"Ritual re-enactment or dramatic metaphor? Creusa in Euripides' *Ion*" John Gibert, University of Colorado Boulder March 17, 2016, Williamsburg, VA (CAMWS)

The passages are all from Euripides' Ion (Greek text: Gibert; English translation: Kovacs, modifed).

1. The Old Man urges Creusa to do something (843)

ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν. As a result you must do a womanly deed.

2. Creusa's monody (859-922)

ὧ ψυχά, πῶς σιγάσω; πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφήνω εὐνάς, αἰδοῦς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ;	860	My heart, how shall I keep silent? But how shall I reveal the secret union and lose my sense of shame?
τί γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι; πρὸς τίν' ἀγῶνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς; οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδότης γέγονεν; στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παίδων, φροῦδαι δ' ἐλπίδες, ἃς διαθέσθαι χρήιζουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἐδυνήθην, σιγῶσα γάμους,	865	What stands in my way to halt me? With whom am I contending for the prize of goodness? Has not my husband betrayed me? I am being robbed of my house, robbed of children, my hopes are gone. Though I wished to achieve these hopes by saying nothing of the rape or of my tearful childbirth, I could not. No, by the starry
σιγῶσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους. ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Διὸς πολύαστρον έδος καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν λίμνης τ' ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος πότνιαν ἀκτήν,	870	seat of Zeus, by the goddess who dwells on my high hill, and by the lordly shore of Lake Triton's deep waters, I shall no more conceal this union! Lifting this load from my breast I shall feel relief! My eyes run with tears, and my soul is pained by the evil machinations of men and gods. I shall reveal that they are ungrateful betrayers of
οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὃ στέρνων ἀπονησαμένη ῥάιων ἔσομαι. στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί, ψυχὴ δ' ἀλγεῖ κακοβουλευθεῖσ' ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἔκ τ' ἀθανάτων, οὓς ἀποδείξω	875	my bed!
λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.	880	Oh you that cause the voice
ὧ τᾶς ἑπταφθόγγου μέλπων κιθάρας ἐνοπάν, ἄτ᾽ ἀγραύλοις κεράεσσιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχεῖ μουσᾶν ὕμνους εὐαχήτους,		of the seven-stringed lyre to resound, which on the rustic lifeless horn echoes forth the Muses' lovely hymns, to you, O son of Leto,
σοὶ μομφάν, ὧ Λατοῦς παῖ, πρὸς τάνδ' αὐγὰν αὐδάσω. ἢλθές μοι χρυσῶι χαίταν μαρμαίρων, εὖτ' ἐς κόλπους	885	by the light of day I utter my reproach! You came to me with your hair gold-gleaming as into the folds of my gown I was plucking flowers of saffron hue reflecting the golden light. Seizing me by my pale white wrists as I cried out "Mother!" into the cave that was your bed you took me, divine ravisher,
κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρεπον †άνθίζειν† χρυσανταυγῆ· λευκοῖς δ' ἐμφὺς καρποῖσιν Χειρῶν εἰς ἄντρου κοίτας κραυγὰν Ἦ μᾶτέρ μ' αὐδῶσαν βοὰς ἡμοινήσας	890	
θεὸς ὁμευνέτας ἄγες ἀναιδείαι Κύπριδι χάριν πράσσων. τίκτω δ' ἁ δύστανός σοι κοῦρον, τὸν φρίκαι ματρὸς	895	without pity, doing what gladdens Cypris' heart. I, the unblest, bore to you a son whom, in fear of my mother, I cast upon your couch
βάλλω τὰν σὰν εἰς εὐνάν, ἵνα μ' ἐν λέχεσιν μελέαν μελέοις ἐζεύξω τὰν δύστανον. οἵμοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει πτανοῖς ἁρπασθεὶς θοίνα παῖς μοι—	900	where in sorrow upon a bed of sorrow you yoked my wretched self. Ah me! And now he is gone, seized by creatures of the air for their feast, my son—
καὶ σός, τλᾶμον· σὺ δ΄ ‹ἀεὶ› κιθάραι κλάζεις παιᾶνας μέλπων.	905	and yours, hard-hearted one! Yet you <forever> with your lyre go on playing "O Paian"!</forever>

ώή, τὸν Λατοῦς αὐδῶ, őστ' όμφὰν κληροῖς τπρὸς χρυσέους θάκουςτ καὶ γαίας μεσσήρεις έδρας. ές φῶς αὐδὰν καρύξω. Ίὼ ‹ἰὼ› κακὸς εὐνάτωρ, ος τωι μέν έμωι νυμφεύται χάριν οὐ προλαβών παῖδ' εἰς οἴκους οἰκίζεις. όδ' ἐμὸς γενέτας καὶ σὸς τἀμαθὴς τ οἰωνοῖς ἔρρει συλαθείς, σπάργανα ματέρος έξαλλάξας. μισεῖ σ' ἁ Δᾶλος καὶ δάφνας ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ' άβροκόμαν, ἔνθα λοχεύματα σέμν' ἐλοχεύσατο Λατὼ Δίοισί σε κάποις.

You there, I mean the son of Leto, who allot your oracles

t<to those who come> to your golden seatt and to the earth's midmost resting place! To the light of day I make this proclamation:

Oh, ungrateful lover!

Though you had no previous favor

from my husband

you gave him a child for his house;

yet my son

910

and yours, tunfeeling, t

has vanished, taken as prey for birds,

leaving the swaddling bands of his mother behind.

You are hated by Delos and the shoots

of laurel that stand beside the palm tree's delicate

fronds,

there where in holy childbed

Leto bore you in the bower sent by Zeus.

3. The Chorus-leader's reaction (923-4)

οἴμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὡς ἀνοίγνυται κακῶν, ἐφ' οἶσι πᾶς ἂν ἐκβάλοι δάκρυ.

Ah, what a great storehouse of misery is opening, misery to make everyone weep!

4. The Old Man's reaction (925-30)

<ἄ> θύγατερ, οἴκτου σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίμπλαμαι πρόσωπον, ἔξω δ' ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς. κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ' ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί, πρύμνηθεν αἴρει μ' ἄλλο σῶν λόγων ὕπο, οὑς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν μετῆλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὁδούς.

My daughter, as I look at your face I am filled with pity and have wandered from the thread of my thoughts. As I was trying to bail this wave of misfortune out of my mind, another comes from astern and lifts my vessel aloft because of your words: in uttering them you go from our present misfortunes down the woeful path of other sorrows.

5. Creusa "gives her body" to Apollo's altar (1285)

ίερον το σωμα τωι θεωι δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

I have given myself over to the god as sacrosanct.

6. Creusa's answer to Ion's question, "What pleasure do you find in dying amidst the god's wreaths?"

λυπήσομέν τιν' ὧν λελυπήμεσθ' ὕπο.

I will cause grief to one of those who caused me grief.

7. Ion reacts to Creusa's leap from the altar (1402-3)

λάζυσθε τήνδε θεομανής γὰρ ἥλατο βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα δεῖτε δ' ἀλένας.

Seize her! Deranged by some god she has leapt from the altar, leaving the statue behind! Bind her hands!

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