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# 1. Sophocles

## 索福克勒斯

### 【作者简介】

索福克勒斯(Sophocles, 公元前 495? 年—前 406? 年): 希腊剧作家。他一生中以悲剧作品和政治活动最著名。目前保留下来他的作品约有九十篇残缺的诗、剧作和七部完整的悲剧。而历史记载他曾完成一百二十多部剧作。索福克勒斯对荷马史诗理解精深, 他的许多剧作取材于《伊利亚德》和《奥德赛》。他的最著名的作品是用 30 年时间完成的奥狄浦斯三部曲, 《奥狄浦斯王》(*Oedipus Rex or Oedipus Tyrannus*, 约公元前 429 年)、《克罗那斯的奥狄浦斯》(*Oedipus at Colonus*, 公元前 401 年作者死后发表) 和《安蒂格涅》(*Antigone*, 约公元前 441 年)。本作品由杜勒·费兹和罗伯特·费茨格拉德从希腊语译成英语。



to come!

Here is this woman. She is the guilty one;

We found her trying to bury him.

Take her, then; question her; judge her as you  
will.

I am through with the whole thing now, and  
glad of it.

KREON: But this is Antigone! Why have you  
brought her here?

SENTRY: She was burying him, I tell you!

KREON (*severely*): Is this the truth?

SENTRY: I saw her with my own eyes. Can I say  
more?

KREON: The details; come, tell me quickly!

SENTRY: It was like this:

After those terrible threats of yours, King,

We went back and brushed the dust away from  
the body.

The flesh was soft by now, and stinking,

So we sat on a hill to windward® and kept guard.

No napping this time! We kept each other  
awake.

But nothing happened until the white round sun

Whirled in the center of the round sky over us:

Then, suddenly,

A storm of dust roared up from the earth, and

the sky  
Went out, the plain vanished with all its trees  
In the stinging dark. We closed our eyes and endured it.  
The whirlwind lasted a long time, but it passed;  
And then we looked, and there was Antigone!  
I have seen  
A mother bird come back to a stripped nest,  
heard  
Her crying bitterly a broken note or two  
For the young ones stolen. Just so, when this girl  
Found the bare corpse, and all her love's work  
wasted,  
She wept, and cried on heaven to damn the  
hands  
That had done this thing,  
And then she brought more dust  
And sprinkled wine three times for her brother's  
ghost.  
We ran and took her at once. She was not  
afraid,  
Not even when we charged her with what she  
had done.  
She denied nothing.  
And this was a comfort to me,  
And some uneasiness; for it is a good thing



To escape from death, but it is no great pleasure  
To bring death to a friend.

Yet I always say  
There is nothing so comfortable as your own  
safe skin!

KREON (*slowly, dangerously*): And you, Antigone,  
You with your head hanging, —do you confess  
this thing?

ANTIGONE: I do. I deny nothing.

KREON (*to Sentry*): You may go.  
(*Exit Sentry.*)<sup>®</sup>

(*To Antigone.*) Tell me, tell me briefly:

Had you heard my proclamation touching this matter?

ANTIGONE: It was public. Could I help hearing it?

KREON: And yet you dared defy the law.

ANTIGONE: I dared.

It was not God's proclamation. That final Justice  
That rules the world below makes no such laws.

Your edict, King, was strong,  
But all your strength is weakness itself against  
The immortal unrecorded laws of God.

They are not merely now; they were, and shall  
be,

Operative for ever, beyond man utterly.

I knew I must die, even without your decree:

I am only mortal. And if I must die  
Now, before it is my time to die,  
Surely this is no hardship; can anyone  
Living, as I live, with evil all about me,  
Think Death less than a friend? This death of  
mine  
Is of no importance; but if I had left my brother  
Lying in death unburied, I should have suffered.  
Now I do not.

You smile at me. Ah Kreon,  
Think me a fool, if you like; but it may well be  
That a fool convicts me of folly.

CHORAGOS: Like father, like daughter; both  
headstrong, deaf to reason!  
She has never learned to yield.

KREON: She has much to learn.  
The inflexible heart breaks first, the toughest  
iron  
Cracks first, and the wildest horses bend their  
necks  
At the pull of the smallest curb.

Pride? In a slave?  
This girl is guilty of a double insolence,  
Breaking the given laws and boasting of it.  
Who is the man here,  
She or I, if this crime goes unpunished?



Licensed to say and do whatever they please!

KREON: You are alone here in that opinion.

ANTIGONE: No, they are with me. But they keep  
their tongues in leash.

KREON: Maybe. But you are guilty, and they are not.

ANTIGONE: There is no guilt in reverence for the  
dead.

KREON: But Eteocles—was he not your brother  
too?

ANTIGONE: My brother too.

KREON: And you insult his memory?

ANTIGONE (*softly*): The dead man would not say  
that I insult it.

KREON: He would; for you honor a traitor as much  
as him.

ANTIGONE: His own brother, traitor or not, and  
equal in blood.

KREON: He made war on his country. Eteocles  
defended it.

ANTIGONE: Nevertheless, there are honors due all  
the dead.

KREON: But not the same for the wicked as for the  
just.

ANTIGONE: Ah Kreon, Kreon,

Which of us can say what the gods hold wicked?

KREON: An enemy is an enemy, even dead.

ANTIGONE: It is my nature to join in love, not hate.

KREON ( *finally losing patience* ): Go join them then;  
if you must have your love,

Find it in hell!

CHORAGOS: But see, Ismene comes;

(*Enter Ismene, guarded.*)

Those tears are sisterly, the cloud  
That shadows her eyes rains down gentle  
sorrow.

KREON: You too, Ismene,

SNAKE in my ordered house, sucking my blood  
Stealthily—and all the time I never knew  
That these two sisters were aiming at my throne!

Ismene,

Do you confess your share in this crime, or deny  
it?

Answer me.

ISMENE: Yes, if she will let me say so. I am guilty.

ANTIGONE (*coldly*): No, Ismene. You have no right  
to say so.

You would not help me, and I will not have you  
help me.

ISMENE: But now I know what you meant; and I  
am here

To join you, to take my share of punishment.

ANTIGONE: The dead man and the gods who rule  
the dead

Know whose act this was. Words are not  
friends.

ISMENE: Do you refuse me, Antigone? I want to die  
with you;

I too have a duty that I must discharge to the  
dead.

ANTIGONE: You shall not lessen my death by  
sharing it.

ISMENE: What do I care for life when you are dead?

ANTIGONE: Ask Kreon. You're always hanging on  
his opinions.

ISMENE: You are laughing at me. Why, Antigone?

ANTIGONE: It's a joyless laughter, Ismene.

ISMENE: But can I do nothing?

ANTIGONE: Yes. Save yourself. I shall not envy you.  
There are those who will praise you; I shall have  
honor, too.

ISMENE: But we are equally guilty!

ANTIGONE: No more, Ismene.  
You are alive, but I belong to Death.

KREON (*to the Chorus*): Gentlemen, I beg you to  
observe these girls;

One has just now lost her mind; the other,  
It seems, has never had a mind at all.

ISMENE: Grief teaches the steadiest minds to waver,  
King.

KREON: Yours certainly did, when you assumed  
guilt with the guilty!

ISMENE: But how could I go on living without her?

KREON: You are.  
She is already dead.

ISMENE: But your own son's bride!

KREON: There are places enough for him to push  
his plow.

I want no wicked women for my sons!

ISMENE: O dearest Haimon, how your father  
wrongs you!

KREON: I've had enough of your childish talk of  
marriage!

CHORAGOS: Do you really intend to steal this girl  
from your son?

KREON: No; Death will do that for me.

CHORAGOS: Then she must die?

KREON: (*ironically*): You dazzle me.

—But enough of this talk!

(*To Guards.*) You, there, take them away and  
guard them well:

For they are but women, and even brave men  
run

When they see Death coming.

(*Exeunt*® *Ismene, Antigone, and Guards.*)

*ODE 2 Strophe 1*

CHORUS: Fortunate is the man who has never tasted  
    God's vengeance!  
Where once the anger of heaven has struck, that  
    house is shaken  
For ever; damnation rises behind each child  
Like a wave cresting out of the black northeast,  
When the long darkness under sea roars up  
And bursts drumming death upon the  
    windwhipped sand.

*Antistrophe 1*

I have seen this gathering sorrow from time long  
    past  
Loom upon Oedipus' children: generation from  
    generation  
Takes the compulsive rage of the enemy god.  
So lately this last flower of Oedipus' line  
Drank the sunlight! but now a passionate word  
And a handful of dust have closed up all its  
    beauty.



*Strophe 2*

What mortal arrogance  
Transcends the wrath of Zeus?  
Sleep cannot lull him nor the effortless long  
months  
Of the timeless gods; but he is young for ever,  
And his house is the shining day of high  
Olympos.  
All that is and shall be,  
And all the past, is his.  
No pride on earth is free of the curse of heaven.

*Antistrophe 2*

The straying dreams of men  
May bring them ghosts of joy:  
But as they drowse, the waking embers burn  
them;  
Or they walk with fixed eyes, as blind men  
walk.  
But the ancient wisdom speaks for our own  
time:  
*Fate works most for woe*  
*With Folly's fairest show.*  
Man's little pleasure is the spring of sorrow.