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Teaching--and Learning from--Oedipus

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Cover Page Footnote

This article is based on a lecture delivered at the The Greeks Institute, a series of lectures presented to secondary school teachers in the Bridgeport Public Schools during the spring of 1989. Co-sponsored by the Connecticut Humanities Council, Sacred Heart University, and the Bridgeport Public Schools, the purpose of the institute has been to provide teachers with an interdisciplinary exploration of classical Greece for the purposes of professional enrichment and curriculum development.

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Teaching — and Learning from — Oedipus

I feel a little uncomfortable for a variety of reasons. I have been asked to give a group of high-school teachers advice about how to teach classical literature, *Oedipus* in particular, to high-school students. I have never taught high school, and though I get many of my students only a few months after you have had them there is, of course, a big difference. I do not pretend to have any intimate knowledge of the conditions in your schools and classes. Besides not being a high-school teacher, I am not an expert in classical literature or culture. I have, to coin a phrase, little Latin and no Greek. That puts me in good company, you may recall, but not in the company of classical scholars. Furthermore, I would not describe myself as a “classicist” or “classically-minded person,” at least as those terms are typically used.

Before you start worrying or wondering any further, though, about what I *am* doing here, let me try to reassure you. Although I have no experience teaching high school, I suspect that especially in my introductory courses some of my problems and purposes overlap with yours. I do *not* consider my primary job as that of training future literary critics or scholars. I am *not* on a crusade to create more English majors. I do *not* consider myself an ambassador of high culture, and like many of you, I suspect, I often set my sights on getting my students to want to read and think *at all*, rather than on force-feeding them Shakespeare, Melville, modern poetry, or Greek tragedy. Yet I do have a firm belief in the value of literature, and the importance of placing it as one of the *many* centers of the educational process. And finally, the fact that I am not a “classicist” may be an asset in some ways. I have a certain amount of specialized knowledge about *Oedipus* and classical culture that I would like to try to share with you, but much of what I say will revolve around refining and perhaps even re-defining our traditional notion of classicism, tragedy, and the role of the “classic” in culture and education. If I am part of the opposition, it is what I would call the “loyal” opposition — a position I find more valuable than that of either the “true believer” in or the “enemy” of something. I don’t

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believe we should simply recast classical literature to suit our fancy. But I believe that the classical age was substantially more complex and problematic than it is often made out to be. Viewed in this way, classical literature is as "relevant" and powerful as could be.

Before I get to *Oedipus*, let me first talk briefly about the terms I just introduced, and about the argumentative context they place me in. Perhaps as fellow teachers you will agree with me when I say that I spend a great deal of time trying to modify what my students have learned — or think they have learned — already. Our dilemma is, I think, inevitable, because education is a process of *expansion* but also of *refinement*. Students come to school with many ideas, some of which are implanted by the great oversimplifiers that surround them: bad teachers, propagandists, mass media, and so on. Our job is to introduce some ideas, and to complicate others. Let us do this carefully with "tragedy," "classicism," and the idea of the "classic."

I should perhaps set out a few propositions now — ones that you should feel free to challenge. Let's look first at tragedy, a concept that has suffered because it has alternately been taken too seriously and not seriously enough. The term has become trivialized in ways that I probably don't have to illustrate at great length. Everything sad, disappointing, or painful is called tragic, and the typical response to these tragedies is either numbness or a kind of generalized weepiness. We need to be more complex, precise, and stringent in our use of the term. For example, the fact that last week five students in a Bridgeport middle-school were caught with a gun and ammunition is not a tragedy: it's an obscenity. And the fact that our new president, who promises us a "kinder, gentler nation," is a former CIA director is not a tragedy — yet — but a farce. We need a deeper definition of tragedy, not as an academic exercise but as part of our intellectual and emotional equipment for life, and this definition must go hand in hand with a fuller response to the many cases of injustice and disproportionate punishment and suffering that surround us.

And yet this does not mean we should simply revive Aristotle and force our sense of the tragic to fit his fragmentary and often unclear prescriptions. Aristotle's *Poetics* is a pedagogue's dream, and nearly everyone teaching *Oedipus* either begins or ends with a consideration of his precepts. We should not keep our students from Aristotle. It may well be true that "the innocent eye sees nothing," so if we expose our students to Aristotle we may avoid having to read

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critical essays that begin: "*Oedipus Rex* is a play about a man who pokes his eyes out. Why, I'll never know." To put it rather inelegantly, literary tragedy is an acquired taste, and we must start our students out somewhere. But learning four or five generalizations about reversals, recognitions, tragic flaws, and so on is part of the baggage, not the essence of tragedy. We need to be careful with the interpretive tools we give to — and sometimes impose upon — our students. The educational process is ideally a blend of suggestion and spontaneous discovery, a model reinforced even by the plot of *Oedipus* itself: Oedipus arrives at the truth only after being lectured to repeatedly, but his dramatic realizations come from within; a process that perhaps we can duplicate in our classes by balancing what we tell and what we do not tell. (I know, by the way, that I have rather conveniently *not* defined what the essence of tragedy is. I don't know that I can. But I will offer a few further observations later in my analysis of *Oedipus*.)

Next, the term "classicism." The classical era is frequently thought of as a time when such virtues as order, harmony, justice, temperance, prudence, magnanimity, fortitude and so on were "achieved." It is much closer to the truth, though, to say that this was an era when these virtues were *enshrined*, and not without much debate and conflict. Modern social critics and educators who invoke, say, ancient Greece as a golden age of decorous behavior, fully democratic and humane government, and enlightened thought are suffering from a dangerous illness: terminal nostalgia. The Greeks knew — or thought they knew, as Socrates would insist — what virtue was, but the wisest of them knew virtue as a *goal*, even a distant goal, rather than a *fait accompli*. The classical age will seem less foreign and more inviting and useful if we are alert to it as an age of critical realism as well as abundant idealism, an age that offers profound and far-reaching insight into the gap between appearance and reality, an age, in short, whose legacy is its remarkable explorations of enduring human pains and problems. But alas, one of the most damaging aspects of the current controversy over re-inserting the classics into the curriculum is that conservative critics tend to use the classics combatively: whether or not they truly believe their own overstatements, they are left in a position of trying to shame degenerate and relativistic "modernists" by arguing for the unflinching idealism, rationality, and optimistic humanism of the

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classics — terms which radically misrepresent Sophocles' *Oedipus*, along with many other works. We do our students a disservice if we pass on to them this conception of classicism.

This leads us directly into the third topic that needs re-defining: the idea of the classic text, linked to the contemporary debate over getting “back to basics” — that is, basic skills but also basic texts that are claimed to be part of the accepted canon of “great literature.” There has already been a great deal of smoke generated in this debate; so I hesitate to add my own little puff to the gathering cloud. But let me say briefly that one of the notions I object to as much as the idea that there is and/or should be a firmly established set of great books required of all “educated” people is the rather typical simple-minded assumption of how these books educate these people. Some contemporary observers like Allan Bloom and William Bennett often seem to suggest that just being in the company of great books has an educational effect. This recalls Matthew Arnold's vision of “the best that is known and thought in the world” washing over one, leaving behind a better person. I don't want to minimize the importance of choosing the books we read and teach, but this aspect of the current debate tends to overshadow the more — or at least equally — substantive question of *how* we should approach the books we do teach. Even more limiting than Bloom and Bennett's restricted list of books worth reading is their implicit — and shallow — theory of reading: apparently, a classic text is, by definition, not only one on their list but one that passes its unproblematic ideas to a passive reader. For all his talk about the strenuous challenge offered by classic texts, I sense a certain smug self-satisfaction in Bloom as he advises us again and again to open Plato's *Symposium* or *Republic*, as if the basic meaning of these admittedly important texts is unequivocal and directly conveyed to the reader.

For the sake of getting to a crucial part of my argument, let me separate the two issues at stake here: I can live with teaching just about any of the books Bloom or Bennett might suggest is worthwhile, but *not* by approaching them as “classic texts” that more or less write their meanings onto me and my students. Central to the experience of literature is the complexity of the work — its tensions, ambiguities, and duplicities or contradictions — and the transaction between the text and reader, an active, challenging, rarely simple, sometimes frustrating, sometimes pleasurable process. I have nothing

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— or at least not too much! — against the so-called “great” works of literature. Indeed, in answer to the question “Why teach *Oedipus*?” I might say, “Because it is a classic work of art, a moving tragedy, and an effective evocation of a classical era.” But I would mean something radically different than if, say, William Bennett or Allan Bloom said those exact same words. And my *Oedipus*, for what it’s worth, is not theirs.

We have finally made our way at long last to *Oedipus*. I have tried to set up a theoretical and somewhat controversial background first, but I would now like to focus on some practical details about teaching *Oedipus*. What will become obvious is that in class I tend to work inductively, from simple to complex, from concrete to abstract, and from plot through character to theme. Perhaps much of what I say will be no more than commonsensical, but I hope to make at least a few suggestions that may be of tangible use to you if and when you teach the play in your classes.

I begin a discussion of *Oedipus* probably where most of you would: by going through the plot and setting of the play, asking a variety of “Who does what to whom?” and “What happens next?” questions. I don’t think it is necessary to go into much background information at this point, but teachers must always make on-the-spot decisions about what to tell and when to tell it, depending on the dynamics of the class. The play itself gives most of the background we need to know, especially about critical actions that lie outside the time-frame of the play: the abandonment of young Oedipus, his life in Corinth, the murder of Laius, and Oedipus’ confrontation with the Sphinx. This latter event is important in obvious but also subtle ways, and some of the concluding discussion of the play may be used to focus on the ways in which Oedipus’ own life enacts the riddle of the Sphinx he thought he had “solved.” As various commentators have pointed out, the play pictures all the stages of human life noted by the Sphinx: baby Oedipus on four legs, King Oedipus on two legs, and blind Oedipus at the end of his life hobbling into exile on a staff or cane, his third leg. In a grim way, the Sphinx, destroyed by Oedipus’ reason, has had the last laugh on him.

But this topic can wait — as can background information about how the setting of the play has much in common with the

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circumstances of Sophocles' own life. *Oedipus* cannot be dated precisely, but it is normally assigned to roughly 429-425 B.C.: a period after the death of Pericles (429 B.C.) marked by plague, a mood of philosophical skepticism, and war between Athens and Sparta (a war in which the Delphic oracle repeatedly prophesied the victory of Sparta, perhaps at least in part explaining why throughout the play there is such hostility toward the oracles — Sophocles, of course, was from Colonus, near Athens — and why one of the major ironies of the play is that the truth of prophecy is finally reasserted, but only at the expense of tremendous human suffering). Such information helps affirm that tragedy springs from concrete historical circumstances as well as the contemplation of universal conditions, but this too should not be introduced until the class is ready for it.

As a teacher, I am a great believer in saying and doing things twice — or more. I go through the basic plot of the play by asking each student to contribute a piece. I *don't* use a handout-summary because it does for the students what I want them to do for themselves; collectively they manage it quite well. I *do* write much of what they say on the board, in part so we can refer to it, but also in part to give a graphic representation of the structure of the play. At some point or another I try to draw attention to the way the play is structured around patterns of tension and release, rises and falls, and to the way the action is regularly interrupted by the chorus. After going through the play this way, I do it again but from a different perspective, focusing on the characters. Now the play comes to life, and the discussion tends to build up incrementally.

Oedipus is frequently discussed, by critics anyway, in terms of its plot, which is described as simple (rather than multiple), unified, and economical (note the compressing of characters, for example: the shepherd who released Oedipus on the mountain is the same one who witnessed the murder of Laius; and the messenger from Corinth bringing news of the death of Polybus is the same one who received young Oedipus into the King's household). Some critics even suggest that the story of Oedipus is so powerful that even a summary of what happens is strangely moving, even tragic. I don't think so. Drama is not only the telling of a story and the elaboration of an idea or theme but the presentation of character and conflict, of character in conflict. We need to go carefully over the characters in *Oedipus*, and we can profit greatly from such analysis.¹

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The play of course focuses largely on Oedipus, but — as you can perhaps guess by now — I come to him last. Much of our understanding of Oedipus' character and some of the broader themes of the play comes by comparing him with the figures that surround him, so he is hard to keep out of the discussion. But that's fine too: I let the oblique comments on Oedipus build up — a strategy that Sophocles adheres to as well. Just as I chart the plot and structure of the play on the blackboard, I also mark down the characters and graph their relations and interactions. As you might imagine, this results in no simple picture, but the bewildering series of lines and loops that end up at Oedipus tells us something useful.

Creon provides a good place to start, not only because he has several angry exchanges with Oedipus but moreso because he is so different from the King. Creon seems to me to be the Richard Nixon of the classical age — a self-effacing conniver, a man who wears a belt and suspenders, and whose pants still fall down. Critics generally warn us not to confuse the Creon of *Oedipus Rex* with the despicable tyrant of *Antigone* and *Oedipus at Colonus* — all separate, not connected plays — and this is useful advice. Still, in *Oedipus Rex* Creon is, in clear contrast to Oedipus, markedly unheroic. He is secretive, reticent, and thoroughly conventional, almost paralyzed at the end of the play as he waits to hear from the gods who have already spoken. At the beginning of the play, when he brings back news from the oracle, he first wants to give it to Oedipus in private. If this is tact, it is the tact of a rabbit — or a crafty politician. After he is unfairly accused by Oedipus of plotting against him, Creon's defense confirms his innocence but also reveals his utter lack of leadership qualities: it would be foolish for him to be ambitious, he says, because as the co-ruler with Oedipus and Jocasta, his sister, he already has power without responsibilities. This is the next ruler of Thebes, replacing a man who falls because he accepts responsibility for everything. Although we tend to focus on *Oedipus* as a personal tragedy, the contrast of Oedipus and Creon suggests that it is a larger social or political tragedy as well, dramatizing the transition from an age of charismatic leadership to rule by a king of convenience, a king by default. (It may be worth pointing out that this is a theme that also seems to animate some of Shakespeare's histories and tragedies: the tetralogy from *Richard II* through *Henry V*, for example, and even *King Lear*.) Even if we do not push the interpretation quite so far,

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though, the contrast between Oedipus and Creon is vital to the dramatic action of the play and to our understanding of Oedipus' character: his excesses may seem that much more acceptable, even heroic, when compared to the deficiencies of Creon.

We learn even more about Oedipus when he is placed alongside Teiresias, and this juxtaposition gives students a great opportunity to discuss dramatic irony, certainly one of the most distinctive features of this play. With a little prodding, students are usually very well able to come up with a list of contrasting qualities of Oedipus and Teiresias, and respond well to Teiresias' ironic comments, which are, after all, stated quite boldly. I will not dwell on these contrasts because I think you can come up with just about everything I could list: sight vs. blindness, impetuosity in seeking the truth vs. reticence about revealing the truth, the belief that the truth will set one free vs. the knowledge that the truth will make one suffer, and so on. The contrast of these characters though, which creates one of the most dramatic moments of the play — especially because Teiresias is a much more worthy antagonist than Creon — soon gives way to a unity. The two are alike in some ways, both respected, both truth-seekers, and both capable of great passion and anger: note, for example, that Teiresias enters the stage fully prepared to withhold his dangerous secret at all costs, and yet ends by angrily revealing it. Despite their dramatic conflict, Teiresias in fact foreshadows Oedipus' fate, and offers a kind of preview of what Oedipus will soon become: a blind man, wandering with a stick, in possession of "horrible wisdom," and destined to spend the rest of his life less concerned with finding the truth than with suffering its ravaging consequences.

In reviewing the various characters, it becomes clear, I think, that the play relies on several key scenes of conflict, but also on a pattern of repetitions and refracted or indirect views of Oedipus, as if he is somehow fragmented into the other characters. (This is also true of *Hamlet*, not the least of the similarities between these two plays and yet another reason for teaching them alongside one another, as is frequently done.) Part of what we respond to and describe as the powerful unity of the play is the fact that everything reflects back on Oedipus. I have just suggested a few ways in which Teiresias sheds light on Oedipus; Jocasta functions in a similar way. She is, of course, a major character in her own right: it is as much her tragedy

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as that of Oedipus. But Sophocles does not tell the story quite this way, and she is subordinated — dramatically, that is — to Oedipus. (Let me add parenthetically here that it can be very useful to discuss in class how the story might have been told differently by centering on a different character. I can well imagine interesting tragedies titled “Jocasta,” or “Teiresias,” or even, I suppose, “Creon,” and I think the class should be encouraged to speculate on these possibilities. But the point I am exploring here is how Sophocles turns everything toward Oedipus.) Jocasta’s response to the revelations of the play is much different from Oedipus’, and they help deepen our understanding and appreciation of him. We can only truly gauge the horror of the revelations and the heroism of Oedipus’ endurance by contemplating both his decision to live and Jocasta’s decision to kill herself. It is important to note that Sophocles’ avoids what would be an easy contrast of a hysterical woman and a heroic man. Near the end of the play Oedipus has his hysteria as well, described fully by the Messenger, but by some marvelous and perhaps inscrutable power he turns to desire not death but punishment: blindness, banishment, and continual suffering.

Before we turn to a direct examination of Oedipus, we need to consider one more character, or group of characters, the Chorus. Ancient Greek tragedy, we are told, began with the Chorus. Modern tragedy begins with the disappearance of the Chorus and the shifting of attention to the individual characters. Our students, therefore, may well find the Chorus somewhat odd or unfamiliar. To overcome this, I usually take a somewhat predictable route: I turn the students into the Chorus. The simple act of asking a group of students to read out loud some speeches by the Chorus accomplishes a variety of purposes. Group reading amplifies the lines, which would be very handy in a large amphitheatre like that in which such plays were originally presented. And when 10 or 12 people try to read together, the inevitable stumbling over the verse can be instructive. Some critics suggest that many of the lyrics sung by a Chorus in Greek are remarkably subtle and complex in their diction and rhythm, and I can well imagine this to be true with skilled and patiently rehearsed actors. But my class choruses usually discover that group reading requires a flattening out of the lines and a kind of chanting tone and regularity that may be powerful but establish a voice that sounds much different than the voice of an individual character. Even a

simple classroom exercise shows convincingly that the basic differences between Oedipus, the singular, alienated, lonely hero, and the Chorus, the conventional, timid, flighty, and somewhat bewildered group, can be heard as well as seen and understood.

This contrast is of course deepened when we examine some of the odes of the Chorus. We would expect a group of Theban Elders to be rather conservative and speak in terms of conventional wisdom, but we might not expect them to be as banal, slow-witted, and cold as they turn out to be.² They always seem a step behind the action, as when they deliver a stunningly beautiful ode on the glory of Oedipus' birth immediately after Jocasta rushes out grief-stricken, fully aware that the story of Oedipus' origins will bring only horror (p. 25). And when the shocking truth finally sinks in, and even moreso after Oedipus has blinded himself, they turn away from him with cruel comments: "Would that I never had laid eyes on Laius' child. . . . I cannot bear to look at you. . . . I wish that you had never come to Thebes. . . . I cannot condone what you have done [He has just blinded himself]. You would have been better dead than alive" (pp. 28, 30, 31). One of the many shocks of *Oedipus* is that the accumulated wisdom of the citizenry amounts to no more than this: a denial of sympathy and a counsel of despair. Traditionally the Chorus is thought of as a kind of audience on stage, mirroring the audience at large and perhaps giving clues to what our response should be. It seems to me, though, that the Chorus in *Oedipus* represents a response that the audience, better citizens, viewers, and humans than the Theban Elders on stage — perhaps made better by this play — will not imitate but *transcend*. We take our cues from Oedipus and, like him, leave the Chorus and Thebes behind.

Leading up to a discussion of Oedipus by first going through the other characters is a good introduction to how complex and problematic he is. It is fairly easy to list his attributes, but difficult to make up our mind about him: not necessarily in order of importance, he is both witty and intelligent, a bold — though not necessarily prideful — ruler confident of his own powers and always willing to assert them for the good of his people. He is, to be sure abrasive, impatient, impetuous, and overbearing, but he is also passionately, almost pathologically, honest and responsible. In some respects he is the ultimate individual — and this accounts for his rise, his fall, and then his rise again. It is this last rise, by the way, that is particularly

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subtle and particularly important: only after he has sunk to his lowest can we truly appreciate his almost miraculous powers of adaptability and recovery.³

What is perpetually challenging about the character of Oedipus is the need organize these traits and actions — double-edged and ironic as they are — into a coherent pattern, and understand our response to this imposing figure. It is one thing to say he is heroic, grand, larger-than-life: nearly everyone would agree with that. But it is quite another to decide on whether he is admirable or even, at times, sympathetic, to what extent we should use him as a model, whether he is a savior or a dangerous character, and so on. I am not sure I can resolve these issues, and I am not sure I want to. In fact, I think the tension these oppositions set up is an integral part of the overall effect of the play. Great art, for me, complicates rather than simplifies. I want my students to recognize these problems and dilemmas posed by *Oedipus*, and face up to them: that ceaseless pursuit of the truth is necessary and heroic but also alienating, disruptive, and painful; that lasting happiness is always our expectation but always an illusion; that we may never know for sure if we are the playthings of the gods or of some higher destiny, but we must act as though there is free will.

This leads me to my closing comments, which revolve around a basic question: What do I want my students to get out of *Oedipus*? I do not necessarily want them to imitate Oedipus, nor do I wish his suffering on anyone. But an artistic experience can help give shape or expression to and even preparation for life experiences. We lead a life that is significantly richer, fuller, and wiser — notice I did not say happier — if we follow Oedipus and learn some of what he learns. I don't want to join the chorus of critics and teachers — you already know what I think about choruses! — who sometimes gleefully, sometimes soberly expound on how Sophocles' tragedy is a majestic affirmation of justice, a work that ends with calm piety, a resolved rather than an angry soul, and a sense of humble human dignity. When, for example, a critic concludes an essay by saying that "we go home from a performance of the *Oedipus* with a feeling of elevation, even of pleasure" partly because "in all the grief and horror the poet never for a moment leaves out of sight a great cosmic order, which

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remains eternally valid through all changes and all individual suffering.¹⁴ I am utterly convinced that these terms do not apply to the exhaustion that I feel after contemplating the play. And when the great classical scholar Werner Jaeger confidently describes the “unshakable but placid piety” of Sophocles and his “calm harmony with himself and with his world,”¹⁵ I may believe this about Sophocles, but I don’t for a minute believe it about Oedipus, either the character or the play.

To express what I do believe about *Oedipus* — about its lasting effect and meaning to me at least at this stage in my life — I need to borrow the words of another classical scholar, E.R. Dodds, who suggests that “surely *Oedipus* is a play about human greatness. Oedipus is great . . . in virtue of his inner strength: strength to pursue the truth at whatever personal cost, and strength to accept and endure it when found.”¹⁶ Surely the particular truths of Oedipus’ life — that he killed his father and married his mother — will not be the truths of our lives. But the key point is that, again in Dodds’s words, “Oedipus is great because he accepts the responsibility for *all* his acts, including those which are objectively most horrible, though subjectively innocent.”¹⁷ In our current age of irresponsibility, evasiveness, public relations, anti-intellectualism, rhetorical inflation, moral deflation, trivia, and, unbelievable but true, lingering Ollie-mania: now, as much as ever, maybe more than ever, we need to seek out tragedians whose major skill and major lesson is, as J.T. Sheppard puts it, “to face the facts of life”¹⁸: squarely, energetically, honestly. This is why I teach *Oedipus*, this is the way I teach *Oedipus*, and this is some of what *Oedipus* has taught me.

Notes

¹G.M. Kirkwood adopts this approach in “Two Questions of Dramatic Form in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*,” in *Twentieth Century Interpretations of Oedipus Rex: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Michael J. O’Brien (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1968), pp. 63-73.

²See P.H. Vellacott, “The Chorus in *Oedipus Tyrannus*,” in Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*. Norton Critical Edition, trans. and ed. Luci Berkowitz and Theodore F. Brunner (New York: Norton, 1970), pp. 229-45. This Norton Critical Edition is very handy for teachers, particularly because it

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contains a good selection of critical essays. The translation of the play is prosy and somewhat flat, but nevertheless modern, accessible, and perfectly serviceable. All quotations from the play are from this edition and will be indicated by page number in the text of my essay.

³For the best discussion of the recovery of Oedipus at the end of the play, see Bernard M.W. Knox, "The Last Scene," in O'Brien, ed., pp. 90-98.

⁴Albin Lesky, "Oedipus: An Analytic Tragedy," in Berkowitz and Brunner, ed., p. 132.

⁵Werner Jaeger, *Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture*. Vol. 1. trans. Gilbert Highet (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1965), 270.

⁶E.R. Dodds, "On Misunderstanding the *Oedipus Rex*," in Berkowitz and Brunner, ed., p. 228.

⁷Dodds, p. 228.

⁸J.T. Sheppard, "The Innocence of Oedipus," in Berkowitz and Brunner, ed., p. 204.