

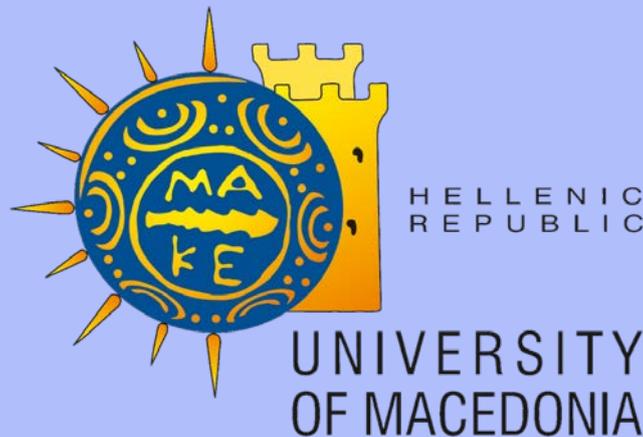
IPDC 2017

INTERNATIONAL PANEL DATA CONFERENCE

40th Anniversary



Conference Dinner Program



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TZIOLAS
PUBLICATIONS

Performers and Contributors

Actors: Achilleas Dimitriadis, Maria Malouchou and Christina Karagrighoriou

Artistic and Choir Director of “IDYMELON”: Ioannis Tsamis

Sound Engineer: George Asimopoulos

Translation: Katerina Sarafidou

About Achilleas Dimitriadis (Kreon)

Achilleas was born in Thessaloniki. He completed a diploma in interior design at Euclid School, specializing in stage design. He began his theatrical activity at the age of 10. He graduated from the Drama School of Mary Soidou, where he later taught as a professor of drama for six years. He has participated in more than 80 theatre plays. Besides the theatre, he has worked at establishing and promoting the creation of spaces of artistic musical expression with live music.

About Maria Malouchou (Antigoni)

Maria has a Bachelor Degree on Drama and Theater Studies from the Royal Holloway University of London, and a Master’s Degree from the same university. Subsequently, she trained at the Greek National Theatre Drama School in Athens for a few years. She has participated in several theatre plays, both in Athens and at the National Theatre of Northern Greece.

About Christina Karagrighoriou (Chorus)

Christina has graduated from the Higher Drama School of G. Rontidis in Thessaloniki, Greece. She has participated in several theatre plays and she has appeared in more than ten movies. In the past she has taught filmmaking and hosted her own radio show at “City International” radio station.

About the Byzantine Choir IDYMELON

Byzantine Choir Idymelon is a choral vocal ensemble, with an active presence in traditional and byzantine music over the last twelve years. Faithful to the long history of its fatherland, it aims to study, preserve and promote the authentic elements of byzantine music all over the world. Its members, having studied with some of the most prominent music teachers of modern Greece, convey with style and sensitivity the complexity and sophistication of byzantine vocal music.

Byzantine Choir Idymelon have released two studio albums entitled “Today comes Christ” with carols by Saint Lazarus, and “Sacred Paths – My Soul, My Soul” with Great Lent hymns. They have collaborated with prominent Greek cantors, such as Harilaos Taliadoros, Theodoros Vasilikos, and Asterios Devrelis; with artists such as Petros Gaitanos, Eleni Vitali, Glykeria, and Areti Ketime; and with choirs inside and outside Greece, such as The Masters of Chanting Art in Athens, the Spanish Gregorian choir Schola Antiqua, the choir of the ecclesiastical school of Mount Lebanon S.E.M., and the Sretensky Monastery Choir in Moscow.

They have appeared live in festivals, concerts and places of worship in Cyprus, Spain, Mexico, Lebanon, Russia, Serbia, Belarus, the Ecumenical Patriarchate, the Patriarchate of Alexandria, the Monastery of Saint Catherine of Sinai, the Monastery Kostamonitou in Mount Athos, and others. They featured in a documentary series entitled “Sacred Paths” which was broadcast in ET3 Channel during 2008 - 2010, as well as in a number of other monastic and Christian stations all over the world.

Byzantine Heritage of Thessaloniki

Along with Constantinople (modern Istanbul), Thessaloniki was the co-reigning capital of the Byzantine Empire, which was established ca. 330 AD and lasted for more than a millennium. Nowadays the city is considered to be the place with the largest surviving Byzantine tradition and heritage. Fifteen Byzantine monuments in Thessaloniki are listed as UNESCO World Heritage sites.

ANTIGONE (by Sophocles) **[Summary of Play]**

The beginning of the play starts with the end of a civil war in Thebes, which was led by two brothers on opposite sides. After the bloody siege of the city by Polyneices and his allies, Thebes stands unconquered. Polyneices and his brother Eteocles, however, are both dead, killed by each other.

Creon, the new King of Thebes, orders that Eteocles, who died defending the city, should be buried with full honours, whereas the body of Polyneices, the invader, should be left to rot in public shame. His body should not be sanctified by holy rites, and will lie unburied in the battlefield – the harshest punishment at the time. Creon declared that anyone attempting to bury Polyneices will be put to death. The Chorus of Elders in the city pledge their support to the King.

Antigone, sister of the dead Polyneices and Eteocles, decides to bury Polyneices's body, in defiance of Creon's edict. Creon discovers that someone has attempted to offer a ritual burial to Polyneices and demands that the guilty one be found and brought before him. Antigone does not deny what she has done and makes an impassioned argument about the morality of her actions and the immorality of the edict, declaring Creon's order to be against the laws of the Gods themselves. Enraged by Antigone's refusal to submit to his authority, Creon declares that she is put to death.

Haemon, Creon's son who was engaged to Antigone, advises his father to reconsider his decision saying that "under cover of darkness, the city mourns for the girl." Creon accuses Haemon of weakness, and Haemon accuses Creon of arrogance. Haemon leaves in anger, swearing never to return. Creon pronounces that Antigone will be sealed in a tomb to die of starvation. Antigone is taken away to her living tomb, with the Chorus expressing great sorrow for what is going to happen to her.

The blind prophet Teiresias warns Creon that the Gods disapprove of his leaving Polyneices unburied. Creon accuses Teiresias as corrupt, but Teiresias insists that unless Creon reconsiders, the Gods will punish him with the death of his own son, they will not accept the sacrificial offerings of Thebes, and all of Greece will despise him. The Chorus, terrified, asks Creon to free Antigone and bury Polyneices. Creon, shaken, agrees to do it.

But Creon's change of heart comes too late. Antigone has hanged herself and Haemon, in desperate agony, kills himself as well. On hearing the news of her son's death, Eurydice, the Queen, also kills herself, cursing Creon.

A broken man, Creon accepts responsibility for all that has happened. The order he valued so much has been protected, and he is still the King, but he has acted against the Gods and lost his children and his wife as a result. The play ends with the Chorus saying that the Gods punish the proud, but this punishment also brings wisdom.

Classical Greek Tragedy

ANTIGONE

by Sophocles

CHORUS

Many are the world's wonders, but nothing more wondrous than man:
Over the surging sea he goes, against the stormy south wind,
and through the foam of the roaring waves, man makes his perilous way.
And the greatest of deities, the inexhaustible and imperishable Earth, he furrows and plows year
after year, the timeless labour of stallions.

CREON

You, Antigone,
You with your head hanging and your downcast eyes, do you confess to this deed?

ANTIGONE

I do. I deny nothing.

CREON

Then answer this plain question:
Had you not heard my proclamation about this matter?
Did you knowingly defy the law?

ANTIGONE

I did. Because it was not God's proclamation. Nor was it Divine Justice,
which lives with the Gods of the underworld, that made such a law.

Your edict, King, was strong, but you are still a mortal man.
And all your power cannot override the immortal, unwritten laws of the Gods.
Because those laws are not passing - they are not temporary. They are eternal, and they have been
operative forever. No one knows where they came from. They are utterly beyond man. No fear of
mortal men can make me betray eternal laws.

I knew I must die, even without your decree - I am only mortal myself.
And if I must die now, before it is my time to go, this is no hardship.
Because whoever lives in such misery thinks of death as a friend.

The pain of my own death is no pain to me.

But if I had left my brother lying unburied in death, that would be suffering to me.

Now, I have nothing to suffer from. And nothing to regret.

And if you think me a fool for my choices, then it is a fool who convicts me of folly.

So kill me. Is there anything that you want more than my death?

CREON

Nothing. If I have your death, I have everything.

ANTIGONE

Then what are you waiting for? Your words are offensive to me,

as I am sure that mine seem so to you.

And yet I should have praise and honour for burying my own brother.

All these men here would praise me, were their lips not frozen shut with fear of you.

But Kings, with all the good fortune that they have, they are also licensed to say and do whatever they please.

CREON

Of all those men here, you are alone with that view.

ANTIGONE

No, they see things as I do, but they hold their tongue before you.

CREON

And have you no shame to differ from all these people?

ANTIGONE

No. There is no shame in honouring my kin.

CREON

But was his enemy, the one he murdered, not your kin too?

ANTIGONE

Yes, he was my brother too. We were all from the same mother and father.

CREON

Then why do you insult his memory by honouring the one who killed him?

ANTIGONE

The dead would not be insulted.

CREON

He would. For you honour an evil man just as much as you honour him.

ANTIGONE

Evil or not, they were brothers, equal in blood.

CREON

The one waged war against his country. The other one died defending it.

ANTIGONE

Nevertheless – the laws of the dead apply equally to all.

CREON

But the evil and the good are not the same, and therefore they cannot have an equal fate.

ANTIGONE

Who knows how crimes and virtues of this world are seen in the eyes of the Gods?

CREON

Not even death can make an enemy a friend.

ANTIGONE

My nature is to join in love, not in hate.

CREON

Die then, and if you must love, you can love the dead from the Underworld.

ANTIGONE

I'm ready to die. Do with me what you want.

CREON

She will be taken to a desert place, un-trodden by man
And will be buried alive inside a stone vault.

She shall have food,
just enough so that the State can avoid the taint of her death.

There, let her call in aid the God of the Underworld,
the one God she reveres so much.
Perhaps the God will show her an escape from death
Or she may learn, albeit late, that honouring the dead is wasted effort.

ANTIGONE

You see me, citizens of my country, walk my final path.
I see the bright sunlight for the last time.
The God of the Underworld summons me to the cold shores of his river.
I will never know the joy of union with another. There is no bridesong there.
I will be in union with Death.

O grave, O bridal bed, my eternal home inside the earth,
I start my journey to you, the journey to see my kin again,
who were long welcomed to the Underworld by Persephone.
I am the last one to pass, my years cut short.
But I have hope that I shall find my father who will welcome me with love, and you my mother, to
welcome me with love, and you, my dearest brother.
Because it was my hand that washed you and honoured you in death.
And for honouring you, my brother Polyneices, for burying your body – my reward is my death.

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