

RADIO SLOVENIJA

Drama Department

LUCIJ ANEJ SENEKA/SAŠKA RAKEF/ŠPELA KRAVOGEL

Medea ... Will I be

A radio drama

Osebe:

MEDEJA Nataša Barbara Gračner

KREONT Radko Polič

JAZON Primož Pirnat

VODJA ZBORA Boštjan Gombač

ZBOR Maja Končar, Maja Sever, Saša Mihelčič, Klara Kastelec, Damjana Černe, Uroš Potočnik, Milan Štefe, Žan Perko, Žan Koprivnik, Sandi Pavlin

Režiserka: ŠPELA KRAVOGEL

Tonski mojstri: SONJA STRENAR, MATJAŽ MIKLIČ, TRISTAN PELOZ

Avtor glasbe: BOŠTJAN GOMBAČ

Glasbena dramaturginja: DARJA HLAVKA GODINA

Glasbenika: BOŠTJAN GOMBAČ, EDUARD RAON

Tehnični asistent: NEJC ZUPANČIČ

Posneto na gradu Turjak in v studiih Radia Slovenija oktobra 2020.

Traja: 37' 45"

Premiera: 21. junij 2021

Cast:

MEDEA Nataša Barbara Gračner

KREON Radko Polič

JASON Primož Pirnat

CHORUS LEADER Boštjan Gombač

CHORUS Maja Končar, Maja Sever, Saša Mihelčič, Klara Kastelec, Damjana Černe, Uroš Potočnik, Milan Štefe, Žan Perko, Žan Koprivnik, Sandi Pavlin

Directed by: ŠPELA KRAVOGEL

Sound design by: SONJA STRENAR, MATJAŽ MIKLIČ, TRISTAN PELOZ

Music composed by: BOŠTJAN GOMBAČ

Music dramaturgy by: DARJA HLAVKA GODINA

Musicians: BOŠTJAN GOMBAČ, EDUARD RAON

Sound assistant: NEJC ZUPANČIČ

Recorded on Turjak castle and in the studios of Radio Slovenija in October 2020

Duration: 37' 45"

First broadcast: 21th June 2021

Seneca's Medea translated by Frank Justus Miller (1917);

translation retrieved from <https://www.theoi.com/Text/SenecaMedea.html>

Biblical references are adapted from the World English Bible (<https://ebible.org/web>).

Additional translation and adaptation by Katarina Jerin.

SINOPSIS

Nekoč, danes, jutri.

Ona.

V tujem svetu zapuščena, v tujem svetu preganjana, v tujem svetu nezaželjena.

V ljubezni prevarana, v ljubezni razočarana; ljubezni oropana.

Begunka, ki se iz ljubeče žene spreobrne v divjo maščevalko, kajti Jazon, njen alfa samec, je samo še oče, ki ljubi svoje otroke. Ter lutka v rokah plebsa, ki zavrača vse, kar je drugačnega.

Zato Medeja postaja čedalje bolj nora in uničuje vse okoli sebe. Skozi notranjo akcijo postane močna, nevarna in ustvarjalno uničujoča sila. In ker svetu vlada plebs je Medeja še vedno in ponovno tu, da se mu zoperstavi.

KONCEPT

Ko sem pred leti videla Natašo Barbaro na odru v vlogi Senekine Medeje, me je tako prevzela, da sem si zaželela Medejino zgodbo prenesti v radijski eter.

Zanimala me je brezpogojna ženska vdanost ljubljenemu moškemu in ta tanka linija, ko se ljubezenska strast zaradi razočaranja spreobrne v maščevanje, divji požar, ki lahko uniči celotno vesolje. Razmišljala sem kakšno življenje ima ženska, če je zapuščena, zaprta in med tujci osamljena ter osovražena; če jo zapusti njen moški, ki se iz strahu vda, postane lutka v rokah ljudstva; če ji nihče ne ponudi zaščite, ker vsi in vsak skrbi za svojo dobrobit; in vsečnost vsem (ali vsaj večini).

In če Seneka, kot stoični filozof, Medeji pripisuje iracionalnost, jo jaz peljem skozi emocionalne nevihte, notranjo akcijo, uničujočo vokalnost do odločitve, do povsem racionalne kritike družbe in egoističnega sveta.

SYNOPSIS

Once upon a time, today, tomorrow.

Her.

Abandoned in a foreign world, persecuted in a foreign world, unwanted in a foreign world.

Betrayed in love, disappointed in love; bereft of love.

A refugee, a loving mother turned savage avenger; because Jason, her alpha male, has become just a loving father. And a puppet in the hands of the plebs, who reject everything that is different.

And so Medea, growing more and more insane, destroys everything around her. Through her inner actions she becomes a strong, dangerous and creatively destructive force. And because the plebs rule the world, Medea is here still and again, to rise against them.

THE CONCEPT

When I saw Nataša Barbara Gračner as Seneca's Medea on stage some years ago, I was so captivated by her that I wanted to transfer Medea's story to the medium of radio.

What interested me was the unconditional loyalty of a woman to the man she loves and the fine line, upon which disappointment turns passionate love into revenge, into a wildfire that can destroy a universe. I thought of the woman's life when she is abandoned, trapped, lonely and hated among foreigners; when she is left by her man, who has given in to fear and become a puppet in the hands of society; when she is offered no protection because everyone is looking out for their own interests and striving to be a people-pleaser.

And if Seneca as a Stoic philosopher sees Medea as irrational, I lead her through her emotional storms, inner actions, destructive voices to a decision, to an entirely rational critique of society and an egotistical world.

MEDEJA ... BOM POSTALA

VODJA ZBORA

Rešen kolhijske spalnice divje,
vajen nemiren, nerad ljubkovati
grudi divje žene z desnico, ženin,
srečen vzemi eolsko devico,
zdaj prvič po tastovi volji ...
In ona v tišini noči naj odide!

LJUDSTVO

In ona naj odide!
Naj odide!
Naj odide!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Vsaka, ki z doma zbeži in tujega moškega vzame!

MEDEJA

Komaj verjamem tolikšni nesreči, komaj.

VODJA ZBORA

Ti pa, ki si poročnemu obredu priča,
(fade out – preliv v Medejin tekst)
... ki s svojo desnico tèmo preženeš,
pridi s slabotnim, pijanim korakom
in ovenčaj si glávo s trakom iz vrtnic ...

MEDEA ... WILL I BE

CHORUS LEADER

Do thou, O bridegroom, rescued from the marriage bonds of barbarous Phasis,
wont with fear and reluctant hand to caress an unruly wife, joyfully take to thy
arms the Aeolian maid – now at last 'tis with the parents' will...
She should leave in silent gloom ...

CHORUS

She should leave! She should leave! She should leave!

CHORUS VOICE 1

... Who steals away to wed with a foreign husband!

MEDEA

So great a calamity scarce I myself, scarce even yet can comprehend.

CHORUS LEADER

And do thou, who the torches of lawful marriage attendest,

(Fading into the background)

dissipating the night with propitious hand, hither come, reeling with drunken
footstep, binding thy temples with garlands of roses...

MEDEJA

Da Jazon me, oropano očeta, dóma,
kraljestva, v tujih krajih pušča samo,
tako je krut?

Prezira, kar sem zanj storila,
ko sem z zločini ukrotila ogenj
in morje?

VODJA ZBORA

Naklonjeni kraljevi postelji naj pridejo
bogovi, vladarji morjá in nebes ...

VODJA ZBORA

Ponudi beli, dolgi vrat naj najprej
bik Gromovnikoma,
(v drugi plan)
telica, ki jarem je še ni oskrnil,
s telesom snežno belim ugaja naj Lucini ...

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

...zato, da bomo protestirali proti migrantom...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Prereži vrat!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Razparaj trebuh!

MEDEA

Had Jason the heart to do this; having robbed me of my father, native land, and kingdom, could he leave me alone in a foreign land, cruel?

Has he scorned my deservings, who saw flames and sea conquered by my crime?

CHORUS LEADER

May the high gods who rule over heaven, and thy who rule the sea, with gracious divinity attend on our princes' marriage.

CHORUS LEADER

First to the sceptre-bearing Thunderers let the bull with white-shining hide offer his high-raised neck.

(Fading into the background)

Lucina let a heifer appease, snow-white, untouched by the yoke...

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

... to protest against the migrants...

CHORUS VOICE 1

Slit its neck!

CHORUS VOICE 2

Slash its belly!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Razkolji glavo!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Daruj!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Za srečo zakonske postelje!

VODJA ZBORA

In ona v tišini noči naj odide!

GLASOVI LJUDSTVA

Naj odide! Naj odide! Naj odide!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Obrni svoje obličje proti njej, ki se obrača na zarotovalce duhov in na duhove umrlih in se vlačuga z njimi!

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

...pridejo migranti iz daljnih dežel...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Brezbožna Kolhijka!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Odide naj!

CHORUS VOICE 3

Split its head!

CHORUS VOICE 1

Sacrifice!

CHORUS VOICE 4

For the sake of the marital bed!

CHORUS LEADER

She should leave in silent gloom!

CHORUS VOICES

She should leave! She should leave! She should leave!

CHORUS VOICE 2

Set your face against her who turns to those who are mediums, and to the ghosts of the dead, to consort with them!

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

... migrants come from distant countries...

CHORUS VOICE 5

The wicked Colchian!

CHORUS VOICE 3

She should leave!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Naj kraljestvo in vladarje osvobodi strahu!

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

...me moti? Ja, uvažanje migrantov...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Brezbožna Kolhijka!

Medejin glas preglasi zvok poročnega slavja.

MEDEJA

Bogovi svatbe in Lucina, varuhinja zakonske postelje; in ti, ki si naučila Tífisa brzdati nov čoln in z njim valove; in ti, Titán, ki svetu luč deliš; in ti, trolična Hékata z žarki, ki so priče pri molčečih obredih; vi, ki Jazon je na vas prisegal meni, in vi, ki z več pravice moli k vam
Medeja:

Vprašam vas:

Naj brez maščevanja prenašam to krivico?

Vršanje množice kot »zvočna kulisa«

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Z mečem preženi to žensko, kugo pogubno!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Naj srečna bo tvoja zakonska postelja s Kreuzo!

VODJA ZBORA

In ona v tišini noči naj odide!

LJUDSTVO

Naj odide!

Naj odide!

Naj odide!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Ni vredna ga!

CHORUS VOICE 4

Let her free from terror at once our kingdom and our kings!

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

... what bothers me exactly? That they import migrants!

CHORUS VOICE 1

The wicked Colchian!

Medea's voice drowns out the sounds of the wedding celebrations.

MEDEA

Ye gods of wedlock, and thou, Lucina, guardian of the nuptial couch, and thou who didst teach Tiphys to guide his new barque to the conquest of the seas, and thou, grim ruler of the deeps of Ocean, and Titan, who dost portion out bright day unto the world, and thou who doest show thy bright face as witness of the silent mysteries, O three-formed Hecate, and ye gods by whose divinity Jason swore to me, to whom Medea may more lawfully appeal – I ask you: Should I endure this injustice unavenged?

The bustling of the crowd as a »background noise.«

CHORUS VOICE 2

Drive out this deadly pestilence of a woman by your sword!

CHORUS VOICE 3

May your and Creusa's marital bed be a happy one!

CHORUS LEADER

She should leave in silent gloom!

CHORUS

She should leave!

She should leave!

She should leave!

CHORUS VOICE 4

She's not worthy of him!

MEDEJA

Čeprav sem zdaj poražena, pomilovana,
prošnjica, zapuščena in izgnana, nekdam
slovela sem, potomka slavnega rodu,
vnukinja Sonca, hči odličnega očeta.
Srečna sem bila
in kot kraljeva hči mogočna sem slovela.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Poglejte jo, nevesto!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

V lepoti daleč presega Atenke!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

In Špartanke!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Ko stoji v zboru dekliškem,
med vsemi le njeno lice zasije.

MEDEJA

Naj brez maščevanja prenašam to izdajo?!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

In ženin!

MEDEA

For, although I am overwhelmed by piteous disaster, an exile, suppliant, lonely, forsaken, on all sides buffeted, once I had glory from my noble father, and from my grandsire, the Sun, traced illustrious descent.

High-born, blest of heaven, in royal power and splendour then I shone;

CHORUS VOICE 3

Look at the bride!

CHORUS VOICE 4

In beauty she far excels the women of Athens!

CHORUS VOICE 1

And those of Sparta!

CHORUS VOICE 2

When she stands midst her train of maidens, her one beauty shines more brightly than all.

MEDEA

Can it be that unavenged I should endure this betrayal?!

CHORUS VOICE 5

And the groom!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 6

Lepši je od Dioniza!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Lepši od Apolona!

MEDEJA

o, nehvaležnež, spomni se na bikov
ognjeni dah, na strah pred plamenečim
Ajétovim krdelom, na nenadna kopja
sovražnikov in na vojake, ki so zrasli
iz zemlje in so se na moj ukaz pobili;
pomisli še na runo Friksovega ovna,
na zmaja budnega, ki je na moj ukaz
zaspal, na brata, ki z zločinom enim,
storjenim večkrat, je bil pahnjen v smrt, na hčere,
ujete v moje spletke, ki so starčevo
telo razsekale, da več ne oživi:
vse to sem zate storila
v iskanju tujih krajev dom sem izgubila.

MEDEJA

Si se Kreonta zbal, Tesalcev, vojne z njimi?
Prava ljubezen se nikogar ne boji!
Morda prisiljen si pokleknil in se vdal?
Lahko bi vsaj še zadnjikrat govoril z mano!
Lahko bi prsi jeklu v bran nastavil!
Ne, ne, prijazneje govori, bolečina.

CHORUS VOICE 6

He is more handsome than Dionysus!

CHORUS VOICE 3

More so than Apollo!

MEDEA

O ungrateful man, let thy heart recall the bull's fiery breath, and, midst the savage terrors of unconquered race, the fire-breathing herd on Aeëtes' arm-bearing plain, the weapons of the suddenly appearing foe, when, at my order, the earth-born soldiery fell in mutual slaughter. Think, too, on the long-sought spoil of the ram of Phrixus, the sleepless dragon, bidden to close his eyes in unknown slumber, my brother given up to death, crime not done once alone in one act of crime; think on the daughters who, lured by my guile, dared dismember the old man who was never to return to life. I did it all for you. Seeking a kingdom for another, I have given up my own.

MEDEA

Did you fear Creon and the threats of Thessaly's king? True love can fear no man. But grant that under compulsion you yielded and made surrender; you could at least have come to me, could have spoken some last words to me! You should have bared your breast unto the sword – nay, ah, nay, mad grief, say not so!

Kreont je kriv,
ki s svojim žezlom brez pomisleka razdira
zakone, matere otrokom jemlje,
prisege, zvésto sklenjene v ljubezni, lomi:
njega napadem, on naj plača kazen,
ki jo dolguje.

VODJA ZBORA

Živi naj varno morja zmagovalec
Ki za vesla drzne barke prijel je
(v drugi plan)
Ki je prestal na morju vse napore
Zasidral k tuji obali barko
In se vrnil kot zmagovalec

LJUDSTVO

Živel Jazon!

MEDEJA

Ni Kolhijcev, ni moževe zvestobe,
od vseh zakladov silnih ti ni nič ostalo.
Medeja je ostala.

Boj se kralja.
Tudi moj oče je bil kralj.
Brzdaj grožnje
in svoj ponos ukroti: prilagodi se.
Fortuna le bogastvo vzame, ne ponosa.

The fault is Creon's, who with unbridled sway dissolves marriages, tears mothers from their children, and breaks pledges bound by straitest oath; on him be my attack, let him alone pay the penalties which he owes.

CHORUS LEADER

May he live in safety who tamed the sea, who handled that daring ship's famous oars,

(fading into the background)

who, having passed the perils of the deep, moored his vessel on a savage shore to return the victor.

CHORUS

Heil Jason!

MEDEA

The Colchians are no longer on thy side, thy husband's vows have failed, and there is nothing left of all thy wealth.

Medea, is left.

The king is to be feared.

My father was a king.

Spare now thy threats,

and thy proud spirit humble; 'tis well to fit thee to the times.

Fortune can take away my wealth, but not my spirit.

Umrla boš.

Želim si.

Zbeži.

Beg sovražim.

VODJA ZBORA

Čas je, prelepi in žlahtni potomec očeta Liája
s tirsom, da baklo iz starega, trhlega bora zanetiš:
z rôko slabotno raztresi obredne plamene s smolnice ...

LJUDSTVO:

In ona naj odide!

MEDEJA

Kako boš zapustila moža?

MEDEJA

Kot se je začel tvoj zakon, tako naj se konča:
zapusti z grehom dom, ki je bil z grehom rojen!

Ukradeni ponos kraljestva, mali bratec,
razsekan z mečem,
umor, očem očeta vsiljen, in telo,
raztreseno po morju, stari Pélias,
v bronem kotlu skuhan: vse prevečkrat
sem kri prelila – ne iz jeze.

K vsem zločinom
me le ljubezen je nesrečna gnala.

Thou'lt die.

I wish it.

Flee!

Of flight I have repented.

CHORUS LEADER

Comely, noble scion of Lyaeus, the thyrsus-bearer, now is the time to light thy torch of frayed pinewood; toss on high the ritual fire with languishing fingers.

CHORUS:

She should leave!

MEDEA

How wilt thou leave thy husband?

MEDEA

Let the story of thy rejection match the story of thy marriage:
the home which by crime was gained, by crime must be abandoned.

The bright ornament of the kingdom stolen away, and the wicked girl's little comrade hewn in pieces with the sword,
his murder forced upon his father's sight, his body scattered over the deep, and the limbs of aged Pelias seethed in a brazen pot.

Murder and impious bloodshed now often have I wrought! – and yet no crime have I done in wrath;

'twas ill-omened love stirred me.

Naj se tvoji
zločini vrnejo in te spodbujajo:

MEDEJA

Če sovraštvu iščeš mero,
zgleduj se po ljubezni
Zdaj pridite, boginje maščevalke,
mladi nevesti smrt, smrt tastu prinesite
in vsej kraljevi hiši – smrt.
A hujšo prošnjo
imam pripravljeno za ženina – življenje;
brez doma naj po tujih mestih v strahu blodi
kot obubožan in nikomur ljub begunec;
na tuja vrata trka naj kot večni gost ...
Medeja ...
Bom postala.

KREONT

Pogubna hči Ajeta Kolhijca ...

MEDEJA

Kreont ...

KREONT

Še nisi zapustila mojega kraljestva?

MEDEJA

Kaj je zločin, kje krivda, da izgon je kazen?

Let thine own crimes urge thee on,
and let them all return in memory.

MEDEA

If thou seekst what limit thou shouldst set to hate,
copy thy love.

Be present, be present, ye goddesses who avenge crim,
upon this new wife destruction bring, destruction on this father-in-law
and the whole royal stock.

I have yet curse more dire
to call down on my husband – may he live.

Through unknown cities may he wander,
in want, in exile, in fear of life, hated and homeless;
may he seek hospitality at strange doors, by now a familiar applicant.

Medea ...

Will I be.

CREON

Medea, Colchian Aeëtes baleful child...

MEDEA

Creon...

CREON

Have thou not yet taken yourself from my realm?

MEDEA

What crime, what fault is punishment by my exile?

KREONT

Za vzrok pregona le nedolžna ženska vpraša.

MEDEJA

Če sodiš, preiskuj, če vladaš, ukazuj.

KREONT

Ukaz, pravičen ali ne, boš poslušala.

MEDEJA

Begunki vrni ali ladjo
ali tovariša – zakaj naj sama grem?
Prišla sèm nisem sama.

KREONT

Daj, Kolhijcem se pritožuj.

MEDEJA

Prav: če me vrne,
kdor me je vzal.

KREONT

Prepozno, sklep je končen.

MEDEJA

Kadar razsojaš, ne da drugo plat bi slišal,
morda razsodiš prav, a prav pravičen nisi.

CREON

What cause expels her – that may an innocent woman ask.

MEDEA

If thou'rt my judge, then hear me; if my king, command.

CREON

A king's commands, just and unjust, thou must obey.

MEDEA

Give back then to the fugitive her ship, yea, give back her comrade.

Why dost thou bid me flee alone?

I did not come alone.

CREON

Go, complain to the Colchians.

MEDEA

I go; but let him take me

who brought me thence.

CREON

Thy prayer comes too late; my resolve is fixed.

MEDEA

When you pass judgement without both sides,
your judgment may be right, but it won't be just.

KREONT

Si pred obsodbo poslušala Pélia?

MEDEJA

Napadi me, naštej mi vsa brezbožna dela:
priznala bom; v resnici mi lahko očitaš
le en zločin, da sem vrnila Argo.

Rešila sem cvet junakov Grčije,
branik Ahajcev slavnih in bogov potomce.

Vse njih za vas, a Jazona zase.

A to si vedel, ko sem ti objemala
kolena v prošnji, da me váruješ.

Če sklenil si iz mesta me izgnati, kraj,
kje daleč stran, a v tem kraljestvu, mi dodeli.

LJUDSTVO

Jazon! Jazon! Kreuza!
Jazon! Živela! Na srečo
zakonske postelje! Jazon!
Kreuza!

KREONT

Da nisem tak, ki bi nasilno mahal z žezlom
in po nesrečnikih ošabno gazil,
dokazal sem, in zdi se mi, da jasno,
ko sem za zeta si izbral ubežnika,
ki ga preganja strašna vest, da zanj Akast,
vladar Tesalije, zahteva smrtno kazen ...

CREON

Didst thou hear Pelias ere he suffered punishment?

MEDEA

Come on now, and heap all kinds of shameful deeds upon me. I will confess them; but as for crimes, this only can be charged, the rescue of the Argo.

I saved that great glory and illustrious flower of Greece, bulwark of the Achaeans, offspring of gods

For you I brought back the rest; Jason only for myself.

Such didst thou know me when I clasped thy knees and as suppliant sought the loyalty of thy protecting hand.

If from thy city thou art pleased to drive me, let some remote nook in thy realm be given me.

CHORUS

Jason! Jason! Creusa!
Jason! Live long! To the happiness of the marital bed! Jason! Creusa!

CREON

That I am not one to wield the sceptre with violence nor to trample upon misery with haughty foot,

methinks I have not unclearly shown

by choosing for son-in-law an exile,

crushed and stricken with heavy fear – aye, one whom Acastus,

lord of Thessaly, demands for punishment and death.

MEDEJA

Če bojiš se vojne,
oba naju izženi.

KREONT

Jazon se, brez tebe,
zlahka obrani: ni si mazal rok s krvjo,
ni držal meča, neoskrunjen stal
je daleč stran od zločinov tvojih

MEDEJA

Zanj je mrtev Pélias, ne zame.
Prištej še krajo, beg, razkosanega brata,
izdanega očeta.
Kriva sem,
pogosto sem grešila, a nikoli zase.

VODJA ZBORA

S pogledom jezno bliska,
Oholo glavo stresa,
na vse strani, vrh vsega
grozi celo še kralju.
In ona je izgnanka?

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

...naši otroci pa nimajo za kosilo...
... niso suhi, imajo telefone, niso reveži...

MEDEA

If 'tis war thou fearest,
drive us both from thy kingdom.

CREON

Jason can defend his own cause if it is separate from thine;
no blood has stained his innocence,
his hand wielded no sword,
and he has kept far off thy crimes.

MEDEA

'Tis for him Pelias lies dead, and not for me.
Add flight, theft, a deserted father,
a mangled brother.
Full oft have I been made guilty,
but never for myself.

CHORUS LEADER

Her distraught face is hard set in anger,
and with fierce tossings of her head
she haughtily threatens e'en the king.
Who would think her an exile.

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

...while our kids can't pay for their school lunch...
...they're all so... they're not poor, they have phones...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

S kakšno oholostjo glavo stresa!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Ona, da je begunka?!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Izženi jo Kreont!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Čarovnica!

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

... Slovenijo za slovence... ne pa multi kulti...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Nočemo je!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 6

Obrani nas, Kreont! Izženi jo!

KREONT

Ti, snovalka zla,
pokvarjena kot ženska in kot mož
odločna, da si drzneš vse, in ti pri tem
ni mar za govorice, odidi,
zeli pogubne s sabo nesi, osvobodi
kraljestvo in preženi strah iz mesta!

CHORUS VOICE 1

That haughty tossing of her head!

CHORUS VOICE 2

Who would think her a refugee?!

CHORUS VOICE 3

Banish her, oh, Creon!

CHORUS VOICE 4

Witch!

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

We want Slovenia for the Slovenians. No multiculti.

CHORUS VOICE 5

We don't want her!

CHORUS VOICE 6

Protect us, Creon! Banish her!

CREON

Thou, thou contriver of wickedness,
who combinest woman's wanton recklessness
and man's strength,
with no thought of reputation, away!
Purge my kingdom and take thy deadly herbs with thee;
free the citizens from fear;

Drugje bogove in nebo vznemirjaj!

Afirmativni, navdušen odziv ljudstva.

MEDEJA

Prav, grem. A prosim te, naj krivda matere
za sabo ne potegne še otrok nedolžnih.

KREONT

Pojdi: sprejel ju bom kot oče v svoj objem.

MEDEJA

Rotim te, daj begunki kratkega odloga,
da še poljub otrokoma pritisne mati –
morda pred smrtjo zadnji.

KREONT

Dobiš en dan, da se pripraviš na izgnanstvo.

MEDEJA

Dovolj bo, tudi če bo manj kot en cel dan.

KREONT

Če ne odideš z Istma,
še preden Fojb prinese luč, z življenjem plačaš!

MEDEJA

Doklèr sta v ravnotežju zemlja in nebo,

abiding in some other land, harry the gods.

Approving, enthusiastic reactions of the people.

MEDEA

Suppliant I make this last prayer to thee as I depart:
let not the mother's guilt drag down her guiltless sons.

CREON

Go then; these will I take as father to my fatherly embrace.

MEDEA

I pray thee be bountiful of a brief stay of my flight,
while I, their mother, imprint on my sons the latest kiss,
perchance my dying act.

CREON

One day shall be given to prepare for banishment.

MEDEA

'Tis more than enough, though thou retrench it somewhat.

CREON

With thy life shalt thou pay penalty if before Phoebus brings the bright day thou
art not gone from Isthmus.

MEDEA

While the central earth shall bear up the balanced heavens,

doklèr veselje se vrti po svoji poti,
doklèr puščave so in s soncem pride dan,
noč z zvezdami,
moj bes ne bo usahnil, rasel bo –

<p>MEDEJA</p> <p>Quae ferarum immanitas, Quae Scylla, quae Charybdis Ausonium mare, Siculumque sorbens quaeve anhelantem premens Titana tantis Aetna fervebit minis? Non rapidus amnis, non procellosum mare Pontusve coro saevus aut vis ignium Adiuta flatu possit inhibere impetum Irasque nostras: stemam et evertam omnia.</p>	<p><i>Ljudstvo z ulice – zbor žensk</i></p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 1</p> <p>Poglej kako jezno s pogledom bliska!</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 3</p> <p>Kako oholo glavo stresa!</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 5</p> <p>Celo kralju grozi!</p>
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MEDEJA

Nobena stvar ne more več ustaviti
navala jeze:
šla bom nad bogove,
vesoljstvo stresla.

VODJA ZBORA

In ona je izgnanka?

while the bright universe shall pursue its unchanging rounds,
 while sands lack number, while day attends the sun
 and stars the night,
 my madness shall never cease its quest of vengeance and shall grow on for
 ever.

<p>MEDEA</p> <p>Quae ferarum immanitas, Quae Scylla, quae Charybdis Ausonium mare, Siculumque sorbens quaeve anhelantem premens Titana tantis Aetna fervebit minis? Non rapidus amnis, non procellosum mare Pontusve coro saevus aut vis ignium Adiuta flatu possit inhibere impetum Irasque nostras: stemam et evertam omnia.</p>	<p><i>People on the street – a chorus of women</i></p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 1</p> <p>Behold her face hard set in anger!</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 3</p> <p>That haughty tossing of her head!</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 5</p> <p>She threatens e'en the king!</p>
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MEDEA

Nothing could imitate
 the onrush of my wrath:
 I will storm the gods,
 and shake the universe.

CHORUS LEADER

Who would think her an exile.

LJUDSTVO

In ona je izgnanka?

VODJA ZBORA

(podvajanje)

Preveč je bil drzen, kdor prvi na morje
nezanesljivo je s krhkim čolničem
prodril in pustil za sabo domačo
zemljo in prepustil življenje hinavskim
sapam, ko rezal je morsko gladino
po poti dvomljivi; zaupal lahko je
le lahnemu lesu, ki tanka je meja
med smrtjo na eni, življenjem na drugi strani.

MEDEJA

Moj bes ne bo usahnil, rasel bo –

VODJA ZBORA

(podvojeno)

Nedolžna stoletja so videli naši
očetje, ki niso poznala pregreh.
Vsakdo na svoji obali je tičal,
doživel na zemlji očetov starost,
bogastva le malo imel, zakladov
pač ni poznal, razen kar zemlja rodi jih.
Smreka tesalska pa v eno je združila
svet, razmejen po zakonih narave,

CHORUS

Who would think her an exile.

CHORUS LEADER

(echoed)

Too venturesome the man who in frail barque
first cleft the treacherous seas and,
with one last look behind him at the well-known shore,
trusted his life to the fickle winds;
who, ploughing the waters on an unknown course,
could trust to a slender plank,
stretching too slight a boundary
between the ways of life and death.

MEDEA

My madness shall never cease its quest of vengeance and shall grow on for
ever.

CHORUS LEADER

(echoed)

Unsullied the ages our fathers saw,
with crime banished afar.
Then every man inactive kept to his own shores
and lived to old age on ancestral fields,
rich with but little, knowing no wealth
save what his home soil had yielded.
The lands, well separated before by nature's laws,
the Thessalian ship made one,

prisilila vodo prenašati vesel udarce
in morje oddaljeno s tem je postalo
del naših strahov.

Kakšna bila je nagrada za to potovanje?
Zlato runo in Medeja, zlo, večje od morja.

<p>MEDEJA</p> <p>Podžgan od jeze ogenj slep je, noče obvladan biti, jarma ne prenese, ni strah ga smrti: še nastavljen meč hoče napasti.</p> <p><i>caecus est ignis stimulatus ira nec regi curat patiturue frenos aut timet mortem: cupit ire in ipsos obuius enses.</i></p>	<p><i>Med Medejinimi replikami:</i></p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 1 Zamaknjeno je pristopila k smrtonosnemu oltarju ...</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 3 Čete zla ureja ...</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 5 Skrivnostne, daljne, mračne!</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 3 Zlovešč obred pripravlja, kliče vse, kar nosi pogubo, kar puščava v žgoči Libiji ustvari in kar Tavros stiska v večnem snegu,</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 1 Iz votlin z magijo kliče luskate armade ...</p> <p>LJUDSTVO GLAS 5 Vse kar je pošastno ...</p>
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MEDEJA

Jazon? Jazon?

bade the deep suffer blows,
 and the sequestered sea become
 a part of our human fear.
 Of this voyage what was the prize?
 The golden fleece and Medea, worse evil than the sea.

<p>MEDEA</p> <p>Blind is the fire of love when fanned by rage, cares not to be controlled, brooks no restraint, has no fear of death; 'tis eager to advance even against the sword. <i>caecus est ignis stimulatus ira nec regi curat patiturue frenos aut timet mortem: cupit ire in ipsos obuius enses.</i></p>	<p><i>In-between Medea's reply in Latin:</i></p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 1</p> <p>With maddened steps she has gone out and come to her baleful shrine...</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 3</p> <p>She marshals her whole train of evil powers...</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 5</p> <p>Things occult, mysterious, hidden!</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 3</p> <p>Supplicating the grim altar she summons destructive agencies, whatever burning Libya's sands produce, what Taurus, holds fast in his everlasting snows.</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 1</p> <p>Drawn by her magic incantations, the scaly brood leave their lairs and come to her.</p> <p>CHORUS VOICE 5</p> <p>All monstrous things.</p>
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MEDEA
 Jason? Jason?

JAZON

Pomisli, kaj te čaka, če boš vztrajala:
nihče ni varen, če se oblastnika loti.

MEDEJA

Jazon, bežim, bežala sem – nič novega;
nov je vzrok bega: ponavadi sem bežala
zate – zdaj se umikam in odhajam,
ker ti me siliš, naj bežim iz tvoje hiše.
Kam me pošiljaš? Naj grem h Kolhijcem,
v očetovo kraljestvo, kjer so z bratovo
krvjo pojena polja? Kam ukažeš?
Katera morja kažeš? Ustje Ponta
in Simplegadi, kjer sem varno prepeljala
kralje, ko sem tebi, prešuštniku sledila?
Naj stričev Jolkos in tesalske Tempe prosim?
Kar tebi sem odprla vrat, sem sebi jih
zaprla – kam me pošlješ, drugič že
brez doma?

JAZON

Kreont sovražni te je želel usmrtiti,
od mojih solz premagan pa ti beg podarja

MEDEJA

Šele zdaj vidim: beg ni kazen, ampak dar.
O, nehvaležnež,
Od vseh zakladov, ki jih Skiti

JASON

Beware how many perils are to be feared if thou persist;
no one may safely assail the strong.

MEDEA

We are fleeing, Jason, fleeing. 'Tis no new thing to change our abode;
but the cause of flight is new – 'twas for thee I was wont to flee.
I withdraw, I go away,
whom thou art forcing to flee forth from thy home;
but whither dost thou send me back? Shall I seek Phasis and the Colchians,
my father's kingdom, the fields drenched with my brother's blood?
What lands dost thou bid me seek?
What waters dost show to me? The jaws of the Pontic sea
through which I brought back the noble band of princes,
following thee, thou wanton, through the Clashing Rocks?
Is it little Iolcos or Thessalian Tempe I shall seek?
All the ways which I have opened for thee
I have closed upon myself. Whither dost send me back?
Thou imposest exile on an exile, but givest no place.

JASON

When angry Creon was bent on thy destruction, 'twas by my tears he was
prevailed upon to grant thee banishment.

MEDEA

As punishment I deemed it; now, as I see, exile is a boon.
O ungrateful man,
of all that wealth which, plundered even

naropajo pri daljnih ljudstvih Indije,
in od bogastva, ki ga hiša komaj sprejme,
še gaje z njim zlatimo, nisem vzela nič,
le ude brata: tudi te sem dala tebi;
nedolžnost, oče, brat in dom so padli zate –
bili so moja dota. Vrni jih begunki!

JAZON

Če umreti nočem, ti ne morem biti zvest.

MEDEJA

Prava ljubezen se nikogar ne boji!

JAZON

Saj ni premagal strah zvestobe, ampak skrbna
očetovska ljubezen.

MEDEJA

Lahko bi prsi jeklu v bran nastavil!

JAZON

Smrti staršev smrt
otrok sledi. Pravičnost svéta mi je priča,
da otroci so očeta premagali.
Zbeži, doklèr lahko še greš, in reši se:
strašna je jeza kraljev.

from the distant swart tribes of India, the Scythians heap up,
that golden treasure which, since the packed palace can scarce contain it,
we hang upon the trees, I brought away nothing in my exile
save only my brother's limbs. Those also I squandered upon thee;
for thee my country has given place, for thee father, brother, maidenhood –
with this dower did I wed thee. Give back to the fugitive her own.

JASON

Should I refuse to die, alas! I must be faithless.

MEDEA

True love can fear no man!

JASON

It is not fear, but fearful father-love that has conquered faith.

MEDEA

Thou should have bared thy breast unto the sword!

JASON

Surely my children would share their parents' death.

O holy Justice, I call thy divinity to witness:

the sons have prevailed upon the sire.

Depart while still thou mayst; take thyself hence;

grievous ever is the wrath of kings.

MEDEJA

Meni daš nasvet,
Kreúzi jamstvo: mrzko tekmico odstraniš.

JAZON

Da mi mar je zate, mi očitaš?

MEDEJA

In umor in podlost.

JAZON

Očitaj raje kaj, kar mi lahko očitaš.

MEDEJA

Vse, kar sem jaz storila.

JAZON

To je višek:
povrh vsegà naj kriv bom še zločinov *tvojih*?

MEDEJA

Tvoji so, tvoji: komur je zločin v korist,
ta je storilec!
Pa če vsi me blatijo,
ti brani me, reci, da nisem kriva:
naj zate bom nedolžna, zate sem grešila.

MEDEA

In urging this upon me, thou art Creusa's advocate; thou wouldst remove the rival whom she hates.

JASON

You charge me with my care for you?

MEDEA

Yes, murder, too, and treachery.

JASON

What crime, pray, canst thou charge to me?

MEDEA

Whatever I have don.

JASON

This one thing remains still for me,
to become guilty of thy sins as well.

MEDEA

They are, they are thine own; who profits by a sin
has done the sin.
Though all should hold me infamous,
do thou alone protect me, do thou alone call me innocent;
let me be guiltless in thy sight, who for thy sake am guilty.

JAZON

Življenje, ki ti je v sramoto, ni prijetno.

MEDEJA

Zakaj se ga oklepaš, če ti je v sramoto?

JAZON

Kaj ne bi raje pomirila jeze v prsih,
zavolj otrok.

MEDEJA

Zavržem ju in zatajim –
mojim otrokom bo Kreúza dala brate?

JAZON

Kraljevska kri begunski in vladarska padlim.

MEDEJA

Otrokoma naj nikdar ne posije dan
tako strašán, da slavno seme z gnusnim zmeša!

JAZON

Zakaj naju oba pehaš v pogubo? Prosim,
odnehaj.

MEDEJA

Saj ne zahtevam,
da se spopadeš s tastom, da si mažeš roke

JASON

Unwelcome is life which one is ashamed to have accepted.

MEDEA

Then one should not keep a life which he is ashamed to have accepted.

JASON

Nay, calm thy wrath-stirred heart;
for thy sons sake be reconciled.

MEDEA

I reject, forswear, disown them!
Shall Creusa bear brothers to my children?

JASON

Yes, a queen, to the sons of exiles; a royal lady to the fallen.

MEDEA

Never may such ill day come to the wretched,
as shall mingle a base breed with illustrious stock!

JASON

Why, wretched woman, dost thou drag both me and thee to ruin?
Begone, I pray thee.

MEDEA

That thou arm thy hand against thy father-in-law,
and stain thyself with kindred blood,

s krvjo sorodnika: nedolžen beži z mano.

JAZON

In kdo se bo postavil v bran, če pridrvita
obe vojski, če se Akast s Kreontom združi?

MEDEJA

Dodaj še Kolhijce, prištej Ajeta kralja,
poveži Grke s Skiti: vse jih poteptam.

JAZON

Moč kraljev je strašljiva.

MEDEJA

Naj te ne premami.

JAZON

Sumljiva sva, končaj, ne izgublaj več besed.
Bodi, prosim te, razumna, pomiri se.
Če ti iz hiše
tasta lahko karkoli lajša beg, le reci.

MEDEJA

Naj mi bo dovoljeno, da me na begu
otroka spremljata, da zjočem svoje solze
v njuni naročji. Ti dobiš še nerojene.

I do not compel thee; remain guiltless and escape with me.

JASON

And who will resist if double war assail us,
if Creon and Acastus unite their arms?

MEDEA

Add the Colchians to these, add Aeetes, too, to lead them,
join Scythians with Pelasgians; to destruction will I give them all.

JASON

I tremble at lofty sceptres.

MEDEA

See that thou lust not after them.

JASON

Cut short this long discourse, lest it arouse suspicion.
Begin to think with reason, and speak with calm.
If any solace from my father-in-law's house
can soothe thy flight, request it.

MEDEA

I ask but this: that I may have my children as comrades of my flight,
that in their bosoms I may pour forth my tears.
Thee new sons await.

JAZON

Rad ugodil bi tej prošnji,
a mi ne da ljubezen do otrok. Še kralj,
moj tast, me ne bi mogel v to prisiliti.
Vzrok mojega življenja sta, blažilo ranam,
izzganim od skrbi. Prej bi pogrešal ude,
svetlobo, dih.

MEDEJA

Tako otroka ljubi? Dobro.
Ujel se je. Zdaj vem, kako ga bom ranila.

A preden grem, jima gotovo smem predati
še zadnja naročila, ju poslednjič še
objeti?
In še to te prosim,
če je boleost izrekla kaj, kar si narobe
razumel, ne ohrani v srcu teh besed:
lepši spomini naj te vežejo na naju;
pozabi, kar je rekla jeza.

JAZON

Sem že vse
pregnal in, prosim te, ne bodi vročekrvna,
pomiri se: mir je blažilo vseh nesreč.

MEDEJA

Odšel je.

JASON

Right gladly would I yield unto thy prayer,
but a father's love forbids; for that I should permit this thing,
not Creon himself, my king and father-in-law, could force me.
This is my reason for living, this, my heart's comfort,
consumed as it is with cares.
Sooner could I part with breath, with limbs, with light.

MEDEA

Thus does he love his sons? 'Tis well!
I have him! The place to wound him is laid bare.

As I depart, my final message, at least,
grant me to speak;
grant me to give the last embrace;
With my latest utterance I beg thee now;
let not any words my distracted grief
has poured forth remain within my mind;
let the memory of my better self stay with thee,
and let these words spoken in wrath be quite forgot.

JASON

All have I driven from my mind,
and I also make prayer to thee that thou curb thy hot passion
and be calm; peace soothes the soul's distresses.

MEDEA

He has gone!

MEDEJA

(krik)

MEDEJA

Naprej, le upaj si ...

MEDEJA

Medeja ... bom postala.

In storila

vse, kar Medeja zmore, tudi če ne zmore.

Incipe

quidquid potest Medea, quidquid non potest.

Med Medejeine replike v tujem jeziku:

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Njen korak je zazvenel togotno ...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Zapela je in s kletvami pretresla svet.

MEDEJA

Est palla nobis, munus aetheriae domus

Decusque regni, pignus Aeetae datum

A Sole generis, est et auro textili

Monile fulgens quodque gemmarum nitor

Distinguit aurum, quo solent cingi comae.

Haec nostra nati dona nubenti ferant.

MEDEA

(shrieks)

MEDEA

Haste thee now, dare...

MEDEA

Medea... Will I be.

And do

all Medea can do, even when she can't

Incipe

quidquid potest Medea, quidquid non potest.

In-between Medea's reply in Latin:

CHORUS VOICE 5

Listen, her frenzied step has sounded and she chants her incantations.

CHORUS VOICE 1

All nature shudders as she begins her song.

MEDEA

est palla nobis, munus aetheriae domus

decusque regni, pignus Aeetae datum

a Sole generis, est et auro textili

monile fulgens quodque gemmarum nitor

distinguit aurum, quo solent cingi comae.

haec nostra nati dona nubenti ferant.

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE O BEGUNCIH

... ne pa da vabijo tujce, ki prinašajo nasilje, teror...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Zeli pogubne zgrabi, kačam strup iztisne ...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Primeša še zlovešče ptice, virovo

srce in drob ...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

... iz žive sove iztrgan.

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

... motijo me tile migranti... zelo me motijo...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Strupu doda še besede, nič manj strašljive od strupa.

DOKUMENTARNE IZJAVE PROTI MIGRANTOM

...najhujši zločin proti človeštvu...

MEDEJA

Pridita sem, otroka ...

z darili in iskreno prošnjo pomirita

gospo in mačeho.

Imam obleko, dar z neba, okras kraljestva,

ki jo je oče dal v dokaz ljubezni sinu,

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

Foreigners bringing violence, terror...

CHORUS VOICE 3

She seizes death-dealing herbs, squeezes out serpents' venom...

CHORUS VOICE 5

And with these mingles unclean birds, the heart of a boding owl,
and a hoarse screech-owl's vitals...

CHORUS VOICE 3

... cut out alive.

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

...I'm bothered by those migrants. Really bothered.

CHORUS VOICE 1

She adds to her poisons words, no less fearsome than they.

ACTUAL STATEMENTS ABOUT REFUGEES

...the biggest crime against humanity.

MEDEA

Come here, my sons,
win to yourselves by means of gifts and much beseeching
your mistress and stepmother.

I have a robe, a gift from heaven, the glory of our house and kingdom,
given by the Sun to Aetes

Sonce Ajetu, in ogrlico bleščeečo,
iz zlatih niti stkano, in nakit naglavni,
ki sije v dragih kamnih. Ta darila naj prejme
nevesta iz vajinih rok ...
da s kodri
iskrivimi svatovske bakle zasenči.

MEDEJA

Čudno svatbo vidim.
Zbeži.
Če bi že prej zbežala,
za to bi se vrnila.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Konec je!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Obleko je s strupom napojila!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Padli so stebri kraljestva!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Seme ognjeno je v darilih prikrila!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Ob prvem dotiku obleke s kožo se je ogenj kot kača splazil v meso ...

as a pledge of fatherhood; there is also a gleaming necklace
of woven gold and a golden band
which the sparkle of gems adorns, with which the air is encircled.
You shall bring these as gifts unto the bride,
so that her blazing locks
outshine her wedding torches.

MEDEA

Strange nuptials see I here.

Flee.

Nay, had I fled already,
for this I should return.

CHORUS VOICE 2

All is lost!

CHORUS VOICE 3

She drenched the robe with poison!

CHORUS VOICE 5

The kingdom's props have fallen!

CHORUS VOICE 4

She hid the seeds of fire in her gifts!

CHORUS VOICE 3

As Creusa donned the robe, the burning fire penetrated to her flesh!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Kosti so se v dim spremenile!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Vsi udje so se stopili!

VODJA ZBORA

V pepelu združena ležita hči in oče!

MEDEJA

To, kar zdaj uživaš, je le majhen
del maščevanja. Še ga ljubiš, nora ženska,
če je dovolj le to, da Jazon nima žene.
Poišči kazen, kakršne še ni bilo:

Kar si do zdaj storila, naj bo videti
pobožno. Stori, daj!
Zdaj si Medeja.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Po vsej palači divja ogenj. Kot na ukaz.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Naj ga dušijo z vodo!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Zdi se, kot da voda ogenj hrani!

CHORUS VOICE 4

Her bones, consumed in smoke!

CHORUS VOICE 5

Her limbs, melted!

CHORUS LEADER

Daughter and father in commingled ashes lie!

MEDEA

How small a part of thy vengeance is
that in which thou art rejoicing! Thou dost love him still, mad one,
if 'tis enough for thee that Jason wifeless be.
Seek thou some unaccustomed form of chastisement, and now thus prepare
thyself:
Let all that has yet been done be called but piety.
To the task!
Now you are Medea.

CHORUS VOICE 2

The greedy fire rages through the palace. As if 'twere bidden so.

CHORUS VOICE 5

Let water put out the flames.

CHORUS VOICE 2

Water but feeds the flames!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Čim bolj ga zadržujejo, tem bolj žare plemeni!

MEDEJA

Le pogum, srce,
za zadnji greh: očetove zločine bosta,
otroka, nekdam moja, vidva poplačala.
Da bi prelila kri otrok, potomcev svojih?
Ah ne, prijazneje, brezumni srd, govori!
– naj umreta, nista moja;
pogineta naj, moja sta. Ampak nedolžna,
brez krivde sta. Priznam. A tudi brat je bil.
Srce, kaj omahuješ?
Zakaj me, neodločeno,
ljubezen vleče sem, tja jeza? Strast dvoglava
me grabi;
ljubezen bes podi
in bes ljubezen – njej se uklôni, bolečina.
Otroka ljuba, sèm, sèm pridita, edina
uteha v tem razpadlem domu, stisnita
se k meni.
Zdaj, zdaj
bosta iztrgana iz mojega naročja
med vzdih, v solzah – za očetove poljube
naj bosta mrtva, mrtva sta za mater.
Spet raste bes, sovraštvo ...
– vôdi, jeza.

CHORUS VOICE 3

And the more 'tis checked the more fiercely burns the fire!

MEDEA

For a last deed of guilt, I see it now,
must my soul make ready.

Children that once were mine, do you pay penalty for your father's crimes.

Can I shed my children's, my own offspring's blood?

Ah, mad rage, say not so!

Let them die, they are none of mine;

let them be lost – they are my own. They are without crime and guilt,
yea, they are innocent – I acknowledge it; so, too, was my brother.

Why, soul, dost hesitate?

Why do anger and love now hither,

now thither draw my changeful heart? A double tide tosses me,
uncertain of my course;

Anger puts love to flight,

and love, anger. O wrath, yield thee to love.

Hither, dear children,

sole comfort of my fallen house,

come hither and link your entwining limbs with mine.

Now, now

will they be torn from my bosom and carried away from me,
midst tears and sighs and kisses.

– Let them be lost to their father; they are lost to me.

My grief grows again and my hate burns hot;

O wrath, where thou dost lead I follow.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Brezbožna Kolhijka

VODJA ZBORA

Ona, ki skrivaj zapeljuje in pravi naj služimo drugim bogovom

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

... iztrebi jo iz srede svojega ljudstva ...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 1

Neizprosno ubij!

JAZON

Če te boli usoda kraljeve družine
in si ji zvest, le sèm, da ujamemo storilko
grozljivega zločina.

MEDEJA

Da iz te maternice bi izšlo potomstvo
ohole Tantalíde in bi dvakrat sedem
otrok rodila! Jalova sem v maščevanju,
a za očeta in za brata je dovolj –
dva sem rodila.

VODJA ZBORA

Tvoja roka naj se ob usmrčitvi prva vzdigne,
potem pa roke vsega ljudstva!

CHORUS VOICE 2

Godless Colchian!

CHORUS LEADER

She who entices us secretly to go and serve other gods ...

CHORUS VOICE 4

... Remove her from among us ...

CHORUS VOICE 1

You shall surely kill her!

JASON

Ye faithful souls, who mourn your princes' doom,
rally to me that we may take the author herself
of this dread crime.

MEDEA

I would that from my womb the throng of proud Niobe had sprung,
and that I had been the mother of twice seven sons!
Too barren have I been for vengeance –
yet for my brother and my father there is enough,
for I have borne two sons.

CHORUS LEADER

Your hand shall be first on her to put her to death,
and afterwards the hands of all the people!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

S krvjo upijani svoje puščice in tvoj meč naj je njeno meso!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Naj se ne smili tvojemu očesu ...

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Pobij jo na tla z mečem tistih, ki te ljubijo, da te bodo vsi, ki poznajo tvoje ime, slavili z zahvalnimi pesmimi.

MEDEJA

Stori, srce: ne smeš skrivaj zapraviti
junaštva; pred ljudmi potrdi svojo moč.

JAZON

Sèm usmerite,
možje, orožje in zravnajte hišo s tlemi!

MEDEJA

Zločin je izvršen – a maščevanje ni še:
končaj, doklèr je roka še na delu. Dvomiš,
srce? Zakaj oklevaš? Je mogočna jeza
klonila?

Kaj sem storila, reva? Reva? Kljub kesanju
– storila sem. Neznanska slast me grabi,
in glej, narašča. Manjka mi samo še ta
gledalec. Ne, ničesar nisem še storila,
brez njega je bil vsak zločin zaman.

CHORUS VOICE 3

Make your arrows drunk with blood. Your sword shall devour her flesh!

CHORUS VOICE 2

Your eye shall not pity her ...

CHORUS VOICE 3

Cast her down with the sword of them that love you, and let all that know your name praise you with thanksgiving.

MEDEA

Now to the task, O soul; not in secrecy must thy great deed be lost;
to the people approve thy handiwork.

JASON

Here, here, my brave band of warriors, bring weapons,
raze this house to the very ground.

MEDEA

On! the crime is accomplished; but vengeance is not yet complete;
be done with it while their hands are still about it.

Why dost thou delay now, O soul? Why hesitate, though thou canst do it? Now
has my wrath died within me.

What, wretched woman, have I done? – wretched, say I? Though I repent,
yet have I done it! Great joy steals on me ‘gainst my will,
and lo, it is increasing. This one thing I lacked,
that you man should behold. Naught have I done as yet; whatever crime I’ve
done is lost unless he sees it.

JAZON

Glej, tam se dviga, na visokem delu strehe.
Sèm, prinesite ogenj! Naj se v lastnih zubljih zruši.

MEDEJA

Grmado zadnjo, Jazon, nagomili,
svojima otrokoma pogreb pripravi:
tast in nevesta sta dobila, kar gre mrtvim,
od mene; tale sin je že končal življenje
in zdaj ga bo, pred tvojimi očmi, še ta.

JAZON

Pri vseh bogovih, skupnem begu, pri zakonu,
ki se mu nisem izneveril, prizanesi
otroku. Če je kakšna krivda, moja je:
naj jaz umrem; odsekaj glavo, ki je kriva.

MEDEJA

Kar daj, zapuščaj matere in si device išči.

JAZON

Eden je dovolj za kazen.

MEDEJA

Če bi se roka z eno smrtjo pomirila,
ne bi zahtevala nobene. Dva ubijem,
pa še ne bo dovolj za mojo bolečino.
Če v maternici kje je skrit dokaz ljubezni,

JASON

See, there she is herself, leaning over the sheer battlement!
Someone bring fire that she may fall consumed by her own flames.

MEDEA

Nay, Jason, heap up for thy sons their last funeral pyre;
build them a tomb.
Thy wife and father have already the services due the dead,
buried by me; this son has met his doom,
and this shall suffer like fate before thy eyes.

JASON

By all the gods, by our flight together,
by our marriage couch, to which I have not been faithless,
spare the boy. If there is any guilt, 'tis mine.
I give myself up to death; destroy my guilty head.

MEDEA

Go now, haughty man, take thee maids for wives, abandon mothers.

JASON

One is enough for punishment.

MEDEA

If this hand could be satisfied with the death of one,
it would have sought no death at all. Though I slay two,
still is the count too small to appease my grief.
If in my womb there still lurk any pledge of thee,

preiščem z mečem drob in z jeklom ga izrežem.

JAZON

Začeto delo dokončaj, le to te prosim.

Nikar z odlašanjem ne podaljšuj trpljenja.

MEDEJA

Počasi se naužij zločina, bolečina:

to je moj dan; uživam čas, ki ga imam.

JAZON

Mene ubij, divjakinja!

MEDEJA

Usmiljenje zahtevaš. –

Tako, storjeno je.

Kaznovani so tisti, ki nas objestno tlačijo in sramotijo.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 3

Dve kači v jarm sklanjata luskinasta vratova!

LJUDSTVO GLAS 2

Nebo ji pot odpira.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 5

Trupli otrok je vrgla pred noge Jazona.

I'll search my very vitals with the sword and hale it forth.

JASON

Now end what thou hast begun – I make no more entreaty
– and at least spare my sufferings this suspense.

MEDEA

Enjoy a slow revenge, hasten not, my grief;
mine is the day; we are but using the allotted time.

JASON

O heartless one, slay me.

MEDEA

Thou biddst me pity –

'Tis well, 'tis done.

Punished are those who oppress us and in arrogance shamefully entreat us.

CHORUS VOICE 3

Two serpents offer their scaly necks bending to the yoke.

CHORUS VOICE 2

A way through the air has opened for her.

CHORUS VOICE 5

She threw the bodies of their sons at Jason's feet.

LJUDSTVO GLAS 4

Krilata vprega jo dviga med oblake.

VODJA ZBORA

Brezbožna Kolhijka

Prelila je kri otrok, potomcev svojih
sad njenih zlih dejanj je to,
da zanjo nič ni zlo.

MEDEJA

Vse meje se bodo premaknile in mesta
bodo gradila obzidja v novih deželah,
nič ne bo več tam, kjer je nekdam bilo,
ves svet bo dostopen:
Ind se bo napajal v ledenem Aráksu,
Perzijci bodo pili Álbis in Ren –

Podžgan od jeze ogenj slep bo,
jarma ne bo prenesel,

In vsak, kdor zasidral
k obali tuji bo barko, da se vrne
kot osvajalec tujega zlata,
s strašnim koncem bo plačal.

KONEC

CHORUS VOICE 4

She rides on her winged car towards the clouds.

CHORUS LEADER

Godless Colchian!

She has shed her children's, her own offspring's blood.

The fruit of her crimes is

to count nothing crime.

MEDEA

All bounds will be removed,
cities will set their walls in new lands,
and the world, now passable throughout,
will leave nothing where it once had place:
the Indian drinks of the cold Arazes,
the Persians quaff the Elbe and the Rhine.

Fanned by rage, the fire of love will be blind,
will brook no restraint.

Whoever will moor his vessel
on a savage shore,
to return captor of foreign gold
– all by a dreadful end will atone.

THE END