**Meet the Furies**

Orestes sees the Furies after killing his mother, Clytemnestra

Look there! Look there at those black garbed Gorgons! Look there! Writhing snakes all around them!  Ohhh, I cannot stay any longer! I cannot stay! … Ahhhh! Apollo! My lord Apollo! Help me! They come in hordes now and hordes whose eyes drip out hateful blood! … Ah! I see them! I see them even if you don’t!  Ahhhh! They are chasing me. They are at my heels. I cannot stay! I cannot stay! *He rushes out*I cannot stay!

[Aeschylus, *The Libation Bearers*]

Apollo describes the Furies

You see now, these frenzied maidens of horror and abhorrence … these appalling, most ancient creatures, ugliest of all the hags with whom no god nor beast nor mortal can ever keep company. These were born to do evil. They live in the evil darkness of Tartarus, beneath the Earth, hated by men and the Olympian gods alike.

[Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*]

The ghost of Clytemnestra invokes the Furies against her son

Breathe heavily your bloody breath upon him, shrivel him with the burning steam of your entrails. Run after him! Wither him with a fresh chase!

[Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*]

Virgil describes the Fury Tisiphone’s Rule of Tartarus

A gate fronts it, vast, with pillars of solid steel, that no human force, not the heavenly gods themselves, can overturn by war: an iron tower rises into the air, and seated before it, Tisiphone, clothed in a blood-wet dress, keeps guard of the doorway, sleeplessly, night and day.

Groans came from there, and the cruel sound of the lash, then the clank of iron, and dragging chains.

Aeneas halted, and stood rooted, terrified by the noise. ‘What evil is practised here? O Virgin, tell me: by what torments are they oppressed? Why are there such sounds in the air?’ Then the prophetess began to speak as follows: ‘Famous leader of the Trojans, it is forbidden for the pure to cross the evil threshold: but when Hecate appointed me to the wood of Avernus, she taught me the divine torments, and guided me through them all. Cretan Rhadamanthus rules this harshest of kingdoms, and hears their guilt, extracts confessions, and punishes whoever has deferred atonement for their sins too long till death, delighting in useless concealment, in the world above. Tisiphone the avenger, armed with her whip, leaps on the guilty immediately, lashes them, and threatening them with the fierce snakes in her left hand, calls to her savage troop of sisters.

[Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6]

How would you design the Fury Tisiphone? When you have read Aeneid 7, decide whether you would change anything for Allecto.

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**Allecto**

**Tisiphone**