II-4

R E T U R N

The traveller returned with empty eyes.
'That is not you!' wept the forsaken friend.
'You promised me the fire that never dies,
And what you bring can only be the end.'

The absentee looked at his empty hands
And said 'I give you things you cannot see;
The treasures of the land beyond all lands,
The secret spied in seas beyond all sea.

Our souls have limits,and our love is bound
To strand where all begins. The silent border
Is strewn with wrecks.My soul was sent back drownèd,
Because its dream defied the human order.

You see me here,but I have not returned.
Things which are not are destined to confound
The things that are,the fortunes we have earned.
When all is lost,the Infinite is found.'

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

S T R A N G E R S

An Angel comes bringing a smile as token
Of love, eternal love that fears no danger,
But when we need him most, he says in broken
Language 'I cannot help; I am a stranger',

And vanishes. Angels are not of this
But of another world that knows no pity.
Nothing disturbs their everlasting bliss,
And while man dies they sing their alien ditty:

'We come from nowhere and our love as deep
As darkness in our native land, is free
Of human meaning. Man can never reap
Our kisses glowing for eternity.

We go nowhere and those who blindly follow
Our steps are led to nothing. O you fool!
Our sphere of happiness is closed, but hollow,
While broken rings of human love are full.'

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

A S O N G F O R B O R E S

'Mind the steps' was written on the door,
Somebody forgot the kind advice,
Broke his neck and now he's such a bore,
~~He~~ gave up all his friends to live with mice.

'Mind the steps' was smiling from your brow,
But our fate is dark and I fell in.
Every time I speak I hear a crow
Summoning all ghosts and all their kin.

'Mind the steps' is written on my door,
But there are no steps and people wonder,
Why ~~on earth~~ should one who walks on ~~even~~ level floor
Warn of deadly falls and fret and ponder.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

II-4

D E T E C T I V E S T O R Y

The stranger left the house in the small hours;
A neighbour heard his steps between two dreams;
The body was discovered strewn with flowers;
Their evenings were too passionate, it seems.

They used to be together quite a lot.
The friend was dressed in black, distinguished-looking,
The porter said. His wife had always thought
They were so nice and interested in cooking.

And this was true perhaps. The other night
They made a soup that was a great success,
They drank some lager too and all was right,
The talk, the kisses and at last the chess.

'It was great fun', they said. Yet their true love
Throbbed in their breasts like pus that must be freed.
The porter found the weapon and the glove,
But only our despair can find the creed.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

A B E L

My brother Cain, the wounded, liked to sit
Brushing my shoulder, by the staring water
Of life or death, in cinemas half-lit
By scenes of peace ~~which~~ that always turned to slaughter.

He liked to talk to me. His eager voice
Whispered the puzzle of his bleeding thirst,
Or prayed me not to make my final choice
Unless we had a chat about it first.

And then he chose the final pain for me.
I do not blame his nature: he's my brother;
Nor what we call the times: our love was free,
Would be the same at any time; but rather

The ageless ambiguity of things,
Which makes our life mean death, our love be hate.
My blood that streams across the bedroom sings:
'I am my brother opening the gate!'

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

II-4

5-53

41

G U I L T

Listener, can you hear the silence howl
And crawl, an endless serpent, round the world?
I see your need for signs and symbols prowl
Along the folded tombs and the unfurled
Bliss of the sky. Hunter and source of light,
Beloved, who did not find the meaning of
The body struggling in its deathward flight
To grasp your groping hand that shook it off,
What does your craving for atonement call
Out of the depths of man-begetting dread?
A phantom, or the thought that after all
Murder means less than nothing to the dead?

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

A S A I N T I N P I C C A D I L L Y

Among the many ways of liberation
The most effective ones are mad or silly.
I met no saint in holy congregation,
But ~~met~~ found a martyr haunting Piccadilly.

The world is loathsome to his boundless yearning;
To pierce the heaven is his deadly task;
But prayer is useless when the flesh is burning,
And meditation fails him after dusk.

The call of darkness then assails the room;
The windows tremble and his throat is dry;
A silent trumpet sounds the day of doom,
And all mankind's despair becomes one cry:

'O look at us! how nothingness has preyed
Upon our faces full of cracks and holes
Opening to the void that will invade
Even the core of our deserted souls!'

The meaning of the cryptogram is faint,
But his desire is clear. He rushes out,
And, hungry for the humblest end, the saint
Picks up the lowest person seen about.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

5-55
43

II-4

C A M B R I D G E B A R M E D I T A T I O N

We shall not tell you where the well is hidden.
Cambridge is gay, but secret courts atone.
The centre of the town is soil forbidden,
Allotted to the don who walks alone.

His rooms in college have a lovely view,
And at his parties youth and sherry glitter;
But all he has to say is 'How are you?'
The kernel of the mind is bitter, bitter.

The well of peace disturbs the peace of mind.
The friends are gone to London, yet our hearts
Stayed back to watch the pool of death behind
Glasses of beer that mirror flying darts.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

Ah my Muse is an old maid
And my friend a debauchee.
I have often wept and prayed
To be freed of them, but he

Still pollutes my purest symbols
While she whispers in bad breath:
'You had rather strike the cymbals
And assault the land of death.

Strike the cymbals, scan the verse,
Drown the soul in nothingness.
You had ~~rather~~ better now rehearse
What no man can ever guess.

Dance with the decrepit body
Of a hopeless, grumbling Muse,
Of a friend astray in bawdy
Explorations of no use,

And you may attain at last
What no form of life can vow,
Liberation in the vast
Everlasting void of now.'

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

We met at noon under the Sun's crude stare
Which makes the wrong look equal to the right.
Our limbs were dazzled and to flee the glare
We bathed our love in blood, our souls in night.

Partners of crime and brothers in despair
We shook the door of death trembling with spite,
But no one opened, and there was nowhere
We could take refuge from excessive light.

We had no other outlet but to wrangle
Over the bloodstained fragments of a thought
Grasped in the depths of dangers dearly bought,

Until at last we found the strength to strangle
The knowledge crawling in our friendship's tree,
And grew in one another blind and free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS

5-58

II-4

46

W H A T W E M U S T T A K E F R O M T H E L A N D O F F E A R

Before we leave this deadly land of fear
For countries guarded by police, where houses
Are houses, you are you, and here is here,
We must make sure we take with us what rouses

All these suspicions of a weighty nod
Lurking
~~Hidden~~ in everything and everywhere.

Because our lives would be condemned if God
Made us a present of his lips, his hair
And we could not suspect it, but we spent
A night of love with pure eternity
Thinking that all embraces have an end
When in the morning comes the tray with tea.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

5-59

II-4

47

P R O P H E T S

The prophets wept forgetting all their bliss:

'The days of hope have only led to this.
The pattern of man's dream is mere convention.
We thought the lover bound to take a kiss,
That God should look divine in His Ascension.

But God does not conform.The night grows deep
While common sense extolls the joys of rest.
We had our human dignity to keep
And sent our souls on this unheard-of quest,

In which there are no dreams and no escape
In holidays from fate,no time to cure
The watchful wound; the precipices gape
And all the answers break/ sound impure.

But those who see God's face in all its terror
Will die for that,yet not before they give
A cryptic message to the world in error
With hints of what to hope and how to live.'

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

5-60

II-4

48

A M E R I C A N G A M E S

When I speak of man's dark doom,
Bill from Cincinnati drawls:
'If one makes oneself at home
On this earth, one never fails.

If one wants to play a game,
One must first accept the rules.
~~you~~ one ~~your~~ one's
If ~~you~~ wants to live ~~your~~ time,
One has
~~You have~~ got to stand the walls

Which imprison us and kill
Those who strike to pull them down.
If you think my wisdom dull,

You have never tried base-ball,
Which has taught me lots of sane
Things.'

I play my life with Bill.

5-61

A M E R I C A N Games

Life rises again from the dead full of delight-
it springs from everywhere, young, desirable, ~~[illegible]~~
imbues all beings; from all parts of
nature tries to ~~become the conquer man's soul~~
the soul of man; the sea, the earth, the sky,
all is one, besiege the nature of man in its
surface and its depth.

The beauty of nature which surrounds them
increases the ~~enemy's~~ impatience of the fighter to take this
lovely land, but it also increases the suffering
of the besieged that they are going to lose it.

~~April and the~~
~~Sweet~~ Lord April and the God of Love
Dance full of laughing roses.
The arms which now besiege you are
As many as ~~the~~ her roses.
A small white hill of ~~sheep~~ moving sheep

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s
t

April and Love

~~A white small~~

~~A moving white small hill of sheep~~

~~The souls~~ The soul is trembling and forgets
Itself in pure delight.

Nature is

The black stone seems to be of gold
The
Nature is covered ~~with~~ thousand
It speaks with thousand tongues.
~~Those~~ Ah, those who die today
But die a thousand times
The trembling soul forgets itself
In unallayed delight.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

5-64

Χιλιάδες ἄστρα σ' τό' χουτρό' μ' ἐμὲ νὰ σεπ' ἡ νύχτα

The night shall send thousands of stars
To bathe with me...

Γῆ μαῦρη σὺ στὰ χαϊδεμένα, χάσμα τοῦ βράχου μαῦρο.
Even you black hole in the rock
Smile to the

I kiss my lovely hands and legs
My own chest
~~Always are open, always~~

Nature you smiled at him

A

Before his breathing stopped
It filled itself with joy.
The T and the sun
It was as if the worlds all round
Opened to throw around.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΑΡΧΑΙΟΝ ΑΓΟΡΑ

II-4 Not this version

5/ 5-65

G U I L T

Listener, can you hear the silence howl
And crawl, an endless serpent, round the world?
I see your need for signs and symbols prowl
Along the folded tombs and the unfurled

Bliss of the sky. Hunter and source of light,
Beloved, who did not find the meaning of
The body burning at your flaming sight,
The youthful body killed by love and ~~cardiac~~ cough.

What does your craving for atonement call
Out of the depths of man-begetting dread?
An answer, or the thought that after all
Murder means less than nothing to the dead.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

II-4

Not this version 52 5-66

S T R A N G E R S

An Angel comes bringing a smile as token
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But when we need him most he says in broken
Language: 'I cannot help, I am a stranger',

And vanishes. Angels are not of this
But of another world that knows no pity.
Nothing disturbs their everlasting bliss,
And while man dies they sing their alien ditty.

'We come from nowhere and our love as deep
As darkness in our native land is free
Of human meaning. Man can never reap
Our kisses, flowers of eternity.

We go nowhere and those who blindly follow
Our steps are led to nothing. O you fool!
Our sphere of happiness is closed but hollow,
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΚΟΝ
MDCCCLXXXI

5-67

II-4

53

TO DEATH

. . . . . .

Peaceful, frozen,
The vast wings
Of the deep night
Cover
The whole world.

Be silent here; there are bodies of Saints
Sleeping in this place.
Be silent here; ~~don't~~ do not disturb
The sacred rest
Of the dead.

I hear the fury
Of the raging wind;
It strikes violently; the windows
Of the temple open
Torn to pieces.

From the sky
Where the dark-winged
Clouds sail,
The moon throws
Its cold silver.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

It lights up a cold,
White, silent piece of marble;
One sees on the grave
A censer without fire,
Candles without flame, and funeral cakes.
. . . . . .
Look, the gravestone moves...
Look, from the cracks of the grave
A thin vapour comes out
And stands
In front of me.

It grows thicker; it takes
Human shape.
What are you? Tell me!
A creation, a phantom
Of my disturbed mind,

Or a human being
Living in graves?
Do you smile?..
. . . . . .
-Don't ask me; don't search
The inexpressible mystery ~~of death~~

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

5-69.

II -4

55

SONS OF THE NIGHT

The secret revealed years ago by"The Son of the Night"
Tortured,remote and beautiful,on the screen of an oriental cinema,
Before the wondering eyes of the child,
Made the man flee his silver friend in fear to lose him for ever,
Since it is not in happiness that we remember
The darkness that begets our silver sons.

II-5 1/2/6-1 1

(there is another version)
See book

S I E G E

Ah, my Muse is an old maid
And my friend a debauchee.
I have often wept and prayed
To be freed of them, but he

Still pollutes my purest symbols,
While she whispers in bad breath:
You had rather beat the ~~drum~~ cymbals
And assail the Land of Death.

Beat the cymbals, drum the verse,
Drown the soul in nothingness,
We must, though alive rehearse
What no man alive can guess..

Dance with the decrepit body
Of a hopeless, wrinkled Muse,
Of a friend astray in bawdy
Explorations of no use,

And you may attain at last
What no form of life can vow,
Liberation in the vast
Everlasting void of Now.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

II-5

(Item is another version with slight changes)

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If one wants to play a game,
One must first accept the rules.
If you want to live your time,
You have got to stand the walls

Which imprison us and kill
Those who strike to pull them down.
If you think my wisdom dull,

You have never tried base-ball,
Which has taught me lots of sane
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

6-3

A M E R I C A N Games

II-5

3 6-4

Does is the Glinetris version as agreed between us Y. 4/44

T. Tsatsos

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Of human meaning. Man can never reap
Our kisses ~~burning for~~ planted in eternity.

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D. Capetanakis
(The Listener)

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Grasped in the depths of dangers dearly bought,

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The knowledge creeping in our friendship's tree,
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

II-5 6 6-7

'Mind the steps' was written on the door;
Somebody forgot the kind advice,
Broke his neck, and now he's such a bore:
Gave up all his friends to live with mice.

'Mind the steps' was smiling from your brow,
But our fate is dark and I fell in:
Every time I speak I hear a crow
Summoning all ghosts and all their kin.

'Mind the steps' is written on my door,
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Warn of deadly falls and fret and ponder.

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ΓΑΡΙΑΣ ΦΙΛΙΟΥ ΘΕΝΟΣ
MDCCCLXXXI

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Warn of deadly falls and fret and ponder.

D. Capetanakis

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·

6-13

II-5

12

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And crawl, an endless serpent, round the world?
I see your need for signs and symbols prowl
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Bliss of the sky. Hunter and source of light,
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS
ΓΑΡΘΕΝΟΥ ΦΙΛΑΣΙΟΥ
MDCCCLXXXI

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

II-5

LAZARUS

This knock means death. I heard it once before
As I was struggling to remember one,
Just one thing, crying in my fever for
Help, help. Then the door opened, yet no Son

Came in to whisper what I had to know.
Only my sisters wetted me with tears,
But tears are barren symbols. Love is slow,
And when she comes she neither speaks nor hears:

She only kisses and revives the dead
Perhaps in vain. Because what is the use
Of miracles unheard-of, since instead
Of trying to remember the great News

Revealed to me alone by Death and Love,
I struggled to forget them and become
Like everybody else? I longed to move
As if I never had been overcome

By mysteries which made my sisters shiver
As they prepared the supper for our Friend.
He came and we received Him as the Giver,
But did not ask him when our joy would end.

And now I heard the knock I heard before,
And strive to make up for the holy time,
But I cannot remember, and the door
Creaks letting in my unambiguous crime.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS · MDCCCLXXXI ·