

I'm not robot!

attacked the other. Antigone. Neither of those dead men would say that. Creon. Eteocles would. His brother was a traitor. He does merit no greater respect than that. Antigone. But he was not an animal. They both died Together. And they were both men. Creon. Yes, and the one died defending his country. While the other traitorously attacked it. Antigone. The death of mercy. The rights, are we honour? dates Towards them, dictated by common decency? Creon. And if gods and had an honour? request. When are we valued? Patriotic? Care duty? alone. Death is another country. Such things May not be valued. The May even be. Creon. An enemy is still an enemy. Dead or alive. Antigone. No. I was born with love enough To share. No hate for anyone. Creon. Very well. Share your love by all means. Share it with the dead. I wish them well of it. Women must learn to obey, as well as men. They can have no special treatment. Law is law And will remain so while I am alive – And no woman will get the better of me. . . ISMENE is brought in under guard. She has been crying, and looks gaunt and worn. chorus (severally). Speak Senators, Ismene, weeping for her sister! Her face is raw with tears, Flayed with misery! Her loveliness is scarred now – this disaster Darkens her fair skin with promotions and fears And flushes her cheeks with anguish, not beauty. ISMENE is dragged before Creon. Creon. And you! Snake! Slithering silently About my throne, to drink my blood In secret! Both of you the same! I looked the other way; and like terrorists Antigone You laid uncovered plans to destroy me. Well, do you too confess your complicity In this crime? Or protest your innocence? ismene. Yes, I confess. If she will allow me To say so. I was fully involved. And if she is guilty, so am I. Antigone. No! That isn't justice! When I asked For help, you refused me; and so I told you I didn't want you. I'd do it alone. ismene. But now that you're in danger, Antigone, I'm proud to stand beside you in the dock. Antigone. The dead man knows who buried him. What use are people who are all words and no action? ismene. Please, my sister, don't despise me! Let me share the honour and die with you. Antigone. You're wrong. You're not right to claim the honour for doing What you were afraid to do. One death Will be enough. Why should you die? ismene. Because life without you won't be living. Antigone. Ask Creon To protect you. He is your uncle. ismene. Do I deserve such contempt? Do you enjoy Making fun of me, sneering at my misery. Antigone. You're right. It's a reflection of my own pain. If such bitter pleasures are all I have left. ismene. Let me help you then. It's not too late. Antigone. Save your own life. Do that for yourself Without any criticism from me; or envy. ismene. For god's sake Antigone, will you not allow me Even to share my sister's Antigone. No. I won't. You chose to live. When I chose to die, and that's the end of it. ismene. But wasn't I afraid to speak? I warned you That this would happen. I knew how you'd be Antigone. An almost, but majority, would agree with you. But someone would be of my opinion. ismene. But we're both in the wrong, and both condemned! Antigone. No, you must live. I have been dead For a long time, inwardly. I am well suited To pay honour to the dead, and die for it. Creon. These women are neurotic, lunatics, both of them! One of them going off her head before 25 Antigone Our eyes, the other one born unbalanced. ismene. Well, are you surprised! Anyone would crack. The most tough-minded person, under such treatment. Creon. You lost your senses when you allowed yourself To be influenced by her lunacy. ismene. There's no life for me here! Not without my sister! Creon. Don't speak of her. She's as good as dead. ismene. Will you kill the woman your son plans to marry? Creon. There are other women; no lack of choice For a young man. Other fields to plough. ismene. But they're devoted to each other. You can't Change love as you change your clothes! Creon. No son of mine can marry a criminal. Antigone. Oh Haemon, when you hear how your father insults you! Creon. Let him hear. What does his mistress matter to me. chorus. Lord Creon, you insult your own! They are formally betrothed. Will you tear The woman from your own son's arms? Creon. Death parts all lovers, sooner or later. chorus. If that's how the land lies, the poor child's doomed. Her death warrant sealed and delivered. Creon. By you, gentlemen, if you remember, as well as by me. You heard the order. Agreed it to me, if only by your silence. Did you not, before the criminal was known? We'll have no more shilly-shallying. Take them away. Lock them up, and keep them under close guard. It's time they understood they are women, And their proper place in this society. There's nothing like the immediate threat Of death to soften up their rhetoric, And make them look reality in the face. ISMENE and ANTIGONE are dragged away by the guards. CREON remains on stage during the following chorus. chorus. They can't see themselves lucky, the fortunate few Who live their lives through Never drinking from the bitter cup of pain. But when one unlucky family incurs the gods' malignant From generation to generation Antigone They must wash the bitter potion Again, and then again! Just as rollers crash and seaspray whip On an exposed beach, and black clouds lower And the gale from the north screams through frozen lips, While the sea stews up from its depths, to shower Of pebbles on the shore, and black sand From the chasms of ocean darkens the strand. On every descendant of the ancient line Of Labdacus, divine And merciless retribution falls. In the unremembered past Some unforgiving Olympian cast The weight of his vengeance on the whole race. So that agony, destruction, disgrace, Destroy son and daughter, and darken their halls With tragedy. The cold hands of the dead Reach out for the living, and no one is spared. Another generation sheds its blood, New light is snuffed out, the young root bared For the same bloody axe. The characteristic sin Of Oedipus, arrogance, brings its bleak harvest in. For Zeus is all-powerful, no man can match him. He never sleeps, as man must sleep. And time, which leaves its mark On fair complexions and dark, Can never engrave his face, or dim The brightness of his palace, where the gods keep their agless court, at the utmost peak Of sublime Olympus. Zeus is master there, And did did that wise man speak Who said that past and future time He holds in his hand by right. And that those who climb In their greatness or wickedness Beyond the permitted height He brings to destruction and despair. But all men hope, and some have ambition, 27 28 Antigone Far-ranging birds that never tire. These wings bear some men steadily onward, But some others aimlessly swoop and glide Down to frivolous pastures, landscapes of obsession, Pathways to disaster, and the merciless fire. And no man can claim to have understood Hope or ambition, till the flames burn Under his feet, and the once solid wood Of his life is reduced to its last condition, Ashes, and dust. A wise man said From out of the depths of his inspiration, When a man commits crimes, and is proud of the action, A flaming sword hangs over his head: No future but the grave, and a funeral urn. HAEMON is seen approaching. Creon, here comes your youngest son. Is he desperate with grief That his future bride Should be so brutally denied. And all his hopes of happiness gone? For the last of your sons, what relief From his consuming fears And the bitter penance of tears? Does he come to beg for mercy For his beloved Antigone? Creon. We shall know that from his own lips. Without any need of fortune-tellers. HAEMON enters and the two men face each other. Both are aware of the delicacy and magnitude of the situation. My dear son, I don't doubt you have heard The news of our final decision, the condemnation Of the woman you intended to marry. You come here, I hope, not in any spirit of anger Against your father, but understanding That we are always comrades, and my love for you is unshaken. haemon. I know I am your son, Father, I understand the depth of your experience In matters of State, and I try to follow And benefit from it, whenever I can. Any marriage would be worthless to me That did not have your approval, and love. Antigone Creon. Good fellow. Hang on to that! A father's opinion Should always be influential with his son: And fathers with young sons, when they pray for them. Ask especially that they should grow up to be Loyal, obedient, under pressure the first To strike at their father's enemies. Just as they are the first to support his friends. A father whose sons yield no such profits From the investment of his parenthood Breeds grief and sorrow as his offspring. And becomes himself a figure of fun, Especially to his enemies. Don't be taken in, Boy. Don't let any woman ensnare you By exploiting her sexuality, or any of the attractions That lure infatuated men into submission. God help the lovesick fool who marries A dominating woman. Passion never lasts, And a cold bedroom breeds cold hearts, Anger, and bitterness, for there's no hatred So violent as the hatred of two people Who were once in love. Get rid of her. My boy, this girl's an enemy, no good To you, or your best interests. Spit her out like poison! Let her find herself a husband that suits her Among the dead. Don't deceive yourself. She has been openly apprehended Performing a criminal act against the State. She is a confessed traitor, and if I were To spare her life, I would tould betray The State, and its law, and everything I stand for. It And she must die. Let her pray to Zeus till she drops. Let her assert she stands for family love And ancient virtues, and all the rest of it. If I tolerate treachery in my own house, Under my very nose, how can I crush subversion Anywhere else in the city, or in the State At large? A man who rules wisely Within his own family, is more likely To make sensible judgements in political matters In his direction of the State. To pervert the law, 29 30 Antigone To twist it to serve one's own ends Or the interests of one's relations – That cannot be allowed, neither in States, Nor in families; and will not be allowed By me, in any circumstances. Unquestioning obedience to whomever the State Appoints to be its ruler is the law As far as I'm concerned, and this applies To small things as well as great ones. Just or unjust, right or wrong, The man who is firm in his dealings with his family Will be equally firm in power, his wisdom Will be equally remarkable, whether as king, Or indeed as subject. In times of war And national danger, he will be the man You can rely on, the man you would feel safe with Fighting beside you in the front rank When the battle becomes critical. Indiscipline, Anarchy, disobedience, what greater scourge Than that for humankind? States collapse From within, cities are blown to rubble, Efficient armies are disorganised, And potential victory turned to disaster And carnage, and all by disobedience, Anarchy, indiscipline. Whereas the well-drilled regiment That asks no questions stands firm, Knows nothing, and needs to know nothing, and wins, Thus saving the lives of millions of honest people. Authority is essential in any State, And will be upheld in this one, by me. There will be no yielding to female fantasies, Not by so much as an inch. And if we must be deposed, Let it be by a man's hand, eh son? Not by a conspiracy of women! chorus. If an old man is fit to judge, Lord Creon, You have spoken rationally, sensibly, and with the wisdom Gathered from long experience. haemon. Father, the most enviable of a man's gifts is the ability to reason clearly. And it's not for me to say you are wrong, Even if I were clever enough, or experienced enough, Antigone Which I'm not. But it's also true to say That some men think differently about these things, And as your son, my most useful function, It seems to me, is to keep you in touch With what other people are thinking, What they say, and do, and approve or disapprove of, And sometimes what they leave unsaid. The prospect of your approval is a great Silencer of most men's tongues, and some things Are never said, for fear of the consequences. But I can sometimes hear what people whisper Behind their backs, and everywhere. I hear sympathy Expressed for this unfortunate girl, Condemned, as she is, to a horrifying death. But no woman has ever suffered before, And unjustly, in most people's eyes. In burying her brother, who was killed In his action, she did something most people consider Decent and honourable – rather than being Naked on the battlefield, for the dogs to tear at And kites and scavengers to pick to the bone. She should be given a medal for it. Those same people say, and her name inscribed On the roll of honour. Such things are whispered In secret, Father, and they have reached my ears. Sir, your reputation matters to me As much as your good health and happiness do. Indeed, your good name matters more. What can a loving son be more jealous of Than his father's reputation, and what could please A father more than to see his son's concern That people will think well of him? Then let me beg you to have second thoughts, And not be certain that your own opinion is the only right one, and that all men share it. A man who thinks he has the monopoly Of wisdom, that only what he says And what he thinks is of any relevance, Reveals his own shallowness of mind With every word he says. The man of judgement Knows that it is a sign of strength, 31 32 Antigone Not weakness, to value other opinions, And to learn from them: and when he is wrong, To admit it openly and change his mind. You see it when a river floods, the trees That bend, survive, those whose trunks Are inflexible, are snapped off short By the weight of water. And a sailor in a storm Who refuses to reef his sail, and run With the wind, is likely to end up capsized. I beg you Father, think twice about this. Don't let your anger influence you. If a man Of my age may lay his own small claim To common sense, let me say this: Absolute certainty is fine, if a man Can be certain that his wisdom is absolute. But such certainty and such wisdom is rare among men: and that being so, The next best, is to learn to listen, And to take good advice when it is offered, chorus. There's a lot of sense, my Lord Creon, In what this young man has said: as indeed, There was in everything that you said too. The fact is, you are both in the right. And there's a good deal to be said for the last word in everything, must all the rest of it be gagged? Creon. I must, and I will. And you, I promise you, Will regret what you have spoken here. Today, I will not be sneered at or contradicted By anyone. Sons can be punished too. Bring her out, the bitch, let her die here and now, in the open, with her bridegroom beside her 33 34 Antigone As a witness! You can watch at the execution! haemon. That's one sight I shall never see! Nor from this moment. Father, will you Ever see me again. Those that try To stay and watch this disgusting spectacle In company with a madman, are welcome to! Exit HAEMON. chorus. Lord Creon, an uncontrolled fury Has possessed your son, and swept him off like a whirlwind. A young man's anger is a terrifying thing! Creon. Let him go and shout his head off about moral this And decent that, till he ravens himself senseless! The two women are sentenced. It will take more than bluster To retrieve them. I promise you. chorus. Both of them sir? You meant to put both of the sisters to death? Creon. No. You are right. I can take advice. The one who covered the body. Not the other. chorus. And for the condemned one, what manner of death? Creon. Take her to some lonely place, rocky, And unfrequented by anyone. Find a cave And wall her up in it. Bury her alive: But with just enough food so that no guilt For her death will fall either upon us or the State. She'll have plenty of time to honour the gods Of the dead there, since they receive So many of her prayers. They will release her. And she will learn that worshipping the dead is not the business of the living. Exit Creon. chorus. When the god of unbridled passion makes war He always wins. No force on earth can withstand His powerful, merciless hand. When the first flowers appear In a young girl's cheek The remorseless magik begins: And then, from the deepest valley to the highest peak His traps are set, And no man's sins Or virtues can keep him from the net. Antigone The mania is universal. The gods themselves run mad. Men lose their wits, and no one is spared. When the madness strikes, no one is safe. The maturest of men Will commit follies and crimes Undreamed of in saner times. What else could provoke this strife Between father and son, this family divided And murderous anger between kin? There is fire in a woman's eye, incited By such consuming heat. A man's mind can burn. Aphrodite shares power with Zeus, her seat is at his right hand, her lightning strikes to the heart, and his power is frightening. The doors open and ANTIGONE enters, heavily guarded. She is dressed in a plain white gown, chorus. Yet how can we talk of justice And the needs of the State While we stand and watch this Unendurable sight? My eyes, will have their way and weep. Seeing Antigone, like a young bride Going to her bedchamber, to marry the dead And share their everlasting sleep. Antigone. In all my wanderings, gentlemen, this place Has been my home: I was born in this city. And now I begin my last journey. I look up at the sun in its familiar sky And feel its warmth on my face Only to say goodbye. In the daytime of my life, in mid-breath, This security policeman, dead, Arrests me, as he arrests everyone, young and old At home, or in the street. To the cold Waters of darkness we come, never To return across that silent river. No wedding for me, No music, no guests in the room: My wedding gift is eternity In a stone tomb, 35 36 Antigone My dowry, for ever not-to-be, Death my bridegroom. chorus. 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