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17 See Elisabeth Schüssler Fiorenza, *Discipleship of Equals*,
18 Adrienne Rich, *The Dream of a Common Language*, Poems, (New York: W&W. Norton, 1978).
19 Adrienne Rich, Natural Resources, in *The Dream of a Common Language*, op cit., p.67.
20 See *Kairos UK*, Grassroots, 15–17 Chapel St, Luton.
21 Robert Schreiter, *The New Catholicity: Theology between the Local and the Global*, (Maryknoll, Orbis: 1977), p.111.
22 See Toinette Eugene, in *The Globalisation of Theological Education*,
23 Elisabeth Stuart, *Just Good Friends?* (London: Cassell, 1995).
24 Wendy Farley, *Eros for the Other: Retaining Truth in. a Pluralistic world*, (Pennsylvania Press, 1996) .p. 200.
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"A Woman is not Without Honour..."
The Prophetic Voice of Christa Wolf's 'Cassandra'[1]

Antonia Lacey

This woman whose voices drive her into exile.

(Exile, exile.)...
This woman/ the heart of the matter.
Heart of the law/ heart of the prophets. [2]

Prophets and poets make difficult stable companions and they share the ability to unsettle or subvert the norms of their societies. Because of this they are often silenced or killed. They both, in different ways, offer to the individual or community a two way 'glass' in which the individual or community then has to face the truth about themselves. One side of this glass acts as a mirror from which is reflected the breaking of communities; the injustice, the impoverishment, the godlessness, from which our laws and systems normally shield us. The other side of the glass is the window, through which, creative and energising, the

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prophet/poet offers us a new and radical vision of an alternative future, a place of possibility and change. Change however is always unsettling and never easy, it is usually simpler to shut our eyes. In *Cassandra*, Christa Wolf turns the mirror/glass onto a society being broken down by war, and through the Scamander Caves, offers a window on an alternate way of being, visioned by women.

Walter Brueggemann discusses Israel's turning away from being a prophetic people to being a people of worldly Kingship. He suggests that we are so enmeshed by our present reality that any other way of being is virtually unthinkable. Moreover, that this present history is one of "briefcases and limousines and press conferences and quotas and new weaponry systems. And that it is not a place where much *dancing* happens and where no *groaning* is permitted"[3]. He lists three elements, which he says, summarise the dominant culture against which the prophets are regularly a counterpoint. These elements are: firstly, a society of well-being and affluence, the 'never had it so good syndrome'; secondly, a society of oppression and inherent injustice, where the few live well off the effort and impoverishment of the others, and thirdly, a society which holds to a controlled, static religion, where God is kept as a legitimisation of the power of the King/State. Against this he argues for the freedom of God, and suggests that the role of the prophet is to nurture and nourish, and to evoke a consciousness and perception alternative to that of the dominant culture around them (Brueggemann 13). Moreover, that the evocation of this alternative reality consists, at least in part, in a battle for language and the legitimisation of a new rhetoric (Brueggemann 27).

Because Wolf's religious beliefs are never made clear, it is not possible to fully equate her Cassandra with the biblical prophets; even so, there are similarities in her use of the prophetic voice. I argue that it is in her use of a reconstructed voice, that Wolf attempts to enunciate an alternative reality when she uses Cassandra to intervene in Aeschylus' play the *Oresteia*[4]. Both the *Oresteia* and Wolf's *Cassandra* deal with the aftermath of the Graeco/Trojan War, the fall of Troy, the subsequent homecoming and murder of the Greek commander-in-chief Agamemnon, and the role of the priestess and Trojan princess Cassandra. Wolf retells the story of the fall of Troy from the perspective of this woman, the priestess Cassandra and offers her as a counterpoint to her own particular, political situation which largely fulfils Brueggemann's criteria for a prophetic imagination. In so doing, Wolf is employing the shadow text of her own voice to address and challenge her own society and cultural norms, and to explore female identity and truth-telling. Within these parameters I wish to consider what it can

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mean to speak prophetically, especially in the context of peacemaking. I will also be suggesting that re-visioning history through literature can give all of us, but particularly women, access to an alternative way of speaking and being.

History until recently has been understood as a subject of, more or less, objective truth. Increasingly, however, history has also been recognised as having other functions. Firstly, there has been a growing perception that history is in some sense autobiographical; i.e. it continuously interweaves person/persons story. Secondly, history almost always contains an element of myth, the personal view expanded into some kind of abstract universality. Thirdly, the patriarchal construct that has for centuries gone by the title 'His/story' often conceals within it 'Her/story', largely subsumed, hidden and silent. The one contained within the other. As Hélène Cixous states, "The paradox of otherness is that, of course, at no moment in History is it tolerated or possible as such. The other is there only to be re-appropriated, recaptured, and destroyed as other"[5]. It is this view of history, autobiographical, mythical and the 'one' made silent by the 'other' that takes possession of Christa Wolf as she begins to re-vision and re-voice the Trojan princess and seer. Cassandra is to be given a voice of her own in order to offer an alternative to the dominant discourse, for herself and for women generally. A voice speaking in a stream of consciousness in which the self is defined and revised by refining memory.

In *Conditions of a Narrative* Wolf explains how in Greece, she began to read Aeschylus' *Oresteia* and found herself caught by Cassandra, and gripped by a "panic rapture" as if by the God Apollo:

> She, the captive, took me captive; herself made an object by others, she took possession of me... I believed every word she said...So the gift of prophecy, conferred on her by the god, stood the test of time. Only his verdict that no one would believe her had passed away.
>
> (Wolf 144–5)

This belief is the authorisation Wolf receives to begin to reconstruct the other woman's silenced voice and, in so doing, to subvert the patriarchal meta-discourse. In the process, because Cassandra is clothed in the mediating voice of Wolf herself, there is a combining of the 'She/I', the autobiographies become interwoven within the concerns of the story. In his book, Rob Pope engages with a key concept of Bakhtin, namely, that nearly all language lives out of a creative tension between 'another's words' and 'one's own language', which itself is never completely our own. Nevertheless Pope argues, it is "turned to our own ends either consciously or unconsciously, overtly or covertly"[6]. Through

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the concerns dealt with in Wolf's reformulated Cassandra we find a second discourse, that of Wolf herself.

At this point it may be pertinent to ask why Wolf might want to intervene within Aeschylus' play, and what changes she wishes to instigate? Here, it is important to look at her rewriting within the context of the story as told in the *Oresteia*. Wolf, in taking this play to re-genre it as a novel, is freed to change the voice, take a wider sweep of place and time and to explore issues of gender and marginality. She poses the question to herself and to the reader, "Who was Cassandra before people wrote about her? (For she is a creation of the poets, she speaks only through them, we have only their view of her...)" (Wolf 287). In re-visioning Cassandra she is motivated by the desire to write for her a new self-voice free of what she sees as the constraints of male aesthetics.

In the *Oresteia* Cassandra first appears before the gates of Mycenae embedded as spoken object within Agamemnon's story, the version I am using says in a stage direction, "Agamemnon enters... behind him, half hidden, stands Cassandra" (Aeschylus 28). For the reader, Cassandra the half-hidden sign, can barely be seen and her place within the story is not yet clear, but this positioning has the effect of subtly implying her standing in relation to Agamemnon. Stephanie West has argued that it was because Cassandra had the status of the last surviving, virgin daughter of Priam that she was considered the most desirable girl in Troy and handed over to the Commander-in-Chief at the fall of the city [7]. Now, this previously virgin priestess and princess, is placed as handmaid and war bounty, her body half covered by his, as if in direct recognition of the sexual nature of her bondage. In contrast, although Wolf also begins by positioning Cassandra in front of the gates of Mycenae, these are being looked at through her eyes alone. In this textual reversal Agamemnon has no visible presence, but has himself been reduced to the 'silenced other' who has yet to be uncovered. The reader meanwhile is not left as a spectator, but rather in the role of confidante, is brought immediately into the text and into the self-dialogue between her past story and her prescient knowledge: "Keeping step with the story, I make my way into death" (Wolf 3). In foregrounding the end of the story so quickly Wolf ensures that everything that occurs subsequently will be coloured by what is already known.

Aeschylus has only implied a particular sexual status to Cassandra in his placing of her. Wolf, intervening in this text where there are no children, makes this explicit in the mention of the twins who have journeyed with her. In preventing her handmaid Marpessa from loosening their bonds on board the ship, "to prevent her from

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abandoning the lives of her children and mine to the indifferent elements, so that I could surrender them to mad people instead" (Wolf 4); she responds with a maternal fear that recognises her own inability to keep them safe. Just as she recognises that it is precisely because they are her children that they will die, "Marpessa, the children will not be allowed to live; they're mine" (Wolf 12). By inserting this cry for the children, Wolf appears to use Cassandra to express the universal grief of the mother. In Troy, as in her own Europe, war not only brings annihilation in the present but, as in the Holocaust, slays many of the next generation, the future.

> A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping.
> Rachel is weeping for her children;
> she refuses to be comforted for her children, because they are not.
> *(Jer. 31 :15)*

This disconcerting arrival of the children runs directly counter to the classically assumed reason for her attraction for Agamemnon, namely the belief in her position as Troy's last royal virgin. Certainly Wolf's Cassandra is a sexually mature woman and it has already been implied in the text that cultic sexual intercourse took place in the temple:

> One night when I, the newly dedicated priestess, had to keep vigil by the god's image, he [Panthous, the Greek high priest] came to me. Skilfully, almost without hurting me and most tenderly, he did what Aeneas (I thought of him) had been unwilling or unable to do.
> (Wolf 26)

The next appearance of Cassandra in Aeschylus' play is in her dialogic exchange with Clytaemnestra. Looking for revenge for his earlier sacrifice of their daughter Iphigeneia, Clytaemnestra has overridden Agamemnon's religious unease. Somehow she has convinced him to enter the palace over the dark red tapestries which seem to symbolise the blood that is to be shed. She says: Quickly. Let the red stream flow and bear him home to the home he never hoped to see—Justice,
lead him in! Leave all the rest to me. [Aeschylus 33]

As he steps down from the chariot to enter into the palace and his death, Cassandra is revealed, dressed in her sacred regalia as priestess and carrying the sceptre of Apollo. Agamemnon having disappeared inside, Clytaemnestra returns and tries to talk the silent Cassandra into entering the palace. Aeschylus sets up an enmity and an opposition between Cassandra and Clytaemnestra, between the wife and the bond slave, whilst the master and hero seems the Godlike person whose deeds and morality cannot be questioned. Philip Vellacott argues that although

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Apollo has been rejected by Cassandra for his cruelty, she nevertheless accepts that he is the religious symbol of a patriarchal world. A world where justice is owned by men[8]. In Cassandra's own words, "What outrage—the woman kills the man!" (Aeschylus 46).

Wolf however posits a kind of understanding between the women, a shared contempt of Agamemnon. A bond which is almost a recognition of a relationship, "In different times nothing would have prevented us from calling each other sister" [Wolf 41]. Cassandra realises immediately that in this situation, there is no hope of saving the children. Clytaemnestra is doing what she feels she has to do in the circumstances to protect herself and her position. For as Cassandra realises:

> Either she gets rid of her husband, this empty-headed ninny, and makes a good job of it, or she gives up herself: her life, her sovereignty, her lover. .. She indicated to me with a shrug of her shoulders that what was happening had nothing to do with me personally.
>
> [Wolf 41]

In fifth century Greece, there was a distinction between the public and the private sphere, and this has important consequences for the ways in which dramatists voiced their texts. Margaret Williams has pointed out that there seems a direct relationship between the prominence of women in tragedy with the fact that women were primarily associated with the home, the 'oikos' rather than the male dominated world of the 'polis'. She goes on to quote S.C.Humphrey's view that the active and larger-than-life women in tragic discourse point more to the relationship between public and private life than to that between the sexes[9].

During a dialogue with Cassandra, the leader of the Chorus tells her, "Be silent! We know that you understand the art of prophecy. But we need no prophecy, not here!" [Aeschylus 41 Wolf 147]. Prophecy being essentially a public activity, for desired change to take place, it is first necessary for the 'word' to be heard. In the texts of both Aeschylus and Wolf, one of the pivotal concerns is the question of what it means to be seized by a 'God', and to prophesy. In the *Oresteia,* the first words that Cassandra utters occur after her meeting with Clytaemnestra. They are a call to Apollo, not simply in her capacity as a priestess to the Sun God, but more in acknowledgement of the unpredictable, dark aspect of the fire that also burns, the duel aspect of the God; "Aieeeeeee! Earth—Mother—Curse of the Earth—Apollo Apollo!" To the Greeks of Mycenae she seems to cry for "the God who wants no part in grief" [Aeschylus 40]. However, Brueggemann's contention is that what the prophet enunciates is precisely this unpredictable God, the one beyond, who is experienced in both joy and grief. It is in this grief for herself and

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for the death of her people and her city, that Cassandra's cry echoes Jeremiah:

> My anguish, my anguish! I writhe in pain! Oh, the walls of my heart!
> My heart is beating wildly; I cannot keep silent;
> For I hear the sound of trumpet, the alarm of war.
> Disaster follows hard on disaster, the whole land is laid waste
> *[Jer. 4: 19-20]*

Again no one is going to listen to Cassandra, and so she takes her first steps down from the chariot and from the public space, the 'polis' where she has been silenced, and enters into the prophetic dialogue for the last time. As priestess and seer she has enunciated the holy word, the 'Logos', which was traditionally spoken by the male. This occupation of a privileged space has meant that she has been regarded with fear and awe, and because of this her words, though heard, are disbelieved and silenced. After a last prophecy regarding her and Agamemnon's death at the hands of Clytaemnestra, and of the coming fall of Mycenae; Cassandra strips off her regalia, trampling underfoot the Apollo-given Gift/Curse and with it, in a sense, she regains control of her own voice. Free once more of Apollo's presence, and in control of her own self-voiced body, she can finally choose to move towards her death with composure, "Well, I must go in now, mourning Agamemnon's death and mine. Enough of life!" (Aeschylus 51). She re-enters the private space of the household, the place where she, the woman, is once more to be stripped of power. Williams argues that it is this gap, between the public, abstract word and the private, affective silence that is intimately connected to the violence in our societies.

In writing *Cassandra*, Wolf as a woman of her own time, seeks to rectify what she sees as the exclusion of women from that which, in social terms, has been considered the space of the real and important. Above all she is concerned to invert and expand the 'Logos', so that the patriarchal meta-discourse is split open, leaving room for new configurations of language to be developed. For Myra Love this involves the "necessity and difficulty of striving for a new language, an idiom capable of helping us to recognise and communicate authentically about current issues and concerns"[10]. So how exactly does Wolf address some of these current concerns within *Cassandra*?

Both Aeschylus and Wolf address issues of private and public morality, and more specifically how these affect and are affected by the conduct of war, and how war itself fashions the nature of people. For Wolf's Cassandra "War gives its people their shape. I do not want to remember them that way, as they were made and shattered by war." She

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rethinks how in a war the enemy has to be demonised, has to remain unknown, and realises that she can never disclose her shocking discovery, "They are like us!" (Wolf 13). Within Cassandra's reclaiming of history for herself, Wolf particularly wishes to debunk the male view of war and the lies and propaganda that she begins to realise are central to its structures.

Thinking back to the despair she felt as she watched the Greeks prepare for war, Cassandra muses, "we were not allowed to call it 'war'. Linguistic regulations prescribed that, correctly speaking, it be called a 'Surprise attack'. For which, strange to say, we were not in the least prepared." She remembers the Greek fleet appearing on the horizon, and the dreadful sight of their laughing young men going to certain death, with only their leather shields for protection. She passionately curses those she believes responsible:

> A defensive ring! An advance line behind a fortification! Trenches! There was nothing of the sort. True, I was no military strategist, but anyone could see how our soldiers were being herded toward the enemy along the level shore to be butchered.
>
> (Wolf 71)

For anyone living through the last century in Europe, this truth-telling bears an inescapable condemnation of the conduct of war.

Wilfred Owen in, *'Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori'*, blisteringly takes to task the concept of national honour being bound up in the slaughter of the First World War[11]. Likewise, Paul Fussell in his book *The Great War and Modern Memory*, argues for the way literature was used to obfuscate people's perceptions of what was really happening. — how in war, there is a failure of imagination amongst those who are distanced from it.[12] In July 1917 the poet Siegfried Sassoon protested publicly against the deceptions practised in war drawing attention to, "the callous complacence with which the majority at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realise."[13]

What Cassandra is looking for, and what she is intent on speaking, is the truth — no matter how terrible that truth proves to be. Cassandra, and Wolf through her, realise it is only in facing and challenging the lies and the misrepresentations involved, that another way of living becomes possible.

> From you I want more than I've ever asked,
> all of it—the newscasts' terrible stories
> of life in my time, the knowing it's much worse than that,
> much worse—the knowing what it means to be lied to.
>
> (Rich 5)

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Wolf observes parallels between the Graeco/Trojan conflict and the situation existing between the Eastern and Western block countries during the 1980s, which she wishes to address. David Jenkinson draws attention to how Wolf uses the Trojan War as an imaginative projection of her own experience of a war ravaged Europe and its aftermath. He sees the book as closely resembling a Roman *à clef* in which Kassandra's crisis of loyalty mirrors Wolf's own position *vis-à-vis* her society — where the Graeco/Trojan War acts as a metaphor for the cold war, the 'Nicht-Krieg', which he argues "revived and intensified in the 1980s"[14]. Wolf living directly in a war and post-war situation, allows concerns of relationship and alienation to resonate within her text.

In a war in which Cassandra senses that the Trojans are becoming indistinguishable from the Greeks in their values and conduct, she dares to speak the truth. The war is a fiction and Helen of Troy does not exist, she is simply a silenced and needed symbol, in whose name the war is being waged. Hélène Cixous addresses this problem of the silenced and invisible woman, the cipher needed for legitimisation:

> Is this me, this no-body that is dressed up, wrapped in veils, carefully kept distant, pushed to the side of History and change, nullified, kept out of the way... a phantom doll, the cause of sufferings and wars, the pretext, "because of her beautiful eyes," for what men do"
>
> (Cixous 69)

In our own time, women at Greenham would frequently be told that it was for their protection that the soldiers were guarding the Nuclear Weapon Silos; and in a strange inversion of language, that dancing and praying in protest, constituted violent acts. The soldiers were ready, in the name of one set of noncombatants, to activate the deaths of other women and children.

In Wolf's text, Cassandra is scornfully told by Paris that Helen is not in Troy, "Wake up sister. Ye gods: She doesn't exist." Cassandra realises that this is what she has been expecting and fearing all along. In a trance-like seizure she hears herself saying:

> "Woe, woe, woe." I do not know, did I shriek it aloud or did I only whisper it? "We are lost. We are lost!"...I felt ashamed of my half-deliberate cunning. For when I shrieked, why did I shriek: "We are lost!"? Why not: "Trojans, there is no Helen!"?
>
> (Wolf 68-9)

Mary Grey in her new book *Prophecy and Mysticism'*, argues for a need to address the modern experience of fragmentation by the formation of prophetic faith communities, rather than in relying on the

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lone prophetic or mystical voice.[15] In *Cassandra*, alongside constant digressions through the war, Wolf explores human need and the imperative to learn to live together. She does this through discussion of the community in the Scamander caves, where women begin to construct what it might mean to live by alternate value systems. A place where a "smiling life force" is experienced briefly in community, and laughter and companionship are still possibilities.

> We ourselves lived in poverty. I remember we sang a lot. Talked a lot...more than anything else we talked about those who would come after us. What they would be like. Whether they would know who we were. Whether they would repair our omissions, rectify our mistakes.
> (Wolf 132)

Within these sections of the text Wolf considers some of the crucial issues for groups living together, issues of healing, gender, subversion, and the central role that prophecy and truth-telling should hold in a healthy society. For Cassandra, the comparison between Trojan women and the Greeks is in the Trojan's use of touch and the "smiling life force". In contrast she understands the mythic Greeks to be a people of absolutes, for whom, unlike Brueggemann's prophets, no alternative can be envisioned — where the implacable order of the 'King' is paramount, and where there is only the clearcut distinction between friend or enemy, victory or defeat. For what cannot exist in their view is the third alternative, "the smiling life force that is able to generate itself from itself over and over: the undivided, spirit in life, life in spirit." (Wolf 106-7)

Wolf sees the caves of Scamander as both a sanctuary for those women who have been excluded from Troy, and a place where a new-visioned Utopia can begin to emerge. Where the women experience not just a community without rigid social order, but also a place where the laws themselves promote sisterhood, self-respect, trust and friendliness. According to Anna Kuhn, Wolf is arguing for a primitive, residual form of matriarchal culture where "the war stands under the sign of Apollo (the battles invariably occur under the scorching sunny sky), the matriarchal community is under the sign of life"[16]. Although the main thrust of the argument, for an alternative lifestyle, does seem to be a useful counterpoint to the male-dominated city state, this reading of course depends on a belief in a previous culture that was mainly matriarchal. A standpoint which is at best questionable.

Before she can reach this place of sanctuary Cassandra, having been imprisoned by her father, first experiences a breaking down of her familial relationships, a leeching away of herself and of her identity. "The 'we' that I clung to grew transparent, feeble, more and more

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unprepossessing, and consequently I was more and more out of touch with my 'I'" [Wolf p94]. Surrounded by the moral and physical disintegration and the death that is involved in war, Cassandra breaks down and is carried by Aeneas to the caves and to the women. Wolf mimics the self-interrogatory voice as Cassandra asks of herself; "Would I have stayed away otherwise? out of arrogance? I do not know."(Wolf 122). Once there, living within the safety and the acceptance of the women, she moves into the centre of herself, increasing her self-awareness and making new sense of the 'I' and the collective 'we'. This movement in the end, enables her to heal herself in relationship both to the women and to men. Through this cathartic remoulding of Cassandra, Wolf begins to explore what it might mean for society when women can re-gender themselves and position themselves as subject. Luce Irigaray argues that:

> We have to redress the balance of power in relationships between the sexes in language, society, culture. It would be better if women, without ceasing to put sexual difference into words, were more able to situate themselves as I, I-she/they(je-elle[s]), to represent themselves as subjects.[17]

However as Adrienne Rich has pointed out, for someone to remain stranded at the personal 'I', is for them to be reduced.

> In those years, people will say, we lost track
> of the meaning of *we*, of *you*
> we found ourselves
> reduced to *I*
> and the whole thing became
> silly, ironic, terrible:
>
> [Rich p4]

More important than this positing of the individual as subject, is the possibility that this self-affirmation opens the way to an experience of true community. Where the women, far from remaining in the lonely and self-contained 'I', begin to live as 'we'.

Finally, as we saw at the beginning, Brueggemann sees the hope for a truly prophetic community to lie within a society in which *'dancing'* and *'groaning'* are equally possible — where mourning is often the only door and route to joy. Indeed Jesus himself, whilst preaching the joy of the kingdom and an alternative way of being, is clear that rejoicing in this new life is only possible if the present order is confronted and grieved over. These concerns which are addressed seriously and eloquently by Wolf are still of great importance: the major relationships

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between genders and families, issues of war and peace, the nature of a humane society and how we live with one another and the earth. By using Cassandra's inner struggle, for self-realisation and autonomy, to retell the outer story of the fall of Troy, Wolf draws the reader into a confidential dialogue both with Cassandra and with herself. Prophecy and Truth-telling are based on the possibility of a knowledge and self-knowledge that have the potential to bring about change where it is needed. Literature and prophecy, as Wolf demonstrates, cannot be confined to an enclosed Canon, but always contain within themselves the means to disrupt, to intervene and to construct a new reality.

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Christa Wolf was born in Landsberg, Warthe, in 1929. She studied German in Jena and Leipzig Universities and has worked as an editor, lecturer, journalist and critic.

Novels:

Moskauer Novelle—was banned in East Germany, not published in West.
The Quest for Christa T—Allowed only limited sale in East Germany.
A Model Childhood
No Place on Earth
Cassandra: A Novel and Four Essays
Accident: A Day's News—which won the Scholl Prize for Literature in West Germany.

Also:

What Remains and Other Stories
The Writer 's Dimension: Selected Essays.

Christa Wolf won the Heinrich Mann Prize in 1963.
The National Prize of the DDR for Art and Literature in 1964.
The Bremer Literature Prize in 1978.
The George-Buchner Prize in 1980.

Christa Wolf is a committed socialist and for several years was a member of the central committee of the East German Writers' Union. One of the most important writers to come out of Eastern Europe, Christa Wolf's writings reflect her preoccupation with the personal suppressions and official silences under Nazism, and with the events in Germany which followed the war. She is also concerned with the experience of women and their silencing in patriarchal societies, especially during times of war.
In 1982 she was awarded a guest lectureship at the University of Frankfurt, where in May she gave a series of five *Lectures on Poetics.* These related to studies and travels undertaken with her husband Gerhard in Greece in 1980, and in particular to her response to reading the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus. The fifth 'lecture' was revised and expanded for publication as *Cassandra* in 1983.

Be Silent!
We know that you understand the art of prophecy.
But we need no prophecy,
not here!

[Wolf's trans. Aeschylus, Wolf p 147]

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