A Halloween Feast with Seneca

Tune in to this Halloween-themed “radio drama” during the last week of October! Hear how MSU's Honors College brought a 1st century Roman tragedy, based on performances of 20th century “radio dramas”, through 21st century technology.

**Audition for the College’s First Radio Drama**

*Audition materials will be available by August 24 on the Honors College website for students wishing to be considered for a speaking part; vocal tapes only can be submitted to our Honors Dropbox Account through August 31. Technical staff, such as a stage manager and sound effects engineers, are also needed—interested students contact Dr. Clevinger directly at: dclevinger@honors.msstate.edu

Can you guess which Seneca play has a ghost, an animal sacrifice, human disfigurement, a plague, along with incest, impalements and an oracle thrown in by the gods?

For additional information, please contact Dr. Clevinger

*Rehearsals will begin after Labor Day
Welcome to A HALLOWEEN FEAST WITH SENECA Auditions!
You are auditioning for a role in Seneca’s play, Oedipus

For your audition tape:

1. State your name, MSU email address, and a cell phone number. Which is the best way to contact you?
2. State if you are an honors student or an MSU student, your classification, and your major and minor fields of study.
3. You have four choices for the monologue, (two male/two female) to select one to perform. State which monologue you are reading and why this selection. Then present the monologue.
4. Make sure you have various free times in the days and/or evenings to rehearse in person or online. Please state which times are best for you to rehearse. This includes the weekends if needed. Obviously, the production will be presented close to Halloween (mid to late October for the “live” show).
5. Remember, you are not seen, only heard. Therefore, use your voice to interpret your selected character and his or her emotional state during the speech.

Thank you for your participation!

Dr. Donna Clevinger
Professor and Senior Faculty Fellow
Shackouls Honors College
Mississippi State University
Radio Drama Director

Dr. Kenny Morrell
Associate Professor of the Classics
Department of Greek and Roman Studies
Rhodes College
Radio Drama Dramaturg
The gods demand that the guilty atone!
I call upon you all, whoever of the gods looks favorably on royal power,
And presides over the laws of whirling heavens
And you, radiant Sun, greatest glory of the clear sky,
Who lead the twelve signs
And unwind long ages with your swiftly turning course,
And you, his sister, night-wandering Moon, hastening always
To meet your brother; and you, lord of the winds,
Who drive your sea-blue chariot over the ocean deep,
And you who order the houses bereft of light,
Sanction my prayer: may whoever murdered Laius,
Live in exile, and may the earth offer him
No shelter, no sanctuary, no welcome.
JOCASTA Act 5; lines 1024-1032, 1038-1039

[Context: This speech comes at the end of the play. We have heard from the messenger that upon learning of his identity Oedipus returned to the palace and blinded himself. Jocasta has just run to the palace and found Oedipus. When she tries to argue that he was not to blame for what happened, he tells her to save her words. She responds with this speech, at first to herself.]

JOCASTA

Have you lost your nerve? Why do you, his accomplice, Hesitate to pay the price? You have slept with your son And upended—no, destroyed—every moral convention. Die! Drive out your tainted soul! Not even if the father of gods himself—moving heaven and earth—Should hurl a fiery bolt from his merciless hand, Would I suffer a punishment equal to my wickedness. Monstrous Mother! Let me die; but how?

(Turning to Oedipus.)

Come on! You do it! If you really killed your father, complete the deed!

(Oedipus does not respond.)

Let me have the sword that killed my husband— Husband? Or what should I call him? Father-in-law? Where should I strike? Should I run myself through Or should slit my throat?—No, Strike here, this womb, as fitting, Where I brought forth children and—a husband.

(Jocasta stabs herself.)
May I speak without fear of the omens—dreadful to see and hear. When I stepped inside the sacred temple of Phoebus Apollo And reverently raised my hands in supplication to the god, The twin-peaked citadel of snowy Mt. Parnassus rumbled menacingly And Apollo’s tree, an overhanging laurel, trembled and shook the house of the god. And the sacred waters of the Castalian spring suddenly stood still. The oracle shook her bristling hair and struggled to admit the god. She had not yet reached the inner sanctum When, with mighty thunder, a superhuman voice rang out. I froze, and my blood ran cold. “Benevolent stars will return to Thebes Only when the visitor, singled out by Apollo from birth, And polluted by the blood of a murdered king, leaves in exile. Yet for you, the pleasures of that wicked murder will not last long Before you wage war with yourself, and bequeath wars to your children, Having returned, tainted, to your place of birth.”
MANTO Act 2: lines 373-383

[Context: After Creon reports to Oedipus about his trip to consult the Delphic oracle (See "CREON_Audition.20200819.docx.") and Oedipus commits to finding the murderer of the former king and sending him into exile (See "OEDIPUS_Audition.20200819.docx."). Tiresias arrives with his daughter Manto. With the help of attendants, they sacrifice two cattle, a cow and a bull, with the goal of divining the identity of the murderer by examining the organs of the victim. (In ancient Rome the person who performed this ritual was called a "haruspex.") In this scene Manto serves as the eyes of her father, who is a blind "seer," and describes what she sees, so he can interpret the signs. Imagine that she has her hands in body cavity of the cow, exploring and inspecting the organs. In this passage she announces how the sacrifices are going horribly wrong.]

MANTO

What perversion of Nature! Nothing is where it should be.
Hmm…Let me see…there is something hard.
What’s this abomination? A calf in a pristine cow?!
And a purplish gore has stained the organs black;
They are slipping out of my hands.
Wait a minute! Her legs are moving… (We hear a groan.)
…trembling… twitching.
Now the bull’s maimed carcass is rising
The lifeless quarters are taking wobbly steps!
Oh no!–It’s charging the attendants,
attempting to gore them with its horns!

(We hear a loud bellow.)

That booming voice you hear, it’s not the sacrifices–
It’s not the frightened herd.
It’s the fire on the altar bellowing!