking  
towards the sea-beat beach we saw a wave  
rising uncannily to the sky, so that my eye  
was deprived of the sight of the Scironian shore,

and the Isthmus and the rock of Asclepius were hidden.  
It swelled, and splashing much foam  
all around with a salty spray  
it moved towards the beach where the chariot was.  
And with its billowing and surging  
the wave sent forth a bull, a savage beast:  
and the whole earth was filled with its voice 1130  
and answered back with terrifying echoes.  
The vision was too great for sight.  
Straightway a terrible fear fell on the horses.  
Our master, who knew his horses well,  
seized the reins in his hands,  
and pulled, leaning back like a sailor,  
hanging his body back from the straps.  
But they bit the fire-born bit in their jaws  
and carried him by force, turning not beneath  
their captain's hand nor the bridle nor the 1140  
chariot. If, holding the tiller, he guided  
their course to softer ground,  
the bull appeared in front of them and turned them aside,  
driving the four-horsed chariot wild with fear.  
But if they were borne with raging minds towards the rocks,  
it silently drew near and followed  
until it overthrew the chariot like a rearing horse,  
hurling the wheels against the rocks.  
Everything was confounded: the wheels' naves  
and the pins of the wheels and the axles leapt up 1050  
and he himself was dragged along,  
as though woven together with the reins,

as though bound in an indissoluble knot.  
His head was smashed against the rocks  
and his flesh was torn, and he cried out terrible things;  
“Stay, horses I raised myself,  
do not rub me out – oh curse of my father.  
Who wants to save the best of men?”

1160 Many wanted to. But we were left behind,  
our feet too slow. The bonds of leather  
were cut – I don’t know how – and he was released  
and fell, still breathing a little life yet.  
But the horses and the terrible monster of that bull  
were covered over somewhere in that craggy place.

I am a slave of your house, lord,  
but I will never be able to believe  
that a man such as your son was vile,  
not even if the whole female race hangs itself  
and every plank of pine on Ida is filled  
1170 with writing. I know he was a good man.

CHORUS

Aiai. New evils fall on us.  
There is no alleviation from pain.

1165 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Theseus, this is the best advice if you are wise:  
do not trust a woman even when she speaks the truth.

THESEUS

I enjoyed your words – I hate the man  
who suffered these things. But in reverence  
of the gods and him (after all, he was my son)  
I say I neither delight nor grieve.

MESSENGER

What now? Should we bring him? What  
should we do with the victim that would please your heart?  
Reflect: if you take my advice  
you will not be too harsh with your unlucky son.

1180

THESEUS

Bring him, so I can look in his eyes  
and disprove with words and his disaster  
the claim he never touched my bed.

CHORUS

Bitter. *Cypris! You carry off the unbending wits  
of gods and men, and with you  
the one with colorful wings, enclosing them  
in his fast feathers.  
Love flies over the earth  
and over the resounding salt sea;  
he enchants those whose mad hearts he rushes on,  
fluttering and flashing gold:  
the whelps of mountain and ocean,  
whoever the earth raises  
and the flashing sun beholds.*

1190

*Men too. You alone govern  
all these, Cypris, in honored monarchy.*

*Enter Artemis, on the roof of the house.*

ARTEMIS

*You! Well-born child of Aigeus;  
I call on you to listen.*

*Artemis addresses you, the daughter of Leto.*

1200 *Theseus, why do you delight in these things?  
You killed your son, not piously,  
persuaded by your wife's false words  
about things unseen. Now the disaster is plain to see.  
How will you not hide your body beneath  
the earth in shame,  
or change your lifestyle to that of a bird  
and lift your feet away from these agonies?  
You have no part of life among good men.*

Listen, Theseus, to the arrangement of your evils.

1210 This will involve no advancement –  
it will only hurt you more.

But I came to show that the mind of your child  
was just, so he can die with a good name,  
and to show your wife's frenzy – and, in a way, her nobility.  
She was bit by the goddess  
most hateful to those of us who take pleasure  
in virginity. That made her love your son.  
She tried to overcome Cypris with her mind

but was completely destroyed  
by the machinations of her nurse,  
who indicated the disease to your son,  
but bound him first by oaths.

1220

And he, as was just, did not yield  
to her words, nor, when he was maligned by you,  
would he break the faith of his oath.  
She, afraid that she would be found out,  
wrote false things and ruined your son  
with lies you found convincing.

THESEUS

Oimoi.

ARTEMIS

Does the story bite, Theseus? Peace,  
so you can hear what happened next. Then you can groan. 1230  
You know you have three trustworthy oaths from your father?  
You took one of these, horrible man,  
to use against your son. It should have been directed  
at some foe.

Your oceanic father, thinking well of you,  
gave what he promised.  
But you seem vile to him and to me,  
since you waited for neither proof nor prophecy,  
did not investigate, did not give time  
for consideration. You sent the curse  
on your son and killed him much faster than you  
should have. 1240

THESEUS

Mistress, may I die.

ARTEMIS

You have done terrible things.

But you might still be forgiven.

Cypris was full of rage and wanted things this way.

The custom among the gods is

that no one countermands the urges of another god.

We stand aside.

But, know well, if I didn't fear Zeus

I would not have come to the shameful point

1250 of letting the man I love most die.

Your ignorance acquits your sin

of being evil – and the woman prevented an investigation

by persuading you with her death.

These ills break over you in particular,

but I feel it too: the gods do not enjoy

the death of a pious man. We wreck

the vile, together with their houses and their children.

CHORUS

*The wretched one is coming now,*

*young flesh and blonde head*

1260 *outraged. Oh labor of the house.*

*A double pain, sent by the gods,*

*has seized the halls.*

*Enter Hippolytus, on a stretcher.*

HIPPOLYTUS

*Aiai aiai.*

*I am outraged by the unjust decrees  
of an unjust father.*

*Oimoi moi.*

*Pains dart through my head,  
and convulsions leap on my brain.*

*Stop. I'm worn out. Let me pause.*

*E e.*

1270

*Oh hateful carriage horses,  
raised by my own hand,  
You have completely destroyed me. Killed me.  
Pheu pheu. By the gods, gently, servants,  
touch my wounded flesh gently.*

*Who stands to my right?*

*Lean me forward, stretch me tight  
an unhappy man cursed*

*by his father's deeds. Zeus, Zeus, do you see this?*

Still the terrible  
conviction of his  
moral perfection.

*I am the reverent one, the god-worshipper,*

1280

*I am the one exceeding all in prudence:*

*I am the one going wide-eyed to Hades.*

*I am the one who lost my life. To some other purpose  
did I work my pious works  
for men.*

*Aiai aiai. The pain.*

*Don't touch me!*

*Let death heal me.*

*Kill me. Kill me.*

1290 *I desire a two-edged sword  
to dissect me  
and lay me to rest.  
My father's terrible curse!  
Some bloody sin  
born with me from my ancestors  
breaks out, and will not wait,  
and comes against me. It must be this:  
I am guilty of no evil.  
Io moi moi.*

1300 *What should I say? How could I relieve my life  
of the agonies of this suffering?  
If only the black necessity of night  
would lull me all the way to Hades.*

ARTEMIS

Oh wretched man, what kind of misfortune yokes you?  
The nobility of your mind has destroyed you.

Artemis' is now a twilight voice gathering at the edges of Hippolytus' pain.

HIPPOLYTUS

Wait –  
O divinely-scented breath: even in evils  
I perceive you and my body rises –  
The goddess Artemis is here.

1294 *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Oh Power, there's no turning away  
a mortal's inborn and god sent ill.

ARTEMIS

Oh wretched man, she is, whom you love more than any  
other god.

1310

HIPPOLYTUS

Do you see me, mistress, in my sad state?

ARTEMIS

I see you – but I may not cry.

HIPPOLYTUS

You no longer have a hunter or a servant.

ARTEMIS

No – but I lose one most dear to me.

HIPPOLYTUS

No more guard over your horses or your statues.

ARTEMIS

Meddling Cypris wrought this.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oimoi. Now I learn the power that destroyed me.

ARTEMIS

Her pride was wounded. She hated your prudence.

HIPPOLYTUS

One destroyed three.

ARTEMIS

1320 Your father, you, and his wife, third.

HIPPOLYTUS

I groan for my father too.

ARTEMIS

He was deceived by the councils of the gods.

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, you are wretched in these calamities.

THESEUS

I am destroyed, child. There is no more pleasure in life.

HIPPOLYTUS

I groan for your mistake. Not for me.

THESEUS

If I could die instead of you...

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh bitter gift of your father Poseidon.

THESEUS

I wish it had never come to my lips.

HIPPOLYTUS

You would have killed me, you were so angry.

THESEUS

My thoughts were ruined by the gods.

1330

HIPPOLYTUS

Pheu.

So close... If only the race of mortals had a curse for the gods.

ARTEMIS

Stop. Thanks to your piety and your good heart  
the anger that falls on your body at the will  
of the goddess Cypris will not go unpunished,  
even though you lie in subterranean darkness.  
I will punish another, with inescapable arrows  
sent from my own hand – another who is most dear to her.  
And in exchange for these evils  
I will give you the greatest honors

1340

<sup>1332</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled*:

But the gods weren't thinking right on this.

<sup>1340</sup> the greatest honors] Pausanias, *Description of Greece* 2.32.3–4: "A very prominent precinct [in Trozen] is dedicated to Hippolytus the son of Theseus, and there is a temple in it with an ancient cult statue. They say that Diomedes made these and was also the first to sacrifice to Hippolytus. And the Trozenians have a priest of Hippolytus who holds his office for life, and they have established annual sacrifices. They also do this: each virgin, before getting married, cuts a lock of hair, and brings it to the temple and dedicates it. And they deny he was killed by being torn apart by his horses, nor do they show his grave (though they know where it is). But they believe that the constellation called the charioteer is actually Hippolytus; this is the honor he got from the gods. [...] In another part of the enclosure is a stadium, which they call "Hippolytus' stadium," and above it a temple of Aphrodite the watcher. For it was from there that Phaedra watched him exercise when she loved him. The myrtle still grows there, and its leaves [...] are pierced with holes. Whenever Phaedra was at a loss and could find no easing of her love, she took it out on the myrtle. And the grave of

in the city of Trozen. Unyoked girls  
will cut their hair to you, and through the long ages  
you will pick the fruit of their deepest grief.  
Young girls will always make music for you.  
Phaedra's love will not be silent or forgotten.

But you, child of old Aigeus,  
take your son in your arms and embrace him.  
You destroyed him unwillingly.  
Men make such mistakes when the gods decide.

1350 I beg you: do not hate your father,  
Hippolytus. Fate designed your death.  
Farewell. It is not permitted for me to see death  
nor stain my eyes with mortal exhalation.  
I see that you are close to that.

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell to you too, happy maiden:  
But you leave a long association so easily!  
I will stop my strife with my father, since you require it.  
I have always obeyed your words.

Aiai. Darkness has arrived on my eyes.  
1360 Take my body, father, and lay it out.

*Theseus weeps: the close is quiet.*

Phaedra is there, not far from the memorial of Hippolytus, which is not far from the myrtle.  
And Timotheus made the image of Asclepius, but the Trozenians say it is not Asclepius but  
an image of Hippolytus."

THESEUS

Oimoi. Child, what are you doing to me?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am dead. I see the gates of Hades...

THESEUS

Do you leave me with unholy hands?

HIPPOLYTUS

I liberate you of my slaughter.

THESEUS

You make me free of blood?

HIPPOLYTUS

Artemis, mistress of the bow, is my witness.

THESEUS

My son, you are noble in your father's eyes.

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell, father. Fare very well.

THESEUS

Oimoi. He has a good and pious soul.

HIPPOLYTUS

Bitter. Pray to have the same in your legitimate sons.

1370

THESEUS

Do not leave me, son. Have strength.

HIPPOLYTUS

My strength is done. I die.  
Cover my face, quickly, with my robe.

THESEUS

Glorious Athens, you lose a great man.  
I will remember well your deeds, Cypris.

CHORUS

*This agony comes undesired  
to all citizens.  
There will be a torrent of many tears.  
The stories of the great are always full of grief.*

*Waves and static. In the distance,  
a lone horse's whinny, then silence.*

<sup>1376</sup> *Hippolytus Veiled:*

Oh blessed hero Hippolytus:  
such honors you have achieved because of your prudence.  
There is no power for a mortal  
greater than virtue.  
For good gratitude for piety comes  
sooner or later.



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Euripides

*Hippolytus*

Gurd, Sean

Uitgeverij, 2012

ISBN: 9789081709156

<https://punctumbooks.com/titles/hippolytus/>

<https://www.doi.org/10.21983/P3.0218.1.00>