

I love the way Anne Carson's language interrupts my routine thought processes and opens space where realization annihilates what I think I know. With *Antigonick*, Carson breaks open Antigone's story by making it hyper-aware of its own history, with characters conscious of their reincarnations in Brecht, Hegel, and Sophocles. This flexibility of awareness allows Carson's language to shift in and out of tunes, from contemporary to antiquated, deadpan to hot-blooded, without losing its music. It allows us to visit the subconscious thought level of Antigone's caved psyche, the monument erected by Kreon's preferred vocabulary, and the haunted ground where a dead brother lives—all within one moral argument.

I am personally inspired by Antigone's superhuman courage to bury her brother when everybody she knows wants to stay safe and stable and alive (can you blame them?). While for me, Antigone's courage is a feat, for Antigone, the action seems like the natural extension of a love so obvious, nobody else can quite grasp it. In a world where people do as they are and human nature, flawed as it might be, reigns supreme, it is good to have a writer like Anne Carson to create space for a new way in.

-Caitlyn Tella