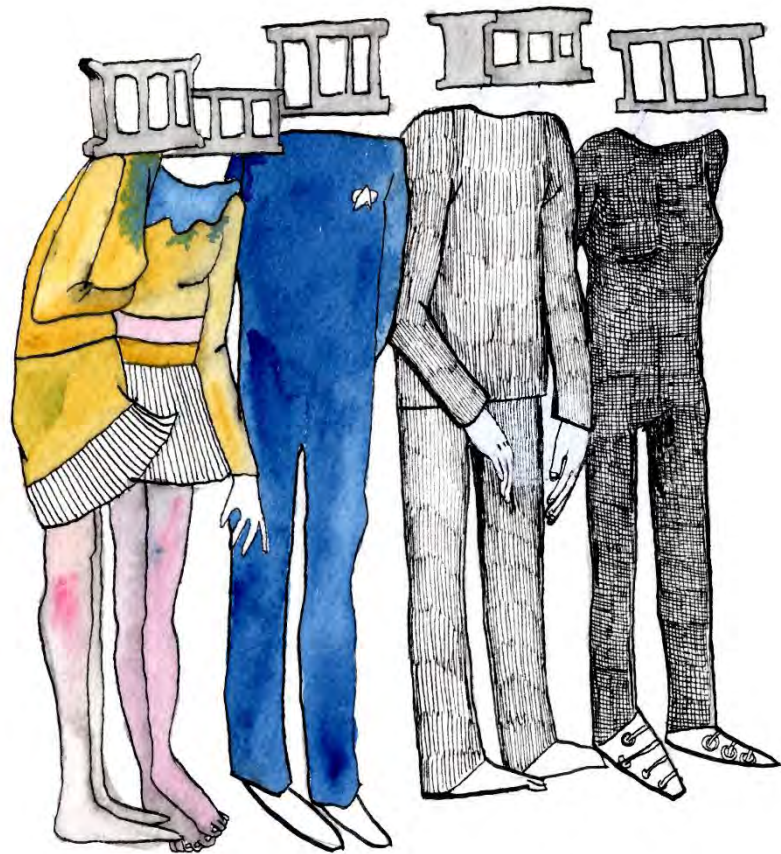


PHILO-PERFORMANCE:
ANTIGONICK

by Sophokles, translated by Anne Carson

WE'RE STANDING IN
THE NICK OF TIME



Ben Stiller

[ENTER MESSENGER]

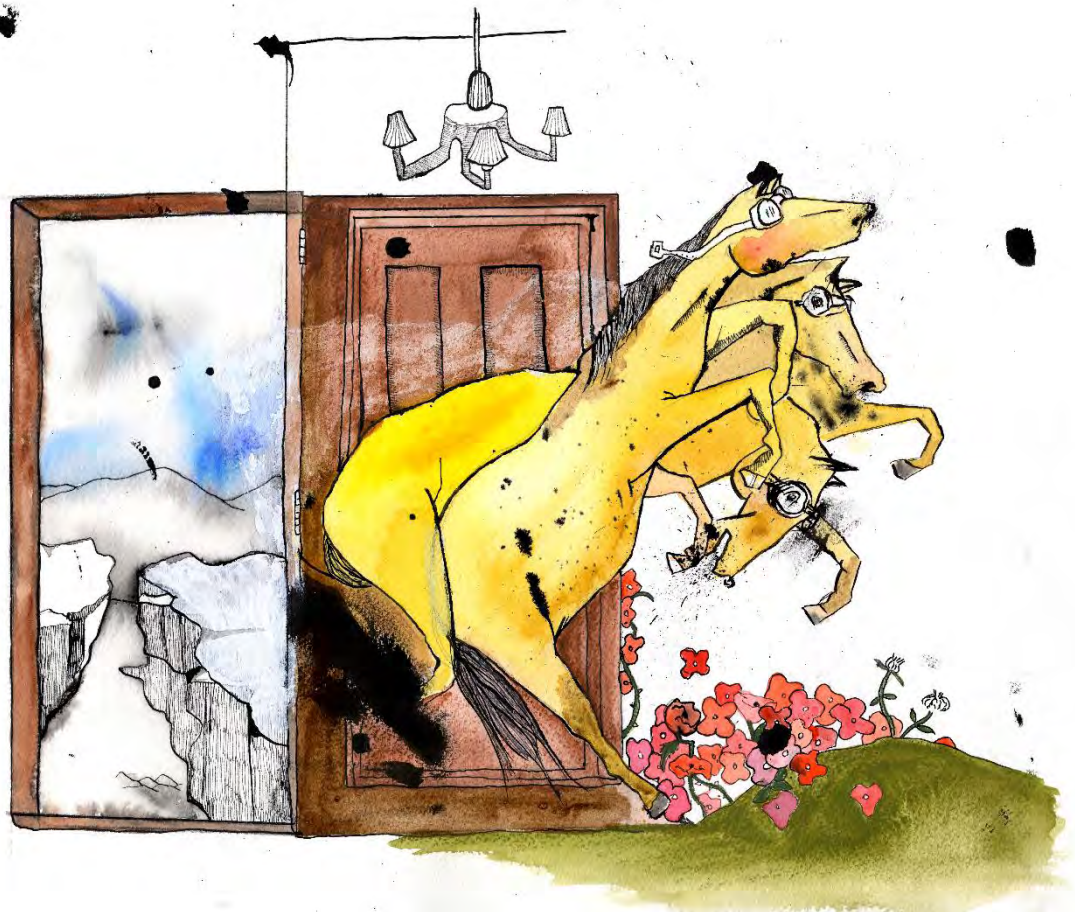
A PUBLIC READING AND DISCUSSION
CURATED BY BEN HJORTH

CAST

Antigone _____ **Avital Ronell**
Ismene sister of Antigone _____ **Elisabeth Angel-Perez**
Kreon king of Thebes _____ **Judith Butler**
Haimon son of Kreon & Eurydike _____ **Karen Shimakawa**
Eurydike wife of Kreon, mother of Haimon _____ **Freddie Rokem**
Teiresias blind prophet of Thebes, led by a boy _____ **Opie Boero Imwinkelried**
Guard _____ **Timothy Murray**
Messenger _____ **Paul Monaghan**
Chorus of old Theban Men _____ **Laura Cull, Jon McKenzie,** and conference audience
Nick a mute part, [always onstage, he measures things] _____ **Ben Hjorth**

John Ireland will facilitate the post-reading discussion.

Thanks to assistant **Jeanne Schaaf** and conference co-organizer **Anna Street**



HOW IS A GREEK CHORUS LIKE A LAWYER.
THEY'RE BOTH IN THE BUSINESS OF SEARCHING FOR A PRECEDENT
FINDING AN ANALOGY
LOCATING A PRIOR EXAMPLE
SO AS TO BE ABLE TO SAY
THIS TERRIBLE THING WE'RE WITNESSING NOW IS
NOT UNIQUE YOU KNOW IT HAPPENED BEFORE
OR SOMETHING MUCH LIKE IT
WE'RE NOT AT A LOSS HOW TO THINK ABOUT THIS
WE'RE NOT WITHOUT GUIDANCE
THERE IS A PATTERN
WE CAN FIND AN HISTORICALLY PARALLEL CASE
AND FILE IT AWAY UNDER

ANTIGONE BURIED ALIVE FRIDAY AFTERNOON
COMPARE CASE HISTORIES 7, 17 and 49

NOW I COULD DIG UP THOSE CASE HISTORIES,
TELL YOU ABOUT DANAOS AND LYKOURGOS AND THE SONS OF PHINEAS
PEOPLE LOCKED UP IN A ROOM OR A CAVE OR THEIR OWN DARK MIND
IT WOULDN'T HELP YOU
IT DIDN'T HELP ME
IT'S FRIDAY AFTERNOON
THERE GOES ANTIGONE TO BE BURIED ALIVE
IS THERE
ANY WAY
WE CAN SAY
THIS IS NORMAL
RATIONAL
FORGIVABLE
OR EVEN IN THE WIDEST DEFINITION JUST



THEN YOU NOTICE THE SOLES ARE ON FIRE

Who then is Antigone within such a scene, and what are we to make of her words, words that become dramatic events, performative acts? She is not of the human but speaks in its language... If she is human, then the human has entered into catachresis: we no longer know its proper usage... Antigone is the occasion for a new field of the human, achieved through political catachresis, the one that happens when the less than human speaks as human, when gender is displaced, and kinship founders on its founding laws. She acts, she speaks, she becomes one for whom the speech act is a fatal crime, but this fatality exceeds her life and enters the discourse of intelligibility as its own promising fatality, the social form of its aberrant, unprecedented future.

Judith Butler, *Antigone's Claim*, 82



YOUR SOUL IS BLOWING
APART

Effet de focalisation,
dans un texte,
autour d'un lieu impossible.
Fascination par une figure
irrecevable dans le système.
Insistance vertigineuse
sur un inclassable.
Et si l'inassimilable,
l'indigeste absolu
jouait un rôle fondamentale dans le système,
abyssal plutôt,
l'abîme jouant un rôle quasi transcendantal
et laissant se former au-dessus de lui,
comme une sorte d'effluve,
un rêve d'apaisement?
N'est-ce pas toujours un élément exclu du système
qui assure l'espace de possibilité du système?
Le transcendantal a toujours été, strictement,
un transcatégorial,
ce qui ne pouvait être reçu, formé, terminé
dans aucune des catégories intérieures au système.
Le vomit du système.

Jacques Derrida, *Glas*, 171, 183

The effect of focusing,
in a text,
around an impossible place.
Fascination by a figure
inadmissible in the system.
Vertiginous insistence
on an unclassable.
And what if what cannot be assimilated,
the absolute indigestible,
played a fundamental role in the system,
an abyssal role rather,
the abyss playing an almost tran-scendental role
and allowing to be formed above it,
as a kind of effluvium,
a dream of appeasement?
Isn't there always an element excluded from the system
that assures the system's space of possibility?
The transcendental has always been, strictly,
a transcategorical,
what could be received, formed, terminated
in none of the categories intrinsic to the system.
The system's vomit.

Jacques Derrida, *Glas*, 151, 162



Dear Antigone,
I take it as the task of the translator to forbid that you should ever lose your screams.
Anne Carson

**CHORUS: LAST WORD WISDOM BETTER GET SOME
EVEN TOO LATE**

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