

PRESETS

- SMD LVLS A = -10
- SMD LVLS B = -10
- FADER 8 = +15
- FADER 7 CUT +5
- HAZER ON 8 MINUTES BEFORE CURTAIN
- SINGLE AUTO CUE

SHOW START

WIND
SMD 1

SMD 1 @ 1:21

HOUSE OUT

SMD 1 @ 1:29

CURTAIN OUT

SMD 1 @ 1:44

Q6
HAZER OFF

SMD 1 @ 2:29

Q7
HAZER OFF

Electra

Electra

Why do you look at me so?

Oechalia

Might you not be unfortunate Electra?
So great, so sore, I see your sufferings.

Electra

It's little of my sufferings that you see.

Oechalia

How can there be things worse than those I see?

Electra

Because I live with those that murdered
My father, Agamemnon. I am their slave perforce.

Oechalia

Who is it that forces you to such subjection?

Electra

She is called my mother.

Tecmessa

It is unwise to inquire further. Cursed is
The house of Atreus.

Oechalia

By the Gods. I pray you, give us the story.

Temessa

A story of greater sorrow has not been told. Menalaeus, King of Sparta, saw his
Wife Helen stolen by Paris of Troy.
He turned to Agamemnon, Electra's father, for
Aid. But the Gods were unhappy with
Agamemnon and so prevented the

SMD 2
Q8

Departure of his army until he sacrificed
His youngest daughter, Iphigenia.
The day of her murder, Agamemnon sent
For Iphigenia, telling her she was to be
Married to the Greek's finest warrior-
Achilles. Cruelly did he betray his
Daughter for no marriage was planned
But instead her sacrifice.

x

Q8.5

Iphigenia

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears;
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded by my tears,
Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs,
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.
The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
The temples and the people and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly-and-nothing more.

VISUAL:
IPHIGENIA
KILLED

Q8.7

Oechalia

With her death, the army of Agamemnon
Set sail for Troy leaving behind a sorrowful
Wife filled with a mother's rage.
The horrors of the Trojan war dulled
The memory of Iphigenia's sacrifice for all
Save Clytemenestra who never forgot nor
Forgave her husband's sacrificial act. Upon
Her husband's return from the Trojan War
Clytemnestra arranged for Agamemnon to be
Murdered by her lover Aegisthus as revenge
For her sacrificed daughter.

x

Q9

Her son, Orestes, fled the land
Leaving only Electra and her sister to
Mourn their murdered father. And now
Now Electra waits- waits for the return
Of Orestes, waits for the return of justice,
Waits for the return of light to
Days filled with unseen terrors.

x

Q10

VISUAL: IPHIGENIA KILLED

Q10 3

Electra

O Holy Light

SND 3

and air, copartner with light in earth's possession,
how many keening dirges,
how many plangent strokes
laid on the breast till the breast was bloody,
have you heard from me

when the darkling night withdrew?
And again in the house of my misery
my bed is witness to my all-night sorrowing
dirges for my unhappy father.

Him in the land of the foreigner
no murderous god of battles entertained.

But my mother and the man who shared her bed,
Aegisthus, ~~split his head with a murderous ax;~~ *stabbed him in the back*
~~like woodsmen with an oak tree.~~

For all this no pity was given him,
by any but me, no pity for your death,
father, so pitiful, so cruel.

House of the Death God, house of Persephone,
Hermes of the Underworld, holy Curse,
Furies the Dread Ones, children of the Gods,
all ye who look upon those who die unjustly,
all ye who look upon the theft of a wife's love.
come all and help take vengeance for my father,
for my father's murder!

And send me my brother to my aid:

For alone to bear the burden I am no longer strong enough,
the burden of the grief that weighs against me.

Chorus

Electra, child of the wretchedest of mothers,
why with ceaseless lament do you waste away
sorrowing for one long dead,
Agamemnon, godlessly trapped
by deceits of your treacherous mother,
betrayed by her evil hand?
May evil be the end
of him that contrived the deed,
if I may lawfully say it!

MUSIC ENDS
HALUCINATION
STARTS

Q 11
HAZERON

Electra

You have come to console me in my troubles.
I know, I understand what you say,
Nothing of it escapes me.

Q 12
HAZEROFF

TECMESSA

If past the bounds of sense you dwell in grief
you will only destroy yourself,

Electra

Simple indeed is the one
that forgets parents pitifully dead.

TECMESSA

Not alone to you, my child,
this burden of grief has come.

Q 13
SND 4
HAZERON

①

Chorus

Still great above is Zeus,
Confide to him your overbitter wrath.
Pitiful was the cry at the homecoming,
and pitiful, when on your father on his couch
the sharp biting stroke of the brazen ax
was driven home.

Craft was the contriver, passion the killer,

Electra

O night, horrible burden
of that unspeakable banquet.
Shameful death that my father saw
dealt him by the hands of the two,
hands that took my own life captive,
betrayed, destroyed me utterly.

TECMESSA

Do you not see from what
acts of yours you suffer as you do?

Electra

Terrors compelled me,
to terrors I was driven.
I know it, I know my own spirit.
With terrors around me, I will not hold back
these mad cries of misery, so long as I live.

TECMESSA

But only in good will to you I speak
like some loyal mother, entreating ...

Electra

What sort of days do you imagine
I spend, watching Aegisthus sitting
on my father's throne, watching him wear
my father's self-same robes, watching him
at the hearth where he killed my father.
Watching the ultimate act of insult,
my father's murderer in my father's bed
with my wretched mother—if mother I should call her,
this woman that sleeps with him.
In such a state, my friend, one cannot
be moderate and restrained nor pious either.
Evil is all around me, evil.

TECMESSA

Tell me, as you talk like this, is Aegisthus here,
or is he gone from home?

Electra

Certainly, he's gone.
Do not imagine, if he were near, that I
would wander outside. Now he is on his estate.

Q14
HAZER
OFF

TECMESSA

If so, I can talk with you with better heart.

Electra

For the present, he is away. ~~What do you want?~~

TECMESSA

Tell me: what of your brother, ^{ORRESTES?} As he really coming or hesitating? That is what I want to know.

Electra

He says he is—but does nothing of what he says.

TECMESSA

A man often hesitates when he does a big thing.

Electra

I did not hesitate when rescuing him.

TECMESSA

Say no more now. I see your sister,
blood of your blood, of the same father and mother,
Chrysothemis, in her hands burial offerings,
the usual sacrifice to the Gods below.

(Enter Chrysothemis, Electra's sister.)

Chrysothemis

What have you come to say out of doors,
sister? Will you never learn, in all this time,
not to give way to your empty anger?
Yet this much I know, and know my own heart, too,
that I am sick at what I see, so that
if I had strength, I would let them know how I feel.
But under pain of punishment, I think,
I must make my voyage with lowered sails,
that I may not seem to do something and then prove
ineffectual. But justice, justice,
is not on my side but on yours. If I am
to live and not as a prisoner, I must
in all things listen to my lords.

Electra

It is strange indeed that you who were born
of our father should forget him
and heed your mother. All these warnings
of me you have learned from her. Nothing is your own.
Now you must make your choice. You who, when I
did everything to take vengeance for my father,
never did a thing to help—yes, discouraged the doer.
Is not this cowardice on top of baseness?

DEIANIRA

No anger, I entreat you. In the words of both
there is value for both, if you, Electra, can
follow her advice and she take yours.

Chrysothemis

O, I am used to her and her words.
I never would have mentioned this, had not
I learned of the greatest of misfortunes coming
Her way to put a stop to her long mourning.

Electra

Tell me of your terror. If you can speak to me
Of something worse than this condition of mine,
I'll not refuse it still.

Chrysothemis

Well, I shall tell you.
From what I learned—and if you don't give over
your present mourning—they will send you where
never a gleam of sun shall visit you.
You shall live out your life in an underground cave
and there bewail sorrows of the world outside.
With this in mind, reflect. And do not blame me
later when you are suffering.
Now is a good time to take thought.

Electra

So this is what they have decided to do with me.

Chrysothemis

Yes, this exactly, when Aegisthus comes home.

Electra

As far as this goes, let him come home soon.

Chrysothemis

Why such a prayer for evil, my poor darling?

Electra

That he may come—if he will do what you say.

Chrysothemis

Hoping that *what* may happen you? Are you crazy?

Electra

That I may get away from you all, as far as I can.

Chrysothemis

Have you no care of this, your present life?

Electra

Mine is indeed a fine life, to be envied.

Chrysothemis

It might be, if you could learn common sense.

Electra

Do not teach me falseness to those I love.

Chrysothemis

That, that is not what I teach, but to yield to authority.

Electra

Practice your flattery. This is not my way.*

Chrysothemis

It is a good thing, though, not to fall through stupidity.

Electra

I shall fall, if I must, revenging my father.

Chrysothemis

My father will have pardon for me, I know.

Electra

These are words that the base may praise.

Chrysothemis

You will not heed me then? You will not agree?

Electra

No, certainly.
May I not yet be so empty-witted.

Chrysothemis

Then I must go on the errand I was bid.

Electra

Where are you going? To whom
bringing burnt offering?

Chrysothemis

My mother sent me with offerings for father's grave.

Electra

What are you saying? To her greatest enemy?

Chrysothemis

"Whom she has killed"—you would add.

Electra

My dear one, not a morsel that you hold
allow to touch that grave, no, nothing.
It would not be God's law nor pious that you
should offer to my father sacrifices
and lustral offerings from that enemy woman.
Throw them to the winds! Pray that Orestes
may live to fight and win against his enemies, ...
and help me, too, and help the dearest of all,
our common father, that lies dead in the underworld.

Chrysothemis

I will do it. It is not reasonable for us two
to squabble about what is just. We must haste to do something.
But, ~~my friends~~, if I attempt this, I must have your silence.
If my mother hears of this, I am sure I shall rue
indeed the attempt I shall make.

Chorus

Justice foreshadowing the event
shall come, in vengeance
and soon. Your father, the king of the Greeks,
never forgotten,

Electra

Wicked indeed were they who were seized
with a passion for a forbidden bed,
for a marriage accursed, stained with murder.

Q15
SND 5
HAZER
ON

Q16
HAZER
OFF

(Queen Clytemnestra enters from the palace.)

Clytemnestra

It seems you are loose again, wandering about.

Chrysothemis

I think it was night terrors that drove her to it.

Aegisthus isn't here, who always restrains you from going abroad and disgracing your family. But now that he is away you pay no heed to me, although there's many a one you have told at length how brutally and how unjustly I lord it over you, insulting you and yours.

There is no insolence in myself, but being abused by you so constantly I give abuse again.

Your father, yes, always your father. Nothing else is your pretext—the death he got from me. From me. I know it, well. There is no denial in me. Justice, Justice it was that took him, not I alone. You would have served the cause of Justice if you had been right-minded. For this your father whom you always mourn, alone of all the Greeks, had the brutality to sacrifice your sister to the Gods, although he had not toiled for her as I did, the mother that bore her, he the begetter only. Tell me, now, why he sacrificed her. Was it for the sake of the Greeks?

They had no share in my daughter to let them kill her. Was it for Menelaus' sake, his brother, that he killed my child? And shall he not then pay for it? Had not this Menelaus two children who ought to have died rather than mine? It was their parents for whose sake all the Greeks set sail for Troy.

This was the act of a father thoughtless or with bad thoughts. That is how I see it even if you differ with me.

The dead girl, if she could speak, would bear me out. I am not dismayed by all that has happened. If you think me wicked, keep your righteous judgment and blame your neighbors.

Electra

This is one time you will not be able to say that the abuse I receive from you was provoked by something painful on my side.

But if you will allow me I will speak truthfully on behalf of the dead man and my dead sister.

Clytemnestra

Of course, I allow you. If you had always begun our conversations so, you would not have been so painful to listen to.

Electra

I will tell you, then.

You say you killed my father. What claim more shameful than that, whether with justice or without it?

My father, as I hear, struggled and fought against

The sacrifice of his daughter, my sister.

Finally, constrained, he killed her—

For deliverance of the Greek army toward Troy.

Even so, is that any reason why he should die

At your hands? By what law?

But I'll maintain that it was not with justice

you killed him, but the seduction of that bad man, with whom you now are living, drew you to it.

It isn't decent to marry with your enemies even for a daughter's sake.

But I may not

even rebuke you! What you always say

is that it is my mother I am reviling.

Mother! I do not count you mother of mine,

but rather a mistress. My life is wretched

because I live with multitudes of sufferings,

inflicted by yourself and your bedfellow.

NURSE

I see she is angry, but whether it is in justice,

I no longer see how I shall think of that.

Clytemnestra

What need have I of thought in her regard

who so insults her mother, when a grown woman?

Don't you think she will go to any lengths, so shameless as she is?

Electra

You may be sure I am ashamed,

although you do not think it. I know why

I act so wrongly, so unlike myself.

The hate you feel for me and what you do

compel me against my will to act as I do.

For ugly deeds are taught by ugly deeds.

Clytemnestra

O vile and shameless, I and my words and deeds

give you too much talk.

Electra

It is you who talk, not I. It is your deeds,

and it is deeds invent the words.

Clytemnestra

Now by the Lady Artemis you shall not escape

the results of your behavior, when Aegisthus comes.

Electra

You see? You let me say what I please, and then you are outraged. You do not know how to listen.

Clytemnestra

Hold your peace at least. Allow me sacrifice, since I have permitted you to say all you will.

Electra

I allow you, yes, I bid you, sacrifice.
Do not blame my lips; for I will say no more.

Paedagogus

Foreign ladies, how may I know for certain, is this the palace of the King Aegisthus?

NURSE

This is it, sir. Your own guess is correct.

Paedagogus

Would I then be right in thinking this lady his wife? She has indeed a royal look.

NURSE

Quite right. Here she is for you, herself.

Paedagogus

Greetings, your Majesty. I come with news, pleasant news for you and Aegisthus and your friends.

Clytemnestra

I welcome what you have said. I would like first to know who sent you here.

Paedagogus

The Phocian,
Phanoteus, charging me with a grave business.

Clytemnestra

What is it, sir? Please tell me. I know well you come from a friend and will speak friendly words.

Paedagogus

Orestes is dead. There it is, in one short word.

Electra

O God, O God! This is the day I die.

Clytemnestra

~~What is this you say, sir, what? Don't listen to her.~~

Paedagogus

~~What I said and say now is "Orestes is dead."~~

Electra

~~God help me, I am dead—I cannot live now.~~

Clytemnestra

Leave her to herself. Sir, will you tell me the truth, in what way did he meet his death?

Paedagogus

This
I was sent to tell, and I will tell you it all.

(8)

SM 6
Q16.5

He went to the glorious gathering that Greece holds
in honor of the Delphic Games, and when
he heard the herald's shrill proclamation

(SOUNDS OF CHARIOT
RACE AND CROWD
w/MUSIC)

For the first contest – it was a Chariot race –
He entered glorious, all men's eyes upon him.
At the signal, a brazen trumpet, they were off. The drivers
Cheered their horses on. All the course was filled
With the noise of rattling chariots. Clouds of dust
Rose up as the mass of drivers, huddled together.

Orestes had been driving last and holding
his horses back, putting his trust in the finish.

But when he saw the leader left alone,
he sent a shrill cry through his good horses' ears
and set to catch him. The two drove level,
the poles were even. First one, now the other,
would push his horses' heads in front.

Orestes always drove tight at the corners
barely grazing the edge of the post with his wheel,
loosing his hold of the trace horse on his right
while he checked the near horse. In his other laps
the poor young man and his horses had come through safe.
But this time he let go of the left rein
as the horse was turning. Unaware, he struck the edge
of the pillar and broke his axle in the center.

He was himself thrown from the rails of the chariot
and tangled in the reins. As he fell, the horses
bolted wildly to the middle of the course.

Dragging him from his car until at last the grooms
with difficulty stopped the runaway team
and freed him, but so covered with blood that no one
of his friends could recognize the unhappy corpse.
They burned him on the pyre. Then men of Phocis
chosen for the task have brought here in a small urn
the lamentable ashes—all that is left
of this great frame, that he may have his grave
here in his father's country.

That is my story,
bitter as stories go, but for us who saw it,
greatest of all ill luck these eyes beheld.

TELMESSA

Woe, woe. The ancient family
of our lords has perished, it seems, root and branch.

116.7

Clytemnestra

Zeus, what shall I say? Shall I say "good luck"
or "terrible, but for the best"? Indeed,
my state is terrible if I must save
my life by the misfortunes of myself.
But now, with this one day I am freed from fear
of her and him. She was the greater evil;
she lived with me, constantly draining
the very blood of life—now perhaps I'll have peace
from her threats. The light of day will come again.

Electra

~~My God! My God!~~ Now must I mourn indeed
your death, Orestes, when your mother here
pours insults on you, dead. Can this be right?

Clytemnestra

Not right for you. But he is right as he is.

Electra

Hear, Nemesis, of the man that lately died!

Clytemnestra

She has heard those she should and done all well.

Electra

Insult us now. For now the luck is yours.

Clytemnestra

Will you not stop this, you and Orestes both?

Electra

We are stopped indeed. We cannot make you stop.

Clytemnestra (to the messenger)

Your coming will be worth much, sir, if you
have stopped my daughter's never ceasing clamor.

Paedagogus (with a feint at departure)

Well, I will go now, if all this is settled.

Clytemnestra

O no! I should do wrong to myself and to
the friend who sent you if I let you go.
Please go inside. Leave her out here to wail
the misfortunes of herself and those she loves.

(Clytemnestra and the assumed messenger go into the house.)

ELECTRA STAMPS
Q17
SM7
HARR
ON

* THE GHOST OF
IPHIGENIA AND
AGAMEMNON ENTER
FROM EITHER
SIDE OF THE
STAGE

Chorus

Where are Zeus's thunderbolts?
Where is the glowing sun?

If they see this and hide it
and hold their peace?

THIS IS SAID BY THE
GHOST OF AGAMEMNON

Electra (cries out)

No

IPHIGENIA

Why do you cry, child?

Electra (cries again)

HE'S DEAD.

IPHIGENIA

Speak no great word.

Electra

You will destroy me.

Chorus AGAMEMNON

How?

SHE SEES HER FATHER'S GHOST

SHE BACKS INTO IPHIGENIA

ELECTRA TURNS TO SEE IPHIGENIA

AND IS HORRIFIED

Chorus IPHIGENIA

Unhappy girl, unhappiness is yours!

Electra

I bear you witness with full knowledge.
Knowledge too full, bred of a life,
the crowded months surging with horrors
many and dreadful!

Chorus

We know what you mean.

Electra

So do not then, I pray you,
divert my thoughts to where

TECMESSA

What do you mean?

Electra

... there is no hope, no kinsfolk,
and none among the nobles that will help. (Enter Chrysothemis.)

Chrysothemis

My darling,
I am so glad, I have run here in haste,
regardless of propriety. I bring you
happiness and a relief from all
the troubles you have had and sorrowed for.

Electra

Where could you find a cure—and who are you
to find it—for my troubles which know no cure?

Chrysothemis ^{our brother, is}

We have Orestes here among us—that is
my news for you—as plain as you see myself.

Electra

Are you mad, poor girl, or can it be you laugh
at what are your own troubles as well as mine?

Chrysothemis

I swear by our father's hearth. It is not in mockery
I speak. He is here in person with us.

Electra

Ah!

Wretched girl! Who told you this that you believed him,
too credulous?

Chrysothemis

My own eyes were the evidence
for what I saw, and no one else.

Electra

Poor thing!

Poor thing! What proof was there to see? What did you
see that has set your heart incurably
afire?

Chrysothemis

I pray you, hear me by the Gods,
and having heard me, call me sane or foolish.

VISUAL:
GHOSTS
EXIT

Q18

HAZER
OFF

Electra

Tell me, then, if the story gives you pleasure.

Chrysothemis

Yes, I will tell you all I saw.

When I came to our father's ancient grave,
At the top of the pyre there was a lock of hair;
as soon as I saw that, something jumped within me
at the familiar sight. I know I saw
the token of my dearest, loved Orestes.
Both then and now I know with certainty
this offering could come from him alone.
Whom else could this concern, save you and me?
I did not do it, I know, and neither did you.
How could you? For you cannot leave this house,
even to pray, but they will punish you for it.

Electra

Oh, how I have been pitying you for your folly!

Chrysothemis

What is this? Do I not say what is to your liking?

Electra

He is dead, my dear. Your rescue at his hands
is dead along with him. Look to him no more.

Chrysothemis

Alas! From whom on earth did you hear this?

Electra

From one that was near to him, when he was dying.

Chrysothemis

Where is he then? I am lost in wonderment.

Electra

In the house. He is our mother's welcome guest.

Chrysothemis

Alas again! But who then would have placed
these many offerings on our father's tomb?

Electra

I think perhaps that someone put them there
as a remembrance of the dead Orestes.

Chrysothemis

Unlucky I! I was so happy coming,
hurrying to bring my news to you, not knowing
what misery we were plunged in. Now when I've come,
I find both our old sorrow and the new.

Electra

That is how you see it. But now listen to me,
and you can relieve the suffering that weighs on us.

Chrysothemis

If I can help at all, I will not refuse.

Electra

Hear me tell you, then, the plans that I have laid.

While I still heard my brother flourished,
alive, I had my hopes he would still come,
some day, to avenge the murder of his father.
But now that he's no more, I look to you,
that you should not draw back from helping me,
your true-born sister, kill our father's murderer
that killed him with his own hand—Aegisthus.

Chrysothemis

Can you not see? You are a woman—no man.

Your physical strength is less than is your enemies'!

Who is there, plotting to kill such a man
as this Aegisthus, would come off unhurt?

We two are now in trouble. Look to it that
we do not get ourselves trouble still worse
if someone hears what you have said.

I beg of you, before you utterly
destroy us and exterminate our family,
check your temper. All that you have said to me
shall be, for my part, unspoken, unfulfilled.

Be sensible, you, and, at long last, being weaker,
learn to give in to those that have the strength.

Chorus

By Zeus of the Lightning Bolt,
by Themis, Dweller in Heaven,
not long shall the murderers go unpunished.

Electra, betrayed, alone,
is ready to leave the light
if only she can kill
the two Furies of her house.

Electra

The deed must then be done by my own hand
alone. For I will not leave it unfulfilled.

TELMESSA

Give heed to her. No greater gain for man
than the possession of a sensible mind!

Electra

Understand, at least, how you dishonor me.

Chrysothemis

There is no dishonor, only forethought for you.

Electra

Must I then follow *your* conception of justice?

Chrysothemis

You will think it *ours*, when you come to your senses.

Electra

It is terrible to speak well and be wrong.

Chrysothemis

A very proper description of yourself.

Electra

What! Do you not think that I say what I do with justice?

Q19

SMO 8
HAZER
ON

Q20

HAZER
OFF

Chrysothemis

There are times when even justice brings harm with it.

Electra

These are laws by which I would not wish to live.

Chrysothemis

If you made your attempt, you would find that I was right.

Electra

Yes, I will make it. You will not frighten me.

Chrysothemis

Are you sure now? You will not think again?

Electra

No enemy is worse than bad advice.

Chrysothemis

You cannot agree with any of what I say?

Electra

I have made my mind up—

Chrysothemis

I will go away then. You cannot bring yourself to find my words right, nor I your disposition.

Electra

Go then. I will never call you back,

Orestes (disguised as a Phocian countryman)

I wonder, will you signify within that certain men of Phocis seek Aegisthus.

Electra

O God, O God, are these the certain proofs you bring of rumors we had before you came?

Orestes

I do not know about rumor. Old Strophius sent me here to bring news about Orestes.

Electra

What is it, sir? How fear steals over me!

Orestes

We have the small remains of him in this urn, this little urn you see us carrying.

Electra

Alas, Alas! This is it indeed, all clear. Here is my sorrow visible, before me.

Orestes

If you are one that sorrows for Orestes and his troubles, know this urn contains his body.

Electra

Sir, give it to me, by the Gods. If he is hidden in this urn—give it into my hands, that I may keen and cry lament together for myself and all my race with these ashes here.

Orestes (speaking to his men)

Bring it and give it to her, whoever she is. It is not in enmity she asks for it. One of his friends perhaps, or of his blood.

Electra (speaking to the urn)

Oh, all there is for memory of my love,
my most loved in the world, all that is left
of live Orestes, is nothingness,

You called me always "sister." Now in one day
all that is gone—for you are dead.

Orestes

Is this the distinguished beauty, *Electra*?

Electra

Yes.

A miserable enough *Electra*, truly.

Orestes

Alas for this most lamentable event!

Electra

Is it for me, sir, you are sorrowing?

Orestes

Form cruelly and godlessly abused!

Electra

None other than myself must be the subject
of your ill-omened words, sir.

Orestes

Poor girl! When I look at you, how I pity you.

Electra

Then you are the only one that ever pitied me.

Orestes

Yes. I alone came here and felt your pain.

Electra

You haven't come as, in some way, our kinsman?

Orestes

I will tell—if (*pointing to the Chorus*) I may speak here among
friends.

Electra

Yes, friends indeed. You may speak quite freely.

Orestes

Give up this urn then, and you shall know all.

Electra

Don't take it from me, stranger—by the Gods!

Orestes

Do what I bid you. You will not be wrong.

Electra

By your beard! Do not rob me of what I love most!

Orestes

I will not let you have it.

Electra

O *Orestes*!

Alas, if I may not even give you burial!

Orestes

No words of ill omen! You have no right to mourn.

Electra

Have I no right to mourn for my dead brother?

Orestes

You have no right to call him by that name.

Electra

Am I then so dishonored in his sight?

Orestes

No one dishonors you. Mourning is not for you.

Electra

It is—if I hold Orestes' body here.

Orestes

No body of Orestes—except in fiction.

Electra

Where is the poor boy buried then?

Orestes

Nowhere.

There is no grave for living men.

Electra

How, boy,

What do you mean?

Orestes

Nothing that is untrue.

Electra

Is he alive then?

Orestes

Yes, if I am living.

Electra

And are you he?

Orestes

Look at this signet ring
that was our father's, and know if I speak true.

Electra

O happiest light!

Orestes

Happiest I say, too.

Electra

Voice, have you come?

Orestes

Hear it from no other voice.

Electra

Do my arms hold you?

Orestes

Never again to part.

Electra (to the Chorus)

Dearest of women, fellow citizens,
here is Orestes, that was dead in craft,
and now by craft restored to life again.

Chorus

We see, my child, and at your happy fortune
a tear of gladness trickles from our eyes.

Electra

Child of the body that I loved the best,
at last you have come,
you have come, you have found, you have known those you
yearned for.

Orestes

Yes, I have come.
But bide your time in silence.

Electra

Why?

Orestes

Silence is better, that none inside may hear.

Electra

No, by Artemis, ever virgin.
That I will never stoop to fear—
the women inside there,
always a vain burden on the earth.

Orestes

Yes, but consider that in women too
there lives a warlike spirit. You have proof of it.

Electra

Alas, indeed.
You have awakened my sorrow no cloud can dim,
no expiation wash away,
no forgetfulness overcome,
no measure can fit,
in all its frightfulness.

Orestes

I know that too. But when you may speak freely,
then is the time to remember what was done.

Electra

Brother, your pleasure shall be mine. These joys
I have from you. They are not mine to own.
For me your coming is a miracle,
so that if my father should come back to life
I would think it no wonder but believe
I saw him. Since your coming is such for me,
lead as you will. Had I been all alone,
I would not have failed to win one of two things,
a good deliverance or a good death for me.

Orestes

Hush, hush! I hear one of the people within
coming out.

Electra (still loudly to the servants of Orestes)

In with you, friends and guests,
~~more so, since what you are carrying in is that~~
~~which no one will reject there—nor be glad,~~
~~once he has got it.~~

Paedagogus (coming from inside)

Fools and madmen! No
concern for your own lives at all! No sense
to realize that you are not merely near
the deadliest danger, but in its very midst.
If I had not, this while past, stood sentry here
at the door, your plans would now be in the house
before your bodies. I and I only
took the precautions. Have done once and for all
with your long speeches, your insatiate
cries of delight! And in with you at once.
As we are now, delay is ruinous.
It is high time to have done with our task.

Orestes

How shall I find everything inside?

Paedagogus

Well. There is no chance of your recognition.

Orestes

You have announced my death, I understand.

Paedagogus

You are dead and gone—for all your being here.

Orestes

Were they glad of it? Or what did they say?

Paedagogus

I will tell you at the end. As things are now,
all on their side is well—even what is not so.

Electra

Brother, who is this man? I beg you, tell me.

Orestes

~~Do you not know him?~~

Electra

~~I cannot even guess.~~

Orestes

Do you not know him to whose hands you gave me?

Electra

What, this man?

Orestes

By his hands and by your forethought
I was conveyed away to Phocian country.

Electra

Is this the man, alone among so many,
whom I found loyal when my father was murdered?

Orestes

This is he. There is no need for further questions.

Paedagogus

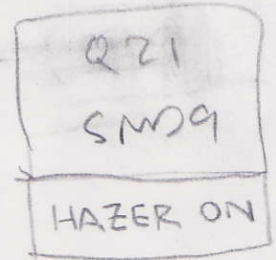
Enough, I think. As for the story
of the happenings in between, there are many days
and nights, as time comes round, to tell you all
clearly, Electra. But as you two stand here
I say to you: now is your chance to act.
Clytemnestra is alone. No man is there.
If you stop now, you will have others to fight
more clever and more numerous than these.

Orestes

Pylades, we have time no longer for lengthy speeches.
We must get inside as quick as ever we can,
~~only first worshiping the ancestral Gods~~
~~whose statues stand beside the forecourt here.~~

X

(Exit Orestes.)



Chorus

The courses are being fulfilled;
those under the earth are alive;
men long dead draw from their killers
blood to answer blood.

And here they come. The red hand reeks
with War God's sacrifice. I cannot blame them.

Clytemnestra (cries from within the house)

House, O house
deserted by friends, full of killers!

Electra

Someone cries out, inside. Do you hear?

Chorus

What I hear is a terror to the ear.
I shudder at it.

Clytemnestra (cries again)

Oh! Oh!
Aegisthus, where are you?

Electra

~~Again, that cry!~~

Clytemnestra

My son, my son,
pity your mother!

Electra

You had none for him,
nor for his father that begot him.

Chorus

City,
and miserable generation, now
the day-to-day pursuing fate is dying.

SND9@ 1:05

Q 21.5

Clytemnestra
Oh! I am struck!

Electra
If you have strength—again!

Clytemnestra
Once more! Oh!

Electra
Would Aegisthus were with you!

Chorus
See how the War God approaches,
breathing bloody vengeance, invincible.
help us in the fulfilment of our plans
and prove to all mankind the punishment
the Gods exact for wickedness.

SND9@ 1:26

Q 22

Electra
Orestes, how have you fared?

HAZER OFF

Orestes
In the house, all
is well, if well Apollo prophesied.

NEXT PAGE →

Electra

Is the wretch dead?

Orestes

You need fear no more
that your proud mother will dishonor you.

Chorus

Stop! I can see Aegisthus clearly
coming this way.

Electra

~~Boys, back to the house!~~

Orestes

He is in our power!

Electra

~~He walks from the suburb full of joy.~~

Chorus **ELECTRA**

Back to the vestibule, quick as you can.
You have done one part well. Here is the other.

Orestes

Do not be concerned, we will do it.

Electra

Go

where you will, then.

Orestes

See, I am gone (*hiding himself*).

Electra

Leave what is here to me.

Chorus

A few words spoken softly in his ear
would be good, that unawares
he may rush to his fight where Justice
will be his adversary.

Aegisthus

Which of you knows where the Phocians are?
I am told they are come here with news for me
that Orestes met his end in a chariot wreck.
You there, yes, I mean you, you, you—
you have been bold enough before, and I should think
it is you these news concern most and therefore
you will know best to tell me.

Electra

I know. Of course. Were it not so, I would
be outcast from what concerns my best beloved.

Aegisthus

Where are the strangers then? Tell me that.

Electra

Inside. They have found their hostess very kind.

Aegisthus

And do they genuinely report his death?

Q23
SM10
HAZER ON

Q24
HAZER OFF

Electra

Better than that. They have brought himself, not news.

Aegisthus

Can I then see the body in plain sight?

Electra

You can indeed. It is an ugly sight.

Aegisthus

What you say delights me—an unusual thing!

Electra

You may delight, if you can find it here.

Aegisthus

Silence now! (*to the servants*) I command you, open the doors
for Mycenaeans, Argives all, to see
that if there be a man whom empty hope
has still puffed up, he may look on the dead
and so accept my biting, so may shun
a forcible encounter with myself
and punishment to make him grow some sense.

Electra

I have done everything on my side. At long last
I have learned some sense, agreement with the stronger.

Aegisthus (looking at the shrouded corpse)

O Zeus, I see an image of what happened
not without envy of Gods. If that is something
I should not say, because of Nemesis,
I take it back. Draw all the covers from
his face that kinship at least may have due mourning.

Orestes

Touch it yourself. This body is not mine,
it is only yours—to see and greet with love.

Aegisthus

True. I accept that. Will you call out
Clytemnestra if she is at home?

Orestes

She is near you.
You need not look elsewhere.

Aegisthus (as the face of Clytemnestra confronts him)

What do I see?

Orestes

Something you fear? Do you not know the face?

Aegisthus

Who are you that have driven us into the net
in which this victim fell?

Orestes

Did you take so long
to find that your names are all astray
and those you call the dead are living?

VISUAL:
PULLS BACK
VEIL

SND 11

Aegisthus

Ah!

I understand. And you who speak to me
can only be Orestes.

Orestes

Were you, so good a prophet, so long misled?

Aegisthus

This is my end then. Let me say one word.

Electra

Not one, not one word more,
I beg you, brother. Do not draw out the talking.
~~When men are in the middle of trouble, when one
is on the point of death, how can time matter?~~
Kill him as quickly as you can. ~~And killing
throw him out to find such burial as suit him
out of our sights. This is the only thing
that can bring me redemption from
all my past sufferings.~~

Orestes (to Aegisthus)

In with you, then. It is not words that now
are the issue, but your life.

Aegisthus

Why to the house?

Why do you need the dark if what you do
is fair? Why is your hand not ready to kill me?

Orestes

You are not to give orders. In where you killed him,
my father, so you may die in the same place!

Aegisthus

Must this house, by absolute necessity,
see the evils of the Pelopidae, now and to come?

Orestes

Yours it shall see, at least.
At least yours. There I am an excellent prophet.

Aegisthus

Your father did not have the skill you boast of. ←

Orestes

Too many words! You are slow to take your road.
Go now.

Aegisthus

You lead the way.

Orestes

No, you go first.

Aegisthus

Afraid that I'll escape you?

AEGISTHUS ATTACKS -
SWORD FIGHT BTWN
AEGISTHUS AND ORESTES.
ORESTES WINS.

Orestes

No, but you shall not
die as you choose. I must take care that death
is bitter for you. Justice shall be taken
directly on all who act above the law—
justice by killing. So we would have less villains.

~~Chorus~~ ELECTRA

O race of Atreus, how many sufferings
were yours before you came at last so hardly
to freedom, perfected by this day's deed.

