

**AP English Notes**  
**September 9, 2004**

We are moving ahead and preparing for the paper due on Tuesday, September 14, and the major test on Thursday, September 16. Tomorrow will be a very important day in the class for information concerning writing the major paper.

Below are the slides that we saw on air today.

Jocasta:

There was an oracle which came to Laius  
It was fate that he should die a victim at the hands of his own son,  
a son born to Laius and me.  
But King Laius was killed by foreign highway robbers  
at a place where three roads meet.

Laius' Curse

King Pelops of Pisa  
Chrysippus  
Curse of Pelops on Laius  
For Corrupting His Son  
And causing Chrysippus' suicide  
The Curse--Laius' son was to kill him

One night in a drunken stupor he has relations with his wife Jocasta and Oedipus is born  
To avoid his fate he has spikes placed through the baby's ankles  
The child is placed on the slopes of Mount Cithaeron

Jocasta:

And for the son, the king pierced his ankles before three days were out and by the hands of  
others cast him forth upon a pathless hill

Oedipus:

O dear Jocasta . . . There comes a wandering of the soul--I could run mad.  
I thought I heard you say Laius was killed at a crossroads.

Oedipus: Tell me of Laius--How did he look?

Jocasta: He was a tall man and his hair grizzled--nearly white.  
And in his form not unlike you.

Oedipus: O god, I think I have called curses on myself in ignorance.  
Oedipus reveals his background  
Polybus--King of Corinth  
Merope--Queen of Corinth

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Oedipus: A drunken man accused me of being a bastard.

Oedipus:

The Oracle stated I was fated to murder my father and lie with my mother and show to daylight an accursed breed which men can not endure.

**Strophe: May destiny ever find me pious in word and deed.**

Strophe 2:

**If a man walks with haughtiness of hand or word and  
gives no heed to justice and  
the shrines of the gods despises--may an evil doom smite him.**

Antistrophe 2:

**Unless the oracles are proven true**

Messenger: Polybus is dead

Oedipus: I would go home but . . . .

Messenger: Polybus was no kin to you in blood.  
On Cithaeron' twisting slopes you were found

Messenger: Your ankles are my witness.

. . . From a shepherd, he was called Laius' man.

Jocasta:

**I beg you--do not search this out--if you have any care for your own life. What I'm suffering  
is enough.**