

## Jason Monologue

As for me, it seems I must be no bad speaker.  
But, like a man who has a good grip of the tiller,  
Reef up his sail, and so run away from under  
This mouthing tempest, woman, of your bitter  
tongue.

Since you insist on building up your kindness to me,  
My view is that Cypris was alone responsible  
Of men and gods for the preserving of my life.  
You are clever enough—but really I need not enter  
Into the story of how it was love's inescapable  
Power that compelled you to keep my person safe.  
On this I will not go into too much detail.  
In so far as you helped me, you did well enough.  
But on this question of saving me, I can prove  
You have certainly go from me more than you gave.  
Firstly, instead of living among barbarians,  
You inhabit a Greek land and understand our ways,  
How to live by law instead of the sweet will of force.  
And all the Greeks considered you a clever woman.  
You were honored for it; while, if you were living at  
The ends of the earth, nobody would have heard of  
you.

For my part, rather than stores of gold in my house  
Or power to sing even sweeter songs than Orpheus,  
I'd choose the fate that made me a distinguished  
man.

There is my reply to your story of my labors.  
Remember it was you who started the argument.  
Next for your attack on my wedding with the princess:  
Here I will prove that, first, it was a clever move,  
Secondly, a wise one, and finally, that I made it  
In your best interests and the children's. Please keep  
calm.

When I arrived here from the land of Iolcus,  
Involved, as I was, in every kind of difficulty,  
What luckier chance should I have come across than  
this,  
An exile to marry the daughter of a king?  
It was not—the point that seems to upset you—that I  
Grew tired of your bed and felt the need of a new  
bride;  
Nor with any wish to outdo your number of children.

We have enough already. I am quite content.  
But—this was the main reason—that we might live  
well,  
And not be short of anything. I know that all  
A man's friends leave him stone-cold if he becomes  
poor.  
Also that I might bring my children up worthily  
Of my position, and, by producing more of them  
To be brothers of yours, we would draw the families  
Together and all be happy. You need no children.  
And it pays me to do good to those I have now  
By having others. Do you think this a bad plan?  
You wouldn't if the love question hadn't upset you.  
But you women have got into such a state of mind  
That, if your life at night is good, you think you have  
Everything; but, if in that quarter things go wrong,  
You will consider your best and truest interests  
Most hateful. It would have been better far for men  
To have got their children in some other way, and  
women  
Not to have existed. Then life would have been good.