THE AMARANTH

BULLETIN of the Modern Greek Studies Program, Dept. of Classics, University of Toronto.

No. 11 (1988)
(End of Series)
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THIS ISSUE (bearing the, hopefully, lucky odd number ELEVEN) concludes the first series of THE AMARANTH. There are plans for greater things, but time will decide about them. For the moment, I would like to pause and thank all those who helped with their contributions (original writings, translations, reviews) in making the Bulletin progressively richer and more interesting in the seven years of its life.

IT MAY also be worth pointing out that our Program of Modern Greek is already fifteen years old and that, given the limitations with which we have had to work and the so far scanty help from the Greek Community of Toronto, much has been accomplished. There will be another occasion to assess teaching and the scholarly work which has issued from our needs and interests. The lists which follow reflect activities and events which have been either organized or shared by us and which fall under the category COMMUNITY SERVICE, broadly speaking:
UNIVERSITY & COMMUNITY FUNCTIONS WHERE PROF. G. THANIEL SPOKE BY INVITATION:


"On Modern Greek Culture," to the Hellenic Society of the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, in 1975.


"On Modern Greek Culture," at the "Greek Festival" of the G. H. Locke Public Library, Toronto, in 1978.

"On the Poet Odysseus Elytis, Nobel Award for 1979," to the Association of Greek Students, University of Toronto, in 1980.


"On Modern Greek Culture," to the Greek Community of Metropolitan Toronto, in the context of the Greek Cultural Month (organized jointly by the Community Relations, U. of T., and the Greek Community), in 1980.
"Pictures from Greece" (with slides), at the Albert Campbell District Library, Scarborough, in 1982.

"Pictures from Greece" (with slides), at the Pape and Danforth Public Library, in the context of a photo exhibition, in 1982.

"On Great Women in Greek Myth and History," to the Kingsway Women's Club, Toronto, 1982.


"On Modern Greek Painting" (with slides), to the Greek Community of Metropolitan Toronto, in 1983.

"On Cavafy and Kazantzakis" (with slides and music), to the Greek Community of Montréal, in 1984.

"On the Greek Poets of the Diaspora (North America)," at the Fifth Symposium of Poetry, University of Patra, Greece, in 1985. The same talk was given to the Modern Greek Program, Dept. of Classics, University of Melbourne, and to the Greek Professionals Association of N. S. W., Sydney, Australia, in Dec. 1985.

"Landscape and Logos," to the National Greek Association of Writers, Athens, Greece, in 1986.

"More than Meets the Eye" (with slides), to the Society for Mediterranean Studies, U. of T., in 1987.

PAPERS PRESENTED BY PROF. G. THANIEL AT MEETINGS & SYMPOSIA.

"George Seferis' Thrush: A Modern 'Descent'," at the Colloquium "Work-in-Progress" of the Modern Greek Studies Association of America, at Poros, Greece, in 1973. The paper was also read to the University College-Trinity Classics Club, U. of T., in 1974.


"The View of the Classical World in Seferis' Dokia mes," at the Modern Greek Seminar Series, Modern Greek Program, Dept. of Classics, McGill University, in 1976. An updated version of the same paper was read to the Modern Greek Program, Dept. of Classics, University of Melbourne, Australia, in 1985.

"On Language and the Modern Greek Program, U. of T., at the First International Conference of University Teachers of Modern Greek, University of Thessaloniki, in 1976.


"Byron and the Greek Revolution," at the Fifth University College Symposium, Revolution and Romanticism (1776-1848), U. of T., in 1983.


EVENTS WHICH OUR PROGRAM OF MODERN GREEK INITIATED, SPONSORED, OR SHARED WITH OTHERS:

"Greek Cultural Evening" (A. Mastoras reads his poetry; J. Pantazis speaks on C.P. Cavafy; G. Thanail presents his one-act play O Kyr Antonis; music and song), to the Association of Greek Students, U. of T., in 1973.


"Atlantis," a talk (with slides) on Santorini by Prof. E.S. Phinney, Dept. of Classics, University of Massachusetts at Amherst, to the Hellenic-Canadian Cultural Society, in 1974.

"Bilingual Poetry Reading" (B.P. Nichol reads from his work in English and A. Mastoras reads from his in Greek), to the students of the Modern Greek Program and the public, Hart House, U. of T., in 1974.

"Yannis Ritsos," a talk by the writer Gwendolyn MacEwen (on MacEwen's and N. Tsingos' translations from Ritsos), to the students of the Modern Greek Program and the public, Hart House, U. of T., in 1977.

"The Concept of the Tragic in Kazantzakis and Cavafy," a talk by Prof. J.P. Anton, Dept. of Philosophy, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, to the University College-Trinity Classics Club, University College, in 1977.

"Higher Education in Greece," a talk by Prof. K. Vavouskos, University of Thessaloniki, to the students of the Modern Greek Program and the public, Hart House, U. of T., in 1979.

"Underwater Archaeology in Greece," a talk by Prof. N. Stavrolakes, Dept. of Classics, Queens College, City University of New York, to the
students and the public (part of the "Greek Cultural Month"), U. of T., in 1980.

"The Greek Immigrant in Canada," a talk by Prof. P. Chimbos, Dept. of Sociology, Brescia College, University of Western Ontario (part of the "Greek Cultural Month"), U. of T., in 1980.

"Sharing through Poetry: a Multicultural Experience" (organized by the Community Relations, U. of T.). We were responsible for the Greek part, with poets A. Yerou and G. Stubos. To the students and the public, U. of T.


"International Authors Festival," at Harborfront, Toronto. We assisted the Greek poet Ilias Simopoulos with his reading. In 1980.

"Evangelos Papanoutsos, Pedagogue and Philosopher," by Prof. J.P. Anton (see above), to the students and the public, at the Cafe Lyra, Toronto, in 1981.

"Alexander the Great and the Greek Shadow Theater," by Prof. E. S. Phinney, University of Massachusetts at Amherst, to the Society for Mediterranean Studies, in 1983.


Reception in honor of the Greek Consul-General in Toronto, Mr. J. Thomoglou and the Greek educators, Mr. P. Tsangarakis and Mr. J. Yfantopoulos, Hart House, U. of T., in 1984.


"Lord Byron in Greek Drama," by Prof. M. B. Raizis, University of Athens, to the students of the Modern Greek Program, University College, U. of T., in 1987.


"The Ulysses Syndrome" (with slides), by Mr. Ian Vorres, Vorres Museum of Contemporary Greek Art, Greece, to the Society for Mediterranean Studies, U. of T., in 1987.
Prof. G. Thaniel has represented, with others, the Greek Community of Toronto at the 1972 Ontario Heritage Congress/ appeared several times on Greek TV programs in order to publicize events at the University and speak on educational and cultural matters/ helped various people and agencies with translations of documents/ compiled a short list of books suitable for Greek-Canadian communities/ advised school teachers of modern Greek and those involved with the Ontario Heritage Language Program/ published articles and reviews on interest to Greek-Canadians in the Toronto Hellenophone press/ written a concise history of Thessaloniki for one of the Toronto International Caravans/ given poetry readings in the relevant series of readings at University College/ exhibited photos from Greece and other countries three times at the U. of T. Library and one of the Toronto Public Libraries/ helped with an essay contest with high-school students (sponsored by the Consul General of Greece in Toronto) on Alexander the Great/ helped students of modern Greek to take part in the annual language contest of the American Classical League and supervised the awarding of ribbons and certificates to the winners/ evaluated the Greek translation of the booklet The Constitution and You for the Federal Government of Canada/ evaluated and corrected a project of readings and exercises in modern Greek by the teachers of the Greek Community/ provided a brief evaluation of Greek Radio and TV Programs for the Hellenic-Canadian Federation of Ontario.

With the help of the Dept. of Classics, home of the Modern Greek Program, and the Dept. of Private Funding, U. of T., Prof. Thaniel established in 1976 the U. of T. Modern Greek Trust Fund and raised from sources mostly in Greece a certain amount of money on behalf of the Modern Greek Program which helped enlarge the Modern Greek Collection on books at the U. of T. Library, paid for
the acquisition of teaching aids, the production of a collection of slides and recordings for teaching purposes, covered expenses of a number of cultural functions and the publication of the Program's bulletin *The Amaranth*. The Fund is now nearly exhausted and needs new "blood".

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**EVENT AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE**

1987 Teetzel Lectures

DOUGLAS RICHARDSON

A Not Unsightly Building: University College in the Nineteenth Century

27 October 1987  **Blank Despair**: Planning the University Buildings
28 October 1987  **The Glory of Toronto**: Constructing University College
29 October 1987  **Dire Disaster Overcome**: Renewing U.C.

1:30 pm, Room 110, University College, 15 King's College Circle, University of Toronto
Members of the staff, students and the public are cordially invited.

In conjunction with an exhibition

**The Campus in the Nineteenth Century**:
Toward a visual history through architectural drawings and archival photographs
15 October to 12 November 1987 in The Justina M. Barnicke Gallery, Hart House
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
Spring 1987

North Side of the Quadrangle

From the West
Είπες "πάντα"
eίπες "ποτέ"
eίπες
πως θα γύριζες
σε δεκαπέντε λεπτά
για λίγη ώρα μονάχα
όσο να κόψεις λίγα φρούτα.

Γέμισε το κενό
σβήνοντας πρώτα
tη δύσα μου για δέντρα και σπήλια
υδρόγυντας τις αυτοκρατορίες
tης Ελλάδας και της Ρώμης
περιπλέκοντας την συρρυκνώμενη
υδρόγευο σφαιρά.

Αργότερα, όταν οι ελπίδες μου
γύριζαν σ’ αμφιβολίες
κατέφυγα στις μηχανές
gια να εξοδευτερώσω τον καιρό
που ωστόσο πάντα ξεφεύγει
tην εντέκατη ώρα.

Τώρα οι αμφιβολίες μου
γίνονται φόβοι
μήπως και δε γυρίσεις
μήπως μου παίζει η μυήμη μου
σκληρά παιχνίδια.

Οι άλλες
με τα μακριά τους μπράτσα
και τα μισάνοιχτα χεύλη
πάντα σου μοιάζουν λίγο, ενν’ αλήθεια
μα ξέρω πως δεν είναι εγώ
αυτός που πάνω του σφύγγουν για λίγο
tα τυρπανυμένα τους μέλη.
Πες μου πως δεν έφυγες για πάντα--
ή έστω κι ως το τέλος της ιστορίας.
Δε γίνεται να λεύψεις τόσο πολύ.
Σε χρειάζομαι εδώ και τώρα...·

*F. W. Watt is a professor of English at University
College, University of Toronto. He has published
scholarly books and articles on literature (British,
American, Canadian) as well as short stories and
poems. It's Over. It's beginning, with its
Janus-like title, is his first book of poetry.
LECTURES & SEMINARS organized by the Department of Classics during the Fall Term of 1987:

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September 25	Professor C.P. Jones, GREEK DRAMA IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

October 16	Professor J.M. Rist, ARISTOTLE & PLOTINUS ON GOD & THE GOOD.

October 30	Professor J. Russell (University of British Columbia), THE EXCAVATION OF A JEWISH VILLAGE IN UPPER GALILEE.

November 10	Professor M.D. Reeve (Cambridge University), BIRTH OF AN IDEA.

November 26	Professor H. Cotton (Hebrew University, Jerusalem), MASADA: THE JEWS' LAST STRONGHOLD IN THE LIGHT OF NEWLY FOUND DOCUMENTS.

December 11	Professor E. Csapo, THE HOSTAGE SCENE IN THE TELEPHUS OF AESCHYLUS & EURIPIDES.

ALSO: "EDITING GREEK & LATIN TEXTS"

6-7 November 1987

G.P. Goold (Yale University), ON EDITING PROPERTIUS.

A.T. Grafton (Princeton University), EDITING SCIENTIFIC NEO-LATIN TEXTS.

W.J. Slater (McMaster University), THE INTERFERENCE OF GRAMMARIANS IN THE ANCIENT TEXTS OF PINDAR & ARISTOPHANES.

R.J. Tarrant (Harvard University), THE READER AS AUTHOR: COLLABORATIVE INTERPOLATION IN LATIN POETRY.

J. Whittaker (Memorial University), THE VALUE OF INDIRECT TRANSMISSION IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF GREEK PHILOSOPHICAL TEXTS.
AN ENGLISH LETTER TO GEORGE SEFERIS

On January 21, 1952, The Times of London announced the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Gilbert Macaskie, M.C., The Times Correspondent in Greece since March, 1947, in a London hospital. Macaskie was 39. He had studied law in Oxford and, when the Second World War broke out in 1939, he was commissioned into the army and saw service in Egypt and later in Greece. He was wounded in the battle of Crete, was captured but escaped and hid in Athens where he worked with the Greek resistance movement. Later, he was captured by Italian troops in the island of Tzia and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to one of life imprisonment. In 1943, at the time of the Italian surrender, he again escaped, continued his underground work, and was hidden, during a time, by the Archbishop Dasmakinos in his own house. After liberation, he was employed on the staff of the British Embassy at Athens and when the Archbishop became the Regent, Macaskie became a liaison officer between him and the British Ambassador. He developed a great knowledge of and deep affection for Greece and its people, and his dispatches on Greece to The Times were admired by many. When the dispute of Britain with Egypt began in 1951, Macaskie was sent as Special Correspondent to Egypt, was taken ill, while there, and flown back to Britain.

A few months before his death, Macaskie wrote a letter to George Seferis, while the latter was serving as Counsellor to the Greek Embassy in London. This letter, which I am publishing below with the permission of Mrs. Maro Seferis, testifies to the warm relationship between the two men.

The letter was sent from Primrose Ville, Horsforth, NR. Leeds, and was dated July 18, 1951.
My dear George,

Please forgive this use of the machine.* Unfortunately my right shoulder is still under repair and only its digits are in full use.

What a joy it was to hear your voice this morning. Thank you for your concern and that vital difference between the fellow who intends to telephone or write a letter and never does so -- I am included in that school -- and the chap who uses the means of communication as their inventors meant them to be used. I believe that you belong to my own school of lethargy -- or whatever you like to call it -- and that is why I am grateful for your telephone call: it required an effort.

With many family difficulties to sort out while I am at home, I do not propose to go southwards until the last possible moment. I shall have to be in The Times' office in mid-August for a day or so, preparatory for leaving for the 'patrida'** once again.

While in London I trust that we shall see much of each other.

Do you remember two occasions which I associate with you so closely? The one when we were walking along Piccadilly and out of the kindness of your heart you bought me a sword-stick -- which you could ill-afford, I am sure. The other memorable time was when we had the 'petit dîner intime' with Marina at the Ritz in Paris. It was apt that she should give you my telephone number. Kiss her on my behalf and accept through her, failing my presence, every good wish in the world.

Yours ever,
Frank Macaskie
Almost two weeks after Macaskie's death, on February 1, 1952, The Times carried an obituary of the "Friend of Greece" by Seferis, who reminisced about their times together and praised the man for his boldness and kindness. "I once asked him," Seferis wrote, "what was his most difficult moment of the war. 'When I was dropped once by parachute,' he replied laughing. 'That feeling of being suspended in mid-air, not knowing what you will find on the ground!' I had expected him to refer to the moment when an Italian military Court had sentenced him to death (...)'.

--G. Thaniel
Key of Socrates

No one doubts me
while they wait
(are I delaying you?)
for me to drink the hemlock coolly
without fear or even the slightest indecision.

During such moments
irony becomes insufferable.

Then, sorrow for the loss
and, certainly,
the admiration of centuries.

My judges too
would rather be able to say
that they contributed something
to such a famous injustice

would like to draw
lessons of consistency
all are merely concerned
that I might disappoint them.

Some disciple of mine already summarizes
the trial's proceedings
ensuring his own immortality
along with mine
based on my unsurpassable Socratic method.

Even those destined to remain known
simply as my precursors
run after me in dreams
urging me not to linger any longer
but put an end to their time
locking up and throwing the key
high in the air.
But who will catch it
before it rolls down and vanishes
in the blood-stained trap of life
out of which the one-armed midwife
pulls the newly born
holding it from its two feet.

If it's her job to try
and catch in the air
the key
she'll drop one of the two, I think.

*Y. Chouliaras is the author of *I Alli Ghlassa
(The other language). Athens: Ipsilon, 1981. Two
poems of his have been discussed in G. Thaniel,
"I Piites tis Dhiasporas (Voria Ameriki)" /The

Trans. G. Thaniel

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**Superga Is Waiting**

The soccer players of our youth are fading into the general indifference they vanish while going to join their friends waiting for them on Superga the aviators are lost in their planes -- their faces show wonder for just an instant prior to the crash-- our friends and relatives disappear sail off to secret harbors alas! we also vanish silently remembering our glorious and bright days with tears.

---

**The Dakotas**

How smoothly the Dakotas take off from Hasani** their wings look like bodies adorned during obscure after-dinners. When the last passenger falls asleep when Cithaeron emerges tall, color of ash, in the background their engines suddenly wake up the harpies.

*Collina di Superga is a hill near Torino. A plane carrying the city's soccer team crashed on the slope of this hill in 1949. All 31 passengers died.

**Hasani is an airport in Greece.

Trans. G. Kirikopoulos

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*Steps by the Seashore...*

Steps by the seashore
turn silence into a giant
and a *maistros*** plays around
astride old rowing boats. (9.VI.1972)

---

*There Was a Hill Covered with Pines...*

There was a hill covered with pines
and at the top an ethereal chapel
of an affectionate blue look such as things assume after conversing with the sky for years. There, every evening you would ask the pine needles and the grey stones
why you should love me so much, why
my arms should bring you such vibrations of happiness.
And then, locked in each other's embrace
we would look at the moon emerging
from behind the mountain not too far off
flooding with light some tree of the hilltop.
And time would roll along
silvery, serene and silent amidst the sighs of the night
and life held no secrets for us
since it was itself a boundless secret
spreading sincere roots in our bosoms
a mask sprinkled with stardust.
Then words lost their strength
and we smiled communing with the big pines and the small glow-worms
through our heartbeat and our excited bodies
listening to the quiet breathing of the birds of love
alone happy, two grains of sand
on the bank of almighty death. (22.VIII.1972)

\[Interpretation\] (from a letter of a poet to a friend)

First I drew a circle
and then a triangle within the circle
a straight line next
across the circle
and the triangle in the circle.
Then I crossed out this design
with a big X, lit a cigarette
and started arranging the verses one after the other.
And if all this seems odd to you,
don't blame me. This much I can tell you.
Besides, I am ignorant of "conceptions"
of meanings
of style and the esthetic values of the work,
things that keep critics busy.
Address yourself to them. I merely
write poems, write in order to... in order to...
the devil knows why I write.
Still I'm glad that my poem
made an impression on you. (19.III.1973)

*N. B. Ladas took his own life in 1979, at the age of 26. In 1974 he published a book of poems which showed great promise. After his death, writings he had left behind were published by his parents and his friends. The three poems printed here in translation come from a book edited and introduced by the poet Y. Patilis.

**The north-west wind (Italian vento maestro)

Trans. G. Thaniel

(I)

The days are short the nights like seashells
my sky is white with shadows and strange stars.
Wakeful hours inside the silence
a moment flashes when the centuries bend
words come bright with love
white voices, gestures of sleep
a shiny moon in the sky
leaning down
to mock the darkness.

(II)

*Mal di luna*

The moon shone all night
like a red hot tooth.
With the darkness, the wind
and the black cloud
between the legs.

*Moonache.

Each Man Dreams with his Death

Each man dreams with his death.

I've retained a little of your breath
and the mute furrow of your lips
but you have no face, no body
every evening you grow less like a word
that cracked the wind without return.
Here each man lives his own death
every day hiding his hands
every night with music
and darkness.

But I met you in the light, years ago
I have known your voice and your smile
gleaming amidst words in smoke.
Then you entered the vein.


Trans. G. Thaniel

The Sun is Growing Faint

I am in a hurry
to have my picture taken.
The sun is growing faint
and I
must find
the photographer
to have my picture taken
in a voluptuous profile
of my flesh.

Apartment House

Those that have been mobilized
in the apartment house
which gnaws at our very bones
wish again
for the arrival
of heavy night
and of generous
sleep.
Now I truly desire
kisses
and a breath of benign
wind
in full view
of caresses and love
(it should come
through the open window
where
will be shining
the curl
of a
cluster of leaves).

With a little daring
I'll shed my dependence
and my grand participation
in the maintainance
of the apartment house
which keeps floating
in full sail
towards shipwreck.
THE ARTIST, Mary Keramidopoulos-Nastis was born and raised in Ontario; studied at Lawrence Park Collegiate Institute, and then at the University of Toronto (Fine Arts, French, Modern Greek). She also took courses in Brittany, France, and in Sherbrooke, Quebec. In her painting and drawing she found inspiration in Greek and French art as well as from her contemplation of nature. She works with soft pencil and in charcoal and watercolor. Her use of color is sensitive, impressionistic. In searching for ways to express the deli-

Lawrence Park Ravine - Charcoal. 11 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches - 1969.
cate nuances of light, she often combines media such as watercolor and ink or charcoal, pencil and pastel.

Mary has had both solo and group exhibitions in Toronto and Regina through the 70's; also, in Ottawa, London and Kingston, in 1984-85; in Athens, Greece, in 1985. She was also commissioned to paint murals for the Greek community center in Toronto.

For the last twelve years, Mary has worked as a teacher of French and Art for the Toronto Board of Education, while painting and trying to raise a family.

Tropical Flowers - Pencil. $8^{3/4} \times 11^{1/4}$ inches - 1979.
The late 1960's and following were a hippy-inspired era when it became popular with American students and intellectuals — whether they were stereotypical Χιπνος or not — to walk with a backpack all over Europe, searching for the reality of their cultural ancestors. This kind of backpacking walk had already become a tradition among European intellectuals, as can attest any twentieth-century visitor to Greece who has met an earnest, straw-hatted German, French, or English student sitting among the pines of the remotest site, studying his guide book and balancing a large map on his knee. To many Americans, especially those who were not formal students or scholars of the Classics, the Greek walk of the 1970's was largely a fad, undertaken usually in the heat of August (it took a while to cross Europe, even with a Eurail pass), when any focussed intellectual activity could frequently be forced by the blistering sun to dissolve itself in daily, gloriously refreshing swims in the cool Aegean. The European tradition of culturally-motivated, backpacking walks, however, had always been a more serious cultural exercise. Not surprisingly, it has given us the written records of two very sensitive walkers of the 1970's, Jacques Lacarrière, in Promenades dans la Grèce Antique (Paris: Hachette 1978), and Peter Levi, The Hill of Kronos (London: W. Collins Sons 1980; reprinted by London: Arrow Books Ltd. 1983).

These two records, one in French, the other in English, are similar in that both authors used the second-century A.D. Lydian-born traveler Pausanias as their guide to the antiquities of Greece, letting him set the itinerary and often the questions which
they attempt to answer. Both authors, moreover, knew Pausanias' Περιήγησις intimately, because they had both translated it. Both authors, like Pausanias, usually walked to the sites they visited; unlike Pausanias, however, they often walked because they wanted to, not because they had to. Accordingly, being walkers by choice, they sometimes had the leisure to enjoy their walks rather more than did Pausanias, and it is ironic that both these inexhaustible, leisurely modern travelers can be puzzled when Pausanias, traveling in a harsher age, describes (incorrectly) what he has not visited, as at Sounion, or does not describe a vista of breath-taking beauty, as at Sicyon, which they are certain he must have seen and should not have failed to be impressed by.

Pausanias believed that the temple at Sounion was Athena's, though in reality it was Poseidon's. Levi comments, critically, "Probably he never landed there; it was a remote spot, and infested with pirates" (101-102). The temple of Athena, it seems, had once been at Sounion, but by Pausanias' time, had been moved, block by block, to Athens for safety and re-erected (118) there, where, alas, Pausanias did not see it either, or he might have corrected his "lie." Sounion, adds Levi, "was very likely dangerous, and perhaps that was why the temple was moved" (118-119).

Lacarrieire describes what was evidently for him the most beautiful landscape he saw in Greece, in the valley of the Asopus river, on Pausanias' route to Sicyon. "The bed of the river was dry and tongues of sand snaked through the middle of a luxuriant tangle of cypress, yew, rock-rose, and rhododendron, amid a deafening murmur of insects and marshy, warm fragrances" (13). And Lacarrieire reflects, "Pausanias himself must have seen, inhaled, appreciated these too" (Ibid.), but, peculiarly for Lacarrieire, did not describe them in his Περιήγησις.

Much could be said about the similarities and differences between the old and these modern Pausaniases, but I would like to describe here what I detect is an
underlying disappointment which both the modern Pausaniases have in the old one, and what is more significant, a more deeply underlying disappointment which both men have in the remains of Classical civilization.

The disappointment in Pausanias is inevitable, we should realize, because he saw so much more than do his heirs. As Levi says, somewhat sadly, Pausanias saw "the antiquities of nearly all Greece in a far better condition than anyone has done since" (118), whereas Lacarrièrè falls into an elegiac tone, reminding us that Pausanias wrote "after the Roman invasion and just before the destruction by Christians and barbarians. Pausanias does not appear only as an informed traveler, but above all as a man, a passionate, scrupulous, careful witness of Greece in her final hours" (15). Ignoring the rhetoric about the "final hours" of Greece, which, fortunately, is still very much with us, we can deduce from these sentences the frustration which Lacarrièrè feels with not only Pausanias' guide to antiquities now lost, but also with the surprisingly (but, also, frequently) paired villains of Classical history, Christians and barbarians. Levi and Lacarrièrè, however, committed as they are professionally to admiring Pausanias and even selling him in translation to other tourists, mask their frustration by claiming to find benefits other than the obvious one of touristic guidance. Lacarrièrè, for example, assures us that Pausanias' enumerations of lost antiquities, e.g. the lists of "rites, statues, ex voto's, altars, and buildings" at Olympia, aside from their usefulness to research archaeologists, introduce us all to the daily life and service of the sanctuary (187). We note, however, that Lacarrièrè does not include translations of most of these long lists in his *Promenades*, and Lacarrièrè's strongest justification for using Pausanias as a guide is not the indubitable socio-historical knowledge they preserve but rather the excuse many of the Classical sites described by Pausanias provide for enjoying a
walk in the wild. "I owe my most beautiful walks to Pausanias," confides Lacarriere, "in search of the forgotten places he mentions, buried among the wild flowers (enfouis sous les herbes folles) (13). This would seem to be making virtue of necessity, i.e. using the tangled, but naturally polychromed vista of a lost sanctuary as the primary goal for visiting it. This would also seem a dangerous tack for translators of Pausanias to take, as the cynical reader could argue that if only the beauty of the wild flowers matters, the tourist would best simply follow his eyes, or if he is French like Lacarriere, perhaps his nose (cf. "de senteurs marécageuses et chaudes" (13)).

Levi faces the same irony of situation, justifying and even trying to appreciate a detailed guide to missing antiquities, as does Lacarriere, but Levi's response is subtler, himself being a far more complex person and writer than Lacarriere.

First of all, when Levi visited Greece for the first time, in 1963, he was already disillusioned with the standard Classicists' image of Greece. His education had been the long, and to him tedious one of a Jesuit priest, in gloomy northern Oxfordshire besides. It had "included so many illnesses that the training itself seemed like an illness" (12-13). A kind of superannuated student, Levi the Jesuit, by his own admission, "was hungry for life" (13), and his first visits to Greece were like a "delayed spring, a breaking of the ice" (12). In short, Levi was primed to enjoy the spring flowers rather more than the marble monuments, and thus was bound to be somewhat disappointed in Pausanias' account of the cultural monuments of Greece. Consequently, when Levi the translator of Pausanias explains to us that much of the exploratory research for his edition of Pausanias was "to find the roads Pausanias used, and the places on those roads," we note the priorities (lost roads before identifiable sites) and tentatively deduce that for Levi, as for Cavafy of "Ithaka," it was the ὀφαντὸς ὀρεινοῦ, or lovely research, not the riches, or goal, of Pausanias'
work which mattered most to him.

Yet the truth is that Levi found that his studies of Pausanias provided him with some of the means of fulfilling his real goal, which was quite different from the goal of fully understanding Pausanias. Levi's real goal is stated early in *The Hill of Kronos*, and Levi's progress in fulfilling it is chronicled throughout the book, culminating in the last chapter, where he describes a special trip to Greece, in 1978, with his new wife and eight-year-old stepson. By then, Levi had left the Jesuit priesthood.

The real goal of Levi's search in Greece was not Pausanias or even Greece, but, as he states in the Introduction, what he was "searching for and hungry for was reality [underlining mine]" (13). Knowledge of reality is a very philosophical goal, but evidently Levi, despite his disciplined philosophical and theological education in England, had not discovered reality before coming to Greece. And although Levi carried Pausanias with him everywhere during his travels through Greece, he naturally found that any information which Pausanias might furnish on reality was by definition limited, since many of the wonderfully real monuments Pausanias described had long since been destroyed or lost. Pausanias himself, Levi found a bit of a Philistine. By the time Pausanias had reached Delphi, comments Levi, "he was old.... complaining more and more about bad roads, and showing increasing interest in bird-watching and in the gods of healing" (51).

Levi's real guides to reality in Greece were the poets George Seferis and Nikos Gatsos, and Levi was forced to admit in Greece that his real profession had never been a priest or scholar, but rather poet (11). So the poet had come to Greece on a poet's quest, drawn there not primarily by the legend of Greece, but by some contemporary Greek poets whom he had read and appreciated before arriving. Upon arrival, he was ready to win them as friends and follow them as guides, and
from the first, he saw Greece through their eyes: "The landscapes" he saw "were those of George Seferis. The countryside was that of Nikos Gatsos, 'a little wheat for the festival, a little wine for remembrance, a little water for the dust'" (28). Levi visited Seferis and his wife in their apartment behind the Athens Stadium, and became a regular among Gatsos' circle of admirers which convened regularly at Flocca's.

In 1963, Levi, by his own admission, was more interested in Seferis than in Pindar, but later would learn to appreciate Pindar too. On Levi's first meeting with Seferis, Levi was struck immediately by the "charming playfulness, as well as the darkness and seriousness of his mind, and the sorrows of his lifetime" (34). The seriousness of Seferis' outlook shaped, for example, Levi's reaction to Delphi, as it did also, for that matter, Lacarrière's. Delphi, according to Levi, is "splendid and terrible"; for "in the beginning," at Delphi -- says Levi, quoting Seferis in an essay -- "'was the anger of Zeus'," often expressed from behind the flashing cliffs above the "water-spring bursting out of a split mountain" (50). Delphi, according to Lacarrière, is a kind of stage for an ancient but never ending struggle between light and shadow, while Seferis is summoned to corroborate, "Myth can demonstrate that the chthonian forces are the yeast of light (le levain de la lumière) and the more they interact, the stronger is the light they will dominate" (253).

The suffering that underlies the foundation and on-going maintenance of Apollo's monument at Delphi, the shadow intensifying light, is but one aspect of Seferis' vision of universal suffering as the substratum of life. Of the centrality of suffering to the real Greece, Levi was aware early, but came to understand it only with the passing years, particularly during the infamous government of the Colonels. Levi was so involved, to his credit, in the resistance against the Colonels (he hid one of the student lead-
ers of the Law School uprising—which preceded the better-known resistance of the Polytechnic School—in his apartment and dressed him in special clothes so that he could escape unnoticed from Greece) that he was forbidden by the Colonels' government to re-enter Greece. Afterwards, in 1974, when happier days and better government returned to Greece, he directed a documentary film for the B.B.C. which comprised interviews with simple, village survivors of the Colonels' oppression. During the making of this film, Levi "came to understand much more than [he] had done about suffering in Greece, more even than [he] had learnt from social anthropologists" (190). Thereafter, he read a classic like Homer with a new awareness, an awareness of the suffering which lay unspoken between the lines. Just as, by analogy, true knowledge of water depends on an awareness of thirst, true knowledge of a healing shrine on an awareness of the terrible power of disease, so a real knowledge of Homer depends on an awareness of the depth of suffering which even simple humans can experience, and have experienced throughout Greece's history. (See p. 190).

Levi's comments on the sufferings of Greece, which terrible, recent events finally made real for him, are reflections of similar comments by Seferis. Earlier, in The Hill of Kronos, Levi had commented that Seferis was profoundly aware of the "Furies, the avenging demons," of Greece, which were determined to punish "a once good and simple people" (126). It is this later, mature, more realistic image of Greece as a once good, and sometimes still good, and simple people oppressed by the dark forces of life and history -- nurtured by the poet Seferis, and verified by Levi's own experience during the years of the junta -- which becomes the reality for which Levi had been seeking when he first came to Greece.

The Greek contrast between simple goodness and cruelty is frequently mentioned by Levi. He wonders, for example, why poets so good as his friends from Pyrgos, George Pavlopoulos and Takis Sinopoulos, could be "so sweet and gentle" without becoming sentimental.
He is pleased to note that Pavlopoulos was descended from "simple heroes of the war of independence" (66). George Seferis and Nikos Gatsos are compared by Levi to two "Chinese sages" sitting meditatively "under pine trees on their own mountain" (121). Yet I think all these poets constitute, for Levi, what he says expressly of Sinopoulos: a combination of intellectual clarity with a "passionate disturbance" (120) welling up from the dark pools of the Delphic Python.

In the last chapter of *The Hill of Kronos*, Levi describes a trip to Greece, in 1978, in company with his wife and stepson. It is a trip less romantic than the original exploratory trip of 1963, when he traveled alone. For one thing, his stepson had fallen on the marble floor of a hotel and injured his head, his wife was unwell from the food, and he himself had a raging toothache. Their urgent drive along the highway from Volos to the dentist in Athens was broken by little shade, and the road itself seemed unbelievably ugly. Perhaps God had gone to Italy, gone out, say, to Venice for coffee, thought Levi's wife Deirdre. That night the family found the air of Athens "slapped warmly against [their] faces like a hot flannel soaked in diesel oil" (209-210).

This was their Greek suffering for that day, but in due time, as often in Greece, all the principals recovered from their petty ailments. Our last view of the family is of them eating ice cream at Flocca's, sitting with Nikos Gatsos, looking "as tranquil as Kronos" (219). Kronos, torturing, tortured and probably simple, and with a mountain-home at Olympia more primitive than the splendid temple of his clever son Zeus below. Yet Kronos' hill, covered with cooling pines, has outlasted Zeus' temple, whose lichen-covered blocks lie strewn as though the Giants of myth had fought a cataclysmic war there (cf. Lacarrière 176: *les fûts de base....évoquent par leur désordre quelque catastrophe gigantesque*). So Gatsos, this unexpected incarnation of Kronos, sits serene like Zeus' father
during the Golden Age, looking after his family, but this time Gatsos does not sit beneath the pines of Kronos' hill at Olympia or of the mountains of Gatsos' native Arcadia, but sits happily with his adopted British family under the sidewalk awnings of the coolest place in downtown Athens, the fabled ice cream parlor called Flocca. By a brilliant series of poetic transformations, Peter Levi, our poet-traveler, tells us that in the end he found reality in Greece. What was it? Ice cream and poetry. No doubt, Pausanias would have been baffled by all this!

--Edward S. Phinney
University of Massachusetts
at Amherst.

The paper was read at the joint meeting of the American Philological Association and the Modern Greek Studies Association of America, "Travelers in Greece, Ancient and Modern," during the 119th Annual Meeting of the APA, in New York City, on December 28, 1987. The 2 illustrations were borrowed from P. Levi, The Hill of Kronos.

All page references to The Hill of Kronos in this
paper are to the 1983 edition. Translations from Lacarrière's *Promenades dans la Grèce Antique* are by the writer.

3Verse from Nikos Gatsos' famous poem "Amorgos."

A NEW POEM by H. Roumeliotakis.*

Gun Powder! We Are Lost
(A detail from the life of Chief Lykourghos Loghothetis)**

Somewhere deep in my mind
stir the life and deeds
of Chief Lykourghos Loghothetis
as, often, my friend Alexis S.
of the Saracens***
used to relate them to me
in those years.

Tonight, though, I won't explore
the life and deeds of the man--
these can be found in history--
I'll only tell a detail,
just one detail which, I think,
can throw a bit of light
on our lives.

The enemy, they say, was besieging him
from all directions
he had no bread no water
his days even his hours
could be counted.

Here let me open a bracket
and say that in our life
a day comes
when we have to make decisions
critical for us
and for others who look up to us.
Then, speeches are of no help
two words only, a motion of the head
are more becoming.
The time was merciless
he counted his own people, the enemies
the wretched spring
took pencil and paper and carved (the message)
Gun powder! We are lost.

Nothing else.
He signed, sealed it
and handed it to a brave young Samian
to take it to Kerkis
where his allies lay in wait.

I can imagine him
the moment he wrote and signed the letter
with his lion heart roaring
Gun powder! We are lost
nothing else.

Gun powder, then, my Brothers,
Gun powder, and God's mercy.
(15.III.87)

*Three other poems by H. Roumeliotakis were printed, in translation, in The Amaranth 9 (1985).

**L. L. was a Samian chieftain of the Greek War of Independence of 1821.

***According to the poet, Alexis S. looks like... a Saracen. Hence the nickname.

****A mountain on Samos.
THREE POEMS by Pascal Dranitsaris*

Dear Vincent

I see you wild-eyed
at your madhouse window
straining to take it all in
heart pounding, palms sweaty
delirium pouring out your brush.

Your mad immortal paintings
are the essence of fire
the color and perpetual motion of fire:
the sky alive with shooting stars
the fields and flowers
trembling with passion
even the stolid hills
blue giants
rippling with sinew
each peasant woman
a cherished saint
each broken twig
filled with tragic grandeur
each placid lake
the face of your beloved.

Sleep, unquiet heart.
In your thirty-seven years
you lived a hundred lifetimes.

Dedication

To the immigrants who helped build this continent
whose souls are frozen in the steel
and concrete of these buildings
who poured out their anguish
like the thick black asphalt of the highways
whose voices faintly linger in the foundries
whose ghostly hands still twitch on factory floors
who bore their humiliation and despair
in silence
though the words burned like white-hot
pig iron
in their bellies, though their lips
quivered and contorted trying to form them.

Their story remains untongued.
May my poems be a wreath of roses.

K a r a t e  D a y s

Some use the rope, razor, revolver
others use booze, pills, fast cars.
I used the martial arts
where psychotic japs taught me
how to kill myself by the millimeter
how to draw it out, enjoy it.

I'd go four times a week
lift weights, jog.
I'd pound people into the mat
and they'd do the same to me.
I was lean, I was perfect
I was dying.

They'd tell us the idea was
not to finish your opponent
but to blend with him.
They'd lecture us about harmony and love.

Then they'd beat
the living crap out of us.

What a band we were.
A Noah's ark of losers
preserving every form of
maladaptation for posterity:
alienated ethnics, obsessive jewboys,
faceless orientals, blacks with haunted eyes
befuddled wasps, pathetic flower children
cops dreaming of eating their guns
sadists, masochists
schizophrenics hearing voices in the dark
all lonely, all womanless
all smothered by self-hate
people who were broken long ago
and might never be repaired.

One day I walked in
and felt death dripping from the ceiling
death seeping through the walls
smug, atomized death entering
my bloodstream like monoxide.
I felt the icewater in my veins
the lash at my back.
I felt howling rage and sorrow.
I felt madness and decay.
I saw the sunlight dying on the mat
and I got out of there.

*Pascal Dranitsaris studied at the University of
Toronto and is now working as an occupational Hy-
giene Consultant for the Ministry of Labour of Ont-
ario. A recent journey to France gave him the first
poem. His North-American experience gave him the o-
ther two. P. is in the process of putting together
his first book of poetry.
Pascal Dranitsaris read his poetry for the Modern Greek Program in the Walden Room, U. C. Union, on December 10, 1987.

Trans. G. Thaniel

*Schools of the World*


Waking suddenly in the dark
I wanted a glass of water a newspaper
light by the bed strength and luck
to break this mirror
which has been staring at me tearfully for years.

Difficult years
for the heart which desires and tends
to go beyond the body's limits
with the heart's folds half-written over
with nothing finished gained clear.
Dream turns into a nightmare
and like acid it wears life's metal.

*The Piano Player* (sic, in the original)

Between the piano and the sea
the indifference of the sand
currents flowing unceasingly
(the roads covered by the piano player addresses dates).
Shopping items of the 10 May 1929
fossilized inside the kitchen net.
Sunshine and dust.
Had he been born?
A car of undefinable speed
converges on the meeting
between the piano and the sea
music fails to start
the piano player is a woman
her skin is in the color of the keys
the bodies are dragged by the water
to the edge where the water
is momentarily transparent and you can see
the pebbles
then the foam has no
perspective
the letters in a little parcel
a blue ribbon fading from the salt
the piano flies towards the clouds
music fails to start
the woman is a brunette of middle height
she is traveling to Moscow on some train.
What would have become of me without you
little rag
relic of love's propeller
a ball of flesh a dream a feather what would
have become of me
when the dark water submerges
the face the passion and the act?

Grille of a balcony from Lesbos. Drawing by
V. Petrakos

Trans. G. Thaniel

**Where the Axe Reaches**

Every so often my ashy age chisels out moments that help the small shoots of bitterness in their run towards the morrow so that yesterday's bereavement grows new leaves so that I become fresh again and do not burn in the fire that has hemmed me in.

**When the Subject Persists**

I think of fleeing from the night of daring to do also that sometime but, again, how can I expose you to the abundant light you whom I have been preserving in the dark for years below veins and behind wrinkles in any case I'd be loath to betray verses that hinted at premature screams that failed commercially and were buried with me in darkness.

**Things Are my Depth**

Things persist in my concern in my devotion they look for the controlled caress the mute attachment my very soul has been welded into their margins the holy form of the soul will avert the hubris--
pity the things, they moan day and night
respect the things, they drip blood they feel
pain
if you can, love them, if you can, save them
if you can bear it, touch me nesting tenderly
in their depth.

Metro Toronto Convention Centre
A new poem, in English, by G. Thaniel.

Mooreish Encounters

Now that my fifth decade
palimpsest that has held a bit of color
vanishes mutely down the horizon
I gaze through this Mooreish arch
at London's Kensington Gardens
into my element, water
flashing oracles in silver
over the pale August afternoon.

I have a camera in hand
but it is Time, unseen photographer,
that snaps me out of the corner of his eye
pivoting me back a dozen years
to that equally pale Ontario afternoon
in Moore's hall of marvels in the Gallery
when the candid camera of a friend
caught me before another piece of sculpture
a kind of Sphinx
whose Parthian frontality
humbled my gaze.

I could not resolve the riddle then
I cannot decipher the oracles now,
but here, before this stone arch
with its twisted bony shape
gateway to the palace of Thales
I was glanced off the new picture
before I had paused to pose
and from a distance which I'll call benign
I have seen the Sphinx turn into a Mermaid.
FIVE POEMS by Alexis Zakythinos*

A Musical Evening

There are seats for four and I, alone, trying to cover for the absence of the other three with my slender flute, able of course only to shake off my own part tonight, in any case knowing that also tomorrow, under the same conditions of solitude and with the same flute, I will execute the same cry.

Epigraph

He, whose still warm rags were found shortly in the middle of the road, must be going about naked somewhere near here, quite near.

Memento

Here where, o friend, you paused to watch the sunset, I set a mark.

After the Rain

God said to the rain "plough well" and so the garden was ploughed. Time for it to flower.

In a Public Park

0 seat in the afternoon sunshine, which you shortly hosted my dream, I thank you.

-- Trans. G. Thaniel

El Greco

Each time that we met
--for real or in dream--
it was always night.
(God was also born at night.)

And everywhere we came upon each other
--in Crete, Toledo, Venice--
you could smell the storm in the air.
(The storm: his Messiah.)

The dazed stars were falling
in a blazing sky
and masts got tangled in the clouds
and dampened wings of archangels.

While something profound shuddered before us
and kept rising apocalyptically
like a flame goaded up
by the wind of no beginning:

something more lucid than sacrifice,
something more secretive than sorrow,
something more precious than hope,
something more godlike than joy!

Autumn in Cornwall

The wind strips the trees.
The day winds up
very early by its lamp,
comes to roost in its corner.
Our memory and our nostalgia shudder.
The moon lurks in the clouds hiding from lovers.
Stars fall into a stupor.
Shores lay deserted and boats retire.
God lets the rain invest with music its rhythmical lament when we are asleep or awake.
While the mist covers us with its mysterious veil of oblivion, escape or meditation!

J o h a n n S e b a s t i a n B a c h
(1985)
Church organs in huge cathedrals, set in motion by Your invisible fingers in Your autumn afternoons of Leipzig lit by no ray of the sun but dominated discreetly by eternity, submerge my soul into reverie, in the inexplicable thrill of exaltation, in that awe where annihilation blends with the sublime!
And You, now serene and then inexorable, fly over the heads of the just like the law of Moses or like nature which will tolerate no doubt of grandeur!
REVIEW

Alexandros Papadiamantis, Tales from a Greek Island. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Elizabeth Constantinides (The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987). Pp. i-xx and 1-176. $16.95 U.S.

When the reviewer revisited, in 1984, Skiathos, the island of A. Papadiamantis, he found the house of P. (now a museum) no longer at the edge of the town but in its very middle surrounded by tourist shops, a fast-food restaurant and the bar "Centaur" (bar, pub, or whatever you like, declared the hospitable sign on the wall.) Would P. have deplored these developments? Probably, although his reaction would have been informed with humor, the kind of humane and sad humor which pervades his stories and can even survive translation, as the English renditions by E. Constantinides of twelve representative stories of P. show in Tales from a Greek Island. The saving grace of humor and a sense of the intrinsic mystery of life, of even the restricted and humble life of a small seaport town on a small Greek island of the Aegean, are, beyond plots and characterization, what raises P. above the status of a mere ethographos or realist, and what must have ingratiated him on the sensibilities of diametrically different writers, like the sublime Elytis, writer of a long essay on P. with the characteristic title The Magic of Papadiamantis (a brief excerpt from that essay is printed on the dust jacket of the present book), and the brutally down-to-earth Varnalis.

It is not the first time that P. has "sailed" to North America. We find his story "I Nostalgos" (She that was homesick) in a collection of modern Greek stories in translation by A. Phoutrides and D. Vaka, published in 1920. Other stories of P. have appeared in translation in the magazine Athene, 14, 3 (1953)
and the journal *The Charioteer*, 1, 4 (1962); also, in P. Gianos, *Introduction to Modern Greek Literature. An Anthology of Drama, Fiction and Poetry* (1969). P.'s famous psychographic novella *I Fonissa* (The murderess) is also available in English in two different translations, by G. Xanthopoulides (1977) and P. Levi (1983). I quote these data here from a sense of justice to those previous translators and because they do not appear in *Tales*. There has been at least one North American *nostalgos* of the writing style of P. judging from "To Paska tou Metanasti" (The Easter of the immigrant), a Greek story openly proferred as a story in the style of P. by its author Ilias Koutsis, in the *Argonaut*, an annual volume of texts on Greek-American intellectual life, published in New York (1959).* But this is the first time that we have, in *Tales*, a representative selection of P.'s stories in very good translations and with a competent introduction and notes.
In her Introduction, Professor Constantinides points out P.'s almost complete identification with his native island Skiathos. P.'s essential realism is not lacking in mythical and symbolic overtones, reflections of his education and special interests. P. was a priest's son and always had a deep, mystical feeling for Greek Orthodoxy, its tenets and its rituals. The religious aspects of the island life receive, therefore, privileged treatment in his stories. He was, on the whole, conservative and sceptical about the possibility of man to better himself through social progress. But he never strikes us as a bigot, and shows a lot of compassion for all of his characters. Constantinides also discusses details in the life of P. which tie with his work and the reception which this work found among Greek critics.

Of the twelve stories the first, "Fortune from America," and the last, "The American," placed there for obvious reasons, bracket "The Homesick Wife," "The Haunted Bridge" (which echoes the well-known Greek folk song 'The Bridge of Arta'), "The Matchmaker" (where a male character ends up by marrying the woman to whom he was sent on behalf of someone else), "The Bewitching of the Aga," "Civilization in the Village: a Christmas Story," "A Dream among the Waters," "A Shrew of a Mother," "Love the Harvester: a May Day Idyll" (the most 'pagan' of the stories, an adaptation of the ancient myth of the nymph Galatea and the herdsman Polyphemus), "The Voice of the Dragon," "The Marriage of Karahmet." The last story, "The American," also mirrors an ancient story, that of Odysseus returning to Ithaka and his faithful woman.

P. is not easy to translate, given his idiosyncratic style which combines purist Greek in the narrative parts of his stories and dialect, or, generally, colloquial speech, in dialogue. Constantinides did a very commendable job in translating these stories into fluent and accurate English and in attaching a set of
helpful notes to the translations. Extremely rare are the spots where certain words could have been rendered better, as, for instance, in "Love the Harvester" (p. 106), "to pick flowers" would sound more natural than "to cut flowers," and ibid. (p. 114), "lot" rather than "portion" is the correct rendition of the Greek kliros. Masterful seem to be the rhyming versions of certain poems which spice P.'s stories. There is no index.

--G. Thaniel

THIS PUBLICATION IS NOT FOR SALE

EDITOR: G. Thaniel