

Name _____ Date _____ Period _____

Antigone by Sophocles - Annotating Passages Activity Instructions

Step One: Make sure you have access to the PDF of the passages in one of three ways:

- 1) Open in Edmodo - upload to PDF Notes
- 2) Access through my website under **My Resources** - upload to PDF notes
- 3) Hard Copy - Team Captains obtain copies or raise your hand silently

Step Two: Each person *independently and silently* completes the following:

- A. Read the assigned passage from the **original version** of *Antigone* by Sophocles. Passage number coordinates with Team number. (Example - Team 1 reads passage 1 etc.)

- B. Annotate the passage. Remember our system:

Pink - Characters/Characterization

Yellow - Literary/Rhetorical Devices

Blue - Main Ideas/Themes

****For this activity, you should pay particular attention to the literary/rhetorical devices used in the passage and try and come up with some intended effect or purpose behind Sophocles' use of these particular devices. I will call time when this portion of the activity should be completed.**

Step Three: When time is called, share your findings with your shoulder partner (the person sitting next to you). Discuss the following:

- A. Compare/Contrast the lines you chose and the literary/rhetorical devices you identified. Share your thoughts about the intended purpose/effect.
- B. Did you identify the same lines? The same literary rhetorical devices? The same purpose or effect?
- C. Add to your own annotations as needed. I will call time when this portion of the activity should be completed.

Step Four: When time is called, each **TEAM** should read the **Heaney passage TOGETHER**. Discuss the following:

- A) Compare and contrast the modern version (Heaney) with the original (Sophocles).
- B) Have the same literary/ rhetorical devices been employed in the modern version? The same imagery?
- C) What effect does the modernization of the language have on your understanding of the passage in comparison to the original?
- D) Has anything been lost for the reader through the modernization of the language? Has anything been gained for the reader?

Step Five: Each team should come to a **consensus** about the two passages with regard to the following:

- A) **Main similarities and differences** between the two passages with regard to the authors' use of literary/rhetorical devices and imagery. Cite **specific examples** from the two texts to support your ideas.
- B) Ultimately, **which text is more effective** in conveying the content and themes of not only the content of the passage, but the main themes of the play as a whole. Explain why your team feels this way.

***Consensus should be typed by one team member and share with me on Drive with the title Antigone Passages Consensus - Team # _____ Period _____**

Step Six: (TIME PERMITTING)

- A) Each team should select one team member to present the team's consensus to the rest of the class.
- B) Team member will review the main similarities/differences between the two passages and the groups opinion about which text is more effective.

Note: If we do not get to this portion of the activity due to the length of individual team discussions, we will begin tomorrow' lesson with this step. Regardless, teams should send their consensus to me tonight via Drive.

I will be collecting all annotations tomorrow. Please hand in at the end of tomorrow's class or download your PDF Notes and share with me via Google Drive.

Team 1 - Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: This Choral Ode occurs in Episode One after Antigone reveals her plan to bury Polyneices to Ismene and before Creon addresses the citizens of Thebes as the new leader.

CHORUS Singing

Strophe 1

Beam of the sun, fairest light that ever dawned on Thebe of the seven gates, thou hast shone forth at last, eye of golden day, arisen above Dirce's streams! The warrior of the white shield, who came from Argos in his panoply, hath been stirred by thee to headlong flight, in swifter career;

LEADER OF THE CHORUS

who set forth against our land by reason of the vexed claims of Polyneices; and, like shrill-screaming eagle, he flew over into our land, in snow-white pinion sheathed, with an armed throng, and with plumage of helms.

CHORUS

Antistrophe 1

He paused above our dwellings; he ravened around our sevenfold portals with spears athirst for blood; but he went hence, or ever his jaws were glutted with our gore, or the Fire-god's pine-fed flame had seized our crown of towers. So fierce was the noise of battle raised behind him, a thing too hard for him to conquer, as he wrestled with his dragon foe.

LEADER

For Zeus utterly abhors the boasts of a proud tongue; and when he beheld them coming on in a great stream, in the haughty pride of clanging gold, he smote with brandished fire one who was now hasting to shout victory at his goal upon our ramparts.

CHORUS

Strophe 2

Swung down, he fell on the earth with a crash, torch in hand, he who so lately, in the frenzy of the mad onset, was raging against us with the blasts of his tempestuous hate. But those threats fared not as he hoped; and to other foes the mighty War-god dispensed their several dooms, dealing havoc around, a mighty helper at our need.

LEADER

For seven captains at seven gates, matched against seven, left the tribute of their panoplies to Zeus who turns the battle; save those two of cruel fate, who, born of one sire and one mother, set against each other their twain conquering spears, and are sharers in a common death.

CHORUS

Antistrophe 2

But since Victory of glorious name hath come to us, with joy responsive to the joy of Thebe whose chariots are many, let us enjoy forgetfulness after the late wars, and visit all the temples of the gods with night-long dance and song; and may Bacchus be our leader, whose dancing shakes the land of Thebe.

Team 1 - Heaney Passage

Enter CHORUS of Theban elders

① → CHORUS

Glory be to brightness, to the gleaming sun,
Shining guardian of our seven gates.
Burn away the darkness, dawn on Thebes,
Dazzle the city you have saved from destruction.

Argos is defeated, the army beaten back,
All their brilliant shields
Smashed into shards and smithereens.

Like a golden eagle, the enemy came swooping,
Like an eagle screaming down the sky,
Hoping to set fire to the seven towers.
But the dragon of Thebes had grown teeth.

We overwhelmed him on the walls
And Zeus blasted his overbearing.

A god of war stiffened our will
And locked our arms, so the line held.

Glory be to brightness, to the gleaming sun.

Seven guardians at our seven gates
Bore the brunt and broke the charge.

Our attackers
Were struck down and stripped of their armour.
Their spears and helmets are the spoils of war.
We have hung their shields among the trophies.

But Polynices and Eteocles:

The only trophies they took at Thebes
Were each other's lives. Their doom was sealed.
Their banners flew, the battle raged
And they fell together, their father's sons.

Glory be to brightness, to the gleaming sun.

Glory be to Victory. I can feel her wings
Fanning the air.

The joy in my eyes is like the joy in hers
Dazzling the city she has saved from destruction.

Race the chariots and run to the temples.
Drum the earth from early until late.
Give glory to the god of the dance.
Let Bacchus lead us and burn away the dark!
Glory be to brightness, to the gleaming world.

Team 2- Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: This is Creon's address to the citizens of Thebes as the new leader.

He explain his philosophy on leadership and explains his rationale for the edict regarding Polyneices.

CREON

Sirs, the vessel of our State, after being tossed on wild waves, hath once more been safely steadied by the gods: and ye, out of all the folk, have been called apart by my summons, because I knew, first of all, how true and constant was your reverence for the royal power of Laius; how, again, when Oedipus was ruler of our land, and when he had perished, your steadfast loyalty still upheld their children. Since, then, his sons have fallen in one day by a twofold doom,-each smitten by the other, each stained with a brother's blood,-I now possess the throne and all its powers, by nearness of kinship to the dead.

No man can be fully known, in soul and spirit and mind, until he hath been seen versed in rule and law-giving. For if any, being supreme guide of the State, cleaves not to the best counsels, but, through some fear, keeps his lips locked, I hold, and have ever held, him most base; and if any makes a friend of more account than his fatherland, that man hath no place in my regard. For I-be Zeus my witness, who sees all things always-would not be silent if I saw ruin, instead of safety, coming to the citizens; nor would I ever deem the country's foe a friend to myself; remembering this, that our country is the ship that bears us safe, and that only while she prospers in our voyage can we make true friends.

Such are the rules by which I guard this city's greatness. And in accord with them is the edict which I have now published to the folk touching the sons of Oedipus;-that Eteocles, who hath fallen fighting for our city, in all renown of arms, shall be entombed, and crowned with every rite that follows the noblest dead to their rest. But for his brother, Polyneices,-who came back from exile, and sought to consume utterly with fire the city of his fathers and the shrines of his fathers' gods,-sought to taste of kindred blood, and to lead the remnant into slavery;-touching this man, it hath been proclaimed to our people that none shall grace him with sepulture or lament, but leave him unburied, a corpse for birds and dogs to eat, a ghastly sight of shame.

Such the spirit of my dealing; and never, by deed of mine, shall the wicked stand in honour before the just; but whoso hath good will to Thebes, he shall be honoured of me, in his life and in his death.

CREON

Gentlemen. We have entered calmer waters.
Our ship of state was very nearly wrecked
But the gods have kept her safe.

So, friends, well done.

You from the start have been a loyal crew.
You stood by Oedipus when he was at the helm
And when his sons stepped in to take his place
You stood by them as well. But now they're gone,
Two brothers badged red with each other's blood,
And I, as next of kin to those dead and doomed,
I'm next in line. The throne has come to me.

Until a man has passed this test of office
And proved himself in the exercise of power,
He can't be truly known—for what he is, I mean,
In his heart and mind and capabilities.
Worst is the man who has all the good advice
And then because his nerve fails, fails to act
In accordance with it, as a leader should.

And equally to blame
Is anyone who puts the personal
Above the overall thing, puts friend
Or family first. But rest assured:
My nerve's not going to fail, and there's no threat
That's going to stop me acting, ever,
In the interests of all citizens. Nor would I,
Ever, have anything to do
With my country's enemy. For the patriot,
Personal loyalty always must give way
To patriotic duty.

Solidarity, friends,

Is what we need. The whole crew must close ranks.
The safety of our state depends upon it.
Our trust. Our friendships. Our security.
Good order in the city. And our greatness.

Understand therefore that I intend
To make good what I say by what I do.
And hear this first. This ordinance is binding.
Concerning the sons of Oedipus:
Eteocles, who fell in our defence,
Eteocles will be buried with full honours
As a hero of his country.

But his brother
Polynices, an exile who came back
To visit us with fire and sword, a traitor,
An anti-Theban Theban prepared to kill
His countrymen in war, and desecrate
The shrines of his country's gods, hear this
About Polynices:

He is forbidden
Any ceremonial whatsoever.
No keening, no interment, no observance
Of any of the rites. Hereby he is adjudged
A carcase for the dogs and birds to feed on.
And nobody, let it be understood,
Nobody is to treat him otherwise
Than as the obscenity he was and is.

This is where I stand when it comes to Thebes:
Never to grant traitors and subversives
Equal footing with loyal citizens,
But to honour patriots in life and death.

Team 3 - Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: This Choral Ode occurs after the guard has revealed to Creon that someone has attempted to bury Polynices' corpse but before the guards actually catch Antigone in the act.

CHORUS singing

Strophe 1

Wonders are many, and none is more wonderful than man; the power that crosses the white sea, driven by the stormy south-wind, making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him; and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, doth he wear, turning the soil with the offspring of horses, as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year.

Antistrophe 1

And the light-hearted race of birds, and the tribes of savage beasts, and the sea-brood of the deep, he snares in the meshes of his woven toils, he leads captive, man excellent in wit. And he masters by his arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds, who roams the hills; he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he puts the yoke upon its neck, he tames the tireless mountain bull.

Strophe 2

And speech, and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state, hath he taught himself; and how to flee the arrows of the frost, when 'tis hard lodging under the clear sky, and the arrows of the rushing rain; yea, he hath resource for all; without resource he meets nothing that must come: only against Death shall he call for aid in vain; but from baffling maladies he hath devised escapes.

Antistrophe 2

Cunning beyond fancy's dream is the fertile skill which brings him, now to evil, now to good. When he honours the laws of the land, and that justice which he hath sworn by the gods to uphold, proudly stands his city: no city hath he who, for his rashness, dwells with sin. Never may he share my hearth, never think my thoughts, who doth these things!

CHORUS

Among the many wonders of the world
Where is the equal of this creature, man?
First he was shivering on the shore in skins,
Or paddling a dug-out, terrified of drowning.
Then he took up oars, put tackle on a mast
And steered himself by the stars through gales.

Once upon a time from the womb of earth
The gods were born and he bowed down
To worship them. He worked the land,
Stubbed the forests and harnessed stallions.

His furrows cropped, he feasted his eyes
On hay and herds as far as the horizon.

The wind is no more swift or mysterious
Than his mind and words; he has mastered thinking.
Roofed his house against hail and rain
And worked out laws for living together.

Home-maker, thought-taker, measure of all things,
He can heal with herbs and read the heavens.
Nothing seems beyond him. When he yields to his gods,
When truth is the treadle of his loom
And justice the shuttle, he'll be shown respect—
The city will reward him. But let him once

Overstep what the city allows,
Tramp down right or treat the law
Wilfully, as his own word,
Then let this wonder of the world remember:
He'll have put himself beyond the pale.
When he comes begging we will turn our backs.

Team 4 - Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: The guard describes to Creon how he catches Antigone in the act of burying Polyneices.

GUARD

I saw her burying the corpse that thou hadst forbidden to bury. Is that plain and clear?

CREON

And how was she seen? how taken in the act?

GUARD

It befell on this wise. When we had come to the place,-with those dread menaces of thine upon us,-we swept away all the dust that covered the corpse, and bared the dank body well; and then sat us down on the brow of the hill, to windward, heedful that the smell from him should not strike us; every man was wide awake, and kept his neighbour alert with torrents of threats, if anyone should be careless of this task.

So went it, until the sun's bright orb stood in mid heaven, and the heat began to burn: and then suddenly a whirlwind lifted from the earthstorm of dust, a trouble in the sky the plain, marring all the leafage of its woods; and the wide air was choked therewith: we closed our eyes, and bore the plague from the gods.

And when, after a long while, this storm had passed, the maid was seen; and she cried aloud with the sharp cry of a bird in its bitterness,-even as when, within the empty nest, it sees the bed stripped of its nestlings. So she also, when she saw the corpse bare, lifted up a voice of wailing, and called down curses on the doers of that deed. And straightway she brought thirsty dust in her hands; and from a shapely ewer of bronze, held high, with thrice-poured drink-offering she crowned the dead.

We rushed forward when we saw it, and at once dosed upon our quarry, who was in no wise dismayed. Then we taxed her with her past and present doings; and she stood not on denial of aught;-at once to my joy and to my pain. To have escaped from ill's one's self is a great joy; but 'tis painful to bring friends to ill. Howbeit, all such things are of less account to me than mine own safety.

CREON

How was she observed and caught? Describe it.

GUARD

Oh, I'll describe it. Gladly. After your tongue-lashing

I went back and joined the watch and told them

We were all marked men. So we did what we could do.

We approached the corpse again and cleaned it down

And peeled away the clothes. It was going off

So we stationed ourselves at points around the hill—

Out of the wind, you know, because of the smell.

Every man on guard, watching the other man,

Ready to pounce the minute he nodded off—

And all the while there's a fireball of a sun

Going up and up the sky until at midday

You could hardly bear it. The ground was like a gridiron.

And then what happens? A whirlwind. Out of nowhere.

Leaves whipped off trees. Flying sand and dust.

The plain below us disappeared, and the path up,

And the hills on the horizon—like the sky was

Vomiting black air. So we closed our eyes

And braced ourselves for whatever plague it was

The gods were sending.

But then it clears

And this one's standing, crying her eyes out.

She sees the bare corpse and lets out a screech

And starts to curse whoever did the deed.

She was like a wild bird round an empty nest.

She lifted dust in her hands and let it fall.

She poured the water three times from her urn,

Taking care to do the whole thing right,

And showed no signs of panic when we trapped her,

Denied no thing she was accused of doing

Then or earlier.

But here's what's very strange:

I felt a sadness coming over me.

It's one thing to be let off the hook yourself,

Another thing to land your friends in trouble.

But if I don't watch out for myself, who will?

Team 5 - Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: The beginning part of the exchange between Creon and Haemon in which Creon reveals his ideas about how children should act towards their parents.

CREON

We shall know soon, better than seers could tell us.-My son, hearing the fixed doom of thy betrothed, art thou come in rage against thy father? Or have I thy good will, act how I may?

HAEMON

Father, I am thine; and thou, in thy wisdom, tracest for me rules which I shall follow. No marriage shall be deemed by me a greater gain than thy good guidance.

CREON

Yea, this, my son, should be thy heart's fixed law,-in all things to obey thy father's will. 'Tis for this that men pray to see dutiful children grow up around them in their homes,-that such may requite their father's foe with evil, and honour, as their father doth, his friend. But he who begets unprofitable children-what shall we say that he hath sown, but troubles for himself, and much triumph for his foes? Then do not thou, my son, at pleasure's beck, dethrone thy reason for a woman's sake; knowing that this is a joy that soon grows cold in claspings arms,-an evil woman to share thy bed and thy home. For what wound could strike deeper than a false friend? Nay, with loathing, and as if she were thine enemy, let this girl go to find a husband in the house of Hades. For since I have taken her, alone of all the city, in open disobedience, I will not make myself a liar to my people-I will slay her.

So let her appeal as she will to the majesty of kindred blood. If I am to nurture mine own kindred in naughtiness, needs must I bear with it in aliens. He who does his duty in his own household will be found righteous in the State also. But if any one transgresses, and does violence to the laws, or thinks to dictate to his rulers, such an one can win no praise from me. No, whosoever the city may appoint, that man must be obeyed, in little things and great, in just things and unjust; and I should feel sure that one who thus obeys would be a good ruler no less than a good subject, and in the storm of spears would stand his ground where he was set, loyal and dauntless at his comrade's side.

But disobedience is the worst of evils. This it is that ruins cities; this makes homes desolate; by this, the ranks of allies are broken into head-long rout; but, of the lives whose course is fair, the greater part owes safety to obedience. Therefore we must support the cause of order, and in no wise suffer a woman to worst us. Better to fall from power, if we must, by a man's hand; then we should not be called weaker than a woman.

Team 5 → Heaney Passage

CREON

Unlike you gentlemen I don't possess
Clairvoyant powers. I prefer to wait
And hear what Haemon has to say himself.

Haemon, son, the judgement I pronounced
Is what the law requires. Are you coming here
To rant and rage against me, or are we still
Father dear and father's son, as ever?

HAEMON

Yes, father. Father's son . . . I do rely
On your wisdom and experience and would want
No match or marriage to displace you ever.

CREON

That's how it is and how it should be, Haemon.
It's right for the son to heed his father's judgement.

It's what all men pray for,

Children who will show a due respect,
Who will make their father's enemies
Their enemies, and his friends their friends.

Nothing gives an enemy more pleasure
Than to see you let down by the child you've reared:
That is a bitter pill to have to swallow.

Don't, Haemon, lose your wits over a woman.
You're wild for her, but once the thing is done
There and then she turns cold comfort.

Nothing's worse than marrying yourself
To a woman that's no good. Nothing cuts as deep
As when the one who's closest turns against you.

That's why I say: have nothing to do with her.
If she needs a husband, let Hades find her one—
For of this you can be certain: I won't be making

A liar of myself in front of the city.
She, and she alone, defied the order
Openly and deliberately, so she shall perish.

Let her beseech Zeus to her heart's content
To guarantee the bond of family blood:

My family too have bonds they need to honour.

They must observe the discipline I expect
From every citizen. The city has to see
The standards of a public man reflected
In his private conduct. He has to be a man

Ready to abide by his own orders,
A comrade you'd depend on in a battle.

When discipline goes self-discipline goes as well
And once that happens cities, homes and armies
Collapse, inevitably. Failure of rule
Is the most destructive thing. Obedience
And respect must be instilled. And that is why
No woman here is going to be allowed
To walk all over us. Otherwise, as men
We'll be disgraced. We won't deserve the name.

Team 6 - Passage from *Antigone* by Sophocles

Context Clue: The second part of the exchange between Creos his ideas about how children should act towards their parents.

LEADER

To us, unless our years have stolen our wit, thou seemest to say wisely what thou sayest.

HAEMON

Father, the gods implant reason in men, the highest of all things that we call our own. Not mine the skill-far from me be the quest!-to say wherein thou speakest not aright; and yet another man, too, might have some useful thought. At least, it is my natural office to watch, on thy behalf, all that men say, or do, or find to blame. For the dread of thy frown forbids the citizen to speak such words as would offend thine ear; but can hear these murmurs in the dark, these moanings of the city for this maiden; 'no woman,' they say, 'ever merited her doom less,-none ever was to die so shamefully for deeds so glorious as hers; who, when her own brother had fallen in bloody strife, would not leave him unburied, to be devoured by carrion dogs, or by any bird:-deserves not she the meed of golden honour?'

Such is the darkling rumour that spreads in secret. For me, my father, no treasure is so precious as thy welfare. What, indeed, is a nobler ornament for children than a prospering sire's fair fame, or for sire than son's? Wear not, then, one mood only in thyself; think not that thy word, and thine alone, must be right. For if any man thinks that he alone is wise,-that in speech, or in mind, he hath no peer,-such a soul, when laid open, is ever found empty.

No, though a man be wise, 'tis no shame for him to learn many things, and to bend in season. Seest thou, beside the wintry torrent's course, how the trees that yield to it save every twig, while the stiff-necked perish root and branch? And even thus he who keeps the sheet of his sail taut, and never slackens it, upsets his boat, and finishes his voyage with keel uppermost.

Nay, forego thy wrath; permit thyself to change. For if I, a younger man, may offer my thought, it were far best, I ween, that men should be all-wise by nature; but, otherwise-and oft the scale inclines not so-'tis good also to learn from those who speak aright.

Team 6 → Heaney Passage

CHORUS

Well, we are old men, so perhaps our judgement's shaky,
But what you're saying seems to make good sense.

HAEMON

The use of reason, father . . . The gods
Have given us the use of reason.

But do we use it right? Do I? Do you?

It's hard to know, but this much I can tell you:

When you hear things you'd rather not be hearing
You get worked up. So therefore people shield you.

But not me, father. I hear everything

Or overhear it. And all that's talked about

In this city now is Antigone.

People are heartbroken for her. What,

They're asking, did she do so wrong? What deserves

A punishment like this? As far as they're concerned,

She should be honoured—a woman who rebelled.

Rebellel when her brother's corpse was fed like meat

To the carrion crows. *She was heroic!*

That's what's being said behind closed doors..

Believe me, father, nothing means more to me

Than you and your good name. What else could?

Father/son, son/father—that regard

Is natural and mutual.

For your own sake, then,

I ask you: reconsider. Nobody,

Nobody can be sure they're always right.

The ones who are fullest of themselves that way

Are the emptiest vessels. There's no shame

In taking good advice.

It's a sign of wisdom.

If a river floods

The trees on the bank that bend to it survive.

If a skipper doesn't slacken sail in storm

His whole crew ends up clinging to the keel.

So. Swallow pride and anger. Allow yourself

To change.

I'm young, I know, but I offer you this thought:

All of us would like to have been born

Infalible, but since we know we weren't,

It's better to attend to those who speak

In honesty and good faith, and learn from them.