

## Place:

The place of *Medea* is one riddled by war, grief, anger, and loss. There is a sense of emptiness and of desolation as Corinth is a refuge for Medea and Jason, who are fleeing both their homes and their past deeds. Even though they are living in a palace, they are not afforded any grandeur or privilege as they struggle to rebuild their lives. The emptiness of their emotional landscape is also rife with ghosts—both the ghosts of those whom they've wronged in the past, and also the ghosts of what Medea and Jason could have been had their choices been different. And the road ahead looks no better. One wrongdoing begets another until Medea and Jason have trapped themselves, not so much in a corner, as in a barren wasteland where everywhere they look they see only more of the destruction they've caused. At this point the world is so far gone that to rebuild seems pointless. It is far easier to just blow it all and start again, as in the Biblical flood narrative, hoping that the next life will prove more fruitful. Floating above all this desolation is a flag, (it could be any flag, or a badge, even), a symbol of pride, of unity, and of nationalism. But this flag is corrupted...burned...charred...flayed...twisting everything it should stand for into a specter of itself. Pride becomes arrogance, unity becomes collusion, and nationalism becomes xenophobia. This flag of otherness blankets the empty world, unifying it into a cohesion of misunderstanding and shielding it from any incursion of empathy or forgiveness. However, like the rest of this world, the flag is in the process of being destroyed, shredded, and burned. In its effort to destroy it will never rest until it, too, is annihilated, leaving only nothingness behind. One can only hope that out of this nothingness, something will be able to grow.



I PLEDGE  
ALLEGIANCE  
TO THE FLAG OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

## Time:

Time in *Medea* is incredibly compact, as the entire action of the play occurs over the course of one afternoon. However, that time is so compressed that, to the audience, it feels as though the play could be occurring over weeks or even months. Situations change so fast, tempers rise and fall, plans are drafted and then executed, all within the span of a few short hours. The other reason why time feels so compressed is because Medea has so little of it. Creon's edict to expel her immediately is quickly amended, giving her until the morning to pack and prepare, but she is still surrounded on all sides by enemies with very little time to outthink them and devastating consequences if she fails. This pressure of racing against the clock makes time so dense that it seems to fracture, such that in some moments the audience is unsure whether they're watching the play in real time or whether time has actually frozen. This heightened tension makes time appear to stretch and shrink at will to match the temperament of the characters, following their actions like a suspended wave, only to break at last. There is a sense of symmetry in the time of *Medea*, as every passing minute seems to bring only the same bad news over and over again, but also a sense of ascension and of trying to escape that vicious cycle. Medea is trapped in a maze, and instead of plodding along through it, encountering one dead end after another, she attempts to climb over it so as to see it from above, an ideal mirrored in the final image of her flying high in her chariot. In fact, the chariot for her is an escape from time, an escape from the downward spiral of her life, and a chance to restart the clock.



Hope

DMC

