

SOPHIST

By Plato

STRANGER: Shall we say that being is one and a whole, because it has the attribute of unity? Or shall we say that being is not a whole at all?

THEAETETUS: That is a hard alternative to offer.

STRANGER: Most true; for being, having in a certain sense the attribute of one, is yet proved not to be the same as one, and the all is therefore more than one.

THEAETETUS: Yes.

STRANGER: And yet if being be not a whole, through having the attribute of unity, and there be such a thing as an absolute whole, being lacks something of its own nature?

THEAETETUS: Certainly.

STRANGER: Upon this view, again, being, having a defect of being, will become not-being?

THEAETETUS: True.

STRANGER: And, again, the all becomes more than one, for being and the whole will each have their separate nature.

THEAETETUS: Yes.

STRANGER: But if the whole does not exist at all, all the previous difficulties remain the same, and there will be the further difficulty, that besides having no being, being can never have come into being.

THEAETETUS: Why so?

STRANGER: Because that which comes into being always comes into being as a whole, so that he who does not give whole a place among beings, cannot speak either of essence or generation as existing.

THEAETETUS: Yes, that certainly appears to be true.

STRANGER: Again; how can that which is not a whole have any quantity? For that which is of a certain quantity must necessarily be the whole of that quantity.

THEAETETUS: Exactly.

STRANGER: And there will be innumerable other points, each of them causing infinite trouble to him who says that being is either one or two.

THEAETETUS: The difficulties which are dawning upon us prove this; for one objection connects with another, and they are always involving what has preceded in a greater and worse perplexity.

STRANGER: We are far from having exhausted the more exact thinkers who treat of being and not-being. But let us be content to leave them, and proceed to view those who speak less precisely; and we shall find as the result of all, that the nature of being is quite as difficult to comprehend as that of not-being.

THEAETETUS: Then now we will go to the others.

STRANGER: There appears to be a sort of war of Giants and Gods going on amongst them; they are fighting with one another about the nature of essence.

THEAETETUS: How is that?

STRANGER: Some of them are dragging down all things from heaven and from the unseen to earth, and they literally grasp in their hands rocks and oaks; of these they lay hold, and obstinately maintain, that the things only which can be touched or handled have being or essence, because they define being and body as one, and if any one else says that what is not a body exists they altogether despise him, and will hear of nothing but body.

THEAETETUS: I have often met with such men, and terrible fellows they are.

STRANGER: And that is the reason why their opponents cautiously defend themselves from above, out of an unseen world, mightily contending that true essence consists of certain intelligible and incorporeal ideas; the bodies of the materialists, which by them are maintained to be the very truth, they break up into little bits by their arguments, and affirm them to be, not essence, but generation and motion. Between the two armies, Theaetetus, there is always an endless conflict raging concerning these matters.

THEAETETUS: True.

STRANGER: Let us ask each party in turn, to give an account of that which they call essence.

THEAETETUS: How shall we get it out of them?

STRANGER: With those who make being to consist in ideas, there will be less difficulty, for they are civil people enough; but there will be very great difficulty, or rather an absolute impossibility, in getting an opinion out of those who drag everything down to matter. Shall I tell you what we must do?

THEAETETUS: What?

STRANGER: Let us, if we can, really improve them; but if this is not possible, let us imagine them to be better than they are, and more willing to answer in accordance with the rules of argument, and then

their opinion will be more worth having; for that which better men acknowledge has more weight than that which is acknowledged by inferior men. Moreover we are no respecters of persons, but seekers after truth.

THEAETETUS: Very good.

STRANGER: Then now, on the supposition that they are improved, let us ask them to state their views, and do you interpret them.

THEAETETUS: Agreed.

STRANGER: Let them say whether they would admit that there is such a thing as a mortal animal.

THEAETETUS: Of course they would.

STRANGER: And do they not acknowledge this to be a body having a soul?

THEAETETUS: Certainly they do.

STRANGER: Meaning to say that the soul is something which exists?

THEAETETUS: True.

STRANGER: And do they not say that one soul is just, and another unjust, and that one soul is wise, and another foolish?

THEAETETUS: Certainly.

STRANGER: And that the just and wise soul becomes just and wise by the possession of justice and wisdom, and the opposite under opposite circumstances?

THEAETETUS: Yes, they do.

STRANGER: But surely that which may be present or may be absent will be admitted by them to exist?

THEAETETUS: Certainly.

STRANGER: And, allowing that justice, wisdom, the other virtues, and their opposites exist, as well as a soul in which they inhere, do they affirm any of them to be visible and tangible, or are they all invisible?

THEAETETUS: They would say that hardly any of them are visible.

STRANGER: And would they say that they are corporeal?

THEAETETUS: They would distinguish: the soul would be said by them to have a body; but as to the other qualities of justice, wisdom, and the like, about which you asked, they would not venture either to deny their existence, or to maintain that they were all corporeal.

STRANGER: Verily, Theaetetus, I perceive a great improvement in them; the real aborigines, children of the dragon's teeth, would have been deterred by no shame at all, but would have obstinately asserted that nothing is which they are not able to squeeze in their hands.

THEAETETUS: That is pretty much their notion.

STRANGER: Let us push the question; for if they will admit that any, even the smallest particle of being, is incorporeal, it is enough; they must then say what that nature is which is common to both the corporeal and incorporeal, and which they have in their mind's eye when they say of both of them that they 'are.' Perhaps they may be in a difficulty; and if this is the case, there is a possibility that they may accept a notion of ours respecting the nature of being, having nothing of their own to offer.

THEAETETUS: What is the notion? Tell me, and we shall soon see.

STRANGER: My notion would be, that anything which possesses any sort of power to affect another, or to be affected by another, if only for a single moment, however trifling the cause and however slight the effect, has real existence; and I hold that the definition of being is simply power.

THEAETETUS: They accept your suggestion, having nothing better of their own to offer.

STRANGER: Very good; perhaps we, as well as they, may one day change our minds; but, for the present, this may be regarded as the understanding which is established with them.

STRANGER: And, O heavens, can we ever be made to believe that motion and life and soul and mind are not present with perfect being? Can we imagine that being is devoid of life and mind, and exists in awful unmeaningness an everlasting fixture?

THEAETETUS: That would be a dreadful thing to admit, Stranger.

STRANGER: But shall we say that has mind and not life?

THEAETETUS: How is that possible?

STRANGER: Or shall we say that both inhere in perfect being, but that it has no soul which contains them?

THEAETETUS: And in what other way can it contain them?

STRANGER: Or that being has mind and life and soul, but although endowed with soul remains absolutely unmoved?

THEAETETUS: All three suppositions appear to me to be irrational.

STRANGER: Under being, then, we must include motion, and that which is moved.

THEAETETUS: Certainly.

STRANGER: Then, Theaetetus, our inference is, that if there is no motion, neither is there any mind anywhere, or about anything or belonging to any one.

THEAETETUS: Quite true.

STRANGER: And yet this equally follows, if we grant that all things are in motion—upon this view too mind has no existence.

THEAETETUS: How so?

STRANGER: Do you think that sameness of condition and mode and subject could ever exist without a principle of rest?

THEAETETUS: Certainly not.

STRANGER: Can you see how without them mind could exist, or come into existence anywhere?

THEAETETUS: No.

STRANGER: And surely contend we must in every possible way against him who would annihilate knowledge and reason and mind, and yet ventures to speak confidently about anything.

THEAETETUS: Yes, with all our might.

STRANGER: Then the philosopher, who has the truest reverence for these qualities, cannot possibly accept the notion of those who say that the whole is at rest, either as unity or in many forms: and he will be utterly deaf to those who assert universal motion. As children say entreatingly 'Give us both,' so he will include both the moveable and immoveable in his definition of being and all.

STRANGER: Then, surely, he who can divide rightly is able to see clearly one form pervading a scattered multitude, and many different forms contained under one higher form; and again, one form knit together into a single whole and pervading many such wholes, and many forms, existing only in separation and isolation. This is the knowledge of classes which determines where they can have communion with one another and where not.

THEAETETUS: Quite true.

STRANGER: And the art of dialectic would be attributed by you only to the philosopher pure and true?

THEAETETUS: Who but he can be worthy?

STRANGER: In this region we shall always discover the philosopher, if we look for him; like the Sophist, he is not easily discovered, but for a different reason.

THEAETETUS: For what reason?

STRANGER: Because the Sophist runs away into the darkness of not-being, in which he has learned by habit to feel about, and cannot be discovered because of the darkness of the place. Is not that true?

THEAETETUS: It seems to be so.

STRANGER: And the philosopher, always holding converse through reason with the idea of being, is also dark from excess of light; for the souls of the many have no eye which can endure the vision of the divine.

THEAETETUS: Yes; that seems to be quite as true as the other.

STRANGER: Well, the philosopher may hereafter be more fully considered by us, if we are disposed; but the Sophist must clearly not be allowed to escape until we have had a good look at him.

STRANGER: But then, what is the meaning of these two words, 'same' and 'other'? Are they two new kinds other than the three, and yet always of necessity intermingling with them, and are we to have five kinds instead of three; or when we speak of the same and other, are we unconsciously speaking of one of the three first kinds?

THEAETETUS: Very likely we are.

STRANGER: Then, as would appear, the opposition of a part of the other, and of a part of being, to one another, is, if I may venture to say so, as truly essence as being itself, and implies not the opposite of being, but only what is other than being.

THEAETETUS: Beyond question.

STRANGER: What then shall we call it?

THEAETETUS: Clearly, not-being; and this is the very nature for which the Sophist compelled us to search.

STRANGER: And has not this, as you were saying, as real an existence as any other class? May I not say with confidence that not-being has an assured existence, and a nature of its own? Just as the great was found to be great and the beautiful beautiful, and the not-great not-great, and the not-beautiful not-beautiful, in the same manner not-being has been found to be and is not-being, and is to be reckoned one among the many classes of being. Do you, Theaetetus, still feel any doubt of this?

STRANGER: For certainly, my friend, the attempt to separate all existences from one another is a barbarism and utterly unworthy of an educated or philosophical mind.

Hegel

“Phenomenology of Spirit”

3. Lord and Bondsman

[Φ 189](#). In this experience self-consciousness becomes aware that *life* is as essential to it as pure self-consciousness. In immediate self-consciousness the simple ego is absolute object, which, however, is for us or in itself absolute mediation, and has as its essential moment substantial and solid independence. The dissolution of that simple unity is the result of the first experience; through this there is posited a pure self-consciousness, and a consciousness which is not purely for itself, but for another, i.e. as an existent consciousness, consciousness in the form and shape of thinghood. Both moments are essential, since, in the first instance, they are unlike and opposed, and their reflexion into unity has not yet come to light, they stand as two opposed forms or modes of consciousness. The one is independent, and its essential nature is to be for itself; the other is dependent, and its essence is life or existence for another. The former is the Master, or Lord, the latter the Bondsman.

[Φ 190](#). The master is the consciousness that exists *for itself*; but no longer merely the general notion of existence for self. Rather, it is a consciousness existing on its own account which is mediated with itself through an other consciousness, i.e. through an other whose very nature implies that it is bound up with an independent being or with thinghood in general. The master brings himself into relation to both these moments, to a thing as such, the object of desire, and to the consciousness whose essential character is thinghood. And since the master, is (a) *qua* notion of self-consciousness, an immediate relation of self-existence, but (b) is now moreover at the same time mediation, or a being-for-self which is for itself only through an other — he [the master] stands in relation (a) immediately to both, (b) mediately to each through the other. The master relates himself to the bondsman mediately through independent existence, for that is precisely what keeps the bondsman in thrall; it is his chain, from which he could not in the struggle get away, and for that reason he proved himself to be dependent, to have his independence in the shape of thinghood. The master, however, is the power controlling this state of existence, for he has shown in the struggle that he holds it to be merely something negative. Since he is the power dominating existence, while this existence again is the power controlling the other [the bondsman], the master holds, *par consequence*, this other in subordination. In the same way the master relates himself to the thing mediately through the bondsman. The bondsman being a self-consciousness in the broad sense, also takes up a negative attitude to things and cancels them; but the thing is, at the same time, independent for him and, in consequence, he cannot, with all his negating, get so far as to annihilate it outright and be done with it; that is to say, he merely works on it. To the master, on the other hand, by means of this mediating process, belongs the immediate relation, in the sense of the pure

negation of it, in other words he gets the enjoyment. What mere desire did not attain, he now succeeds in attaining, viz. to have done with the thing, and find satisfaction in enjoyment. Desire alone did not get the length of this, because of the independence of the thing. The master, however, who has interposed the bondsman between it and himself, thereby relates himself merely to the dependence of the thing, and enjoys it without qualification and without reserve. The aspect of its independence he leaves to the bondsman, who labours upon it.

(a). Lordship

[Φ 191](#). In these two moments, the master gets his recognition through an other consciousness, for in them the latter affirms itself as unessential, both by working upon the thing, and, on the other hand, by the fact of being dependent on a determinate existence; in neither case can this other get the mastery over existence, and succeed in absolutely negating it. We have thus here this moment of recognition, viz. that the other consciousness cancels itself as self-existent, and, *ipso facto*, itself does what the first does to it. In the same way we have the other moment, that this action on the part of the second is the action proper of the first; for what is done by the bondsman is properly an action on the part of the master. The latter exists only for himself, that is his essential nature; he is the negative power without qualification, a power to which the thing is naught. And he is thus the absolutely essential act in this situation, while the bondsman is not so, he is an unessential activity. But for recognition proper there is needed the moment that what the master does to the other he should also do to himself, and what the bondsman does to himself, he should do to the other also. On that account a form of recognition has arisen that is one-sided and unequal.

[Φ 192](#). In all this, the unessential consciousness is, for the master, the object which embodies the truth of his certainty of himself. But it is evident that this object does not correspond to its notion; for, just where the master has effectively achieved lordship, he really finds that something has come about quite different from an independent consciousness. It is not an independent, but rather a dependent consciousness that he has achieved. He is thus not assured of self-existence as his truth; he finds that his truth is rather the unessential consciousness, and the fortuitous unessential action of that consciousness.

[Φ 193](#). The truth of the independent consciousness is accordingly the consciousness of the bondsman. This doubtless appears in the first instance outside itself, and not as the truth of self-consciousness. But just as lordship showed its essential nature to be the reverse of what it wants to be, so, too, bondage will, when completed, pass into the opposite of what it immediately is: being a consciousness repressed within itself, it will enter into itself, and change round into real and true independence.

(b). Fear

[Φ 194](#). We have seen what bondage is only in relation to lordship. But it is a self-consciousness, and we have now to consider what it is, in this regard, in and for itself. In the first instance, the master is taken to be the essential reality for the state of bondage; hence, for it, the truth is the independent consciousness existing for itself, although this truth is not taken yet as inherent in bondage itself. Still, it does in fact

contain within itself this truth of pure negativity and self-existence, because it has experienced this reality within it. For this consciousness was not in peril and fear for this element or that, nor for this or that moment of time, it was afraid for its entire being; it felt the fear of death, the sovereign master. It has been in that experience melted to its inmost soul, has trembled throughout its every fibre, and all that was fixed and steadfast has quaked within it. This complete perturbation of its entire substance, this absolute dissolution of all its stability into fluent continuity, is, however, the simple, ultimate nature of self-consciousness, absolute negativity, pure self-referrent existence, which consequently is involved in this type of consciousness. This moment of pure self-existence is moreover a fact for it; for in the master it finds this as its object. Further, this bondsman's consciousness is not only this total dissolution in a general way; in serving and toiling the bondsman actually carries this out. By serving he cancels in every particular aspect his dependence on and attachment to natural existence, and by his work removes this existence away.

[Φ 195](#). The feeling of absolute power, however, realized both in general and in the particular form of service, is only dissolution implicitly; and albeit the fear of the lord is the beginning of wisdom, consciousness is not therein aware of being self-existent. Through work and labour, however, this consciousness of the bondsman comes to itself. In the moment which corresponds to desire in the case of the master's consciousness, the aspect of the non-essential relation to the thing seemed to fall to the lot of the servant, since the thing there retained its independence. Desire has reserved to itself the pure negating of the object and thereby unalloyed feeling of self. This satisfaction, however, just for that reason is itself only a state of evanescence, for it lacks objectivity or subsistence. Labour, on the other hand, is desire restrained and checked, evanescence delayed and postponed; in other words, labour shapes and fashions the thing. The negative relation to the object passes into the form of the object, into something that is permanent and remains; because it is just for the labourer that the object has independence. This negative mediating agency, this activity giving shape and form, is at the same time the individual existence, the pure self-existence of that consciousness, which now in the work it does is externalized and passes into the condition of permanence. The consciousness that toils and serves accordingly attains by this means the direct apprehension of that independent being as its self.

[Φ 196](#). But again, shaping or forming the object has not only the positive significance that the bondsman becomes thereby aware of himself as factually and objectively self-existent; this type of consciousness has also a negative import, in contrast with its moment, the element of fear. For in shaping the thing it only becomes aware of its own proper negativity, existence on its own account, as an object, through the fact that it cancels the actual form confronting it. But this objective negative element is precisely alien, external reality, before which it trembled. Now, however, it destroys this extraneous alien negative, affirms and sets itself up as a negative in the element of permanence, and thereby becomes for itself a self-existent being. In the master, the bondsman feels self-existence to be something external, an objective fact; in fear self-existence is present within himself; in fashioning the thing, self-existence comes to be felt explicitly as his own proper being, and he attains the consciousness that he himself exists in its own right and on its own account (*an und für sich*). By the fact that the form is objectified, it does not become something other than the consciousness moulding the thing through work; for just

that form is his pure self existence, which therein becomes truly realized. Thus precisely in labour where there seemed to be merely some outsider's mind and ideas involved, the bondsman becomes aware, through this re-discovery of himself by himself, of having and being a "mind of his own".

(c). The Formative Process of Self-Enfranchisement

For this reflection of self into self the two moments, fear and service in general, as also that of formative activity, are necessary: and at the same time both must exist in a universal manner. Without the discipline of service and obedience, fear remains formal and does not spread over the whole known reality of existence. Without the formative activity shaping the thing, fear remains inward and mute, and consciousness does not become objective for itself. Should consciousness shape and form the thing without the initial state of absolute fear, then it has a merely vain and futile "mind of its own"; for its form or negativity is not negativity *per se*, and hence its formative activity cannot furnish the consciousness of itself as essentially real. If it has endured not absolute fear, but merely some slight anxiety, the negative reality has remained external to it, its substance has not been through and through infected thereby. Since the entire content of its natural consciousness has not tottered and shaken, it is still inherently a determinate mode of being; having a "mind of its own" (*der eigene Sinn*) is simply stubbornness (*Eigensinn*), a type of freedom which does not get beyond the attitude of bondage. As little as the pure form can become its essential nature, so little is that form, considered as extending over particulars, a universal formative activity, an absolute notion; it is rather a piece of cleverness which has mastery within a certain range, but not over the universal power nor over the entire objective reality.

Hobbes

“Leviathan”

CHAPTER XIII OF THE NATURAL CONDITION OF MANKIND AS CONCERNING THEIR FELICITY AND MISERY

NATURE hath made men so equal in the faculties of body and mind as that, though there be found one man sometimes manifestly stronger in body or of quicker mind than another, yet when all is reckoned together the difference between man and man is not so considerable as that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend as well as he. For as to the strength of body, the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself.

And as to the faculties of the mind, setting aside the arts grounded upon words, and especially that skill of proceeding upon general and infallible rules, called science, which very few have and but in few things, as being not a native faculty born with us, nor attained, as prudence, while we look after somewhat else, I find yet a greater equality amongst men than that of strength. For prudence is but experience, which equal time equally bestows on all men in those things they equally apply themselves unto. That which may perhaps make such equality incredible is but a vain conceit of one's own wisdom, which almost all men think they have in a greater degree than the vulgar; that is, than all men but themselves, and a few others, whom by fame, or for concurring with themselves, they approve. For such is the nature of men that howsoever they may acknowledge many others to be more witty, or more eloquent or more learned, yet they will hardly believe there be many so wise as themselves; for they see their own wit at hand, and other men's at a distance. But this proveth rather that men are in that point equal, than unequal. For there is not ordinarily a greater sign of the equal distribution of anything than that every man is contented with his share.

From this equality of ability ariseth equality of hope in the attaining of our ends. And therefore if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in the way to their end (which is principally their own conservation, and sometimes their delectation only) endeavour to destroy or subdue one another. And from hence it comes to pass that where an invader hath no more to fear than another man's single power, if one plant, sow, build, or possess a convenient seat, others may probably be expected to come prepared with forces united to dispossess and deprive him, not only of the fruit of his labour, but also of his life or liberty. And the invader again is in the like danger of another.

And from this diffidence of one another, there is no way for any man to secure himself so reasonable as anticipation; that is, by force, or wiles, to master the persons of all men he can so long till he see no other power great enough to endanger him: and this is no more than his own conservation requireth, and is generally allowed. Also, because there be some that, taking pleasure in contemplating their own power in the acts of conquest, which they pursue farther than their security requires, if others, that

otherwise would be glad to be at ease within modest bounds, should not by invasion increase their power, they would not be able, long time, by standing only on their defence, to subsist. And by consequence, such augmentation of dominion over men being necessary to a man's conservation, it ought to be allowed him.

Again, men have no pleasure (but on the contrary a great deal of grief) in keeping company where there is no power able to overawe them all. For every man looketh that his companion should value him at the same rate he sets upon himself, and upon all signs of contempt or undervaluing naturally endeavours, as far as he dares (which amongst them that have no common power to keep them in quiet is far enough to make them destroy each other), to extort a greater value from his contemners, by damage; and from others, by the example.

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man against every man. For war consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together: so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is peace.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain: and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things that Nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another: and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference, made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself: when taking a journey, he arms himself and seeks to go well

accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws and public officers, armed, to revenge all injuries shall be done him; what opinion he has of his fellow subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children, and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires, and other passions of man, are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions till they know a law that forbids them; which till laws be made they cannot know, nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so, over all the world: but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be, where there were no common power to fear, by the manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government use to degenerate into a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies, and in the state and posture of gladiators, having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms, and continual spies upon their neighbours, which is a posture of war. But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent; that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition that there be no propriety, no dominion, no mine and thine distinct; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are: fear of death; desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living; and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the laws of nature, whereof I shall speak more particularly in the two following chapters.

Freud

“the Uncanny”

Now, however, it is time to turn from these aspects of the matter, which are in any case difficult to judge, and look for some undeniable instances of the uncanny, in the hope that an analysis of them will decide whether our hypothesis is a valid one.

In the story of "The Ring of Polycrates", The king of Egypt turns away in horror from his host, Polycrates, because he sees that his friend's every wish is at once fulfilled, his every care promptly removed by kindly fate. His host has become 'uncanny' to him. His own explanation, that the too fortunate man has to fear the envy of the gods, seems obscure to us; its meaning is veiled in mythological language. We will therefore turn to another example in a less grandiose setting. In the case history of an obsessional neurotic, I have described how the patient once stayed in a hydropathic establishment and benefited greatly by it. He had the good sense, however, to attribute his improvement not to the therapeutic properties of the water, but to the situation of his room, which immediately adjoined that of a very accommodating nurse. So on his second visit to the establishment he asked for the same room, but was told that it was already occupied by an old gentleman, whereupon he gave vent to his annoyance in the words: 'I wish he may be struck dead for it.' A fortnight later the old gentleman really did have a stroke. My patient thought this an 'uncanny' experience. The impression of uncanniness would have been stronger still if less time had elapsed between his words and the untoward event, or if he had been able to report innumerable similar coincidences. As a matter of fact, he had no difficulty in producing coincidences of this sort; but then not only he but every obsessional neurotic I have observed has been able to relate analogous experiences. They are never surprised at their invariably running up against someone they have just been thinking of, perhaps for the first time for a long while. If they say one day 'I haven't had any news of so-and-so for a long time', they will be sure to get a letter from him the next morning, and an accident or a death will rarely take place without having passed through their mind a little while before. They are in the habit of referring to this state of affairs in the most modest manner, saying that they have 'presentiments' which 'usually' come true.

One of the most uncanny and wide-spread forms of superstition is the dread of the evil eye, which has been exhaustively studied by the Hamburg oculist Seligmann (1910-11). There never seems to have been any doubt about the source of this dread. Whoever possesses something that is at once valuable and fragile is afraid of other people's envy, in so far as he projects on to them the envy he would have felt in their place. A feeling like this betrays itself by a look even though it is not put into words; and when a man is prominent owing to noticeable, and particularly owing to unattractive, attributes, other people are ready to believe that his envy is rising to a more than usual degree of intensity and that this intensity will convert it into effective action. What is feared is thus a secret intention of doing harm, and certain signs are taken to mean that that intention has the necessary power at its command.

These last examples of the uncanny are to be referred to the principle which I have called 'omnipotence of thoughts', taking, the name from an expression used by one of my patients. And now we find ourselves on familiar ground. Our analysis of instances of the uncanny has led us back to the old, animistic conception of the universe. This was characterized by the idea that the world was peopled with the spirits of human beings; by the subject's narcissistic overvaluation of his own mental processes; by the belief in the omnipotence of thoughts and the technique of magic based on that belief; by the attribution to various outside persons and things of carefully graded magical powers, or 'mama'; as well as by all the other creations with the help of which man, in the unrestricted narcissism of that stage of development, strove to fend off the manifest prohibitions of reality. It seems as if each one of us has been through a phase of individual development corresponding to this animistic stage in primitive men, that none of us has passed through it without preserving certain residues and traces of it which are still capable of manifesting themselves, and that everything which now strikes us as 'uncanny' fulfils the condition of touching those residues of animistic mental activity within us and bringing them to expression.

At this point I will put forward two considerations which, I think, contain the gist of this short study. In the first place, if psycho-analytic theory is correct in maintaining that every affect belonging to an emotional impulse, whatever its kind, is transformed, if it is repressed, into anxiety, then among instances of frightening things there must be one class in which the frightening element can be shown to be something repressed which *recurs*. This class of frightening things would then constitute the uncanny; and it must be a matter of indifference whether what is uncanny was itself originally frightening or whether it carried some *other* affect. In the second place, if this is indeed the secret nature of the uncanny, we can understand why linguistic usage has extended *das Heimliche* ['homely'] into its opposite, *das Unheimliche* (p. 226); for this uncanny is in reality nothing new or alien, but something which is familiar and old-established in the mind and which has become alienated from it only through the process of repression. This reference to the factor of repression enables us, furthermore, to understand Schelling's definition [p. 224] of the uncanny as something which ought to have remained hidden but has come to light.

It only remains for us to test our new hypothesis on one or two more examples of the uncanny.

Many people experience the feeling in the highest degree in relation to death and dead bodies, to the return of the dead, and to spirits and ghosts. As we have seen [p. 221] some languages in use to-day can only render the German expression 'an *unheimlich* house' by 'a *haunted* house'. We might indeed have begun our investigation with this example, perhaps the most striking of all, of something uncanny, but we refrained from doing so because the uncanny in it is too much intermixed with what is purely gruesome and is in part overlaid by it. There is scarcely any other matter, however, upon which our thoughts and feelings have changed so little since the very earliest times, and in which discarded forms have been so completely preserved under a thin disguise, as our relation to death. Two things account for our conservatism: the strength of our original emotional reaction to death and the insufficiency of our scientific knowledge about it. Biology has not yet been able to decide whether death is the inevitable fate of every living being or whether it is only a regular but yet perhaps avoidable event in life.

It is true that the statement 'All men are mortal' is paraded in text-books of logic as an example of a general proposition; but no human being really grasps it, and our unconscious has as little use now as it ever had for the idea of its own mortality. Religions continue to dispute the importance of the undeniable fact of individual death and to postulate a life after death; civil governments still believe that they cannot maintain moral order among the living if they do not uphold the prospect of a better life hereafter as a recompense for mundane existence. In our great cities, placards announce lectures that undertake to tell us how to get into touch with the souls of the departed; and it cannot be denied that not a few of the most able and penetrating minds among our men of science have come to the conclusion, especially towards the close of their own lives, that a contact of this kind is not impossible. Since almost all of us still think as savages do on this topic, it is no matter for surprise that the primitive fear of the dead is still so strong within us and always ready to come to the surface on any provocation. Most likely our fear still implies the old belief that the dead man becomes the enemy of his survivor and seeks to carry him off to share his new life with him. Considering our unchanged attitude towards death, we might rather enquire what has become of the repression, which is the necessary condition of a primitive feeling recurring in the shape of something uncanny. But repression is there, too. All supposedly educated people have ceased to believe officially that the dead can become visible as spirits, and have made any such appearances dependent on improbable and remote conditions; their emotional attitude towards their dead, moreover, once a highly ambiguous and ambivalent one, has been toned down in the higher strata of the mind into an unambiguous feeling of piety.

We have now only a few remarks to add — for animism, magic and sorcery, the omnipotence of thoughts, man's attitude to death, involuntary repetition and the castration complex comprise practically all the factors which turn something frightening into something uncanny.

We can also speak of a living person as uncanny, and we do so when we ascribe evil intentions to him. But that is not all; in addition to this we must feel that his intentions to harm us are going to be carried out with the help of special powers. A good instance of this is the '*Gettatore*', that uncanny figure of Romanic superstition which Schaeffer, with intuitive poetic feeling and profound psycho-analytic understanding, has transformed into a sympathetic character in his *Josef Montfort*. But the question of these secret powers brings us back again to the realm of animism. It was the pious Gretchen's intuition that Mephistopheles possessed secret powers of this kind that made him so uncanny to her.

The uncanny effect of epilepsy and of madness has the same origin. The layman sees in them the working of forces hitherto unsuspected in his fellow-men, but at the same time he is dimly aware of them in remote corners of his own being. The Middle Ages quite consistently ascribed all such maladies to the influence of demons, and in this their psychology was almost correct. Indeed, I should not be surprised to hear that psycho-analysis, which is concerned with laying bare these hidden forces, has itself become uncanny to many people for that very reason. In one case, after I had succeeded — though none too rapidly — in effecting a cure in a girl who had been an invalid for many years, I myself heard this view expressed by the patient's mother long after her recovery.

Dismembered limbs, a severed head, a hand cut off at the wrist, as in a fairy tale of Hauff's, feet which dance by themselves, as in the book by Schaeffer which I mentioned above — all these have something peculiarly uncanny about them, especially when, as in the last instance, they prove capable of independent activity in addition.....To some people the idea of being buried alive by mistake is the most uncanny thing of all.

There is one more point of general application which I should like to add, though, strictly speaking, it has been included in what has already been said about animism and modes of working of the mental apparatus that have been surmounted; for I think it deserves special emphasis. This is that an uncanny effect is often and easily produced when the distinction between imagination and reality is effaced, as when something that we have hitherto regarded as imaginary appears before us in reality, or when a symbol takes over the full functions of the thing it symbolizes, and so on. It is this factor which contributes not a little to the uncanny effect attaching to magical practices. The infantile element in this, which also dominates the minds of neurotics, is the over-accentuation of psychical reality in comparison with material reality — a feature closely allied to the belief in the omnipotence of thoughts. In the middle of the isolation of war-time a number of the English *Strand Magazine* fell into my hands; and, among other somewhat redundant matter, I read a story about a young married couple who move into a furnished house in which there is a curiously shaped table with carvings of crocodiles on it. Towards evening an intolerable and very specific smell begins to pervade the house; they stumble over something in the dark; they seem to see a vague form gliding over the stairs — in short, we are given to understand that the presence of the table causes ghostly crocodiles to haunt the place, or that the wooden monsters come to life in the dark, or something of that sort. It was a naïve enough story, but the uncanny feeling it produced was quite remarkable.

Foucault

“Panopticism is one of the characteristic traits of our society. It's a type of power that is applied to individuals in the form of continuous individual supervision, in the form of control, punishment and compensation, and in the form of correction, that is, the molding and transformation of individuals in terms of certain norms. This threefold aspect of panopticism - supervision, control, correction - seems to be a fundamental and characteristic dimension of the power relations that exist in our society.” Michel Foucault, (2000) [1981] 'Truth and juridical forms'. In J. Faubion (ed.). Tr. Robert Hurley and others. Power The Essential Works of Michel Foucault 1954-1984. Volume Three. New York: New Press, p. 70.

Michel Foucault, "Discourse on Language," Key Excerpts (from Michel Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge and the Discourse on Language*, trans. A. M. Sheridan-Smith, 1972)

I am supposing that in every society the production of discourse is at once controlled, selected, organised and redistributed according to a certain number of procedures, whose role is to avert its powers and its dangers, to cope with chance events, to evade its ponderous, awesome materiality. In a society such as our own we all know the rules of exclusion. The most obvious and familiar of these concerns what is prohibited.

This should not be very surprising, for psychoanalysis has already shown us that speech is not merely the medium which manifests-- or dissembles-- desire; it is also the object of desire. Similarly, historians have constantly impressed upon us that speech is no mere verbalization of conflicts and systems of domination, but that it is the very object of man's conflicts. But our society possesses yet another principle of exclusion; not another prohibition, but a division and a rejection. I have in mind the opposition: reason and folly.

Of the three great systems of exclusion governing discourse -- prohibited words, the division of madness and the will to truth -- I have spoken at greatest length concerning the third. With good reason: for centuries, the former have continually tended toward the latter; because this last has, gradually, been attempting to assimilate the others in order both to modify them and to provide them with a firm foundation. Because, if the two former are continually growing more fragile and less certain to the extent that they are now invaded by the will to truth, the latter, in contrast, daily grows in strength, in depth and implacability.

True discourse, liberated by the nature of its form from desire and power, is incapable of recognizing the will to truth which pervades it; and the will to truth, having imposed itself upon us for so long, is such that the truth it seeks to reveal cannot fail to mask it. I believe we can isolate another group: internal rules, where discourse exercises its own control; rules concerned with the principles of classification, ordering and distribution. It is as though we were now involved in the mastery of another dimension of discourse: that of events and chance.

I believe there is another principle of rarefaction, complementary to the first: the author. Not, of course, the author in the sense of the individual who delivered the speech or wrote the text in question, but the author as the unifying principle in a particular group of writings or statements, lying at the origins of their significance, as the seat of their coherence.

Of course, it would be ridiculous to deny the existence of individuals who write, and invent. But I think that, for some time, at least, the individual who sits down to write a text, at the edge of which lurks a possible oeuvre, resumes the functions of the author. What he writes and does not write, what he sketches out, even preliminary sketches for the work, and what he drops as simple mundane remarks, all this interplay of differences is prescribed by the author-function. It is from his new position, as an author, that he will fashion-- from all he might have said, from all he says daily, at any time-- the still shaky profile of his oeuvre.

The organization of disciplines is just as much opposed to the commentary-principle as it is to that of the author. Opposed to that of the author, because disciplines are defined Michel Foucault, "Discourse on Language," by groups of objects, methods, their corpus of propositions considered to be true, the interplay of rules and definitions, of techniques and tools. Disciplines constitute a system of control in the production of discourse, fixing its limits through the action of an identity taking the form of a permanent reactivation of the rules. There is, I believe, a third group of rules serving to control discourse.... This amounts to a rarefaction among speaking subjects: none may enter into a discourse on a specific subject unless he has satisfied certain conditions or if he is not, from the outset, qualified to do so.

More exactly, not all areas of discourse are equally open and penetrable; some are forbidden territory ... while others are virtually open to the winds and stand, without any prior restrictions, open to all. Every educational system is a political means of maintaining or of modifying the appropriation of discourse, with the knowledge and the powers it carries with it. I suspect one could find a kind of gradation between different types of discourse within most societies: discourse "uttered" in the course of the day and in casual meetings, and which disappears with the very act which gave rise to it; and those forms of discourse that lie at the origins of a certain number of new verbal acts, which are reiterated, transformed or discussed; in short, discourse which is spoken and remains spoken, indefinitely, beyond its formulation, and which remains to be spoken. Western thought has seen to it that discourse be permitted as little room as possible between thought and words. It would appear to have ensured that to discourse should appear merely as a certain interjection between speaking and thinking; that it should constitute thought, clad in its signs and rendered visible by words or, conversely, that the structures of language themselves should be brought into play, producing a certain effect of meaning.

Whether it is the philosophy of a founding subject, a philosophy of originating experience or a philosophy of universal mediation, discourse is really only an activity, of writing in the first case, of reading in the second and exchange in the third. This exchange, this writing, this reading never involve anything but signs. Discourse thus nullifies itself, in reality, in placing itself at the disposal of the signifier. The critical side of the analysis deals with the systems enveloping discourse; attempting to mark out and

distinguish the principles of ordering, exclusion and rarity in discourse. We might, to play with our words, say it practices a kind of studied casualness.

The genealogical side of discourse, by way of contrast, deals with series of effective Michel Foucault, "Discourse on Language," formation of discourse: it attempts to grasp it in its power of affirmation, by which I do not mean a power opposed to that of negation, but the power of constituting domains of objects, in relation to which one can affirm or deny true or false propositions. Let us call these domains of objects positivist and, to play on words yet again, let us say that, if the critical style is one of studied casualness, then the genealogical mood is one of felicitous positivism. True discourse, liberated by the nature of its form from desire and power, is incapable of recognizing the will to truth which pervades it; and the will to truth, having imposed itself upon us for so long, is such that the truth it seeks to reveal cannot fail to mask it. At all events, one thing at least must be emphasized here: that the analysis of discourse thus understood, does not reveal the universality of a meaning, but brings to light the action of imposed rarity, with a fundamental power of affirmation. Rarity and affirmation; rarity, in the last resort of affirmation -- certainly not any continuous outpouring of meaning, and certainly not any monarchy of the signifier.

I believe we must resolve ourselves to accept three decisions which our current thinking rather tends to resist, and which belong to the three groups of function I have just mentioned: to question our will to truth; to restore to discourse its character as an event; to abolish the sovereignty of the signifier.... One can straight away distinguish some of the methodological demands they imply. A principle of reversal, first of all.... Next, then, the principle of discontinuity Discourse must be treated as a discontinuous activity, its different manifestations sometimes coming together, but just as easily unaware of, or excluding each other. The principle of specificity declares that a particular discourse cannot be resolved by a prior system of significations... We must conceive discourse as a violence that we do to things, or, at all events, as a practice we impose upon them; it is in this practice that the events of discourse find the principle of their regularity. The fourth principle, that of exteriority, holds that we are not to burrow to the hidden core of discourse, to the heart of the thought or meaning manifested in it; instead, taking the discourse itself, its appearance and its regularity, that we should look for its external conditions of existence, for that which gives rise to the chance series of these events and fixes its limits. In the sense that this slender wedge I intend to slip into the history of ideas consists not in dealing with meanings possibly lying behind this or that discourse, but with discourse as regular series and distinct events, I fear I recognize in this wedge a tiny (odious, too, perhaps) device permitting the introduction, into the very roots of thought, of notions of chance, discontinuity and materiality. Michel Foucault, "Discourse on Language."

I believe we can isolate another group: internal rules, where discourse exercises its own control; rules concerned with the principles of classification, ordering and distribution. It is as though we were now involved in the mastery of another dimension of discourse: that of events and chance. And now, let those who are weak on vocabulary, let those with little comprehension of theory call all this-- if its appeal is stronger than its meaning for them-- structuralism.

Myths

Cyclops

THE ELDER KYKLOPES (or Cyclopes) were the three, orb-eyed, immortal [giants](#) who forged the lightning-bolts of Zeus. As soon as they were born, their father [Ouranos](#) (the Sky) locked them away inside the belly of [Earth](#), along with their stormy brothers, the [Hekatonkheires](#). When the [Titans](#) overthrew him, they then drove the giants into the pit of Tartaros. [Zeus](#) and his brothers eventually released them and in return they provided the god with his thunderbolt, [Poseidon](#) with his storm-raising trident, and [Haides](#) with a helm of invisibility. Some say there were a total of seven forging Kyklopes. The additional four, sons of the first, were slain by [Apollon](#) to avenge the death of his son [Asklepios](#), who was struck down by lightning.

The tribe of [younger Kyklopes](#) which Odysseus encountered on his travels were a different breed altogether, probably born from the blood of the castrated sky-god Ouranos.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

CYCLO'PES (Kuklôpes), that is, creatures with round or circular eyes. The tradition about these beings has undergone several changes and modifications in its development in Greek mythology, though some traces of their identity remain visible throughout. According to the ancient cosmogonies, the Cyclopes were the sons of Uranus and Ge; they belonged to the Titans, and were three in number, whose names were Arges, Steropes, and Brontes, and each of them had only one eye on his forehead. Together with the other Titans, they were cast by their father into Tartarus, but, instigated by their mother, they assisted Cronus in usurping the government. But Cronus again threw them into Tartarus, and as Zeus released them in his war against Cronus and the Titans, the Cyclopes provided Zeus with thunderbolts and lightning, Pluto with a helmet, and Poseidon with a trident. (Apollod. i. 1; Hes. *Theog.* 503.) Henceforth they remained the ministers of Zeus, but were afterwards killed by Apollo for having furnished Zeus with the thunderbolts to kill Asclepius. (Apollod. iii. 10. § 4.) According to others, however, it was not the Cyclopes themselves that were killed, but their sons. (Schol. *ad Eurip. Alcest.* 1.)

In the Homeric poems the Cyclopes are a gigantic, insolent, and lawless race of shepherds, who lived in the south-western part of Sicily, and devoured human beings. They neglected agriculture, and the fruits of the field were reaped by them without labour. They had no laws or political institutions, and each lived with his wives and children in a cave of a mountain, and ruled over them with arbitrary power. (Hom. *Od.*

vi. 5, ix. 106, &c., 190, &c., 240, &c., x. 200.) Homer does not distinctly state that all of the Cyclopes were one-eyed, but Polyphemus, the principal among them, is described as having only one eye on his forehead. (*Od.* i. 69, ix. 383, &c.; comp. Polyphemus.) The Homeric Cyclopes are no longer the servants of Zeus, but they disregard him. (*Od.* ix. 275; comp. *Virg. Aen.* vi. 636 ; *Callim. Hymn. in Dian.* 53.)

A still later tradition regarded the Cyclopes as the assistants of Hephaestus. Volcanoes were the workshops of that god, and mount Aetna in Sicily and the neighbouring isles were accordingly considered as their abodes. As the assistants of Hephaestus they are no longer shepherds, but make the metal armour and ornaments for gods and heroes; they work with such might that Sicily and all the neighbouring islands resound with their hammering. Their number is, like that in the Homeric poems, no longer confined to three, but their residence is removed from the south-western to the eastern part of Sicily (*Virg. Georg.* iv. 170, *Aen.* viii. 433; *Callim. Hymn. in Dian.* 56, &c.; *Eurip. Cycl.* 599; *Val. Flacc.* ii. 420.) Two of their names are the same as in the cosmogonic tradition, but new names also were invented, for we find one Cyclops bearing the name of Pyracmon, and another that of Acamas. (*Callim. Hymn. in Dian.* 68; *Virg. Aen.* viii. 425; *Val. Place.* i. 583.)

The Cyclopes, who were regarded as skilful architects in later accounts, were a race of men who appear to be different from the Cyclopes whom we have considered hitherto, for they are described as a Thracian tribe, which derived its name from a king Cyclops. They were expelled from their homes in Thrace, and went to the Curetes (Crete) and to Lycia. Thence they followed Proetus to protect him, by the gigantic walls which they constructed, against Acrisius. The grand fortifications of Argos, Tiryns, and Mycenae, were in later times regarded as their works. (*Apollod.* ii. 1. § 2; *Strab.* viii. p. 373; *Paus.* ii. 16. § 4; *Schol. ad Eurip. Orest.* 953.) Such walls, commonly known by the name of Cyclopean walls, still exist in various parts of ancient Greece and Italy, and consist of unhewn polygons, which are sometimes 20 or 30 feet in breadth. The story of the Cyclopes having built them seems to be a mere invention, and admits neither of an historical nor geographical explanation. Homer, for instance, knows nothing of Cyclopean walls, and he calls Tiryns merely a polis *teichioessa*. (*Il.* ii. 559.) The Cyclopean walls were probably constructed by an ancient race of men--perhaps the Pelasgians--who occupied the countries in which they occur before the nations of which we have historical records; and later generations, being struck by their grandeur as much as ourselves, ascribed their building to a fabulous race of Cyclopes.

In works of art the Cyclopes are represented as sturdy men with one eye on their forehead, and the place which in other human beings is occupied by the eyes, is marked in figures of the Cyclopes by a line. According to the explanation of Plato (*ap. Strab.* xiii. p. 592), the Cyclopes were beings typical of the original condition of uncivilized men ; but this explanation is not satisfactory, and the cosmogonic Cyclopes at least must be regarded as personifications of certain powers manifested in nature, which is sufficiently indicated by their names.

Source: Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

BIRTH & IMPRISONMENT OF THE CYCLOPES

Hesiod, Theogony 139 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.) :

"And again, she bare [Gaia the earth to Ouranos the sky] the Kyklopes, overbearing in spirit, Brontes, and Steropes and stubborn-hearted Arges, who gave Zeus the thunder and made the thunderbolt : in all else they were like the gods, but one eye only was set in the midst of their fore-heads. And they were surnamed Kyklopes (Orb-eyed) because one orb'd eye was set in their foreheads. Strength and might and craft were in their works. And again, three other sons were born of Gaia (Earth) and Ouranos (Sky), [i.e. the three hundred-handed Hekatonkheires] . . .

For of all the children that were born of Gaia and Ouranos, these [i.e. the Hekatonkheires and Kyklopes] were the most terrible, and they were hated by their own father from the first [i.e. father Sky hates the Storm-giants]. And he used to hide them all away in a secret place of Gaia (Earth) so soon as each was born, and would not suffer them to come up into the light: and Ouranos rejoiced in his evil doing. But vast Gaia (Earth) groaned within, being straitened, and she made the element of grey flint and shaped a great sickle, and told her plan to her dear sons [the Titanes]. And she spoke, cheering them, while she was vexed in her dear heart : `My children, gotten of a sinful father, if you will obey me, we should punish the vile outrage of your father; for he first thought of doing shameful things.'

So she said; but fear seized them all, and none of them uttered a word. But great Kronos the wily took courage and answered his dear mother : `Mother, I will undertake to do this deed, for I reverence not our father of evil name, for he first thought of doing shameful things.'

So he said : and vast Gaia rejoiced greatly in spirit, and set and hid him in an ambush, and put in his hands a jagged sickle, and revealed to him the whole plot [i.e. to castrate and dethrone Ouranos, and free her sons from their bondage]."

Eumelus or Arctinus, Titanomachia Fragment 1 (from Proclus, Chrestomathy) (Greek epic C8th B.C.) :

"The *Epic Cycle* begins with the fabled union of Ouranos (Sky) and Ge (Earth), by which they make three Hekatonkheiroi (Hundred-handed) sons and three Kyklopes to be born to him."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 1 - 4 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"Ouranos (Sky) was the first to rule over the entire world. He married Ge (Earth) and sired first the Hekatonkheires, who were named Briareos, Gyges and Kottos . . . After these he sired the Kyklopes, by name Arges (Flash), Steropes (Lightning), and Brontes (Thunder), each of whom had one eye in his forehead. But Ouranos (Sky) bound these and threw them into Tartaros, a place in Hades' realm as dark as Erebus, and as far away from the earth as the earth is from the sky. Now Ge (Earth), distressed by the loss of her children into Tartaros, persuaded the Titanes to attack their father, and she gave Kronos a sickle made of adamant. So all of them except Okeanos set upon Ouranos (Sky), and Kronos cut off his genitals, tossing them into the sea . . . Thus having overthrown Ouranos' rule the Titanes retrieved their brothers from Tartaros and gave the power to Kronos. But Kronos once again bound the Kyklopes and confined them in Tartaros."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Preface (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"From Aether and Terra [were born various abstractions] . . .

[From Caelum (Ouranos) and Terra (Gaia) were born ?] Oceanus, Themis, Tartarus, Pontus; the Titanes : Briareus, Gyes, Steropes, Atlas, Hyperion, and Polus [Koios], Saturnus [Kronos], Ops [Rhea], Moneta [Mnemosyne], Dione." [N.B. Hyginus' *Preface* survives only in summary. The Titanes, Kyklopes and Hekatonkheires should be listed as children of Ouranos (Caelum) and Gaia (Terra) not Aither and Gaia, but the notation to this effect seems to have been lost in the transcription.]



Z7.1 CYCLOPES
AT FORGE



F7.2 CYCLOPES,
HEPHAESTUS,
THETIS



F7.1 CYCLOPES,
HEPHAESTUS

FORGE OF THE CYCLOPES

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 1. 731 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.) :

"Here were the Kyklopes sitting at work on an imperishable thunderbolt for Zeus the King. One ray was lacking to complete its splendour, and this lay spurting flame as they beat it out with their iron hammers."

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 1. 498 ff :

"The earthborn Kyklopes had given him [Zeus] the bolt, the thunder and lightning that form his glorious armament today."

Callimachus, Hymn 3 to Artemis 10 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"[Artemis, still a child, addresses her father Zeus :] `Father, I ask thee not for quiver or for mighty bow : for me the Kyklopes will straightway fashion arrows and fashion for me a well-bent bow.'"

Callimachus, Hymn 3 to Artemis 46 ff :

"And straightway she [Artemis] went to visit the Kyklopes. Then she found in the isle of Lipara--Lipara in later days, but at that time its name was Meligounis--at the anvils of Hephaistos, standing round a molten mass of iron. For a great work was being hastened on: they fashioned a shores-trough for

Poseidon. And the Nymphai [i.e. the companions of Artemis] were affrighted when they saw the terrible monsters like unto the crags of Ossa: all had single eyes beneath their brows, like a shield of fourfold hide for size, glaring terribly from under; and when they heard the din of the anvil echoing loudly, and the great blast of the bellows and the heavy groaning of the Kyklopes themselves. For Aitna cried aloud, and Trinakie cried, the seat of the Sikanians, cried too their neighbour Italie, and Kyrnos therewithal uttered a mighty noise, when they lifted their hammers above their shoulders and smote with rhythmic swing the bronze glowing from the furnace or iron, labouring greatly. Wherefore the Okeaninai could not untroubled look upon them to face nor endure the din in their ears. No shame to them! On those not even the daughters of the Blessed look without shuddering, though long past childhood's years. But when any of the maidens doth disobedience to her mother, the mother calls the Kyklopes to her child--Arges or Steropes; and from within the house comes Hermes stained with burnt ashes. And straightway he plays bogey to the child and she runs into her mother's lap, with her hands upon her eyes. But thou, Maiden [Artemis], even earlier, while yet but three years old, when Leto came bearing thee in her arms at the bidding of Hephaistos that he might give thee handsel [i.e. gifts which were given when seeing a new born child for the first time] and Brontes set thee on his stout knees--thou didst pluck the shaggy hair of his great breast and tear it out by force. And even unto this day the mid part of his breast remains hairless, even as when mange settles on a man's temples and eats away the hair. Therefore right boldly didst thou address them then : `Kyklopes, for me too fashion ye a Kydonian bow and arrows and a hollow casket for my shafts; for I also am a child of Leto, even as Apollon. And if I with my bow shall slay some wild creature of monstrous beast, that shall the Kyklopes eat.' So didst thou speak and they fulfilled thy words. Straightway didst thou array thee, O Goddess."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 3. 302 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"[Zeus] soared ascending to the ethereal sky, and by his nod called up the trailing clouds and massed a storm, with lightnings in the squalls, and thunder and the bolts that never miss . . . he tried, as far as he had power, to curb his might, and would not wield [against his love Semele] the fire with which he's felled hundred-handed Typhoeus. That was too fierce. There is another bolt, a lighter one, in which the Cyclopes forged a flame less savage and a lesser wrath, called by the gods his second armament. With this in hand he went to Semele in Cadmus' palace."

Ovid, Fasti 4. 287 ff (trans. Boyle) (Roman poetry C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"The Trinacrian sea [i.e. the Sicilian Sea], where Brontes, Steropes and Acmonides dip the white iron."

Ovid, Fasti 4. 473 ff :

"And the Cyclops' caverns [in Sicily] scorched by fixed forges."

Virgil, Aeneid 8. 418 ff (trans. Day-Lewis) (Roman epic C1st B.C.) :

"The Fire-lord [Hephaistos] rose from his downy bed and go to his ironworkds. Between the Sicilian coast and Aeolian Lipare there's an island, whose cliffs, sheer-rising, jet out smoke from their crannies : deep within it are vaults, a rumbling volcanic cavern scooped out by the action of the Cyclopes' fires; you can hear the clang of hard blows on the anvils, the roaring when masses of ore are smelted within, and a throbbing blast of flame form the furnaces. Here is Volcanos' [Hephaistos'] place; the island is called

Volcania. Hither now the Fire-god repaired from heaven above. The Cyclopes were hard at work in this underground iron-foundry--Brontes and Steropes, Pyracmon stripped to the buff. They manufactured a thunderbolt, such as the Father of heaven [Zeus] shoots down in such great numbers at earth from all over the sky : part of it was already streamlined, part unfinished. They had given it three fins of twirling sleet, and three of cloudburst, three of russet fire and three of stormwind. Now they were putting in as components frightening flashes, the noise that creates panic, the piercing flames of wrath. Elsewhere, a job was being hurried on for Mars [Ares]--a chariot with swift wheels, such as he rides in to rouse up men and nations. Some busily burnished the aegis Athene wears in her angry moods--a fearsome thing with a surface of gold like scaly snake-skin, and he linked serpents and the Gorgon herself upon the goddess' breast--a severed head rolling its eyes. `Put all that work aside, pack in the jobs you're engaged on, you Cyclopes of Mount Aetna, and turn your attention to this--the making of arms for a hot-blooded hero! Now there is need for your strength, your speediest work and your master-craftmanship. Get bustling on it at once!'

That was all Vulcanus [Hephaistos] said : quickly they set to the business, shared out the tasks among them equally. Rivers of molten bronze and gold are flowing; the deadly steel is smelted in an immense furnace. They fashion a shield of heroic size, to withstand by itself every missile the Latins can use, welding seven round of metal one on another to make it. Some pump away at the bellows, drawing in air and expelling it; some dip the hissing metal in troughs. The cavern groans under the stress of anvils. They raise their arms with the powerful alternate rhythm of cranks, they keep the iron-ore turning in the close grip of their tongs."

Virgil, Georgics 1. 471 ff (trans. Fairclough) (Roman bucolic C1st B.C.) :

"How oft before our eyes did Etna deluge the fields of the Cyclopes with a torrent from her burst furnaces, hurling thereon balls of fire and molten rocks."

Virgil, Georgics 4. 171 ff :

"The Cyclopes in haste forge bolts from tough ore, some with oxhide bellows make the blasts come and go, others dip the hissing brass in the lake, while Aetna groans under the anvils laid upon her; they, with mighty force, now one, now another, raise their arms in measured cadence, and turn the iron with gripping tongs."

Pliny the Elder, Natural History 7. 197 (trans. Rackham) (Roman encyclopedia C1st A.D.) :

"[On inventions :] Manufactures of bronze some ascribe to the Chalybes [an Anatolian tribe] and others to the Cyclopes."

Pliny the Elder, Natural History 7. 198 :

"Working in iron was invented by the Cyclopes."

Valerius Flaccus, Argonautica 4. 286 ff (trans. Mozley) (Roman epic C1st A.D.) :

"In nightly vigil the master [Hephaistos] marks the labours of his workmen and the Cyclops prepares the metal for the thunderbolt, while cities echo the clang of stricken anvils."

Valerius Flaccus, Argonautica 7. 648 ff :

"A Cyclops all black from the hot furnaces where the glowing bolts are forged finds respite and refuge in the Sicilian sea."

Valerius Flaccus, Argonautica 1. 574 ff :

"There stand in the Sicilian Sea on the side of retreating Pelorum a crag, the terror of the straits . . . and hard by may one see another land with rocks and caverns no less terrible; in the former dwell [the Kyklopes] Acamas and naked Pyragmon."

Statius, Thebaid 1. 216 ff (trans. Mozley) (Roman epic C1st A.D.) :

"I [Jove-Zeus] am wearing of venting my anger with flashing brand, long since are the busy arms of the Cyclopes failing, and the fires droop that serve Aeolian anvils."

Statius, Thebaid 2. 265 ff :

"[The Kyklopes aide Hephaistos in the forging of the cursed necklace of Harmonia :] Thereat, though taught mightier tasks, the Cyclopes labour, and the Telchines famed for their handiwork helped in friendly rivalry of their skill; but for himself [Hephaistos] the sweat of toil was heaviest."

Statius, Silvae 1. 1. 3 (trans. Mozley) (Roman poetry C1st A.D.) :

"Was the effigy moulded in Sicilian furnaces, leaving Brontes and Steropes weary?"

Statius, Silvae 3. 1. 130 ff :

"Not so loud is Aetna's din, when the anvils are busy and Brontes and Steropes ply the hammer, nor greater noise from the Lemnian caves when Mulciber [Hephaistos] amid his flames forges the aegis and makes chaste gifts for Pallas."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 29. 348 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.) :

"Set foot in Sikelia (Sicily), put your prayer, if you please, to the Kyklopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work."

Medusa

THE GORGONES (or Gorgons) were three powerful, winged [daemons](#) named Medousa (Medusa), Sthenno and Euryale. Of the three sisters only Medousa was mortal, and so it was her head which King Polydektes of Seriphos commanded the young hero [Perseus](#) to fetch. He accomplished this with the help of the gods who equipped him with a reflective shield, curved sword, winged boots and helm of invisibility. When he fell upon Medousa and decapitated her, two creatures sprang forth from the wound - the winged horse [Pegasos](#) and the giant Khrysaor. Perseus fled with the monster's head in a sack, and with her two angry sisters following close upon his heels.

According to late classical poets, Medousa was once a beautiful maiden who was transformed by Athena into a monster as punishment for lying with Poseidon in her shrine. However, early Greek writers and artists, simply portray her as a monster born of a monstrous family.

The three Gorgones were depicted in ancient Greek vase painting and sculpture as winged women with broad round heads, serpentine locks of hair, large staring eyes, wide mouths, the tusks of swine, lolling tongues, flared nostrils, and sometimes short coarse beards. Medousa was humanised in late classical art with the face of a beautiful woman. In mosaic art her full face was wreathed around with coiling snakes and adorned with a pair of small wings sprouting from the brow.

The poet Hesiod seems to have imagined the Gorgones as reef-creating sea-daemones, personifications of the deadly submerged reefs which posed such a danger to ancient mariners. As such he names the three petrifyers daughters of dangerous sea-gods. One also bears a distinctly marine name, Euryale, "she of the wide briny sea". Later writers continue this tradition when they speak of reefs being created where Perseus had set the Gorgon's head and where he had turned a sea monster to stone.

In other motifs, the Gorgon Medousa was portrayed as a storm daemon whose visage was set upon the storm-bringing aegis-shield of Athene. The two ideas were probably connected, with sea storms driving ships to destruction upon the reefs.

Some say there was a but a single goat-like Gorgon, a daughter of the Sun-God, who was slain by Zeus at the start of the Titan-War to form his stormy aegis shield.

In older motifs the Gorgones were probably connected with Demeter Erinys (the Fury) and the three Erinyses. These were the bringers of drought, the withering of crops and the coming of famine. In myth the beheading of Medousa saw the release of two beings - Pegasos (of the springs) and Khrysaor (golden blade). This story might have represented the ending of drought with the release of the waters of springs (pegai) and the growth of golden (khryse) blades of grain. Demeter herself was titled Khrysaoros in Homeric poetry, further suggesting a close link between the name and blades of corn.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

GORGO and GO'RGONES (Gorgô and Gorgones). Homer knows only one Gorgo, who, according to the *Odyssey* (xi. 633), was one of the frightful phantoms in Hades: in the *Iliad* (v. 741, viii. 349, xi. 36; comp. *Virg. Aen.* vi. 289), the Aegis of Athena contains the head of Gorgo, the terror of her enemies. Euripides (*Ion*, 989) still speaks of only one Gorgo, although Hesiod (*Theog.* 278) had mentioned three Gorgones, the daughters of Phorcys and Ceto, whence they are sometimes called Phorcydes or Phorcides. (Aeschyl. *Prom.* 793, 797; Pind. *Pyth.* xii. 24; *Ov. Met.* v. 230.) The names of the three Gorgones are Stheino (Stheno or Stenusa), Euryale, and Medusa (Hes. *I. c.*; Apollod. ii. 4. § 2), and they are conceived by Hesiod to live in the Western Ocean, in the neighbourhood of Night and the Hesperides. But later traditions place them in Libya. (Herod. ii. 91; Paus. ii. 21. § 6.) They are described (*Scut. Here.* 233) as girded with serpents, raising their heads, vibrating their tongues, and gnashing their teeth; Aeschylus (*Prom.* 794. &c., *Choëph.* 1050) adds that they had wings and brazen claws, and enormous teeth. On the chest of Cypselus they were likewise represented with wings. (Paus. v. 18. § 1.) Medusa, who alone of her sisters was mortal, was, according to some legends, at first a beautiful maiden, but her hair was changed into serpents by Athena, in consequence of her having become by Poseidon the mother of Chrysaor and Pegasus, in one of Athena's temples. (Hes. *Theog.* 287, &c.; Apollod. ii. 4. § 3; *Ov. Met.* iv. 792; comp. Perseus.) Her head was now of so fearful an appearance, that every one who looked at it was changed into stone. Hence the great difficulty which Perseus had in killing her; and Athena afterwards placed the head in the centre of her shield or breastplate. There was a tradition at Athens that the head of Medusa was buried under a mound in the Agora. (Paus. ii. 21. § 6, v. 12. § 2.) Athena gave to Heracles a lock of Medusa (concealed in an urn), for it had a similar effect upon the beholder as the head itself. When Heracles went out against Lacedaemon he gave the lock of hair to Sterope, the daughter of Cepheus, as a protection of the town of Tegea, as the sight of it would put the enemy to flight. (Paus. viii. 47. § 4; Apollod. ii. 7. § 3.)

The mythus respecting the family of Phorcys, to which also the Graeae, Hesperides, Scylla, and other fabulous beings belonged, has been interpreted in various ways by the ancients themselves. Some believed that the Gorgones were formidable animals with long hair, whose aspect was so frightful, that men were paralysed or killed by it, and some of the soldiers of Marius were believed to have thus met with their death (*Athen.* v. 64). Pliny (*H. N.* iv. 31) thought that they were a race of savage, swift, and hair-covered women; and Diodorus (iii. 55) regards them as a race of women inhabiting the western parts of Libya, who had been extirpated by Heracles in traversing Libya.

Source: Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

PARENTAGE & GENERAL DESCRIPTIONS

Hesiod, Theogony 270 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.) :

"And to Phorkys (Phorcys) Keto (Ceto) bore the Graiai (Graeae), with fair faces and gray from birth, and these the gods who are immortal and men who walk on the earth call Graiai, the gray sisters, Pemphredo robed in beauty and Enyo robed in saffron, and the Gorgones who, beyond the famous stream of Okeanos (Oceanus), live in the utmost place toward night, by the singing Hesperides: they are Sthenno, Euryale, and Medousa (Medusa), whose fate is a sad one, for she was mortal, but the other two immortal and ageless both alike. Poseidon, he of the dark hair, lay with one of these, in a soft meadow and among spring flowers. But when Perseus had cut off the head of Medousa there sprang from her blood great Khrysaor (Chrysaor) and the horse Pegasos (Pegasus) so named from the springs (*pegai*) of Okeanos, where she was born."

Stasinus of Cyprus or Hegesias of Aegina, Cypria Fragment 21 (from Herodian, One Peculiar Diction) (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th or C6th B.C.) :

"By him [Phorkys] she [Keto] conceived and bare the Gorgones, fearful monsters who lived in Sarpedon, a rocky island in deep-eddying Okeanos (Oceanus)."

Aeschylus, Prometheus Bound 788 ff (trans. Weir Smyth) (Greek tragedy C5th B.C.) :

"[Prometheus warns the wandering cow-maid Io of the perils she will face on her journey:] First, to you, Io, will I declare your much-vexed wandering, and may you engrave it on the recording tablets of your mind. When you have crossed the stream that bounds the two continents [probably the Red Sea], toward the flaming east, where the sun walks [text missing] crossing the surging sea until you reach the Gorgonean plains of Kisthene (Cisthene), where the Phorkides (Phorcides) dwell, ancient maids, three in number, shaped like swans, possessing one eye amongst them and a single tooth; neither does the sun with his beams look down upon them, nor ever the nightly moon. And near them are their three winged sisters, the snake-haired (*drakontomalloi*) Gorgones, loathed of mankind, whom no one of mortal kind shall look upon and still draw breath. Such is the peril that I bid you to guard against."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 10 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"Phorkys (Phorcys) and Keto (Ceto) had [offspring] the Phorkides (Phorcides) and the Gorgones (GOrgons)."

Quintus Smyrnaeus, Fall of Troy 5. 38 ff (trans. Way) (Greek epic C4th A.D.) :

"[Depicted on the shield of Akhilleus (Achilles):] There were the ruthless Gorgones: through their hair horribly serpents coiled with flickering tongues."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Preface (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"From Gorgon and Ceto [were born]: Sthenno, Euryale, Medusa."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 151 :

"From Typhon the giant and Echidna were born Gorgon . . . From Medusa, daughter of Gorgon, and Neptunus [Poseidon], were born Chrysaor and horse Pegasus."

Suidas s.v. Gorgones Tithrasiai (trans. Suda On Line) (Byzantine Greek Lexicon C10th A.D.) :

"Gorgones Tithrasiai (Tithrasian Gorgons): Tithrasos [is a] river, or a location in Libya, where the Gorgones resided."

ATHENA TRANSFORMS MEDUSA INTO A MONSTER

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 46 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"It is affirmed by some that Medousa was beheaded because of Athene, for they say the Gorgon had been willing to be compared with Athene in beauty."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 4. 770 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"[After slaying the Gorgon, Perseus travelled to the land of the Aithiopians (Ethiopians):] A chief, one of their number, asked [Perseus] why she [Medousa] alone among her sisters wore that snake-twined hair, and Perseus answered: 'What you ask is worth the telling; listen and I'll tell the tale. Her beauty was far-famed, the jealous hope of many a suitor, and of all her charms her hair was loveliest; so I was told by one who claimed to have seen her. She, it's said, was violated in Minerva's [Athena's] shrine by the Lord of the Sea (*Rector Pelagi*) [Poseidon]. Jove's [Zeus'] daughter turned away and covered with her shield her virgin's eyes. And then for fitting punishment transformed the Gorgo's lovely hair to loathsome snakes. Minerva [Athena] still, to strike her foes with dread, upon her breastplate wears the snakes she made.'"

THE DEATH OF MEDUSA & BIRTH OF PEGASUS

Hesiod, Theogony 270 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.) :

"When Perseus had cut off the head of Medousa (Medusa) there sprang from her blood great Khrysaor(Chrysaor) and the horse Pegasos so named from the springs (*pegai*) of Okeanos (Oceanus), where she was born."

Hesiod, Shield of Heracles 220 ff :

"[Among the scenes depicted on the shield of Herakles:] On Perseus' feet were the flying sandals, and across his shoulders was slung the black-bound sword, suspended on a sword-belt of bronze, and he hovered like a thought in the mind, and all his back was covered with the head of the monster, the dreaded Gorgo [i.e. Medousa], and the bag floated about it, a wonder to look at, done in silver, but the shining tassels fluttered, and they were gold, and the temples of

the lord Perseus were hooded over by the war-cap of Hades, which confers terrible darkness. The son of Danae, Perseus himself, sped onward like one who goes in haste or terror, as meanwhile the rest of the Gorgones tumbled along behind him, unapproachable, indescribable, straining to catch and grab him, and on the green of the steel surface gibbered the sound of their feet on the shield running with a sharp high noise, and on the belts of the Gorgones a pair of snakes were suspended, but they reared and bent their heads forward and flickered with their tongues. The teeth for their rage were made jagged and their staring fierce, and over the dreaded heads of the Gorgones was great Panic shivering."

Pindar, Pythian Ode 12. 12 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.) :

"Perseus o'er [Medousa] the third of those fell sisters [the Gorgones] launched his cry of triumph . . . he had made blind the grim offspring of Phorkys (Phorcys)."

Pindar, Olympian Ode 13. 64 :

"The snake-head Gorgon's offspring, Pegasos (Pegasus)."

Aeschylus, Phorcides (lost play) (Greek tragedy C5th B.C.) :

The *Phorcides* was the second of a trilogy of plays describing the story of Perseus. The plot revolved around Perseus' quest for the head of Medousa (Medusa). The Graiai (Graeae), sisters of the Gorgones, formed the chorus.

Aeschylus, Fragment 145 Phorcides (from Athenaeus, Deipnosophists ix. 65) (trans. Weir Smyth) (Greek tragedy C5th B.C.) :

"[Perseus enters the cave of the Gorgones:] Into the cave he rushed like a wild boar."

Euripides, Alcestis 511 ff (trans. Vellacott) (Greek tragedy C5th B.C.) :

"He turns away as he reaches out his hand behind him and grasps her hand. There, I stretch it out, as if I were cutting off a Gorgo's head."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 38 - 46 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"[The Graiai (Graeae)] directed him [Perseus] to the Nymphai (Nymphs). These Nymphai had in their possession winged sandals and the *kibisis*, which they say was a knapsack. Pindar and Hesiod in the *Shield of Herakles*, describe Perseus as follows: 'The head of a terrible monster, Gorgo, covered all his back, and a *kibisis* held it.' . . . They also had the helmet of Hades . . . Approaching the Nymphai (Nymphs) he received what he had come for, and he flung on the *kibisis*, tied the sandals on his ankles, and placed the helmet on his head. With the helmet on he could see whomever he cared to look at, but was invisible to others. He also received from Hermes a sickle made of adamant.

Perseus took flight and made his way to Okeanos, where he found the Gorgones sleeping. Their names were Stheno, Euryale and the third was Medousa (Medusa), the only mortal one: thus it was her head that Perseus was sent to bring back. The Gorgones' heads were entwined with the horny scales of serpents, and they had big tusks like hogs, bronze hands, and wings of gold on which they flew. All who looked at them were turned to stone. Perseus, therefore, with Athene

guiding his hand, kept his eyes on the reflection in a bronze shield as he stood over the sleeping Gorgones, and when he saw the image of Medousa, he beheaded her. As soon as her head was severed there leaped from her body the winged horse Pegasos and Khrysaor the father of Geryon. The father of these two was Poseidon. Perseus then placed the head in the *kibisis* and headed back again, as the Gorgones pursued him through the air. But the helmet kept him hidden, and made it impossible for them to identify him . . .

Athena placed the Gorgo's head in the center of her shield. It is affirmed by some that Medousa was beheaded because of Athene, for they say the Gorgon had been willing to be compared with Athene in beauty."

Lycophron, Alexandra 840 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"The harvester [Perseus] who delivered of her pains in birth of horse and man the stony-eyed weasel [Medousa] whose children sprang from her neck. Fashioning men as statues from top to toe he shall envelope them in stone--he that stole the lamp of his three wandering guides."
[N.B. "The harvester" is Perseus; "the horse and man" are Pegasos and Khrysaor; "the weasel" is Medousa, as the Greeks believed weasels birthed their young from their throats; and " the three wandering guides" are the Graiai.]

Quintus Smyrnaeus, Fall of Troy 10. 190 ff (trans. Way) (Greek epic C4th A.D.) :

"[Depicted on the quiver of Herakles:] There Perseus slew Medousa (Medusa) gorgon-eyed by the stars' baths and utmost bounds of earth and fountains of deep-flowing Okeanos (Oceanus), where night in the far west meets the setting sun."

Strabo, Geography 8. 6. 21 (trans. Jones) (Greek geographer C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"Pegasos, a winged horse which sprang from the neck of the Gorgon Medousa (Medusa) when her head was cut off."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 23. 7 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.) :

"[On the Akropolis of Athens is dedicated a sculpture:] Myron's Perseus after beheading Medousa (Medusa)."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 2. 20. 7 :

"Beside the sanctuary of [the river] Kephisos [at Argos] is a head of Medousa (Medusa) made of stone, which is said to be another of the works of the Kyklopes (Cyclopes)."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 2. 21. 5 - 6 :

[Pausanias presents a rationalisation of the Medousa myth:]

"In the market-place of Argos is a mound of earth, in which they say lies the head of the Gorgon Medousa (Medusa). I omit the miraculous, but give the rational parts of the story about her. After the death of her father, Phorkys (Phorcys), she reigned over those living around Lake Tritonis, going out hunting and leading the Libyans to battle. On one such occasion, when she was encamped with an army over against the forces of Perseus, who was followed by picked troops from the Peloponnesos, she was assassinated by night. Perseus, admiring her beauty

even in death, cut off her head and carried it to show the Greeks. But Prokles, the son of Eukrates, a Carthaginian, thought a different account more plausible than the preceding. It is as follows. Among the incredible monsters to be found in the Libyan desert are wild men and wild women. Prokles affirmed that he had seen a man from them who had been brought to Rome. So he guessed that a woman from them, reached Lake Tritonis, and harried the neighbours until Perseus killed her; Athena was supposed to have helped him in this exploit, because the people who live around Lake Tritonis are sacred to her."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 2. 27. 2 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.) :

"[On the throne of Asklepios (Asclepius) at Epidauros in Argolis] are wrought in relief the exploits of Argive heroes . . . [including] Perseus, who has cut off the head of Medousa (Medusa)."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 3. 17. 3 :

"[In bronze at the temple of Athene in Sparta] there are also represented Nymphae (Nymphs) bestowing upon Perseus, who is starting on his enterprise against Medousa (Medusa) in Libya, a cap and the shoes by which he was carried through the air."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 3. 18. 10 - 16 :

"[Amongst the reliefs on throne of Apollon at Amyklai near Sparta:] Perseus too, is represented killing Medousa (Medusa)."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 5. 18. 5 :

"[Among the images decorating the chest of Kypselos at Olympia:] The sisters of Medousa (Medusa), with wings, are chasing Perseus, who is flying. Only Perseus has his name inscribed on him."

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 3. 52. 4 (trans. Oldfather) (Greek historian C1st B.C.) :

[Diodorus invents a rational explanation of the Gorgon-myth, cf. Pausanias above:]

"Now there have been in Libya a number of races of women who were warlike and greatly admired for their manly vigour; for instance, tradition tells us of the race of the Gorgones, against whom, as the account is given, Perseus made war, a race distinguished for its valour; for the fact that it was the son of Zeus, the mightiest Greek of his day, who accomplished the campaign against these women, and that this was his greatest Labour may be taken by any man as proof of both the pre-eminence and the power of the women we have mentioned. Furthermore, the manly prowess of those of whom we are now about to write presupposes an amazing pre-eminence when compared with the nature of the women of our day." [N.B. Diodorus then goes on to describe a legendary tribe of Libyan Amazon-women.]

Pseudo-Hyginus, Astronomica 2. 12 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"Perseus . . . when sent by Polydectes, son of Magnes, to the Gorgones, he received from Mercurius [Hermes], who is thought to have loved him, *talaria* and *petasus*, and, in addition, a helmet which kept its wearer from being seen by an enemy . . . He is said, too, to have received from Vulcanus [Hephaistos] a knife made of adamant, with which he killed Medusa the Gorgon.

The deed itself no one has described.

But as Aeschylus, the writer of tragedies, says in his *Phorcides*, the Graeae were guardians of the Gorgones. We wrote about them in the first book of the *Genealogiae*. They are thought to have had but one eye among them, and thus to have kept guard, watch one taking it in her turn. This eye Perseus snatches, as one was passing it to another, and threw it in Lake Tritonis. So, when the guards were blinded, he easily killed the Gorgon when she was overcome with sleep. Minerva [Athena] is said to have the head on her breastplate. Euhemerus [Greek writer C3rd B.C.] says the Gorgon was killed by Minerva [Athena]."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 4. 770 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"[Perseus arrives in the land of Aithiopia (Ethiopia) after slaying the Gorgon, and there King Kepheus (Cepheus) enquires after his labour:] 'My gallant Perseus, tell me by what craft, what courage, you secured the snake-tressed head.' And Agenorides [Perseus] told him of the place that lies, a stronghold safe below the mountain mass of icy Atlas; how at its approach twin sisters, the Phorcides [Graiiai], lived who shared a single eye, and how that eye by stealth and cunning, as it passed from twin to twin, his sly hand caught, and then through solitudes, remote and trackless, over rough hillsides of ruined woods he reached the Gorgones' lands, and everywhere in fields and by the road he saw the shapes of men and beasts, all changed to stone by glancing at Medusa's face. But he, he said, looked at her ghastly head reflected in the bright bronze of the shield in his left hand, and while deep sleep held fast Medusa and her snakes, he severed it clean from her neck; and from their mother's blood swift-flying Pegasus and his brother sprang."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 5. 69 :

"Acrisionades [Perseus] turned on him the blade Medusa's death had proved."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 5. 254 :

"I [Athena] saw that horse [Pegasos] brought into being from his mother's [Medousa's] blood."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 4. 699 ff :

"Perseus, the snake-haired Gorgo's victor."

Propertius, Elegies 3. 22 (trans. Goold) (Roman elegy C1st B.C.) :

"The Gorgon's head which the hand of Perseus severed."

Statius, Thebaid 1. 544 ff (trans. Mozley) (Roman epic C1st A.D.) :

"Thereon [a cup] was embossed work of images : all golden, a winged youth [Perseus] holds the snake-tressed Gorgon's severed head, and even upon the moment--so it seems--leaps up into the wandering breeze; she almost moves her heavy eyes and dropping head, and even grows pale in the living gold."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 24. 270 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.) :

"Nimbleknee Perseus, waving his winged feet, held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing

through the air . . . He crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorkys' (Phorcys') unsleeping daughter [the Graiai], then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medousa (Medusa), while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasos (Pegasus); what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats . . . Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although he bore the cap of Haides and the sickle of Pallas [Athena], with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing--having despoiled a little Libyan hole!"

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 30. 264 ff :

"Have you set foot in Libya? Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medousa (Medusa), and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? . . . Akrisios' (Acrisius') daughter [Danae] bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my [Athena's] sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes . . . the Hesperides sing him who cut down Medousa."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 31. 13 ff :

"Perseus was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorkys' old one-eyed daughter unsleeping [the Graia]; he dived into the dangerous cave [of the Gorgones], reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and bathed a bloodstained in the viperish dew; then as Medousa (Medusa) was slain, the neck was delivered of its twin birth, the Horse [Pegasos] and the Boy [Khrysaor, Chrysaor] with the golden sword."

Suidas s.v. Aidos kune (trans. Suda On Line) (Byzantine Greek Lexicon C10th A.D.) :

"*Aidos kune* (helmet of Hades): A proverb [applied] to those concealing themselves with certain devices. For such was the helmet of Haides, which Perseus used when he killed the Gorgon."

Suidas s.v. Medousa :

"Medousa (Medusa): She [who was] also called Gorgon. Perseus, the son of Danae and Pecos [Zeus], having learned all the mystic apparitions and wanting to establish for himself his own kingdom, despised that of the Medes [Persians]. And going through a great expanse of land he saw a virgin maiden, hideous and ugly, and turning aside [to speak] to her, he asked 'what is your name?' And she said, 'Medousa.' And cutting off her head he despatched her as he had been taught, and he hung it up, amazing and destroying all who saw it. The head he called Gorgon, because of its sheer force."

PERSEUS & THE PETRIFYING HEAD OF MEDUSA

Pindar, Pythian Ode 12. 12 ff (trans. Conway) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.) :

"Perseus o'er the third of those fell sisters [Medousa] launched his cry of triumph, and brought fatal doom to Seriphos by the sea--doom for that isle and for her people. Yes, for he had made blind [Medousa] the grim offspring of Phorkys (Phorcys), and bitter the wedding-gift he brought to Polydektes (Polydectes)s, thus to end his mother's long slavery and enforced wedlock--that son of Danae, who reaped the head of fair-cheeked Medousa (Medusa)."

Pindar, Pythian Ode 10. 44 ff :

"The son of Danaë, Perseus, who slew the Gorgo, and brought her head wreathed with its serpent locks to strike stony death to the islanders."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 45 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"[After Perseus had rescued Andromeda from the sea-monster:] Kepheus' (Cepheus') brother Phineus, who was previously engaged to Andromeda, conspired against Perseus, but Perseus learned of the plot, and by displaying the Gorgon to Phineus and his colleagues in the conspiracy, turned them instantly to stone."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 2. 46 :

"[Upon returning to the island of Seriphos, he avenged himself on King Polydektes who had sent him on the quest:] He entered the royal palace where Polydektes (Polydectes) was entertaining his friends, and with his own face turned aside he displayed the Gorgo's head. When they looked at it, each one turned to stone, holding the pose he happened to have been striking at that moment. Perseus made Diktys (Dictys) king of Seriphos, and gave the sandals, *kibisis*, and helmet back to Hermes, and the Gorgo's head to Athene."

Lycophron, Alexandra 840 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"Fashioning men as statues from top to toe he [Perseus] shall envelope them in stone--he that stole the lamp of his three wandering guides [the Graiai, Graeae]."

Strabo, Geography 10. 5. 10 (trans. Jones) (Greek geographer C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"Perseus was reared there [on Seriphos], it is said, and when he brought the Gorgo's head there, he showed it to the Seriphians and turned them all into stone. This he did to avenge his mother, because Polydektes the king, with their cooperation, intended to marry his mother against her will. The island is so rocky that the comedians say that it was made thus by the Gorgo."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 1. 22. 7 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.) :

"[Painted on a building on the Akropolis of Athens:] There is also Perseus journeying to Seriphos, and carrying to Polydektes (Polydectes) the head of Medousa (Medusa)."

Philostratus the Elder, Imagines 1. 29 (trans. Fairbanks) (Greek rhetorician C3rd A.D.) :

"[Perseus, after slaying the Aithiopian (Ethiopian) sea-monster,] lies in the sweet fragrant grass, dripping sweat on the ground and keeping the Gorgo's head hidden lest people see it and be turned to stone."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 64 (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"When he [Perseus] wanted to marry her [Andromeda], Cepheus, her father, along with Agenor, her betrothed, planned to kill him. Perseus, discovering the plot, showed them the head of the Gorgon, and all were changed from human form into stone. Perseus with Andromeda returned to his country. When Polydectes saw that Perseus was so courageous, he feared him and tried to kill him by treachery, but when Perseus discovered this he showed him the Gorgon's head, and he was changed from human form into stone."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 4. 653 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"'Very well!' he [Perseus] taunted, 'if you rate my thanks so low accept a gift!' and turned his face away and on his left held out the loathsome head, Medusa's head. Atlas, so huge, became a mountain; beard and hair were changed to forests, shoulders were cliffs, hands ridges; where his head had lately been, the soaring summit rose; his bones were turned to stone."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 4. 740 ff :

"Water was brought and Perseus washed his hands [after slaying the Sea-Monster on the Red Sea coast of Aithiopia (Ethiopia)], triumphant hands, and, lest the snake-girt head be bruised on the hard shingle, made a bed of leaves and spread the soft weed of the sea above, and on it placed Medusa Phorcynis' (Daughter of Phorcys) head. The fresh sea-weed, with living spongy cells, absorbed the monster's power and at its touch hardened, its fronds and branches stiff and strange. The Sea-Nymphs (*Nymphae Pelagi*) tried the magic on more weed and found to their delight it worked the same, and sowed the changeling seeds back on the waves. Coral still keeps that nature; in the air it hardens, what beneath the sea has grown a swaying plant, above it, turns to stone."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 5. 178 ff :

"[When Perseus was battling the Aithiopian (Ethiopian) Prince Phineus and his thousand men:] Perseus saw that valour could not vie with weight of numbers. 'You, yourselves,' he cried. 'Compel me! I'll seek succour from my foe! If any friend is present, turn away your face!' And he held up the Gorgon's head. 'Find someone else to fear your miracles!' said Thescelus, aiming his lance of doom, and in that pose he stayed, a marble statue. Next Ampyx lunged his sword at Lyncides' [Perseus'] heart, that great and valiant heart, and as he lunged his hand, rigid, moved neither back nor forth.

But Nileus . . . cried 'See the source of my proud lineage! You'll get great solace in the silent umbrae (shades of the dead) to know you fell by my proud hand.' His voice was cut off in mid speech, his parted lips seemed to frame words, but never a word could pass.

Then Eryx cursed them: 'It's your cowardice that holds you frozen, not the Gorgon's power.'

Charge him with me, charge him, and bring him down, him and his magic weapon!' As he charged the floor fastened his feet, and there he stayed stock still, a man in armour turned to stone.

These paid the proper price, but there was one, a warrior on Perseus' side, Aconteus, who, fighting for his lord, looked at the head, Medusa's head, and hardened into stone. Astyages, who thought him still alive, hit him with his long-sword, and loud and shrill the long sword rang. And he, gazing aghast, took the same stoniness, caught there and fixed with blank amazement in his marble face.

To name the rank and file who fought and died would take too long; two hundred still survived, two hundred saw that head and turned to stone. Now Phineus rues his battle so unjust--at last. But what is he to do? He sees statues in many poses, knows they are his men, calls each by name and begs his aid. In disbelief he touched those nearest him: marble they were! He turned away, his hands held abject in defeat, his arms outstretched sideways for mercy. 'You have won,' he said, 'Put down your Medusa's head whoever she may be, that makes men marble! Put it down, I beg! . . .'

He dared not look at Perseus as he spoke; and Perseus answered 'Cowardest of cowards! What I have power to grant, I grant; and great the guerdon to your craven soul. Fear not! No steel shall work you woe. Oh, no! my gift shall be an everlasting monument. In Cepheus' palace men shall gaze at you for ever, and my wife take comfort from the sight of her betrothed.'

And as he speaks he thrusts Phorcynis' [Medousa's] head in Phineus' face, his wincing face. Even then he tries to turn his eyes away, but now his neck is stiff, his moist eyes fixed and hard and stony. There with frightened pleading face and abject hands, in cringing pose the marble statue stands.

Abantiades [Perseus] returned in triumph with his wife to Argos, his ancestral city. There to champion and avenge his grandfather, Acrisius, despite his ill-deserts, he challenged Proetus. Proetus had usurped Argos' high stronghold and expelled his brother by force of arms. But neither force of arms nor stronghold, basely seized, availed against the ghastly snake-haired's glaring eyes. Yet Polydectes, lord of small Seriphus . . . belittled Perseus' praise and even claimed Medusa's death a lie. 'I'll give you proof conclusive.' Perseus cried, 'Friends, shield your eyes!' and with Medusa's face he changed the king's face to bloodless stone."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 18. 294 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.) :

"He [Perseus] carried the head which had topped Gorgonos Medousa (Medusa) whom no eye may see."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 25. 80 ff :

"Perseus killed a Ketos (Cetus) (Monster of the Sea); with Gorgo's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep! . . . [and] Polydektes (Polydectes), looking upon deadly Medousa's (Medusa's) eye, changed his human limbs to another kind and transformed himself into stone."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 47. 478 :

"[Hera urges King Perseus to make war on Dionysos when the god arrives in the kingdom of

Argos:] 'Make war on the Satyroi (Satyrs) too: turn towards battling Lyaios [Dionysos] the deadly eye of snakehair Medousa (Medusa), and let me see a new Polydektes (Polydectes) made stone . . . Kill the array of bull-horned Satyroi (Satyrs), change with the Gorgon's eye the human countenances of the Bassarides into like images selfmade; with the beauty of the stone copies adorn your streets, and make statues like an artist for the Inakhian (Inachian) market-places.' . . . Perseus of the sickle was champion of the Argives; he fitted his feet into the flying shoes, and he lifted up the head of Medousa which no eyes may see. But Iobakkhos [Dionysos] marshalled his women with flowing locks, and Satyroi with horns. Wild for battle he was when he saw the winged champion coursing through the air. The thyrsos was held up in his hand, and to defend his face he carried a diamond, the gem made stone in the showers of Zeus which protects against the stony glare of Medousa, that the baleful light of that destroying face may do him no harm."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 47. 665 ff:

"He [Perseus in his battle with Dionysos] shook in his hand the deadly face of Medousa (Medusa), and turned armed Ariadne into stone. Bakkhos (Bacchus) was even more furious when he saw his bride all stone . . . [Perseus] one who killed the Keteos (Sea-monster) and beheaded horsebreeding Medousa."



Z47.5
GORGONEION



Z47.6
GORGONEION



Z47.7
GORGONEION



Z47.8
GORGONEION

KRONOS (or Cronus) was the [Titan god](#) of time and the ages, especially time where regarded as destructive and all-devouring. He ruled the cosmos during the so-called Golden Age, after castrating and deposing his father [Ouranos](#) (the Sky). In fear of a prophecy that he would be in turn be overthrown by his own son, Kronos swallowed each of his children as soon as they were born. [Rhea](#) managed to save the youngest, Zeus, by hiding him away on the island of Krete, and fed Kronos a stone wrapped in the swaddling clothes of an infant. The god grew up, forced Kronos to disgorge his swallowed offspring, and led the Olympians in a ten year war against the Titanes, before driving them defeated into the pit of Tartaros.

Many human generations later, Zeus released Kronos and his brothers from this prison, and made the old Titan king of the Elysian Islands, home of the blessed dead. Kronos was essentially the same as [Khronos](#), the primordial god of time in the *Orphic Theogonies*.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

CRONUS (Kronos), a son of Uranus and Ge, and the youngest among the Titans. He was married to Rhea, by whom he became the father of Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Hades, Poseidon, and Zeus. Cheiron is also called a son of Cronus. (Hesiod. *Theog.* 137, 452, &c.; Apollod. i. 1. § 3, &c.) At the instigation of his mother, Cronus unmanned his father for having thrown the Cyclopes, who were likewise his children by Ge, into Tartarus. Out of the blood thus shed sprang up the Erinnyes. When the Cyclopes were delivered from Tartarus, the government of the world was taken from Uranus and given to Cronus, who in his turn lost it through Zeus, as was predicted to him by Ge and Uranus. [Zeus.] The Romans identified their Saturnus with the Cronus of the Greeks.

Source: Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

CRONUS & THE CASTRATION OF URANUS

Hesiod, Theogony 147 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.) :

"She [Gaia the Earth] lay with Ouranos (Sky) and bare deep-swirling Okeanos, Koios and Krios and Hyperion and Iapetos, Theia and Rheia, Themis and Mnemosyne and gold-crowned Phoibe and lovely Tethys. After them was born Kronos the wily, youngest and most terrible of her children, and he hated his lusty sire. And again, she bare the Kyklopes, overbearing in spirit, Brontes, and Steropes and stubborn-hearted Arges. And again, three other sons were born of Gaia and Ouranos, great and doughty beyond telling, Kottos and Briareos and Gyes [the Hekatonkheires]. From their shoulders sprang a hundred arms, not to be approached, and each had fifty heads upon his shoulders on their strong limbs, and irresistible was the stubborn strength that was in their great forms. For of all the children that were born of Gaia and Ouranos, these were the most terrible, and they were hated by their own father from the first. And he used to hide them all away in a secret place of Gaia so soon as each was born, and would not suffer them to come up into the light: and Ouranos rejoiced in his evil doing. And he [Ouranos] used to hide them all [the Hekatonkheires] away in a secret place of Gaia (Earth) so soon as each was born, and would not suffer them to come up into the light: and Ouranos (Sky) rejoiced in his evil doing. But vast Gaia (Earth) groaned within, being straitened, and she made the element of grey flint and shaped a great sickle, and told her plan to her dear sons. And she spoke, cheering them, while she was vexed in her dear heart: 'My children, gotten of a sinful father, if you will obey me, we should punish the vile outrage of your father; for he first thought of doing shameful things.'

So she said; but fear seized them all, and none of them uttered a word. But great Kronos the wily took courage and answered his dear mother: 'Mother, I will undertake to do this deed, for I reverence not our father of evil name, for he first thought of doing shameful things.'

So he said: and vast Gaia (Earth) rejoiced greatly in spirit, and set and hid him in an ambush, and put in his hands a jagged sickle, and revealed to him the whole plot.

And Ouranos (Sky) came, bringing on night and longing for love, and he lay about Gaia (Earth) spreading himself full upon her. Then the son from his ambush stretched forth his left hand and in his right took the great long sickle with jagged teeth, and swiftly lopped off his own father's members and cast them away to fall behind him. And not vainly did they fall from his hand; for all the bloody drops that gushed forth Gaia (Earth)

received, and as the seasons moved round she bare the strong Erinyes and the great Gigantes [perhaps the Kouretes] with gleaming armour, holding long spears in their hands and the Nymphai whom they call Meliai all over the boundless earth. And so soon as he had cut off the members with flint and cast them from the land into the surging sea, they were swept away over the main a long time: and a white foam spread around them from the immortal flesh, and in it there grew a maiden [Aphrodite] . . .

But these sons whom he begot himself great Ouranos (Sky) used to call Titanes (Strainers) in reproach, for he said that they strained and did presumptuously a fearful deed, and that vengeance for it would come afterwards."

Hesiod, Theogony 20 ff :

"Kronos the crafty counsellor."

Plato, Euthyphro 5e (trans. Fowler) (Greek philosopher C4th B.C.) :

"Men believe that Zeus . . . put his father [Kronos] in bonds because he wickedly devoured his children, and he in turn had mutilated his father [Ouranos] for similar reasons."

Plato, Republic 377e (trans. Shorey) :

"There is, first of all,' I said, 'the greatest lie about the things of greatest concernment, which was no pretty invention of him [Hesiod] who told how Ouranos did what Hesiod says he did to Kronos, and how Kronos in turn took his revenge; and then there are the doings and sufferings of Kronos at the hands of his son [Zeus]. Even if they were true I should not think that they ought to be thus lightly told to thoughtless young persons."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 3 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"Ouranos (Sky) was the first to rule over the entire world. He married Ge (Earth) and sired first the Hekatonkheires, who were named Briareos, Gyges and Kottos. They were unsurpassed in both size and power, and each had a hundred hands and fifty heads. After these he sired the Kyklopes, by name Arges, Steropes, and Brontes, each of whom had one eye in his forehead. But Ouranos (Sky) bound these and threw them into Tartaros (a place in Hades' realm as dark as Erebus, and as far away from the earth as the earth is from the sky), and fathered other sons on Ge, namely the Titanes : Okeanos, Koios, Hyperion, Kreios, Iapetos, and

Kronos the youngest; also daughters called Titanides : Tethys, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Phoibe, Dione, Theia.

Now Ge (Earth), distressed by the loss of her children into Tartaros, persuaded the Titanes to attack their father, and she gave Kronos a sickle made of adamant. So all of them except Okeanos set upon Ouranos (Sky), and Kronos cut off his genitals, tossing them into the sea. (From the drops of the flowing blood Erinyes were born, named Alekto, Tisiphone, Megaira.) Thus having overthrown Ouranos' (Sky's) rule the Titanes retrieved their brothers from Tartaros and gave the power to Kronos."

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 4. 982 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.) :

"In the Keraunian Sea, fronting the Ionian Straits, there is a rich and spacious island, under the soil of which is said to lie (bear with me, Mousai; it gives me little pleasure to recall the old tale) the sickle used by Kronos to castrate his father Ouranos (Sky) . . . From this reaping-hook the island takes its name of Drepane, the sacred Nurse of the Phaiakians, who by the same token trace their ancestry to Ouranos (Sky)."

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 1. 498 ff :

"He [the poet Orpheus] sang of . . . How, in the beginning, Ophion and Eurynome, daughter of Okeanos, governed the world from snow-clad Olympos; how they were forcibly supplanted, Ophion by Kronos, Eurynome by Rhea; of their fall into the waters of Okeanos." [N.B. Ophion and Eurynome might be Ouranos and Gaia or Okeanos and Tethys.]

Callimachus, Aetia Fragment 43 (trans. Trypanis) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"The builders made strong wooden towers with battlements [building the city of Zankle in Sicily], and placed them around the sickle of Kronos--for there in a cave is hidden under the earth the sickle with which he cut off his father's genitals [the sickle was reputedly buried near where the city of Zankle (the Sickle) was founded]."

Lycophron, Alexandra 760 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"The island [Drepane island of the Phaiakians] abhorred by Kronos--the isle of the Sickle that severed his [Ouranos'] privy parts."

Strabo, Geography 14. 2. 7 (trans. Jones) (Greek geographer C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"Since they [the Telkhines] excelled in workmanship . . . they first came from Krete to Kypros, and then to Rhodes; and that they were the first to work iron and brass, and in fact fabricated the scythe for Kronos."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 7. 23. 4 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.) :

"[Near Bolina in Akhaia] a cape juts out into the sea, and of it is told a story how Kronos threw into the sea here the sickle with which he mutilated his father Ouranos (Sky). For this reason they call the cape Drepanon. [N.B. *drepanon* is the Greek word for 'sickle.']"

Virgil, Georgics 2. 406 ff (trans. Fairclough) (Roman bucolic C1st B.C.) :

"Lopping it [the vine] with Saturnus' [Kronos'] crooked knife and pruning it into shape."

Cicero, De Natura Deorum 2. 24 (trans. Rackham) (Roman rhetorician C1st B.C.) :

"Another theory also, and that a scientific one, has been the source of a number of deities, who clad in human form have furnished the poets with legends and have filled man's life with superstitions of all sorts. This subject was handled by Zeno and was later explained more fully by Cleanthes and Chrysippus. For example, an ancient belief prevailed throughout Greece that Caelus [Ouranos the Sky] was mutilated by his son Saturnus [Kronos] . . . Their meaning was that the highest element of celestial ether or fire [Ouranos the Sky], which by itself generates all things, is devoid of that bodily part which required union with another for the work of procreation."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 7. 222 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.) :

"[A compliment givent to a beautiful woman :] `Can it be that Kronos, after the first Kypris [Aphrodite born from Ouranos' castrated genitals], again cut his father's loins with unmanning sickle until the foam got a mind and made the water shape itself into a selfperfected birth, delivered of a younger Aphrodite from the sea?'"

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 12. 43 ff :

"[The history of the world inscribed on tablets by the primordial god Phanes :] The first tablet, old as the infinite past, containing all things in one: upon it was all that Ophion lord paramount had done, all that ancient Kronos accomplished: when he cut off his father's [Ouranos']

male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea (Thalassa)."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 18. 223 ff :

"Kronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had cut off the manly crop of his father's [Ouranos'] plow and robbed him of the Mother's [Gaia's] bed to which he was hastening."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 21. 252 ff :

"[The Indian King Deriades speaks :] `I know nothing of Kronos, or of Kronides [Zeus] who destroyed his father, nor Kronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and shore away from Aither [Ouranos] the hive of begetting love."

CANNIBAL CRONUS & THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILDREN

Homer, Iliad 15. 187 ff (trans. Lattimore) (Greek epic C8th B.C.) :

"[Poseidon addresses Iris :] We are three brothers born by Rhea to Kronos, Zeus, and I, and the third is Haides, lord of the dead men."

Hesiod, Theogony 453 (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C8th or C7th B.C.) :

"But Rhea was subject in love to Kronos and bare splendid children, Hestia, Demeter, and gold-shod Hera and strong Haides . . . and the loud-crashing Earth-Shaker [Poseidon], and wise Zeus . . . These great Kronos swallowed as each came forth from the womb to his mother's knees with this intent, that no other of the proud sons of Ouranos (Heaven) should hold the kingly office amongst the deathless gods. For he learned from Gaia (Earth) and starry Ouranos (Sky) that he was destined to be overcome by his own son, strong though he was, through the contriving of great Zeus. Therefore he kept no blind outlook, but watched and swallowed down his children : and unceasing grief seized Rhea. But when she was about to bear Zeus, the father of gods and men, then she besought her own dear parents, Gaia (Earth) and starry Ouranos (Sky), to devise some plan with her that the birth of her dear child might be concealed, and that retribution might overtake great, crafty Kronos for his own father and also for the children whom he had swallowed down. And they readily heard and obeyed their dear daughter, and told her all that was destined to happen touching Kronos the king and his stout-hearted son. So they sent her to Lyetos, to the rich

land of Krete, when she was ready to bear great Zeus, the youngest of her children. Him did vast Gaia (Earth) receive from Rhea in wide Krete to nourish and to bring up. Thither came Gaia carrying him swiftly through the black night to Lyktos first, and took him in her arms and hid him in a remote cave beneath the secret places of the holy earth on thick-wooded Mount Aigeion; but to [Kronos] the mightily ruling son of Ouranos (Sky), the earlier king of the gods, she gave a great stone wrapped in swaddling clothes. Then he took it in his hands and thrust it down into his belly: wretch! he knew not in his heart that in place of the stone his son was left behind, unconquered and untroubled, and that he was soon to overcome him by force and might and drive him from his honours, himself to reign over the deathless gods.

After that, the strength and glorious limbs of the prince increased quickly, and as the years rolled on, great Kronos the wily was beguiled by the deep suggestions of Gaia (Earth), and brought up again his offspring, vanquished by the arts and might of his own son, and he vomited up first the stone which he had swallowed last. And Zeus set it fast in the wide-pathed earth at goodly Pytho under the glens of Parnassos, to be a sign thenceforth and a marvel to mortal men. And he set free from their deadly bonds the brothers of his father, sons of Ouranos [the Hekatonkheires and Kyklopes] whom his father in his foolishness had bound. And they remembered to be grateful to him for his kindness, and gave him thunder and the glowing thunderbolt and lightening: for before that, huge Gaia (Earth) had hidden these. In them he trusts and rules over mortals and immortals."

Hesiod, Theogony 617 ff :

"The son of Kronos [Zeus] and the other deathless gods whom rich-haired Rhea bare from union with Kronos."

Homeric Hymn 5 to Aphrodite 20 ff (trans. Evelyn-White) (Greek epic C7th - 4th B.C.) :

"She [Hestia] was the first-born child of wily Kronos and youngest too."
[N.B. Hestia was the first-born child of Kronos and so the first to be devoured and last disgorged (i.e. her rebirth). Hence the poet describes her as both the oldest and youngest child.]

Homeric Hymn 5 to Aphrodite 42 ff :

"[Hera] whom wily (*agkylometes*) Kronos with her mother Rhea did beget."

Corinna, Fragment 654 (trans. Campbell, Vol. Greek Lyric IV) (Greek lyric C5th B.C.) :

"The Koureites hid the holy babe of the goddess [Rhea] in a cave without the knowledge of crooked-witted [koulomeitas] Kronos, when blessed [makera] Rhea stole him and won great honour from the immortals."

Plato, Euthyphro 5e (trans. Fowler) (Greek philosopher C4th B.C.) :

"Men believe that Zeus . . . put his father [Kronos] in bonds because he wickedly devoured his children."

Pseudo-Apollodorus, Bibliotheca 1. 4 - 5 (trans. Aldrich) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"But Kronos once again [after deposing Ouranos] bound the Kyklopes and confined them in Tartaros. He then married his sister Rhea. Because both Ge (Earth) and Ouranos (Heaven) had given him prophetic warning that his rule would be overthrown by a son of his own, he took to swallowing his children at birth. He swallowed his first-born daughter Hestia, then Demeter and Hera, and after them Plouton and Poseidon. Angered by this, Rhea, when she was heavy with Zeus, went off to Krete and gave birth to him there in a cave on Mount Dikte . . . the armed Kouretes stood guard over him in the cave, banging their spears against their shields to prevent Kronos from hearing the infant's voice. Rhea meanwhile gave Kronos a stone wrapped in the swaddling-cloths to swallow in place of his newborn son. When Zeus was grown, he engaged Okeanos' daughter Metis (Counsel) as a colleague. She gave Kronos a drug, by which he was forced to vomit forth first the stone and then the children he had swallowed."

Apollonius Rhodius, Argonautica 1. 498 ff (trans. Rieu) (Greek epic C3rd B.C.) :

"He [Orpheus] sang of . . . How, in the beginning, Ophion and Eurynome, daughter of Okeanos, governed the world from snow-clad Olympos; how they were forcibly supplanted, Ophion by Kronos, Eurynome by Rhea; of their fall into the waters of Okeanos; and how their successors ruled the happy Titan gods when Zeus in his Diktaian cave was still a child, with childish thoughts, before the earthborn Kyklopes had given him the bolt, the thunder and lightning that form his glorious armament today."

Callimachus, Hymn 1 to Zeus 50 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"And lustily round thee [the baby Zeus] danced the Kouretes a

war-dance, beating their armour, that Kronos might hear with his ears the din of the shield, but not thine infant noise."

Lycophron, Alexandra 1191 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd B.C.) :

"Him [Zeus] who is lord of Ophion's throne. But he [Zeus] shall bring thee to the plain of his nativity [Thebes], that land celebrated above others by the Greeks, where his mother [Rhea], skilled in wrestling, having cast into Tartaros the former queen [Eurynome, wife of Ophion], delivered her of him [Zeus] in travail of secret birth, escaping the child-devouring unholy feast of her spouse [Kronos]; and he fattened not his belly with food, but swallowed instead the stone, wrapped in limb-fitting swaddling clothes: savage Kentauros [Kronos as father of the centaur Kheiron], tomb of his own offspring."

Aratus, Phaenomena 27 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek astronomical poem C3rd B.C.) :

"When in olden days he [Zeus] played as a child in fragrant Dikton, near the hill of Ida, they [the Nymphai Helike & Kynosoura] set him in a cave and nurtured him for the space of a year, what time the Diktaioi Kouretes were deceiving Kronos. Now the one men call by name Kynosoura and the other Helike."

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 5. 70. 1 (trans. Oldfather) (Greek historian C1st B.C.) :

"Regarding the birth of Zeus and the manner in which he came to be king, there is no agreement. Some say that he succeeded to the kingship after Kronos passed from among men into the company of the gods, not by overcoming his father with violence, but in the manner prescribed by custom and justly, having been judged worthy of that honour. But others recount a myth, which runs as follows: There was delivered to Kronos an oracle regarding the birth of Zeus which stated that the son who would be born to him would wrest the kingship from him by force.

Consequently Kronos time and again did away with the children whom he begot; but Rhea, grieved as she was, and yet lacking the power to change her husband's purpose, when she had given birth to Zeus, concealed him in Ide, as it is called, and, without the knowledge of Kronos, entrusted the rearing of him to the Kouretes of Mt Ide."

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 5. 68. 1 :

"To Kronos and Rhea, we are told, were born Hestia, Demeter, and Hera, and Zeus, Poseidon, and Haides."

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 4. 79. 7 :

"They [the Nymphai Ida &Adrasteia] nurtured Zeus of old without the knowledge of his father Kronos . . . And Aratos [poet C3rd B.C.] agrees with this account when he states in his poem on the stars : ' . . . When he [Zeus] was babe in fragrant Dikton near thee Idaian Mount, they set him in a cave and nurtured him a year, the while Kouretes Diktaioi practised deceit on Kronos.'"

Diodorus Siculus, Library of History 5. 65. 1 :

"The Kouretes also invented swords and helmets and the war-dance, by means of which they raised a great alarum and deceived Kronos. And we are told that, when Rhea, the mother of Zeus, entrusted him to them unbeknown to Kronos his father, they took him under their care and saw to his nurture."

Strabo, Geography 10. 3. 11 (trans. Jones) (Greek geographer C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"The mythical story of the birth of Zeus; in this they introduced Kronos as accustomed to swallow his children immediately after their birth, and Rhea as trying to keep her travail secret and, when the child was born, to get it out of the way and save its life by every means in her power; and to accomplish this it is said that she took as helpers the Kouretes, who, by surrounding the goddess with tambourines and similar noisy instruments and with war-dance and uproar, were supposed to strike terror into Kronos and without his knowledge to steal his child away."

Strabo, Geography 10. 3. 19 :

"Some call the Korybantēs sons of Kronos."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 4. 33. 1 (trans. Jones) (Greek travelogue C2nd A.D.) :

"It is a hopeless task to enumerate all the peoples who claim that Zeus was born and brought up among them. The Messenians have their share in the story : for they too say that the god was brought up among them and that his nurses were Ithome and Neda, the river having received its name from the latter, while the former, Ithome, gave her name to the mountain. These Nymphai are said to have bathed Zeus here, after he was stolen by the Kouretes owing to the danger that threatened from his father [Kronos], and it is said that it [the fountain Klepsydra on Mt Ithome in Messenia] has its name from the Kouretes' theft."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 5. 7. 6 :

"As for the Olympiakos Games, the most learned antiquarians of Elis say that Kronos was the first king of heaven, and that in his honour a temple was built in Olympia by the men of that age, who were named the Golden Race. When Zeus was born, Rhea entrusted the guardianship of her son to the Daktyloi of Ida, who are the same as those called Kouretes."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 8. 8. 2 :

"[Near the town of Nestane in Arkadia there is] a well called Aren (Lamb). The following story is told by the Arkadians. When Rhea had given birth to Poseidon, she laid him in a flock for him to live there with the lambs, and the spring too received its name just because the lambs pastured around it. Rhea, it is said, declared to Kronos that she had given birth to a horse, and gave him a foal to swallow instead of the child, just as later she gave him in place of Zeus a stone wrapped in swaddling clothes."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 8. 36. 2 :

"Mount Thamasios (Wonderful) lies beyond the river Maloitas [in Arkadia], and the Methydrians hold that when Rhea was pregnant with Zeus, she came to this mountain and enlisted as her allies, in case Kronos should attack her, Hopladamos and his few Gigantes [the Kouretes]. They allow that she gave birth to her son on some part of Mount Lykaios, but they claim that here Kronos was deceived, and here took place the substitution of a stone for the child that is spoken of in the Greek legend. On the summit of the mountain is Rhea's Cave, into which no human beings may enter save only the women who are sacred to the goddess."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 9. 2. 7 :

"On entering [the temple of Hera at Plataia, Boiotia] you see Rhea carrying to Kronos the stone wrapped in swaddling clothes, as though it were the babe to which she had given birth."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 9. 41. 6 :

"There is beyond the city [of Khaironeia, Boiotia] a crag called Petrakhos. Here they hold that Kronos was deceived, and received from Rhea a stone instead of Zeus, and there is a small image of Zeus on the summit of the mountain."

Pausanias, Description of Greece 10. 24. 6 :

"Ascending [through the oracular shrine of Delphoi, Phokis] you come to a stone of no large size [the omphalos]. Over it every day they pour olive oil, and at each feast they place on it unworked wool. There is also an opinion about this stone, that it was given to Kronos instead of his child, and that Kronos vomited it up again."

Antoninus Liberalis, Metamorphoses 36 (trans. Celoria) (Greek mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"When Rhea, fearing Kronos, hid Zeus in the Kretan cavern, a goat [Amaltheia] offered her udder and gave him nourishment. By the will of Rhea a Golden Dog guarded the goat. After Zeus drove out the Titanes and deprived Kronos of power, he changed the goat into an immortal, there is a representation of her among the stars to this day."

Oppian, Cynegetica 3. 7 ff (trans. Mair) (Greek poet C3rd A.D.) :

"The Kouretes were the nurses of the infant Zeus, the mighty son of Kronos, what time Rhea concealed his birth and carried away the newly-born child from Kronos, his sire implacable, and placed him in the vales of Krete. And when [Kronos] the son of Ouranos (Sky) beheld the lusty young child he transformed the first glorious guardians of Zeus and in vengeance made the Kouretes wild beasts. And since by the devising of the god Kronos exchanged their human shape and put upon them the form of Lions, thenceforth by the boon of Zeus they greatly lord it over the wild beasts which dwell upon the hills, and under the yoke they draw the terrible swift car of Rhea who lightens the pangs of birth."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Preface (trans. Grant) (Roman mythographer C2nd A.D.) :

"From Saturnus [Kronos] and Ops [Rhea] [were born] : Vesta [Hestia], Ceres [Demeter], Iuno [Hera], Iuppiter [Zeus], Pluto [Hades], Neptunus [Poseidon]."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Fabulae 139 :

"After Opis [Rhea] had borne Jove [Zeus] by Saturnus [Kronos], Iuno [Hera] asked her to give him to her, since Saturnus and cast Orcus [Hades] under Tartarus, and Neptunus [Poseidon] under the sea, because he knew that his son would rob him of the kingdom. When he had asked Opis for what she had borne, in order to devour it, Opis showed him a stone wrapped up like a baby; Saturnus devoured it. When he realized what he had done, he started to hunt for Jove

throughout the earth. Juno, however, took Jove to the island of Crete, and Amalthea, the child's nurse, hung him in a cradle from a tree, so that he could be found neither in heaven nor on earth nor in the sea. And lest the cries of the baby be heard, she summoned youths and gave them small brazen shields and spears, and bade them go around the tree making a noise. In Greek they are called Curetes; others call them Corybantes; these in Italy, however are called Lares."

Pseudo-Hyginus, Astronomica 2. 43 :

"Milky Way . . . Others say that at the time Ops [Rhea] brought to Saturnus [Kronos] the stone, pretending it was a child, he bade her offer milk to it; when she pressed her breast, the milk that was caused to flow formed the circle which we mentioned above."

Ovid, Metamorphoses 9. 497 ff (trans. Melville) (Roman epic C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"Gods have loved their sisters; yes, indeed! Why Saturnus [Kronos] married Ops [Rhea], his kin by blood . . . But the gods above are laws unto themselves."

Ovid, Fasti 4. 197 ff (trans. Boyle) (Roman poetry C1st B.C. to C1st A.D.) :

"Saturnus [Kronos] received this oracle: 'Best of kings, you shall be knocked from power by a son.' Jabbed by fear, he devours his offspring as each was born, and entombs them in his bowels. Rhea often complained of much pregnancy and no motherhood, and mourned her fertility. Jove [Zeus] was born (trust antiquity's testimony, do not disturb inherited belief) : a stone, concealed in cloth, settled in the god's gullet; so the father was fated to be tricked. For a long time steep Ida booms its clanging noise so the wordless infant may wail safely. Shields or empty helmets are pounded with sticks, the Curetes' or Corybantes' task. The truth hid."

Ovid, Fasti 6. 285 ff :

"Juno [Hera] and Ceres [Demeter], they recount, were born from Ops [Rhea] by Saturnus' [Kronos'] seed. Vesta [Hestia] was the third."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 8. 110 ff (trans. Rouse) (Greek epic C5th A.D.) :

"[Hera addresses Apatē, the spirit of deceit :] `Lend me also that girdle or many colours, which Rheia once bound about her flanks when she deceived her husband! I bring no pretrified shape for my Kronion [Zeus], I do not trick my husband with a wily stone.'"

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 12. 43 ff :

"[The history of the world inscribed on tablets by the primordial god Phanes :] The first tablet, old as the infinite past, containing all things in one: upon it was all that Ophion lord paramount had done, all that ancient Kronos accomplished: when he cut off his father's [Ouranos'] male plowshare, and sowed the teeming deep with seed on the unsown back of the daughterbegetting sea (Thalassa); how he opened a gaping throat to receive a stony son, when he made a meal of the counterfeit body of a pretended Zeus; how the stone played midwife to the brood of imprisoned children, and shot out the burden of the parturient gullet [the stone was last swallowed and the first disgorged by Kronos]. But when the stormfoot Hora (Season), Phaethon's [Helios'] handmaid, had seen the fiery shining victory of Zeus at war and the hailstorm snowstorm conflict of Kronos, she looked at the next tablet in its turn."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 14. 30 ff :

"[The Kouretes] had surrounded Zeus a newborn babe in the cavern which fostered his breeding, and danced about him shield in hand, the deceivers, raising wild songs which echoed among the rocks and maddened the air - the noise of the clanging brass resounded in the ears of Kronos high among the clouds, and concealed the infancy of Kronion with drummings."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 25. 553 ff :

"Kybele [Rhea] also was depicted [on the shield of Dionysos], newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort [Kronos] a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 27. 50 ff :

"Kronos who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 28. 252 ff :

"The pyrrhic dance [of the Kouretes] raised a noise in the ears of Kronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the stealthy nurture of growing Zeus

. . . [The Kourete Akmon] holding Korybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where the sacred goat [Amaltheia] played the nurse to him with her milky udder for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rhea to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Kronos for a meal in place of Kronides [Zeus]."

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 41. 65 ff :

"Now first appeared the golden crop of men [the Golden Race of Man] brought forth in the image of the gods, with the roots of their stock in the earth. And these dwelt in the city of Beroe, that primordial seat which Kronos himself builded, at the time when invited by clever Rhea he set that jagged supper before his voracious throat, and having the heavy weight of that stone within him to play the deliverer's part, he shot out the whole generation of his tormented children. Gaping wide, he sucked up the storming flood of a whole river, and swallowed it in his bubbling chest to ease his pangs, then threw of the burden of his belly; so one after another his pregnant throat pushed up and disgorged his twiceborn sons through the delivering channel of his gullet. Zeus was then a child, still a baby methinks; not yet the lightning flashed and cleft the hot clouds with many a dancing leap, not yet bolts of Zeus were shot to help in the Titanes' war, not yet the rainy sound of thunderclaps roared heavily with bang and boom through colliding clouds."



T6.1 CRONUS,
RHEA



Z50.1G CRONU
AS SATURDAY

CRONUS & HIS CURSE ON ZEUS

According to Aeschylus, after Kronos was dethroned by Zeus he cursed his son to suffer the same fate. However, Prometheus warned Zeus in a timely fashion to avoid a union with the goddess Thetis, for their child was the one destined to overthrow him.

Aeschylus, Prometheus Bound 907 ff (trans. Weir Smyth) (Greek tragedy C5th B.C.) :

"Prometheus: Yes, truly, the day will come when Zeus, although stubborn of soul, shall be humbled, seeing that he plans a marriage [i.e. with the goddess Thetis] that shall hurl him into oblivion from his sovereignty and throne; and then immediately the curse his father Kronos invoked as he fell from his ancient throne, shall be fulfilled to the uttermost . . . Such an adversary is he now preparing despite himself, a prodigy [his son by Thetis] irresistible, even one who shall discover a flame mightier than the lightning and a deafening crash to out roar the thunder; a prodigy who shall shiver the trident, Poseidon's spear, that scourge of the sea and shaker of the land. Then, wrecked upon this evil, Zeus shall learn how different it is to be a sovereign and a slave."

Medea

METMORHOSES BOOK 7, TRANS. BY BROOKES MORE

JASON AND MEDEA

[1] Over the storm-tossed waves, the Argonauts had sailed in Argo, their long ship to where King Phineus, needy in his old age, reigned—deprived of sight and feeble. When the sons of Boreas had landed on the shore, and seen the Harpies snatching from the king his nourishment, befouling it with beaks obscene, they drove those human-vultures thence. And having suffered hardships and great toils, after the day they rescued the sad king from the vile Harpies, those twin valiant youths, Zetes and Calais came with their chief, the mighty Jason, where the Phasis flows. From the green margin of that river, all the crew of Argonauts, by Jason led, went to the king Aetes and required the Golden Fleece, that he received from Phryxus. When they had bargained with him, full of wiles he offered to restore the Golden Fleece only to those who might to him return, victorious from hard labors of great risk.

[8] Medea, the king's daughter, near his throne, saw Jason, leader of the Argonauts, as he was pressing to secure a prize—and loved at sight with a consuming flame. Although she struggled to suppress her love, unable to restrain herself, she said, “In vain I've striven to subdue my heart: some god it must be, which I cannot tell, is working to destroy my hapless life; or else it is the burning flame of love that in me rages. If it is not love, why do the mandates of my father seem too harsh? They surely are too harsh. Why do I fear that he may perish whom I have seen only once? What is the secret cause that I am agitated by such fears?—It is no other than the god of Love. Thrust from your virgin breast such burning flames and overcome their hot unhappiness—if I could do so, I should be myself: but some deluding power is holding me helpless against my will. Desire persuades me one way, but my reason still persuades another way. I see a better course and I approve, but follow its defeat. —O royal maiden, why are you consumed with love for this strange man, and why are you so willing to be carried by the nuptial ties so far from your own country, where, indeed, are many brave men worthy of your love?

[23] "Whether for life or death his numbered hours are in the mercy of the living Gods, and that he may not suffer risk of death, too well foreseen, now let my prayers prevail -- righteously uttered of a generous heart without the stress of love. What wicked thing has Jason done? His handsome person, youth, and noble ways, would move a heart of stone. Have I a heart of flint, or was I born a tigress to deny him timely aid?—Unless I interpose, he will be slain by the hot breath of brazen-footed bulls, or will be slaughtered by the warriors, sprung miraculous from earth, or will be given to satisfy the ravenous appetite of a huge dragon. Let my gloating eyes be satiate with his dying agonies! Let me incite the fury of these bulls! Stir to their blood-lust mad-born sons of Earth! Rouse up the never-sleeping dragon's rage!—Avert it Gods!—But why should I cry out upon the Gods to save him from such wrong, when, by my actions and my power, myself may shield him from all evils? Such a course would wreck the kingdom of my father—and by me the wily stranger would escape from him; and spreading to the wind his ready sails he would forget and leave me to my fate.—Oh, if he should forget my sacrifice, and so prefer those

who neglected him, let him then perish in his treachery.—But these are idle thoughts: his countenance, reveals innate nobility and grace, that should dispel all fear of treachery, and guarantee his ever-faithful heart. The Gods will witness our united souls, and he shall pledge his faith. Secure of it my fear will be removed. Be ready, then—and make a virtue of necessity: your Jason owes himself to you; and he must join you in true wedlock. Then you shall be celebrated through the land of Greece, by throngs of women, for the man you saved.

[51] "Shall I then sail away, and so forsake my sister, brother, father, Gods, and land that gave me birth? My father is indeed a stern man, and my native land is all too barbarous; my brother is a child,—my sister's goodwill is good help for me; and heaven's supreme god is within my breast. I shall not so be leaving valued hopes, but will be going surely to great things. And I should gain applause from all the world, as having saved the threatened Argonauts, most noble of the Greeks; and in their land, which certainly is better than my own, become the bride of Jason, for whose love I should not hesitate to give the world—and in whose love the living Gods rejoice so greatly; for his sake they would bestow their favors on my head, and make the stars my habitation. Should I hesitate because the wreck-strewn mountains bar the way, and clash together in the Euxine waves; or fear Charybdis, fatal to large ships, that sucks the deep sea in its whirling gulf and spouts far upward, with alternate force, or Scylla, circled with infuriate hounds howling in rage from deep Sicilian waves? Safe in the shielding arms of him I love, on Jason's bosom leaning, I shall be borne safely over wide and hostile seas; and in his dear embrace forget my fears—or if for anything I suffer dread, it will be only for the one I love.—Alas, Medea, this vain argument has only furnished plausible excuse for criminal desires, and desecrates the marriage rite. It is a wicked thing to think upon. Before it is too late forget your passion and deny this guilt." And after she had said these words, her eyes were opened to the prize of modesty, chaste virtue, and a pure affection: and Cupid, vanquished, turned away and fled.

[74] Then, to an ancient altar of the goddess named Hecate, Perse's daughter took her way in the deep shadows of a forest. She was strong of purpose now, and all the flames of vanquished passion had died down; but when she saw the son of Aeson, dying flames leaped up again. Her cheeks grew red, then all her face went pale again; as a small spark when hid beneath the ashes, if fed by a breath of wind grows and regains its strength, as it is fanned to life; so now her love that had been smoldering, and which you would have thought was almost dead, when she had seen again his manly youth, blazed up once more. For on that day his graceful person seemed as glorious as a God;—and as she gazed, and fixed her eyes upon his countenance, her frenzy so prevailed, she was convinced that he was not a mortal. And her eyes were fascinated; and she could not turn away from him. But when he spoke to her, and promised marriage, grasping her right hand: she answered, as her eyes suffused with tears; "I see what I will do, and ignorance of truth will not be my undoing now, but love itself. By my assistance you shall be preserved; but when preserved fulfill your promise." He swore that she could trust in him. Then by the goddess of the triple form, Diana, Trivia, or Luna called, and by her sacred groves and fanes, he vowed, and by the hallowed Sun that sees all things, and by his own adventures, and his life,—on these the youthful Jason took his oath.—With this she was assured and quickly gave to him the magic herbs: he learnt their use and full of joy withdrew into his house.

[100] Now when the dawn had dimmed the glittering stars, the people hastened to the sacred field of Mars, and on the hills expectant stood.—Arrayed in purple, and in majesty distinguished by his ivory sceptre, sat the king, surrounded by a multitude. Below them on the visioned Field of Mars, huge brazen-footed bulls were breathing forth from adamantine nostrils living flames, blasting the verdant herbage in their path! As forges glowing with hot flames resound, or as much quick-lime, burnt in earthen kilns, crackles and hisses as if mad with rage, sprinkled with water, liberating heat; so their hot throats and triple-heated sides, resounding told of pent-up fires within. The son of Aeson went to meet them. As he came to meet them the fierce animals turned on him faces terrible, and sharp horns tipped with iron, and they pawed the dusty earth with cloven feet, and filled the place with fiery bellowings. The Minyans were stark with fear; he went up to the bulls not feeling their hot breath at all, so great the power of his charmed drugs; and while he was stroking their down-hanging dewlaps with a fearless hand, he placed the yoke down on their necks and made them draw the heavy plow, and cut through fields that never felt the steel before. The Colchians were amazed and silent; but the loud shouting of the Minyans increased their hero's courage.

[121] Taking then the serpent's teeth out of a brazen helmet he sowed them broadcast in the new-plowed field. The moist earth softened these seeds that were steeped in virulent poison and the teeth swelled up and took new forms. And just as in its mother an infant gradually assumes the form of man, and is perfected through all parts within, and does not come forth to the light till fully formed; so, when the forms of men had been completed in the womb of earth made pregnant, they rose up from it, and what is yet more wonderful, each one clashed weapons that had been brought forth with him. When his companions saw the warriors turn as if with one accord, to hurl their spears, sharp-pointed, at the head of Jason, fear unnerved the boldest and their courage failed. So, too, the maid whose sorcery had saved him from much danger, when she saw the youth encompassed by those raging enemies, and he alone against so many—struck with sudden panic, she turned ashen white, her bloodless cheeks were blanched; and chilled with fear she wilted to the ground; and lest the herbs, so lately given him, might fail his need she added incantations and invoked mysterious arts. While she protected him he seized upon a heavy stone, and hurled it in the midst of his new enemies—distracted by this cast, and murderous, they turned from him, and clashing their new arms, those earth-born brothers fought among themselves till all were slaughtered in blood-thirsty strife. Gladly the Greeks acclaimed him conqueror, and pressed around him for the first embrace. Then, too, Medea, barbarous Colchian maid, although her modesty restrained her heart, eagerly longed to fold him in her arms, but careful of her good name, held aloof,—rejoicing in deep, silent love; and she acknowledged to the Gods her mighty gift of incantations.

[149] But the dragon, still alert,—magnificent and terrible with gorgeous crest and triple tongue, and fangs barbed as a javelin, guards the Golden Fleece: and Jason can obtain that quest only if slumber may seal up the monster's eyes.—Jason, successful, sprinkled on his crest Lethean juices of a magic herb, and then recited thrice the words which bring deep slumber, potent words which would becalm the storm-tossed ocean, and would stop the flow of the most rapid rivers of our earth: and slowly slumber sealed the dragon's eyes. While that great monster slept, the hero took the Golden Fleece; and proudly

sailed away bearing his treasure and the willing maid, (whose aid had saved him) to his native port Iolcus—victorious with the Argonauts.

REJUVENATION OF AESON

[159] Now when the valiant Argonauts returned to Thessaly, their happy relatives, fathers and mothers, praised the living Gods; and with their hallowed gifts enhanced the flames with precious incense; and they offered Jove a sacred bullock, rich with gilded horns. But Jason's father, Aeson, came not down rejoicing to behold his son, for now worn out with many years, he waited death. And Jason to Medea grieving said: "Dearest, to whom my life and love are due, although your kindness has been great to me, and you have granted more than I should ask, yet one thing more I beg of you; if your enchantments can accomplish my desire, take from my life some years that I should live and add them to my father's ending days."—And as he spoke he could not check his tears. Medea, moved by his affection, thought how much less she had grieved for her loved sire: and she replied:—"A wicked thing you ask! Can I be capable of using you in such a manner as to take your life and give it to another? Ask not me a thing so dreadful! May the Gods forbid! -- I will endeavor to perform for you a task much greater. By the powers of Night I will most certainly return to him the lost years of your father, but must not deprive you of your own.—Oh grant the power, great goddess of the triple form, that I may fail not to accomplish this great deed!"

[179] Three nights were wanting for the moon to join her circling horns and form a perfect orb. When these were passed, the rounded light shone full and bright upon the earth.—Through the still night alone, Medea stole forth from the house with feet bare, and in flowing garment clothed—her long hair unadorned and not confined. Deep slumber has relaxed the world, and all that's living, animals and birds and men, and even the hedges and the breathing leaves are still—and motionless the laden air. Only the stars are twinkling, and to them she looks and beckons with imploring hands. Now thrice around she paces, and three times besprinkles her long hair with water dipt from crystal streams, which having done she kneels a moment on the cold, bare ground, and screaming three times calls upon the Night,—

[192] "O faithful Night, regard my mysteries! O golden-lighted Stars! O softly-moving Moon—genial, your fire succeeds the heated day! O Hecate! grave three-faced queen of these charms of enchanters and enchanters, arts! O fruitful Earth, giver of potent herbs! O gentle Breezes and destructive Winds! You Mountains, Rivers, Lakes and sacred Groves, and every dreaded god of silent Night! Attend upon me!—When my power commands, the rivers turn from their accustomed ways and roll far backward to their secret springs! I speak—and the wild, troubled sea is calm, and I command the waters to arise! The clouds I scatter—and I bring the clouds; I smooth the winds and ruffle up their rage; I weave my spells and I recite my charms; I pluck the fangs of serpents, and I move the living rocks and twist the rooted oaks; I blast the forests. Mountains at my word tremble and quake; and from her granite tombs the liberated ghosts arise as Earth astonished groans! From your appointed ways, O wonder-working Moon, I draw you down against the magic-making sound of gongs and brazen vessels of Temesa's ore; I cast my spells and veil the jeweled rays of Phoebus' wain, and quench Aurora's fires. At my command you tamed the flaming bulls which long disdained to bend beneath the yoke, until they pressed their necks against

the plows; and, subject to my will, you raised up war till the strong company of dragon-birth were slaughtered as they fought amongst themselves; and, last, you lulled asleep the warden's eyes -- guards of the Golden Fleece—till then awake and sleeping never—so, deceiving him, you sent the treasure to the Grecian cities! Witness my need of super-natured herbs, elixirs potent to renew the years of age, giving the bloom of youth.—You shall not fail to grant me this; for not in vain the stars are flashing confirmation; not in vain the flying dragons, harnessed by their necks, from skies descending bring my chariot down.”

[[219] A chariot, sent from heaven, came to her—and soon as she had stroked the dragons' necks, and shaken in her hands the guiding reins—as soon as she had mounted, she was borne quickly above, through unresisting air. And, sailing over Thessaly, she saw the vale of Tempe, where the level soil is widely covered with a crumbling chalk—she turned her dragons towards new regions there: and she observed the herbs by Ossa born, the weeds on lofty Pelion, Othrys, Pindus and vast Olympus -- and from here she plucked the needed roots, or there, the blossoms clipped all with a moon-curved sickle made of brass—many the wild weeds by Apidanus, as well as blue Amphrysus' banks, she chose, and not escaped Enipeus from her search; Peneian stretches and Spercheian banks all yielded what she chose:—and Boebe's shore where sway the rushes; and she plucked up grass, a secret grass, from fair Euboean fields life-giving virtues in their waving blades, as yet unknown for transformation wrought on Glaucus.

[234] All those fields she visited, with ceaseless diligence in quest of charms, nine days and nine nights sought strong herbs, and the swift dragons with their active wings, failed not to guide the chariot where she willed—until they reached her home. The dragons then had not been even touched by anything, except the odor of surrounding herbs, and yet they sloughed their skins, the growth of years. She would not cross the threshold of her home nor pass its gates; but, standing in the field, alone beneath the canopy of Heaven, she shunned all contact with her husband, while she built up from the ever-living turf two altars, one of which upon the right to Hecate was given, but the one upon the left was sacred then to you, O Hebe, goddess of eternal youth! Festooning woodland boughs and sweet vervain adorned these altars, near by which she dug as many trenches. Then, when all was done, she slaughtered a black ram, and sprinkled with blood the thirsty trenches; after which she poured from rich carchesian goblets generous wine and warm milk, grateful to propitious Gods—the Deities of earth on whom she called—entreating, as she did so, Pluto, lord of ghostly shades, and ravished Proserpine, that they should not, in undue haste, deprive her patient's aged limbs of life.

[251] When certain she compelled the God's regard, assured her incantations and long prayers were both approved and heard, she bade her people bring out the body of her father-in-law—old Aeson's worn out body—and when she had buried him in a deep slumber by her spells, as if he were a dead man, she then stretched him out upon a bed of herbs. She ordered Jason and his servants thence, and warned them not to spy upon her rites, with eyes profane. As soon as they retired, Medea, with disheveled hair and wild abandon, as a Bacchanalian, paced times three around the blazing altars, while she dipped her torches, splintered at the top, into the trenches, dark: with blood, and lit the dipt ends in the sacred altar flames. Times three she purified the ancient man with flames, and thrice with water, and

three times with sulphur,—as the boiling mixture seethed and bubbled in the brazen cauldron near. And into this, acerbic juices, roots, and flowers and seeds—from vales Hemonian—and mixed elixirs, into which she cast stones of strange virtue from the Orient, and sifted sands of ebbing ocean's tide; white hoar-frost, gathered when the moon was full, the nauseating flesh and luckless wings of the uncanny screech-owl, and the entrails from a mysterious animal that changed from wolf to man, from man to wolf again; the scaly sloughing of a water-snake, the medic liver of a long-lived stag, and the hard beak and head of an old crow which was alive nine centuries before; these, and a thousand nameless things the foreign sorceress prepared and mixed, and blended all together with a branch of peaceful olive, old and dry with years.—And while she stirred the withered olive branch in the hot mixture, it began to change from brown to green; and presently put forth new leaves, and soon was heavy with a wealth of luscious olives.—As the ever-rising fire threw bubbling froth beyond the cauldron's rim, the ground was covered with fresh verdure—flowers and all luxuriant grasses, and green plants.

[285] Medea, when she saw this wonder took her unsheathed knife and cut the old man's throat; then, letting all his old blood out of him she filled his ancient veins with rich elixir. As he received it through his lips or wound, his beard and hair no longer white with age, turned quickly to their natural vigor, dark and lustrous; and his wasted form renewed, appeared in all the vigor of bright youth, no longer lean and sallow, for new blood coursed in his well-filled veins.—Astonished, when released from his deep sleep, and strong in youth, his memory assured him, such he was years four times ten before that day!—

[294] Bacchus, from his celestial vantage saw this marvel, and convinced his nurses might then all regain their former vigor, he pled with Medea to restore their youth. The Colchian woman granted his request.

MEDEA AND PELIAS

[297] But so her malice might be satisfied Medea feigned she had a quarrel with her husband, and for safety she had fled to Pelias. There, since the king himself was heavy with old age, his daughters gave her generous reception. And these girls the shrewd Medea in a short time won, by her false show of friendliness; and while among the most remarkable of her achievements she was telling how she had rejuvenated Aeson, and she dwelt particularly, on that strange event, these daughters were induced to hope that by some skill like this their father might regain his lost youth also. And they begged of her this boon, persuading her to name the price; no matter if it was large. She did not reply at once and seemed to hesitate, and so she held their fond minds in a deep suspense by her feigned meditation. When she had at length declared she would restore his youth, she said to them: “That you may have strong confidence in this my promised boon, the oldest leader of your flock of sheep shall be changed to a lamb again by my prized drugs.”

[312] Straightway a wooly ram, worn out with length of untold years was brought, his great horns curved around his hollow temples. After she had cut his scrawny throat with her sharp knife Thessalian, barely staining it with his thin blood, Medea plunged his carcass in a bronze-made kettle, throwing in it at the same time juices of great potency. These made his body shrink and burnt away his two horns, and with

horns his years. And now thin bleating was heard from within the pot; and even while they wondered at the sound, a lamb jumped out and frisking, ran away to find some udder with its needed milk.

[322] Amazed the daughters looked on and, now that these promises had been performed, they urged more eagerly their first request. Three times Phoebus unyoked his steeds after their plunge in Ebro's stream, and on the fourth night stars shown brilliant on the dark foil of the sky, and then the treacherous daughter of Aetes set some clear water over a hot fire and put in it herbs of no potency. And now a death-like sleep held the king down, his body all relaxed, and with the king his guards, a sleep which incantations with the potency of magic words had given. The sad king's daughters, as they had been bid, were in his room, and with Medea stood around his bed. "Why do you hesitate," Medea said. "You laggards, come and draw your swords; let out his old blood that I may refill his empty veins again with young blood. In your hands your father's life and youth are resting. You, his daughters, must have love for him, and if the hopes you have are not all vain, come, do your duty by your father; drive out old age at the point of your good weapons; and let out his blood enfeebled—cure him with the stroke of iron." Spurred on by these words, as each one of them was filial she became the leader in the most unfilial act, and that she might not be most wicked did the wicked deed. Not one could bear to see her own blows, so they turned their eyes away; and every face averted so, they blindly struck him with their cruel hands. The old man streaming with his blood, still raised himself on elbow, and half mangled tried to get up from his bed; with all those swords around him, he stretched out his pale arms and he cried: "What will you do, my daughters? What has armed you to the death of your loved father?" Their wrong courage left them, and their hands fell. When he would have said still more, Medea cut his throat and plunged his mangled body into boiling water.

[350] Only because her winged dragons sailed swiftly with her up to the lofty sky, escaped Medea punishment for this unheard of crime. Her chariot sailed above embowered Pelion—long the lofty home of Chiron—over Othrys, and the vale made famous where Cerambus met his fate. Cerambus, by the aid of nymphs, from there was wafted through the air on wings, when earth was covered by the overwhelming sea—and so escaped Deucalion's flood, uncrowned.

[357] She passed by Pittane upon the left, with its huge serpent-image of hard stone, and also passed the grove called Ida's, where the stolen bull was changed by Bacchus' power into a hunted stag—in that same vale Paris lies buried in the sand; and over fields where Mera warning harked, Medea flew; over the city of Eurypylus upon the Isle of Cos, whose women wore the horns of cattle when from there had gone the herd of Hercules; and over Rhodes beloved of Phoebus, where Telchinian tribes dwelt, whose bad eyes corrupting power shot forth;—Jove, utterly despising, thrust them deep beneath his brother's waves; over the walls of old Carthaea, where Alcidas had seen with wonder a tame dove arise from his own daughter's body.

[371] And she saw the lakes of Hyrie in Teumesia's Vale, by swans frequented—There to satisfy his love for Cynus, Phyllius gave two living vultures: shell for him subdued a lion, and delivered it to him; and mastered a great bull, at his command; but when the wearied Phyllius refused to render to his friend the valued bull. Indignant, the youth said, "You shall regret your hasty words;" which having said, he leaped

from a high precipice, as if to death; but gliding through the air, on snow-white wings, was changed into a swan—Dissolved in tears, his mother Hyrie knew not he was saved; and weeping, formed the lake that bears her name.

[382] And over Pleuron, where on trembling wings escaped the mother Combe from her sons, Medea flew; and over the far isle Calauria, sacred to Latona.—She beheld the conscious fields whose lawful king, together with his queen were changed to birds. Upon her right Cyllene could be seen; there Menephon, degraded as a beast, outraged his mother. In the distance, she beheld Cephisius, who lamented long his hapless grandson, by Apollo changed into a bloated sea-calf. And she saw the house where king Eumelus mourned the death of his aspiring son.—

MEDEA AND AEGEUS

[391] Borne on the wings of her enchanted dragons, she arrived at Corinth, whose inhabitants, 'tis said, from many mushrooms, watered by the rain sprang into being. There she spent some years. But after the new wife had been burnt by the Colchian witchcraft and two seas had seen the king's own palace all aflame, then, savagely she drew her sword, and bathed it in the blood of her own infant sons; by which atrocious act she was revenged; and she, a wife and mother, fled the sword of her own husband, Jason. On the wings of her enchanted Titan Dragons borne, she made escape, securely, nor delayed until she entered the defended walls of great Minerva's city, at the hour when aged Periphas—transformed by Jove, together with his queen, on eagle wings flew over its encircling walls: with whom the guilty Halcyone, skimming seas safely escaped, upon her balanced wings. And after these events, Medea went to Aegeus, king of Athens, where she found protection from her enemies for all this evil done. With added wickedness Aegeus, after that, united her to him in marriage.—

[404] All unknown to him came Theseus to his kingly court.—Before the time his valor had established peace on all the isthmus, raved by dual seas. Medea, seeking his destruction, brewed the juice of aconite, infesting shores of Scythia, where, 'tis fabled, the plant grew on soil infected by Cerberian teeth. There is a gloomy entrance to a cave, that follows a declivitous descent: there Hercules with chains of adamant dragged from the dreary edge of Tartarus that monster-watch-dog, Cerberus, which, vain opposing, turned his eyes aslant from light—from dazzling day. Delirious, enraged, that monster shook the air with triple howls; and, frothing, sprinkled as it raved, the fields, once green—with spewing of white poison-foam. And this, converted into plants, sucked up a deadly venom with the nourishment of former soils, -- from which productive grew upon the rock, thus formed, the noxious plant; by rustics, from that cause, named aconite. Medea worked on Aegeus to present his own son, Theseus, with a deadly cup of aconite; prevailing by her art so that he deemed his son an enemy. Theseus unwittingly received the cup, but just before he touched it to his lips, his father recognized the sword he wore, for, graven on its ivory hilt was wrought a known device—the token of his race. Astonished, Aegeus struck the poison-cup from his devoted son's confiding lips. Medea suddenly escaped from death, in a dark whirlwind her witch-singing raised.

Cain

Genesis 4

New International Version (NIV)

Cain and Abel

4 Adam^[a] made love to his wife Eve, and she became pregnant and gave birth to Cain.^[b] She said, “With the help of the Lord I have brought forth^[c] a man.”² Later she gave birth to his brother Abel.

Now Abel kept flocks, and Cain worked the soil.³ In the course of time Cain brought some of the fruits of the soil as an offering to the Lord.⁴ And Abel also brought an offering—fat portions from some of the firstborn of his flock. The Lord looked with favor on Abel and his offering,⁵ but on Cain and his offering he did not look with favor. So Cain was very angry, and his face was downcast.

⁶ Then the Lord said to Cain, “Why are you angry? Why is your face downcast? ⁷ If you do what is right, will you not be accepted? But if you do not do what is right, sin is crouching at your door; it desires to have you, but you must rule over it. ”

⁸ Now Cain said to his brother Abel, “Let’s go out to the field.”^[d] While they were in the field, Cain attacked his brother Abel and killed him.

⁹ Then the Lord said to Cain, “Where is your brother Abel?”

“I don’t know, ” he replied. “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

¹⁰ The Lord said, “What have you done? Listen! Your brother’s blood cries out to me from the ground.

¹¹ Now you are under a curse and driven from the ground, which opened its mouth to receive your brother’s blood from your hand. ¹² When you work the ground, it will no longer yield its crops for you. You will be a restless wanderer on the earth. ”

¹³ Cain said to the Lord, “My punishment is more than I can bear. ¹⁴ Today you are driving me from the land, and I will be hidden from your presence; I will be a restless wanderer on the earth, and whoever finds me will kill me.”

¹⁵ But the Lord said to him, “Not so^[e]; anyone who kills Cain will suffer vengeance seven times over. ” Then the Lord put a mark on Cain so that no one who found him would kill him. ¹⁶ So Cain went out from the Lord’s presence and lived in the land of Nod,^[f] east of Eden.

¹⁷ Cain made love to his wife, and she became pregnant and gave birth to Enoch. Cain was then building a city, and he named it after his son Enoch. ¹⁸ To Enoch was born Irad, and Irad was the father of Mehujael, and Mehujael was the father of Methushael, and Methushael was the father of Lamech.

¹⁹ Lamech married two women, one named Adah and the other Zillah. ²⁰ Adah gave birth to Jabal; he was the father of those who live in tents and raise livestock. ²¹ His brother’s name was Jubal; he was the

father of all who play stringed instruments and pipes. ²²Zillah also had a son, Tubal-Cain, who forged all kinds of tools out of ^fbronze and iron. Tubal-Cain's sister was Naamah.

²³Lamech said to his wives,

“Adah and Zillah, listen to me;

wives of Lamech, hear my words.

I have killed a man for wounding me,

a young man for injuring me.

²⁴If Cain is avenged seven times,

then Lamech seventy-seven times. ”

²⁵Adam made love to his wife again, and she gave birth to a son and named him Seth, ^bsaying, “God has granted me another child in place of Abel, since Cain killed him.” ²⁶Seth also had a son, and he named him Enosh.

At that time people began to call on ⁱthe name of the Lord.

Leviticus 16

Leviticus 16

New International Version (NIV)

The Day of Atonement

16 The Lord spoke to Moses after the death of the two sons of Aaron who died when they approached the Lord. ²The Lord said to Moses: “Tell your brother Aaron that he is not to come whenever he chooses into the Most Holy Place behind the curtain in front of the atonement cover on the ark, or else he will die. For I will appear in the cloud over the atonement cover.

³“This is how Aaron is to enter the Most Holy Place: He must first bring a young bull for a sin offering^[a] and a ram for a burnt offering. ⁴He is to put on the sacred linen tunic, with linen undergarments next to his body; he is to tie the linen sash around him and put on the linen turban. These are sacred garments; so he must bathe himself with water before he puts them on. ⁵From the Israelite community he is to take two male goats for a sin offering and a ram for a burnt offering.

⁶“Aaron is to offer the bull for his own sin offering to make atonement for himself and his household.

⁷Then he is to take the two goats and present them before the Lord at the entrance to the tent of meeting. ⁸He is to cast lots for the two goats—one lot for the Lord and the other for the scapegoat.^[b]

⁹Aaron shall bring the goat whose lot falls to the Lord and sacrifice it for a sin offering. ¹⁰But the goat chosen by lot as the scapegoat shall be presented alive before the Lord to be used for making atonement by sending it into the wilderness as a scapegoat.

¹¹“Aaron shall bring the bull for his own sin offering to make atonement for himself and his household, and he is to slaughter the bull for his own sin offering. ¹²He is to take a censer full of burning coals from the altar before the Lord and two handfuls of finely ground fragrant incense and take them behind the curtain. ¹³He is to put the incense on the fire before the Lord, and the smoke of the incense will conceal the atonement cover above the tablets of the covenant law, so that he will not die. ¹⁴He is to take some of the bull’s blood and with his finger sprinkle it on the front of the atonement cover; then he shall sprinkle some of it with his finger seven times before the atonement cover.

¹⁵“He shall then slaughter the goat for the sin offering for the people and take its blood behind the curtain and do with it as he did with the bull’s blood: He shall sprinkle it on the atonement cover and in front of it. ¹⁶In this way he will make atonement for the Most Holy Place because of the uncleanness and rebellion of the Israelites, whatever their sins have been. He is to do the same for the tent of meeting, which is among them in the midst of their uncleanness. ¹⁷No one is to be in the tent of meeting from the time Aaron goes in to make atonement in the Most Holy Place until he comes out, having made atonement for himself, his household and the whole community of Israel.

¹⁸“Then he shall come out to the altar that is before the Lord and make atonement for it. He shall take some of the bull’s blood and some of the goat’s blood and put it on all the horns of the altar. ¹⁹He shall

sprinkle some of the blood on it with his finger seven times to cleanse it and to consecrate it from the uncleanness of the Israelites.

²⁰ “When Aaron has finished making atonement for the Most Holy Place, the tent of meeting and the altar, he shall bring forward the live goat. ²¹ He is to lay both hands on the head of the live goat and confess over it all the wickedness and rebellion of the Israelites—all their sins—and put them on the goat’s head. He shall send the goat away into the wilderness in the care of someone appointed for the task. ²² The goat will carry on itself all their sins to a remote place; and the man shall release it in the wilderness.

²³ “Then Aaron is to go into the tent of meeting and take off the linen garments he put on before he entered the Most Holy Place, and he is to leave them there. ²⁴ He shall bathe himself with water in the sanctuary area and put on his regular garments. Then he shall come out and sacrifice the burnt offering for himself and the burnt offering for the people, to make atonement for himself and for the people. ²⁵ He shall also burn the fat of the sin offering on the altar.

²⁶ “The man who releases the goat as a scapegoat must wash his clothes and bathe himself with water; afterward he may come into the camp. ²⁷ The bull and the goat for the sin offerings, whose blood was brought into the Most Holy Place to make atonement, must be taken outside the camp; their hides, flesh and intestines are to be burned up. ²⁸ The man who burns them must wash his clothes and bathe himself with water; afterward he may come into the camp.

²⁹ “This is to be a lasting ordinance for you: On the tenth day of the seventh month you must deny yourselves^[a] and not do any work —whether native-born or a foreigner residing among you— ³⁰ because on this day atonement will be made for you, to cleanse you. Then, before the Lord, you will be clean from all your sins. ³¹ It is a day of sabbath rest, and you must deny yourselves; it is a lasting ordinance. ³² The priest who is anointed and ordained to succeed his father as high priest is to make atonement. He is to put on the sacred linen garments ³³ and make atonement for the Most Holy Place, for the tent of meeting and the altar, and for the priests and all the members of the community.

³⁴ “This is to be a lasting ordinance for you: Atonement is to be made once a year for all the sins of the Israelites.”

And it was done, as the Lord commanded Moses.

Isaiah 27

Isaiah 27

New International Version (NIV)

Deliverance of Israel

27 In that day,

the Lord will punish with his sword —
his fierce, great and powerful sword—
Leviathan the gliding serpent,
Leviathan the coiling serpent;
he will slay the monster of the sea.

²In that day —

“Sing about a fruitful vineyard:

³ I, the Lord, watch over it;
I water it continually.

I guard it day and night
so that no one may harm it.

⁴ I am not angry.

If only there were briars and thorns confronting me!
I would march against them in battle;
I would set them all on fire.

⁵Or else let them come to me for refuge;
let them make peace with me,
yes, let them make peace with me.”

⁶In days to come Jacob will take root,
Israel will bud and blossom
and fill all the world with fruit.

⁷Has the Lord struck her
as he struck down those who struck her?

Has she been killed
as those were killed who killed her?

⁸By warfare^[a] and exile you contend with her—
with his fierce blast he drives her out,
as on a day the east wind blows.

⁹By this, then, will Jacob’s guilt be atoned for,
and this will be the full fruit of the removal of his sin:

When he makes all the altar stones
to be like limestone crushed to pieces,
no Asherah poles^[b] or incense altars
will be left standing.

¹⁰The fortified city stands desolate,
an abandoned settlement, forsaken like the wilderness;
there the calves graze,
there they lie down;
they strip its branches bare.

¹¹When its twigs are dry, they are broken off
and women come and make fires with them.
For this is a people without understanding;
so their Maker has no compassion on them,
and their Creator shows them no favor.

¹²In that day the Lord will thresh from the flowing Euphrates to the Wadi of Egypt, and you, Israel, will be gathered up one by one. ¹³And in that day a great trumpet will sound. Those who were perishing in Assyria and those who were exiled in Egypt will come and worship the Lord on the holy mountain in Jerusalem.

Revelation 12

New International Version (NIV)

The Woman and the Dragon

¹2 A great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet and a crown of twelve stars on her head. ²She was pregnant and cried out in pain as she was about to give birth. ³Then another sign appeared in heaven: an enormous red dragon with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns on its heads. ⁴Its tail swept a third of the stars out of the sky and flung them to the earth. The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to give birth, so that it might devour her child the moment he was born. ⁵She gave birth to a son, a male child, who “will rule all the nations with an iron scepter.”^[a] And her child was snatched up to God and to his throne. ⁶The woman fled into the wilderness to a place prepared for her by God, where she might be taken care of for 1,260 days.

⁷Then war broke out in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fought back. ⁸But he was not strong enough, and they lost their place in heaven. ⁹The great dragon was hurled down—that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. He was hurled to the earth, and his angels with him.

¹⁰Then I heard a loud voice in heaven say:

“Now have come the salvation and the power
and the kingdom of our God,
and the authority of his Messiah.

For the accuser of our brothers and sisters,
who accuses them before our God day and night,
has been hurled down.

¹¹They triumphed over him
by the blood of the Lamb
and by the word of their testimony;
they did not love their lives so much
as to shrink from death.

¹²Therefore rejoice, you heavens
and you who dwell in them!
But woe to the earth and the sea,
because the devil has gone down to you!
He is filled with fury,
because he knows that his time is short.”

¹³When the dragon saw that he had been hurled to the earth, he pursued the woman who had given birth to the male child. ¹⁴The woman was given the two wings of a great eagle, so that she might fly to the place prepared for her in the wilderness, where she would be taken care of for a time, times and half

a time, out of the serpent's reach. ¹⁵ Then from his mouth the serpent spewed water like a river, to overtake the woman and sweep her away with the torrent. ¹⁶ But the earth helped the woman by opening its mouth and swallowing the river that the dragon had spewed out of his mouth. ¹⁷ Then the dragon was enraged at the woman and went off to wage war against the rest of her offspring —those who keep God's commands and hold fast their testimony about Jesus.