

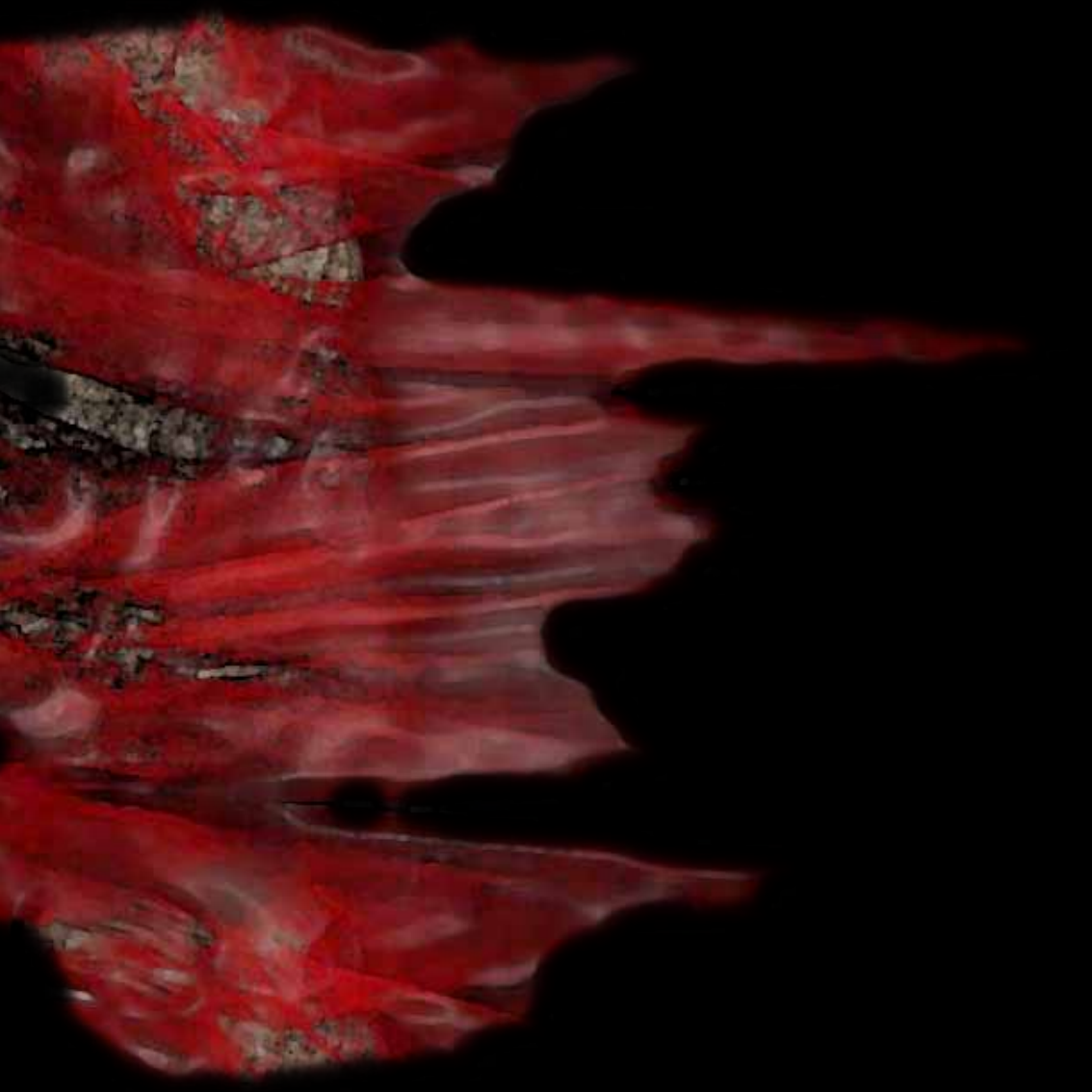
ANCIENT PATHOS

THEATRE FESTIVAL



6|8 GIUGNO 2013
JUNE

VERONA|ITALY



THE PROJECT | IL PROGETTO

Ancient pathos is a project which involves four partners (Fondazione Aida/Italia, Aeroplio-Topos-Allou/Grecia, Boga Network/Spagna, Taastrup Theatre/Danimarca), looking for their theatrical tradition connected to the myth and the ancient tragedy. Every volunteer has produced a performance and an integrated play with the other, in which different backgrounds and levels of experience get merged.

The conclusion of the project will be in Verona in a three days festival open to the public, from 6th to 8th June. Performances will be free.

To book, please send an e-mail to estero@f-aida.it or call 045.8001471, giving your name and surname, e-mail or telephone number, performance/s which you are interested in and number of seats.

Il Progetto europeo Ancient Pathos è un percorso che vede il coinvolgimento di quattro partner (Fondazione Aida/Italia, Aeroplio-Topos-Allou/Grecia, Boga Network/Spagna, Taastrup Theatre/Danimarca) alla ricerca della propria tradizione teatrale legata al mito e alla tragedia antica. Ogni partecipante ha creato il proprio spettacolo e una performance comune con gli altri, in cui si sono combinati i diversi contesti di provenienza e di esperienza.

Il momento conclusivo del progetto si terrà a Verona in tre giorni di festival aperto al pubblico, dal 6 all'8 giugno.

Gli spettacoli saranno ad ingresso gratuito.

Per prenotare i posti, inviare una mail a estero@f-aida o chiamare allo 045.8001471, indicando nome e cognome, e-mail o telefono, spettacolo/i a cui si intende partecipare e numero di posti richiesti (fino ad esaurimento).



TEATRO
CAMPLOY

GIO
THU 6 JUNE

H18:00

HOUSE OF ATREIDES

AEROPOLIO-TOPOS-ALLOU | Greece

ENGLISH

TEXT SYNTHESIS AND DIRECTION: Nikolas Kamtsis

STAGE AND COSTUME DESIGN: Mika Panagou

MUSIC: Costas Haritatos

VIDEO PROJECTION: Michalis Papadogiannakis

VIDEO EDITING: George Alexiou

ACTORS: Iro Karra,
Eleni Adamidou,
Nectarios Farmakis,
Alikì Katsavou

The play is not a classic tragedy as we know it, but a compilation of many scenes from well-known tragedies by Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Everything revolves around the heroes of these tragedies, such as Clytemnestra, Electra, Iphigenia, Orestes. The Aristotelian Catharsis prevails, for both characters and audience. Let you getting involved in such a magic "ancient pathos".

Lo spettacolo non è la classica tragedia come tutti la conosciamo, ma una raccolta di scene tratte da quelle maggiormente conosciute di Eschilo, Sofocle ed Euripide. Tutto gira intorno agli eroi di queste tragedie: Clitemnestra, Elettra, Ifigenia, Oreste. Durante la performance la catarsi aristotelica portata in scena dagli attori coinvolgerà anche il pubblico. Lasciatevi trasportare da questo magico "Ancient pathos".

AEROPOLIO-TOPOS-ALLOU

is an artistic theatrical non-profit organisation that was founded in 1985. It is active on many levels: classic and contemporary theatre for adults and young people; hospitality for foreign companies; workshops, conferences and festivals for young actors.

organizzazione artistica e teatrale no-profit, è stata fondata nel 1985. È attiva su molti livelli: teatro classico e contemporaneo per giovani e adulti; ospitalità per compagnie dall'estero; laboratori, conferenze e festival per giovani attori.

JUNE 6 GIO
THU

TEATRO
CAMPLOY
H21:00

X-FACTOR ELECTRA ETNOPORNO

TAASTRUP TEATER | Denmark

ENGLISH

DIRECTION: Henriette Holm Pathare

SCENOGRAPHER: Susanne Juul

PRODUCTION MANAGER, LIGHT, AV DESIGN:
Mik Manley Andersson

SOUND DESIGN: Jonas Jørgensen

MANUSCRIPT: America Vera-Zavala

The protagonist Aisha is a young woman, who has had enough. She is struggling with her identity, being trapped between two cultures, and the hypocrisy and oppression of women that she sees all around her. Hassan Preisler, a Danish actor and debater, leads a debate following the monologue, about topics like identity, prejudice, cultural differences and the role of the media.

TAASTRUP THEATRE

specializes in productions about contemporary societal issues, such as cultural and ethnic diversity, globalization, poverty and social exclusion etc. It co-produces drama with other theatres nationally and internationally, and offers different educational and social opportunities.

PHOTOS, POSTERS, PROGRAMS:
www.baesfoto.dk

VIDEO: Søren Kuhn

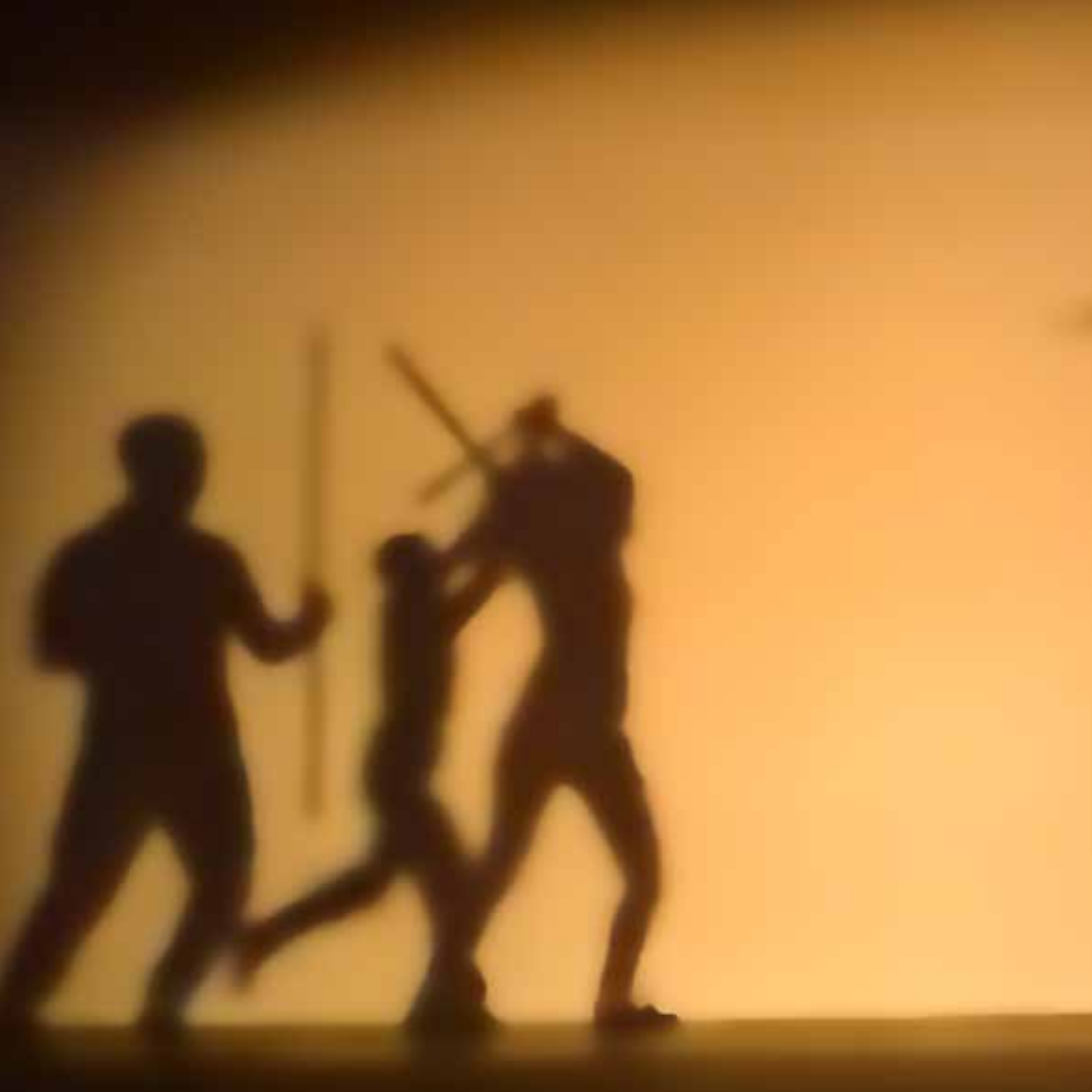
DEBATER: Hassan Preisler

ACTORS: Amira Jasmina,
Shalaby Jensen

La protagonista, Aisha, è una giovane donna che non ne può più. Lotta con la propria identità, intrappolata tra due culture e tra l'ipocrisia e l'oppressione delle donne che vede intorno a sé. Hassan Preisler, attrice e argomentatrice danese, dirigerà un dibattito che seguirà il monologo, su temi come l'identità, il pregiudizio, le differenze culturali e il ruolo dei media.

è specializzato in produzioni che riguardano temi sociali contemporanei come la diversità culturale ed etnica, la globalizzazione, la povertà e l'esclusione sociale. È co-produttore di spettacoli di prosa con altri teatri nazionali ed internazionali e offre diverse opportunità educative e sociali.





TEATRO
FILIPPINI

VEN
FRI 7 JUNE

H18:00

THE CONSTANT PRINCE

P. CALDERON DE LA BARCA

BOGA NETWORK | Spain

ENGLISH

DIRECTION, LIGHTING AND SOUND:
Victor M. Rivera

STAGE, COSTUME DESIGN AND MUSIC ADAPTION:
Escuela Municipal de teatro Ciudad de Atarfe

COLLABORATORS: Pedro Álvarez, Fuencisla Moreno,
Rafael Lòpez, Francisco Javier Pérez

PRODUCTION: BOGA network

ACTORS: José Alberto Calvo,
Marta Fernandez,
Adrián Hueso,
Iván Lechuga,
José Luis Otero,
Francisco Pozo,
Andrea Retamero,
Fuencisla Sánchez,
Luis Javier Sánchez

An history of honour, faith and constance.
An history where a prince deprive himself of all his benefits to save a town. The project was born to investigate the consequence of ancient myths, in present times. Calderón de la Barca, author of the play, shows us how the human tragedy of the past is the same as the present.

BOGA NETWORK

is a European non-profit association which is constituted by fifteen members, in ten different countries. Its aims are to create artistic products; to help local populations through artistic forms and manifestations; to promote the development of the European Citizenship and the Citizen Participation in equality.

Una storia di onore, fede e costanza. Una storia nella quale un principe si spoglia di tutta la sua maestà per salvare una città. Il progetto nasce dall'idea di indagare la ripercussione dei miti antichi nella modernità. Calderón de la Barca, autore dell'opera, ci mostra come la tragedia umana del passato è la stessa di oggi.

è un'associazione no-profit europea, costituita da quindici membri provenienti da dieci nazioni diverse. Mira a creare produzioni artistiche, aiutare le popolazioni locali attraverso manifestazioni, promuovendo lo sviluppo del senso di cittadinanza europea ed equa partecipazione.

JUNE 7 VEN
FRI

TEATRO
FILIPPINI
H21:00

THYESTES

FONDAZIONE AIDA | Italy

ITALIAN

ADAPTATION FROM SENECA'S TEXT: Simone Azzoni

SCRIPT AND DIRECTION: Lorenzo Bassotto

LIGHT AND SOUND: Matteo Pozzobon

COSTUMES: Marco Ferrara

PRODUCTION: Fondazione Aida

Seneca approaches violence as a burning topic. He approaches it with caution, he doesn't put it up in the scene, as a literary attempt to suffocate it. He approaches it coldly as a surgeon would approach. The meticulous function of the scalpel is translated in word, perfectly sharp and evocative.

FONDAZIONE AIDA

was established in Verona in 1983 with the aim of promoting children's theatre. While children's theatre still remains one of its core activities, its goal has expanded including a wide range of activities that promotes every aspect of culture through important national and international projects.

ACTORS: Lorenzo Bassotto,
Monica Ceccardi,
Irene Fioravante,
Roberto Macchi,
Marco Zoppello

Seneca si avvicina alla violenza come ad una materia che scotta, con cautela, non la mette mai in scena, quasi in un tentativo di soffocamento letterario. L'approccia con freddezza, come farebbe un chirurgo. La precisa funzione del bisturi è tradotta in parola, tagliente alla perfezione ed evocatrice.

è stata fondata a Verona nel 1983 con lo scopo di promuovere il teatro ragazzi. Mentre questa rimane ancora una delle sue attività principali, il fine si è ampliato includendo numerose altre iniziative di promozione della cultura, attraverso progetti nazionali e internazionali.





MUSEO
MAFFEIANO

SAB
SAT 8 JUNE

H21:00

ANCIENT PATHOS

ANCIENT PATHOS | Denmark, Greece, Italy, Spain

ENGLISH

TEXT SYNTHESIS: Nicholas Kamtsis

The merger of the four European realities will lead to a performance where artistic expressions and different narrative styles will convey to a single result through a common language, the theatre. The cast will be composed by actors from every group and they will be guided by Nikolas Kamtsis, the Greek manager and director, who also coordinated the whole project.

La fusione delle quattro realtà europee darà vita a uno spettacolo in cui espressioni artistiche e stili narrativi diversi convergeranno in un unico risultato, attraverso un linguaggio comune, il teatro. Il cast sarà composto da attori provenienti da tutti i gruppi sotto la guida di Nikolas Kamtsis, il regista e manager greco, che ha coordinato anche l'intero progetto.

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

ANCIENT PATHOS

DENMARK, GREECE, ITALY, SPAIN

ON THE SCREEN There is a night darker than the night
He who enters it, loses sense of time
He speaks curiously, confusing inside with out
He lives Death
With a deep fear, an abyss, pinned forever to his chest,
Devastated by violence and seeing what no-one else sees, beneath the
severe reminders of the stars.

NARRATOR There, the day reads backwards, and the other world becomes the
burden of the world where no-one... No-one returns the same
The paths of the night. Alone. The body rigid. The heart unyielding
and empty. The void inside, driving towards barren encounters.
Clytemnestra. The archaic queen. She received a message from her
husband ordering her to take her daughter Iphigenia to Avlida to be
wed to Achilles.

Lies. Murder was on his mind, Murder for the young deer.
The ships waited helplessly to sail the seas to Troy. But the winds would
not aid the Greeks.
Artemis demanded a sacrifice in order to allow the winds to blow.
AGAMEMNON An old forgotten sin. While hunting I slaughtered a deer. The
Goddesses' loved one.

AΦΗΓΗΤΗΣ B The Goddess is unforgiving. She shows no mercy and she seeks
Agamemnonas daughter. Iphigenia. The young child.

NARRATOR Her mother Clytemnestra loved her more than anything.

AGAMEMNON The Greeks awaited. Looked me in the eye and were expectant of me.
Just like eaglets expect from their mother.

NARRATOR Clytemnestra lays her eyes on her husband. She begs, she pleads him
to spare the child.

CLYTEMNESTRA Then hear me now! I shall make my words plain and simple.
No more dark hints!

AGAMEMNON Oh dark fate! Dark destiny, and fortune

CLYTEMNESTRA By force you wedded me,
I never loved you! You murdered Tantalus, my first dear husband;
and my little son, you tore him from my breast.
Father, wherever you are. Be my assistant. With your wisdom, let my
daughter live and enjoy the bright sun of the day. She is so young to be
wrapped up in the darkness of Hades.
Agamemnon and Clytemnestra freeze. The lights became blue and
Tandalus appear like a vision/ghost or a person from other world to
make a flashback

TANTALUS What do you want? Who calls me?
Let me act my part... always the same, always:
again and again... forever. Always the same performance... always
identical. Is there anything more interesting than my play, perhaps?
Anyone who can do better?
Ruminating, vomiting, eating, chewing again?
Is there anyone who might be able to get out of here? Here, where
everything is always done in the same way? What is it? Can one avoid
digesting or defecating? What are you asking me to see? I know
already how it will end... or is there anything new? Someone who
might be able to interrupt this performance? No... I believe not...

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

FURY

It's always been like this... blood generates blood, hatred produces hatred...
Always the same round... Always the same maelstrom, go on then, go on...
Go on... yes
Smell the smell of blood... smell again, like the first time... Yes, you
man are still ready to kill!
As you have always been, like fathers killed, like animals killed when
they saw you the first time. Now like then, Tantalus!
Abel and Cain, brothers, fathers against children,
children against fathers!
The brother be his brother's terror, the father his son's,
the son his father's.
The wife be afraid of her husband and the husband of the one he
believed his faithful spouse!
The children's death is infamous, but being born is still worse.
"Let no one have time to hate one's crimes, let other crimes follow".
Blood calls for more blood... come and see if there
is something else, apart from blood...
War everywhere, on sea and on land... Let blood flow on every land,
let the just and the wicked wash their feet in the blood of vengeance!
Look, Tantalus, look!... Those who spill man's blood will have his own
blood spilled.
Let faith, loyalty, right be dead.
Like a woman's miscarriage let them not see the sun.
And likewise let the sky weep.
Come, deep night, be gone daylight, leave the sky!
Wind and storm, break and tear apart, blow into the powerful the
smell of power, its perfume... look and see what you can find!
Why do you wake my hunger...

FURY

TANTALUS

FURY

Why? Why do you wake it up, this hunger that is nailed down
on my bone marrow?
Why? What do you want me to do?... You threaten me.... You want me...?
What do you want me to do? I was out of it all, I had made it:
I had succeeded in keeping to my place, in my place...
What do I need to bring with me? Do your own dirty job yourself...
killing children, burying them without their mothers' mourning,
burning, melting, dismembering... do your own dirty job yourself, I
have mine to do. And I won't keep silent this time, no, I won't hold my
tongue, even if it were torn apart.
These people still slaughter each other for power, stinking stench,
people's plague. What do you want me to do? Do you want to see the
same performance again?
Do what you have to, as you have always done: Do your job well, honestly...
Go, you know what you have to do: the performance has started... evil
will test us once more... no, we cannot win over it, evil goes through
our looks, paralyses our minds, occupies our souls... but do not touch
Cain! ... Evil tests us once more... to try and heal us of it.
Go, Tantalus... nobody will touch you... those who touch Cain will
receive vengeance seventy times seven, the circle will never close...
chew it well.
Injustice is a strict and incomparable master.
What did he say? "What have you done? The voice of your father's
blood screams from the soil! Now damnation will send you away from
the selfsame soil that drank your brother's blood from your hand.
Whenever you work your soil, it will not give you its fruit: fleeing and
wandering you will be on earth".
Bollocks.

CHORUS

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

FURY

Your presence, Tantalus, your presence... look...
Each tree turns yellow, its branches stand straight and naked because
their fruits fall to the ground.
And the dead tree offers no shelter, no comfort gives the cricket's chirping,
No sound of water gives the arid stone.
There is only shadow under this black rock
From your morning shadow that follows you with long strides, or from
your evening shadow that stands straight before you, I will show you
fear in a handful of dust.

CLYTEMNESTRA

And when my brothers,
The sons of God, chased you with their horses,
My father pitied you and gave me to be your wife.
And a true wife I was,
Yes, chaste and true, and cared well for your home.
Such wives are not so common!--
Three girls I bore you and a son, and now
You rob me of the first! The joy of this house!
And for what reason, If men should ask it?
O, I'll answer that -- To win back Helen!
Your own child for a mean woman,
Your dearest for a foe! A proper bargain!
If you do this, if you go to Troy,
What will my heart be like here,
When I look at my daughter's empty chair,
And empty room, sitting there all alone,
Companied by my tears, whispering,
"Your father killed you, child, killed you himself!"
What will your excuse be when you come back?

We who are left, we shall not need much urging
To greet you with the welcome you deserve!
O, by the gods, do not drive me to sin, Nor sin yourself!
If once you killed your child, how could you pray?
What good, could you ask for? Rather for defeat,
Disgrace and exile! Nor could I pray for you:
For we make fools of the gods if we suppose
They can love murderers. And if you come home,
Will you dare kiss your girls?
Or will they dare come near you?
As you may choose yet another for the knife.
Have you once thought of this? Are you a man?
Or are you nothing but a sceptre and a sword!
You should have gone among the Greeks and said,
"You wish to sail for Troy? Good, then draw lots, To see whose child
must die." That would have been fair;
Or Menelaus should have killed his own,--
Hermione for Helen!
O but I, the chaste, I must be robbed so she can come home in triumph
To find her daughter! Answer, if I am wrong! If not, give up this murder!
Sin no more!

AGAMEMNON

I love my children. I am not mad. It is horrible for me to do this dreadful
thing, it's as horrible for me not to. It is the same either way. You see
this huge armada, this multitude of warriors? None of this will happen
unless I sacrifice my daughter for the Gods. These are the words, of the
prophet Calchas.

CLYTEMNESTRA

My daughter. My Soul! Your father my love is giving you away to death
himself. Run my child and beg him.

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

IPHIGENIA

Find words of love to tell him with your pretty voice.
Your only hope is you alone.
Oo!!! Father
If I had the voice of Orpheus,
If I could sing so that the rocks would move,
If I had words to bewitch the hearts of all,
I would use them. I have only tears.
And these I offer to you! They are all my power.
I touch your knees, I am your suppliant now,
I, your own child; my mother bore me to you.
O, do not kill me before my time! The sun is sweet!
Why will you send me into the dark grave?
I was the first to call you father, first you called child. And you used to say,
"My darling, shall I see you safely wed, In some good husband's home,
a happy wife, As I would have you?" Then I'd answer you,
Stroking your beard, the beard that I touch now,
"What shall I do for you, O my father?
Welcome you, a loved guest, in my own house,
Pay you for all your nursing-care of me?
Oh, I remember every word we said,
But you forget them, and you wish my death.
Have pity, for your father Atreus' sake and for my mother's;
she has suffered once when I was born, and she must suffer now.
What do I have to do with Helen's love?
How is it she has come to ruin me?
My father, look at me, and kiss me once more,
That I may take this memory at least
Into the grave with me, if I must die.

[She turns to the child ORESTES.]

O, brother, you too are young to help your beloved,
Yet come and cry with me,
Pray for your poor sister's life. O father, look!
Even children understand when sorrow comes!
He asks for mercy though he cannot speak;
Yes, we two children touch your beard and pray,
I your grown daughter and your little son.
And Now I will gather all prayers into one,
And that must conquer. Life is sweet, is sweet!
The dead have nothing. Those who wish to die are out of reason.
Life, the worst of lives, is better than the proudest death can be!

[On stage, the actors -men most of them- function as a chorus taking Agamemnon and pushing him from one to the other, across the stage. Agamemnon runs here and there, wanting to escape from this decision he has to make. as a father -who loves his daughter- and as a king, the great general of the Greek army -who must honor his duty towards his country-]

AGAMEMNON
CHORUS
AGAMEMNON

I contrived to trap my loved ones but now I am the one Who is trapped?
(Whisperings) I am, I am, I am
But what am I to do?

CHORUS
AGAMEMNON

A strong desire drove the Greeks to sail to the land of the barbarians.
(Whisperings) Barbarians, barbarians, barbarians
To cease the capture of Greek women.

CHORUS
AGAMEMNON

How am I to defy the prophecy?
(Whisperings) (the prophecy the prophecy the prophecy)
I am slave to no one. Not to Menelaus or Helen I am a slave of Greece.

CHORUS

Whether I want to or not. I will sacrifice you.
(Whisperings) (Sacrifice, Sacrifice, sacrifice)

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

AGAMEMNON
CHORUS

Whether I want to or not. I do not want such a thing. It is Greece
Whisperings) (Greece Greece Greece) who demands it. To sail far to sacrifice
and be sacrificed. This is the fate of us who serve war. Now and forever.
If there is only man and nothing more, then there is no salvation.
And let our eyes cry countless tears, let us mourn. For we feel only
horror. If for mankind there is only man then what we have is nothing.
Such descent, such catastrophe, such blood, such grief.
So many left dead on the ground because of the war, because of every
war. All around the earth.

[SHADOWS behind the screen: a Battle scene]

NARRATOR

And Troy fell after 10 years of chaos. And Troy burned. The houses and
the temples. The mothers came out in the streets wailing, with cries that
penetrated the air.

NARRATOR B
NARRATOR

The defeated ran for salvation. The victorious ran to grab everything in sight.
And after seizing all the gold, they enslaved the people. Then with the
ships full of spoils they sailed out, to the open seas.
Then they lit torches and set ablaze the mountaintops of Thraki and
Greece. The fire that torched Troy.

NARRATOR B
NARRATOR

A fire that brought the message of victory to the houses of the victorious.
From mount Idi the fire began and traveled all the way to Lemnos, and
from there on to mount Athos up in the Aegean sea.

NARRATOR B

Then from the isle of Skiros to the north of Evoia. And, the top of
mount Kithaironas,

NARRATOR

then lake Gorgopi turned gold from this fire that began in the Aegean
and on mount Arachnaio. It was this fire that the pendulous guard,
from the palace of Mykines saw. He ran so he could be the first to tell
it to Clytemnestra. To tell her to prepare, for she was to welcome her
husband, to shower him with honors.

CLYTEMNESTRA Today, this very morning, Troy was seized by the Greeks.

[SHADOWS Slaves moving here and there behind the screen]

CLYTEMNESTRA I suspect that a host of jarring voices, fills the city!

Screams of two kinds of fortune.

If within one cup, you pour vinegar and oil,

Their forms will never merge.

Such is the discord of the victors roar and the captives moan.

Among the defeated, Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, wives- the
living cry upon the dead.

Through necks no longer free, wailing in the ruins for the ones they
loved the most.

While those who conquered, tread throughout the city

Inhabiting Troy's surrendered homes. Lucky men, Blessed, they can now
indulge in peaceful sleep. But I fear a rage may break upon the army-

An overwhelming greed. And much toil still awaits Their safe return home.
However, if they revere the Gods of Troy, and respect the city's
temples, they will never have to Face defeat again, since they have
overcome it once before.

But if they have sinned, then the Gods their own will claim.

NARRATOR

And then, the return. To houses in rubbles,
the palaces in ruins.

War is everywhere. On the battlefield and in the homes.

And they return.

Weary bodies wrapped in rags, only to find more bodies dressed in
tat-tered clothing, awaiting them.

And so, another war begins.

A conflict of recollection and resolution.

Because blood can only be cleansed, with more blood.

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

CLYTEMNESTRA That night, when the first fiery messenger came, A sign that Troy was taken and levelled to earth, So wild a cry of joy my lips gave out.
On each shrine I set the sacrifice
And the women, as they do
heralded throughout the city,
Here and there.
With voices of loud proclamations, announcing joy;
Praying to each God, in every temple.
All is fulfilled, I spare you a longer tale-
The king Agamemnon himself, shall tell me all.
It remains to think what honour best may greet
My lord, the majesty of Argos, home
What day beams fairer on a woman's eyes
Than this? Where she flings the portal wide,
To hail her lord, heaven-shielded, home from war
This to my husband that turns the city's longing into joy!
Yes, let him come, and coming may he find
A wife no other than he left her, true
And faithful as a watch-dog to his home,
Fear to his enemies, in all her duties,
Loyal, flawless, for ten long years unmarred.
Such are claims full of truth,
That bring no shame when spoken
By a gentle woman such as I.
NARRATOR Clytemnestra waited for her husband. The great general.
NARRATOR B The conqueror of Troy.
NARRATOR She lay down a red carpet for him to walk on.
NARRATOR Crimson garments. Red. Stained red with the blood of his soldiers.

NARRATOR B The blood of those who died in battle.
NARRATOR And a hot bath awaited him.
A scalding bath.
A bath thick with blood.
For him and his trophy. Cassandra.
The daughter of Paramus; and the chosen one,
Of Apollo, the Great Oracle.
CLYTEMNESTRA You too Cassandra, come inside I say!
For Zeus, gracious mercy grants you,
To share in the household's ritual washing.
By the alter, a slave among many slaves.
What, haughty still? Step from the chariot!
Once Hercules was sold
And had to eat bread with slaves.
Yes, hard it is, but if such fate befall,
One is lucky to serve within a home
Of ancient wealth and power.
The newly rich are cruel to their slaves,
But we are strict and fair.
Pass in; hear what our ways will be.
Ototoi popoi da! Apollo Apollo!
Apollo? Then that mourning all wrong! Apollo hates death-notes and dark sorts of song.
Ototoi popoi da! Apollo Apollo!
Listen! Again.
Apollo hates the sort of note that comes strangled and anguished out of her throat.
Apollo Apollo Waygod destroyer Again you're Cassandra's appalling

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

NARRATOR B
NARRATOR
CASSANDRA
destroyer! where have you brought me what house is this?
She's in a trance, about to prophesy.
Even in bondage her gift doesn't die.
Apollo Apollo Waygod destroyer
where have you brought me what house is this?
The house of Atreus. That much I know
It's a poor prophetess asks me questions though!
Ah ah ah
god-shunners kin-killers
child-charnel man-shambles
babe-spattered abattoir
NARRATOR
She's like a bloodhound nose to the ground
tracking the kill that's got to be found.
CASSANDRA
I track down the witnesses children babes shrieking butcher
barbecued child-flesh wolfed down by the father
NARRATOR
Your prophetic powers none of us doubt.
But that kind of vision we can well do without.
CASSANDRA
I see somebody evil something
agony agony more more more
no-one can bear it no-one can stop it
help's far away over the ocean
AΦHΓHTHΣ B
NARRATOR
CASSANDRA
Now I'm lost, though till now the tale was clear.
We breathe that story in our atmosphere.
Husband bed-mate
Body washed in your bath-trough
hand over hand hauling the catch in
AΦHΓHTHΣ B
NARRATOR
Now it's got worse.
I can make no sense of these dense riddles that grow more dense.

CASSANDRA
Look there, there look
bull cow bull cow don't let them grapple
he's caught in the robe-net she gores him and gores him butting and
butting with blood-crusted horn slumps into bathblood bloodsplash
NARRATOR
I'm no good at oracles telling the future
but I recognise evil in what she keeps saying.
NARRATOR
Evil's all men get out of oracles.
NARRATOR
Her words spell out terror, and smell of the truth.
CASSANDRA
Him me him me him me woecups mine slops over the brim
what have you brought me here for? To die beside you what else?
AΦHΓHTPIA
The mother. The woman.
Whose body bore no pleasure.
Whose sweet gaze turned to poison.
Withered and perished.
And she killed, with a sharpened axe
And dragged her husband out into the light of Day
For the skies to see.
To see how a mother avenges her child's death.
The child she bore, and who bore the foundations of victory.
And she collapsed.
As only a woman can collapse. And she takes her revenge. And only
then does she rise in Time. She crawls up... and she is revered.
SCREEN
Every woman is the earth.
Every woman is History.
She comes, to suffer, to rip, to moan.
Covering her eyes with blackened hands,
As though she could erase the cause of her tears.
Adorned in red-gold silk, the woman leaves.

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

Leaving behind that, which Life itself, does not neglect.
She failed to take wickedness with her.
So that it would cease to exist.
But this wickedness never ceases

CHRYSOthemis Sister! What are the things you are saying outside the house?
After so long lamenting, don't you know you are wasting your time?
Your anger is useless.
I know well enough, how bad our way of life is.
I also know what my feelings are.
And if I had the power, I'd tell our masters.
But these are dangerous waters and we must move carefully.
Nothing I do must threaten them.
I want you to do the same.
I know you have justice on your side, and I do not.
But they have power.

ELECTRA I must obey them in everything, if I am to be a free woman.
You are your father's daughter, and you should be ashamed.
You forget him because you respect your mother.
You lecture me with what you learnt from her.
You do not have a word to say for yourself.
You make your choice.
You be foolish, like me, or you be wise and forget your own.
You said if you had power they would feel your hatred.
You then betray me when I do all I can to honour my father.
You try to stop me.
You'd be a coward as well as a victim, would you?
You teach me or you listen to me:
What would it profit me to stop mourning?

Do I not have a life?
A miserable life, but it is enough for me.
And if I harm them, then it is an honour,
A pleasure for the dead if the dead feel pleasure.
You say that you hate them, but it's only a word, your hatred.
You live among them, you live with your father's killers.
Well, the earth will cover me before I give in to them,
Not if they were to give me your pomp and your pleasures.
You eat yourself full and your life is a leisure.
What I eat does not sicken my stomach.
I have no desire to enjoy your privilege.
I've grown used to your way of talking.
Where are you going? Why are you carrying those offerings?
For my father's grave-my mother sent me with them.
What are you saying? She's making offerings at the grave of her worst enemy?
To the man she murdered, is what you mean?
My dear sister, leave nothing on the tomb.
That woman hated our father.
Neither God nor man would let her honour his grave.
Give them to the wind.
Hide them deep in the dust.
They won't disturb where my father lies dead.
Save them for herself when death takes her.
She is so without shame she dares to pray for the man she murdered.
Do you think the man dead in the earth will receive her offerings?
She dishonoured him in death.
She killed him like an enemy.
She cut his corpse to ribbons.

CHRYSOthemis
ELECTRA
CHRYSOthemis
ELECTRA
CHRYSOthemis
ELECTRA

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

And she wiped the blood off her hands on his head.
Do you believe these offerings will clear her of the murder?
That cannot be. Get rid of them.
Go to our father's grave and cut a lock from your hair.
Take this tangled one from my unhappy head.
It's very little, but it's all I have.

CHRYSOthemis It's my duty, I will do it

There will be no argument.
But if you care about me, say nothing of this.
For, if my mother hears of it, it will be on my head.
ELECTRA One mind. One mind that cannot bear it's own substance. Thought.
Thus, it seeks release through narration.
Through embodiment. Through metamorphosis. Through disguise.
How does one contain so much anguish?
How can I share it with you?
I yearn for the past.

CLYTEMNESTRA Yet now, before you, I reveal a new cycle.
So you're prowling outside the house again,
Its easy seeing Aegistos is not here.
At least he stops you from shaming your family in the eye of the world.
Now he's away and you show me no respect.
Your constant refrain is that I am cruel,
That I do great harm to you and yours.
I am not a cruel woman.
I only abuse you, because you abuse me.
And your excuse is your father, nothing else.
I killed him! I know that.
And I do not deny it but I did not act alone.

Justice killed him too.
Tell me, this father of yours that you're constantly lamenting,
Tell me why he and he alone among the Greeks,
Why did he sacrifice your sister to the gods?
His child that he had the pleasure to conceive-
That I had the pain to give birth to.
Tell me why he did this, explain.
For whose sake did he sacrifice her?
For the Greeks?
But they had no right to kill her.
She was mine. My child.
Menelaus had two children.
They ought to have died, not mine.
Was it not for their father and mother that this war was started?
Did your damned father feel pity for the children of Menelaus?
Had he no pity for mine?
Yes, I killed him- I made the only choice I could.
Your father was a fool, he was insane.
That's what she would say, if she could still speak,
My dead daughter.
Then listen now.
You say that you killed my father.
Whether you acted justly or not,
What greater crime could you admit to?
And I tell you that you did not kill him in the name of justice.
You acted under the influence of an evil man.
And now you are living with him.
Ask Artemis, the goddess of the hunt,

ELECTRA

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

Why she stilled the winds in Aulis?
No let me tell you, because we cannot question her.
She is a goddess.
They say my father was hunting in a grove sacred to the divinity.
He startled a deer.
When he killed the animal, she heard him boasting,
And in her anger, Artemis detained our ships.
A sacrifice had to be made: his daughter for the beast.
That is how she went to her death.
There was no other way for the army to go home or get to Troy.
That is why he sacrificed her.
It was against his will, and with great suffering.
It was not done for the sake of Menelaus.
But say you're right, say he had done it to help him,
Was that a reason for him to die at your hands? Whose law is that?
You watch when you lay down the law.
You may be laying down your own pain and punishment.
If you were to get what you deserve,
If we are to take a life for a life,
You should die first.
The excuse you make for yourself does not excuse you.
Tell me this.
Why are you bedding the man who killed my father?
He is guilty.
You gave him children.
You cast aside your older children-
We fear god because our father feared god,
So I do not excuse your adultery.

Or do you say that too is for your dead daughter?
If you do, then it is beyond shame.
You sleep with a dire enemy for your daughters sake.
I'm wasting my breath talking to you.
You say all I do is abuse my mother.
Mother.
No-you torture me.
Your torture us all.
I lead an unhappy life.
I live with the constant cruelty you and your mate pour on me.
And another child wears himself away in exile.
Orestes.
He barely escaped from your bloodstained hands.
You've often accused me that I saved him to make you suffer.
Well, know this.
If I had the power, I would have done so.
Tell the world.
If you think me wicked, arrogant, shameless – good.
That proves me worthy of your breed.
You have so insulted your mother.
Will you stop at nothing – have you no shame?
Yes, I do feel shame, even if you might not think so.
I know what I'm doing is wrong –
It goes against my nature.
But you are malign, you are cruel.
You force me to act against my will.
And if I shock you you've taught me how to.
I swear by Artemis you will face Aegisthos when he comes home.

CLYTEMNESTRA

ELECTRA

CLYTEMNESTRA

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

Screen And so the prophecy unravels.
From one murder to another.
Rivers of blood flowing freely. As though the heart were weeping.
A ruthless dream, as ruthless as the essence of all dreams.
And absence.
Mankind withers and declines,
Strung up on transparent structures.
The blood boils inside the body,
But exhaustion makes the mind cry helplessly.
The sorrow of the mind.
The tongue of the universe.
-The sorrow of the mind.
The tongue of the universe.
It weeps for thoughts, for dreams, for passion.
Because when this world was built, passion was pushed aside.
Neglected.
And what this world refuses, is life.
Because life itself, is passion forbidden, hunted mercilessly through dirt and
Wet landscapes. From country to country.
With hair heavy from sweat, sticking to the brow, the temples and the nape
With a heightened bitterness in the mouth
And with blood wanting to burst through dilated pores.
Orestes. Seeking to avenge. Armed with a sword received from Apollo.
Sister raise your head
who are you to call me sister?
raise your head and see me. Look me in the eye.
O blessed day!
Blessed indeed

NARRATOR

ORESTES
ELECTRA
ORESTES
ELECTRA
ORESTES

ELECTRA
ORESTES
ELECTRA

ORESTES
ELECTRA
ORESTES
ELECTRA
NARRATOR C

NARRATOR B
NARRATOR C

NARRATOR B
NARRATOR C

ORESTES

NARRATOR B

I hear your voice again. I hold you in my arms.
As you will hold me always
My darling, darling brother you have come home.
You are here, you have arrived, you have seen those whom you love
I am here but sssst wait
what is wrong
It is best to keep quiet in case anyone in there should hear
I swear by Artemis I fear no one in that house
And they sat together with their arms around each other, and then
they arose to do whatever the gods commanded . Orestes became a
matricide in order for the old prophecy to come true.
How do you refuse Apollo, the mighty god.
And the people of the city arose and cast out the tainted Orestes. For
he had committed a great sin by killing his own mother.
And the Erinies found and haunted him.
The Erinies...the terrible female deities, awoke to Clytemnestra's cries
and hunted him. He had no place to hide. Only Electra's em-brace gave
him comfort. But even there, they would not let him be. With wicked
shrieks they came to drive him to madness.
I beg you mother, do not send these harpies to me. Behold, here they
come...They will ravish me... Apollo, Phevos save me. Give me your
divine staff, your very own, with which I will kill these fierce divinities.
It is you I speak of, you bitches of the Gods, I have Apollo as my pro-
tector and with his spear I will take your lives. Unless you stay well away.
It was he who counselled me on how to hold my blade, and how to cut
my mother's tender throat with it.
Phevos is to blame, not I. I only did what his own oracles predicted.
After years of twisted relations and bloodshed, ancient goddesses

ANCIENT PATHOS PROJECT

THE SCRIPT

NARRATOR
NARRATOR C
NARRATOR B
NARRATOR B

awoke from their slumber. The Erynies.
With what right does a son murder the mother who bore him they wonder.
How can he shed the same blood that runs through his own veins?
How can he defile the body that held him, kept him warm and fed him?
Terrible goddesses. Flying high, tormenting his soul.
They drove him to madness. Crazed, he flees Argos.
To the one place that he can escape the atrocious witches that seek him. Athens. To the Supreme Court. To Arios Pagos.

NARRATOR C
NARRATOR
NARRATOR C
NARRATOR
NARRATOR C

You cannot deny that you killed your mother
With a sharp edged blade you slit her throat
And yet you tell terrible lies, that a god provoked you to do so.
How can a god provoke a mortal to commit matricide?
You committed murder upon murder. You killed your own mother, your own blood, because she killed your father.

NARRATOR

But it's not the same. You cannot avenge your father. For your mother killed him, who killed her daughter.

NARRATOR C
NARRATOR

The man with whom she does not share the same blood.
But you, you slaughtered the woman who nurtured you in her womb.
Who bore you in great pain.

NARRATOR C
NARRATOR
NARRATOR C
NARRATOR
NARRATOR B

This is the gravest of all crimes and you will receive no sanction from it.
No god will save you
Not even Apollo
Nor Athena, to whose city you fled to and hid in her temple.
And so the votes were cast.
To determine whether Orestes was guilty or innocent.
This in turn, would elevate the mother above the father, or the father above the mother.
The man above the woman, or the woman above and with more value,

NARRATOR C

than the man.
Human votes, mortal votes in the highest phase of democracy, judg-ing dark deeds. Deeds of Gods whose intentions remain unknown.

ΑΦΗΓΗΤΗΣ Β

and the votes were counted accurately, again and again, as is the custom in a democracy.

NARRATOR C
NARRATOR

The final verdict was innocent and guilty. A tie. Six against six.
And then Athena spoke. And she like the goddess she was, offered a solution, a wise solution for all.

ATHENA (screen)

Here, in the country of the Aegeas and on this rock which is the altar of Ares the powerful god, a court room was erected which was known from then on throughout the centuries as Arios Pagos. Respect and fear together will govern here, and will keep the citizens far way from evil and crime. Away from tyranny and anarchy. As far as Orestes is concerned and since the vote is of equal measure, with my words I shall save him. I declare him innocent. I state this, I who was not borne from a woman, but by my father Zeus. And I pardon the terrible goddesses the Erinies and invite them to my own city. To Athens, and they will be divinities adored and worshipped by all. Almighty guardians for each home. And those who wish their households, their homes and their values to be protected, will offer them great sacrifices and treasured gifts. This is my bidding and I confirm it, the protector of this city and as the daughter of the most powerful god.

[Chorus: They are moving and speak to the audience]

NARRATOR
OTHER
OTHER
OTHER
OTHER

And all were convinced by the Goddesses words
And all who left her court were satisfied
They returned humbled to their homes.
And they each took their place, the one they deserved.
And then. People's earth was created.

ANCIENT PATHOS

OTHER
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Then. When the gods gave their place to the laws and institutions.

Laws and institutions in the service of the people

Respectable and honoured people

and people took the responsibility in their hands

They took life into their hands

And they built the citizens society

Then. The city state was born.

And it was named POLIS

And the people became citizens

With laws and institutions. Equal to all.

People took their fate from the Gods, into their hands

They did I not become Gods themselves. But even more.

They became citizens.

And this was named... Democracy

Equal towards the laws and the institutions. Just and honoured by all.

Mans strength must be crushed.

Must be crushed relentlessly. Let mercy follow.

But first let it be crushed relentlessly. It is imperative for man to lose to see himself throw the dice and witness the rewards reaped by his opponent. His opponent reaping the rewards. And then he should rise and ones again place his empty fist upon the soil and fill once more the strength of the earth more powerful than his own.

Man must be crushed for this is mans destiny and this can not be forgot.

OTHER
OTHER
SCREEN

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ANCIENT
PATHOS
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