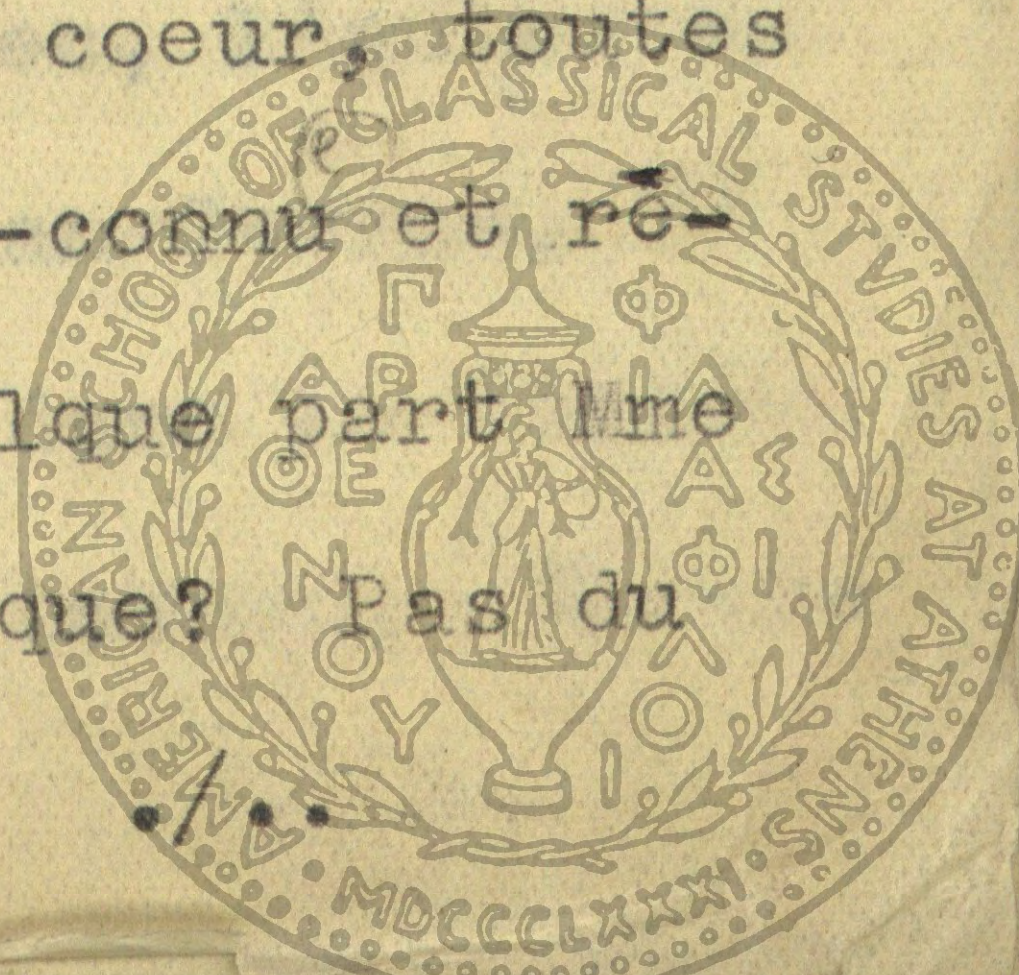


Je parle de celui qui fut mon ami. Ce n'est pas une chose facile et tout à fait naturelle d'être l'ami d'autrui. Il le savait mieux que personne. Il avait intensivement médité sur l'amitié. Je le connus lorsqu'il ne faisait que méditer. Il avait 17 ans. J'étais son professeur à l'université d'Athènes. Et j'ai beaucoup appris de mon élève.

Il est mort à Londres, au Westminster Hospital, à l'âge de 30 ans. Il connaissait bien l'hôpital. D'autant plus que l'année dernière il s'y trouva ~~après un coup de force contre lui-même,~~ ^{sans savoir pourquoi et comment,} tenté, comme on dit souvent sans savoir ce qu'on dit, dans un moment de faiblesse. Il ne voulait pas vivre. Il en avait assez. Non, il en avait moins qu'il ne lui fut nécessaire. Mais c'est exactement cette connaissance lucide qui le faisait ne pas vouloir vivre. C'était le mois de Janvier 1943. J'étais à Londres; lorsqu'il retrouva ses sens, ^(qu'il avait perdu pour quelques heures, par sa propre volonté) il a demandé voir John Lehmann et moi-même; Je me suis assis auprès de son chevet; il a souri, et prit la décision de vivre encore un an. C'était une concession faite à la Mort. Car, pour lui, c'est la vie qui exprimait la Mort. Son optimisme était trop grand pour pouvoir se contenter à ce que les autres nomment la vie.

Il était le plus discret parmi les hommes, les sons et les parfums. Lorsqu'il était présent, il s'abstenait de paraître. Lorsqu'il était absent, vous le sentiez tout à fait près de vous. Il était plus que vivant dans son corps maigre, plus que robuste dans sa constitution fine et presque dissoute, plus que mort dans le sens que, même en vivant, il était comme s'il avait survécu déjà sa propre vie et sa propre mort. [Il venait auprès de vous, et vous sentiez son absence d'une façon si énergique que ce fait - le fait de son absence - semblait être régi par une force cosmique.]

Athènes, Heidelberg, Cambridge: il avait parcouru ces stades d'éducation après avoir vécu comme enfant dans l'atmosphère de Paris du 17ème siècle. Il connaissait, presque par coeur, toutes les lettres de Mme de Sevigné qu'il a plus tard ré-cornu et ré-conçu à travers Marcel Proust; Proust compare quelque part Mme de Sevigné à Dostoyewski. Une comparaison excentrique? Pas du

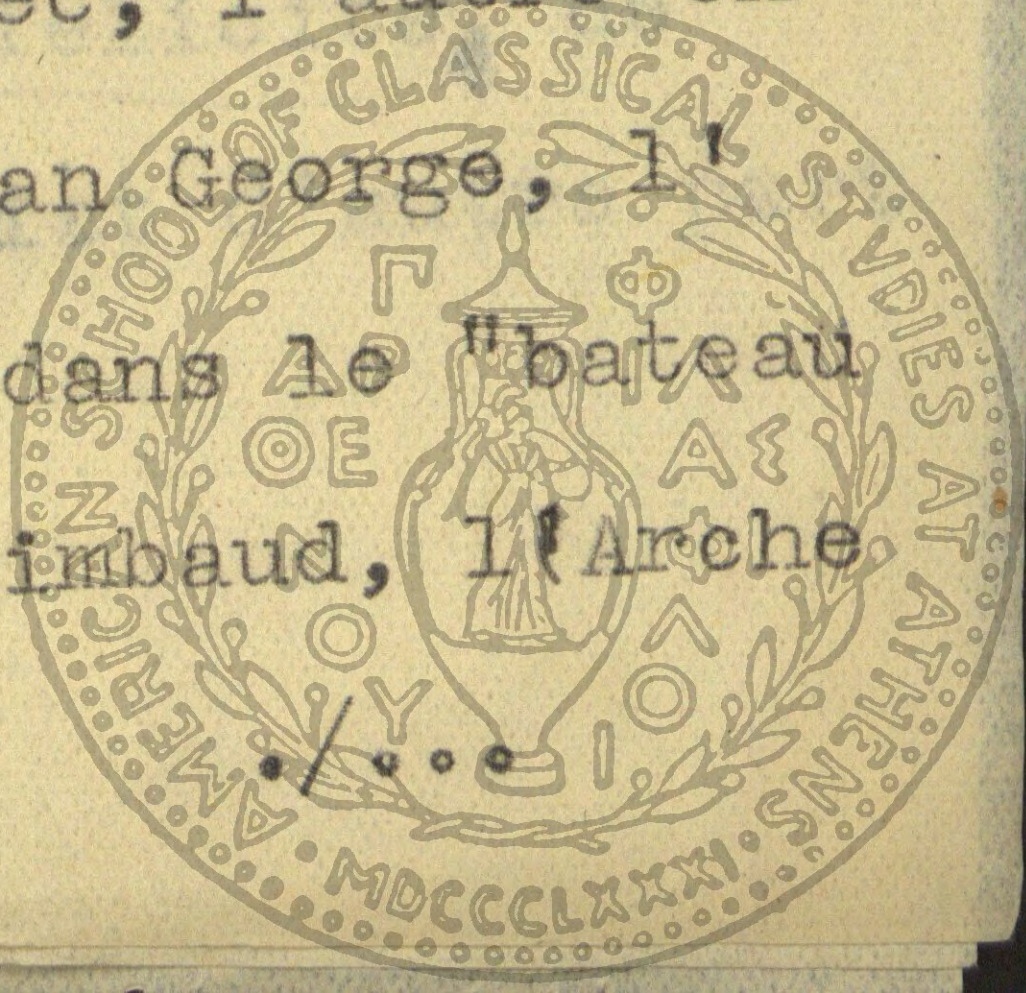


tout; mon ami réunissait en lui-même la Marquise, Dostoyevski et
 Proust d'une façon merveilleuse. Sa plus grande aventure c'était
 Stefan George. Je me trouvais déporté, dans une petite île de
 l'Egée lorsqu'il était rentré de Heidelberg. Il est venu me voir
 (il était courageux et se moquait de la police du régime dictatorial);
 c'était la seule fois que nous avons eu une querelle; une querelle
 sans paroles; j'étais sévère, et il était devenu cruel; cruel envers
 lui-même. Il fuyait la musique. Stefan George lui avait imposé pour
 quelques années sa loi: une loi sans aucun contenu; mon ami a plus
 tard réalisé que le nouvel état fondé par Stefan George n'avait pas
 de place pour des citoyens; et quant à la loi, elle n'existait non
 plus; il y avait seulement la figure glaciale du législateur.
 L'épreuve était pour mon ami si grande qu'il a ~~à~~ ^{presque} failli suc-
 comber. Et ce ne sont pas les grands prophètes ~~qu'il~~ qui l'ont sau-
 vé. Stefan George fut vaincu par "Robinson Crusoe" et par les vers
 où plutôt/la vie miraculeusement insignifiante de Thomas Gray. A
 peine arrivé à Cambridge, mon ami m'a envoyé deux lettres, parlant
 de ces deux remèdes. Il était guéri. Et il écrivit plus tard son
 essai anglais sur Stefan George qui fut une liquidation pénible et
 ironique.

Dans une autre lettre il parla de John Donne et de William Blake.

Lorsqu'il a quitté la Grèce pour aller à Cambridge - en Septembre
 1939 - il n'avait commencé à s'occuper de l'anglais que depuis
 quelques mois. Lorsque je me suis échappé de la Grèce occupée,
 en 1942, je l'ai retrouvé transformé en poète anglais. L'anglais,
 c'était sa langue; c'était elle qui l'a choisi; elle avait
 besoin de lui, [et il s'est donné à elle avec l'aisance de l'amant
 qui n'a besoin que de toucher le corps aimé pour qu'il soit ferti-
 lisé.] Pour lui c'était toujours la même chose: l'expérience ve-
 nait avant la connaissance, du fait réel; ainsi le fait réel, - le
 plaisir, l'accomplissement, la douleur - devenait toujours une
 chose ennuyante. Il n'anticipait pas seulement le blé par la se-
 mence, mais même la semence par le geste du semeur.

Il a publié deux essais sur Rimbaud, un en grec, l'autre en
 anglais; le premier, avant son aventure avec Stefan George, l'
 autre après l'aventure. Il avait lui-même habité dans le "bateau
 ivre"; c'était pour lui, beaucoup plus que pour Rimbaud, l'Arche



du deluge transformée en bouchon; le désenchantement cosmique.

Plus tard dans quelques vers anglais, il se sent assis, lui Abel, auprès de son frère Cain, dans des cinémas demi-éclairés par des scènes de paix qui tournent en tueries. Mais il a réalisé le désenchantement cosmique non, comme Rimbaud, qui après avoir vu "la blanche Ophélie flotter comme un grand lys" est devenu un marchand d'objets exotiques, mais en continuant, en dépit de tout ce qu'il savait et subissait, de vouloir être aimé. Oui, de vouloir être aimé; il ne pouvait pas supporter Rainer Maria Rilke parce que ce poète de Dieu, des femmes et de la musique des êtres incalculables avait dit que dans l'amour le tout consiste dans l'acte d'aimer.

X [Mon ami considérait cet acte comme beaucoup plus passif que l'acte de la réception de l'être aimant. Il y a dans cette controverse quelque chose de majestueux; le problème va jusqu'à la conception de la création élémentaire du monde, jusqu'au moment qui a instantanément précédé la naissance de la lumière.

D'ailleurs, mon ami savait très bien que la clarté n'est pas une affaire de lumière. Ce n'est pas dans la lumière, c'est plutôt dans les ténèbres que le regard devient lucide. C'était l'avis de mon ami, et, en me trouvant à Londres, en Janvier 1943, j'écrivis pour le rassurer encore plus dans ce qu'il croyait vrai, un sonnet grec où je disais: "L'amour et la haine, tous les deux sont des ténèbres". Il triompha lorsqu'il entendit ce vers. Il triompha, et, quand à moi, j'étais triste.

Le triomphe de mon ami était toujours - et c'est cela qui me donnait le droit de la tristesse envers lui - un acte de résistance; pas une offensive, pas une attaque destinée à la conquête. Conquérir quoi? La vérité de la souffrance? Mais la souffrance est une réalité; elle n'a pas besoin d'être une vérité. C'est l'inexistant qui désire être vrai. Mon ami ne voulait pas envahir le pays de l'inexistant: la joie, le bonheur. Et, quand même, souvent se dessinait sur son visage le sourire de la joie; mais c'était une autre chose; c'était le sourire de la félicité, de l'enfant. Lui, qui anticipa toute expérience, n'avait d'autre part ~~qu'il~~ jamais quitté le domaine de l'enfance.

./...



Le sourire de mon ami; puis c'était une sourire archaïque. Les Pharaons égyptiens, les statues grecques archaïques, les divinités étrusques, tous ces visages n'appartenaient-ils pas en même temps à l'enfance et à la maturité la plus impossible? Avec le visage de mon ami, c'était presque le même cas. En le contemplant, je me trouvais souvent transposé dans la situation de celui qui doit deviner quelque chose d'impossible. Et l'impossible, c'était la vie elle-même. Je contemplais le visage de mon ami et je savais quelque chose encore plus grave: que c'est la mort elle-même qui est l'impossible.

Panayotis Kanellopoulos

Il ne voulait pas vivre. Il en avait assez. Non, il en avait assez qu'il ne lui fut nécessaire. Mais c'est exactement cette connaissance lucide qui le faisait ne pas vouloir vivre. C'était la nuit de janvier 1943. J'étais à Londres; lorsque il me demanda de venir pour quelques semaines. Je lui demandai de voir John Lehmann et moi-même; je me suis assis auprès de son chevet; il a souri, et prit la décision de vivre encore un peu. C'était une concession faite à la Mort. Car, pour lui, c'est la vie qui exprimait la Mort. Son optimisme était trop grand pour pouvoir se contenter à ce que les autres nomment la vie.

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conçu à travers Marcel Proust; Proust composé une



M. Quint Demetrios Capetanakis

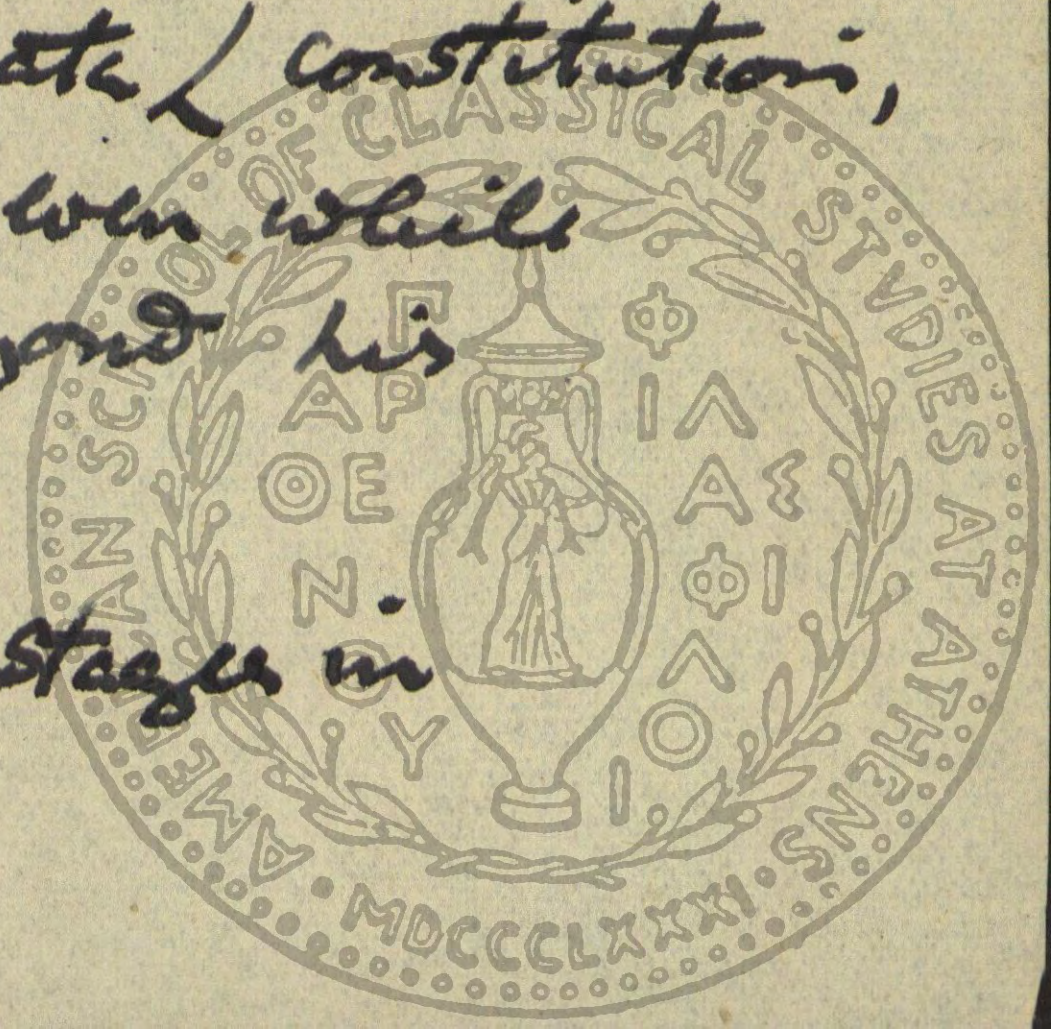
Translated by John Lehmann

I speak of one who was my friend. It is by no means an easy and ^{perfectly} absolutely natural thing to be ^{someone's} friend of another. He knew it better than anyone. He had thought long about friendship for a long time and with intense concentration. I came to know him when he was entirely occupied with thought. He was seventeen years old. I was his professor at the University of Athens. And I learnt a great deal from my pupil.

He died in London, at the Westminster Hospital, at the age of 32^{1/2}. He knew the hospital well. One year before, he had found himself there without knowing how or why. He did not wish to live. He had had enough; or rather he had much less than he needed; and it was precisely the clear knowledge of that fact which made him unwilling to live. It was in January 1943. I was on a visit to London; and when he recovered consciousness — he had been unconscious for several hours — he asked to see me, and John Lehmann. I sat beside his ~~bed~~ bed; and he smiled. He decided to live again, for that one year. It was a concession made to death. For, in his view, it was life that expressed death. His optimism was too great for him to be able to content himself with what others call life.

He was the most discreet and self-effacing of persons, in every sense. When he was present, it was as if he was not there. And when he was not there, you felt him quite close to you. He seemed something more than alive ^{with} his frail body, something more than robust with ~~his~~ his delicate constitution, something more than dead ~~already~~ in the sense that, even while still alive, he seemed already to have passed beyond his own life and death. L

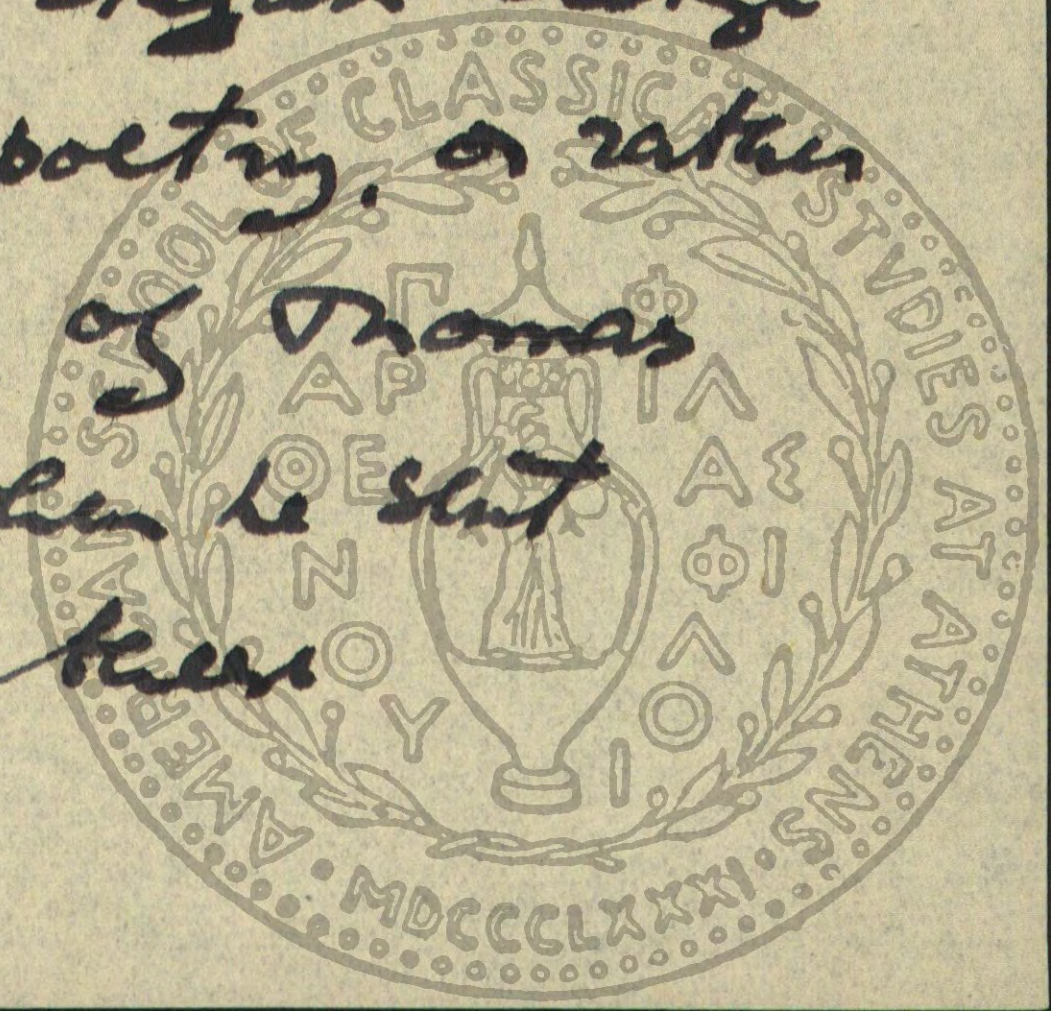
Athens, Heidelberg, Cambridge: those were the stages in



2

His education after he had lived as a child in the atmosphere of nineteenth-century Paris. He knows, almost by heart, all the letters of Mme de Sévigné's Letters; later on, he ^{rediscovered} ~~recognized~~ their author again ^{through reading} ~~in the pages of~~ Marcel Proust, seeing her in a ~~new~~ ^{entirely new} light; Proust somewhere compares Mme. de Sévigné with Dostoevski. An eccentric comparison? I do not think so; my friend united all three of them in a remarkable way in his own person, the Marquis, Dostoevski and Proust.

His greatest adventure was Stefan George. At that time I was a political prisoner, deported to a little Aegean island, when he came home from Heidelberg. He came to see me (he was very courageous and had a complete contempt for the police of the Metaxas regime.) It was the only time we ever had a quarrel; a quarrel without words; I was sworn with him, and he had become cruel - cruel towards himself. He was trying to escape the judgement of his own conscience. Stefan George had imposed on him for some years the laws of his own world. They were laws without any meaning. My friend realized later that the new state founded by Stefan George had no place for citizens; and as for the laws, they had no existence either; there was only the icy figure of the law-giver and nothing else. The experience was so shattering for my friend that he very nearly failed to recover from it. And it was no great prophet that saved him. Stefan George was ~~the~~ conquered by "Robinson Crusoe" and the poetry, or rather the life so miraculously without significance, of Thomas Gray. Scarcely had he arrived in Cambridge, when he sent me two letters, ~~dated~~ in which he told me of these



discovers, in another letter he talked of John Donne and William Blake. He was cured. And later on he wrote his English article on Stefan George, a painful and ironic epilogue to the whole affair.

At the time when he left Greece to go to Cambridge, in September 1939, he had only been studying English for a few months. When I escaped from occupied Greece, in 1942, I found him transformed into an English poet. English had become his own language tongue. It was as if the English language had chosen him - as if she had need of him. It was always the same way with him: ^{complete his} ~~he had~~ experiences ^{of a} ~~everything~~ in the first moment of awareness; and so it was that the thing itself - pleasure, achievement, pain, - always became wearisome to him. He not only anticipated the corn in the moment of sowing, but took the sowing itself as the sower lifts his arm.

He published two essays on Rimbaud, one in Greek, the other in English; the first, before his adventure with Stefan George, the other after. He had himself lived in the 'Drunken Boat'; it was for him, far more than for Rimbaud, the Ark of the Flood turned into a bobbing cork: a cosmic disenchantment. Later on, in one of his English poems, he imagines himself as Abel, sitting beside his brother Cain 'in unimpaired half-lit Bys scenes of peace that always turned to slaughter! But he ^{survived} ~~twice through~~ his cosmic disenchantment, not as Rimbaud did, - Rimbaud, who after having seen 'la blanche Opélie flotter comme un grand lys', became a ^{dealer in} ~~merchant~~ ^{merchandise} ~~trading of exotic objects~~, - but by continuing, in spite of all that he knew and suffered, to want to be loved. Yes, to be loved; he could

4

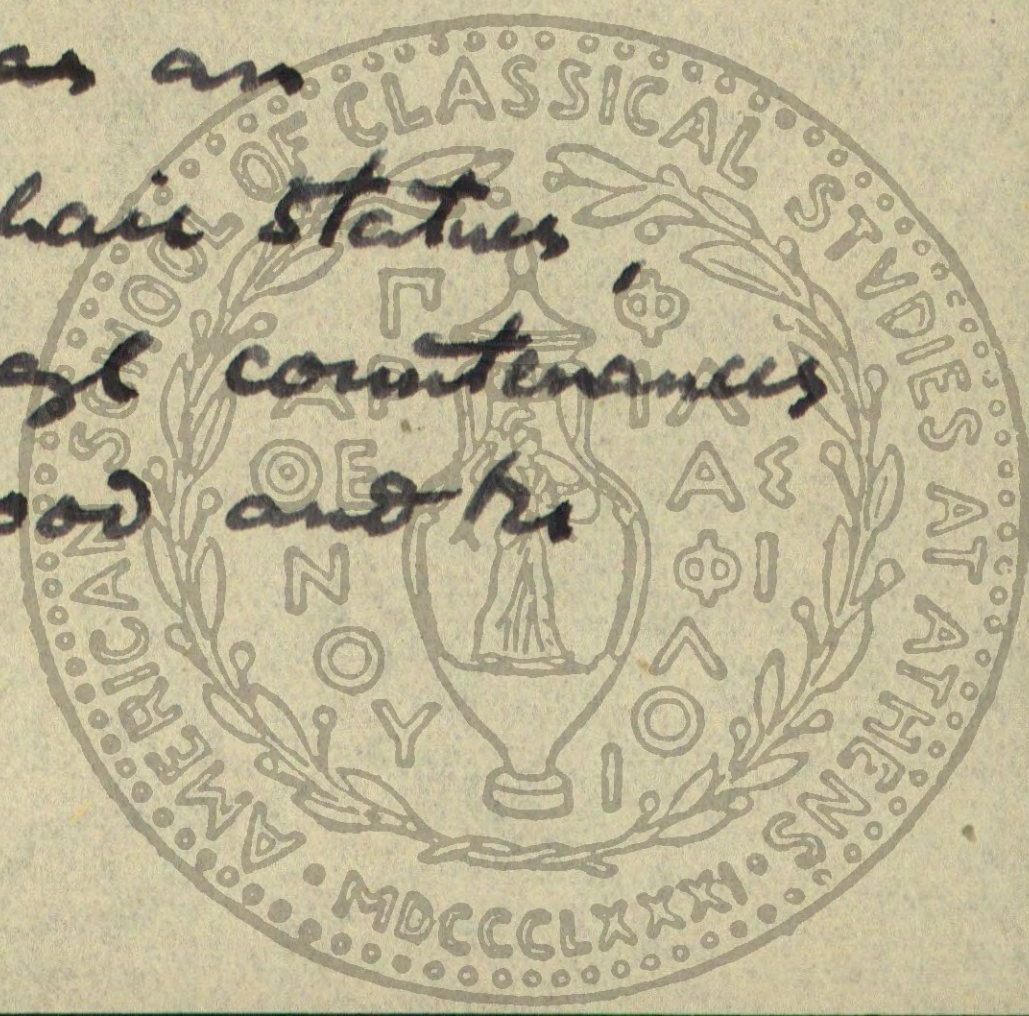
19-4

x Not stand Rainer Maria Rilke, because that poet of God, of women and of the music of intangible things, had said that, in love, everything lies in the act of loving. There is something majestic in this controversy. The problem goes right back to the conception of the creation of the world, to the very moment before the birth of light.

Incidentally, my friend knew very well that the clear vision has little to do with light. It is not in light, it is rather in darkness that lucidity is born. That was what my friend ^{believed} ~~opinion~~; and when I was in London, in January 1943, to confirm him in the view which he already held, I wrote a sonnet in Greek in which I said that 'love and hate are both shadows'. When ^{he} ~~he~~ heard those lines, he triumphed. He triumphed, but ^{I could not help feeling sad myself} ~~at the same time~~.

When my friend triumphed — and that was why I was left the night ^{to} ~~in my~~ ~~feeling of~~ sadness about him — it was always an act of resistance; never an offering, never an attack with the intention of conquest conquering. Conquering what he would have asked? The truth of suffering? But ^{suffering} ~~conquering~~ is a reality; it has no need to be a truth. It is what does not exist that seeks to ~~be~~ ^{become} true. My friend did not want to enter the territory of things that do not exist: joy, happiness. Nevertheless, a smile of joy would often cross his face; but that was different, it was the smile of a child's contentment. Though he knew beforehand what every kind of experience was like, he lived in a way more left the world of childhood.

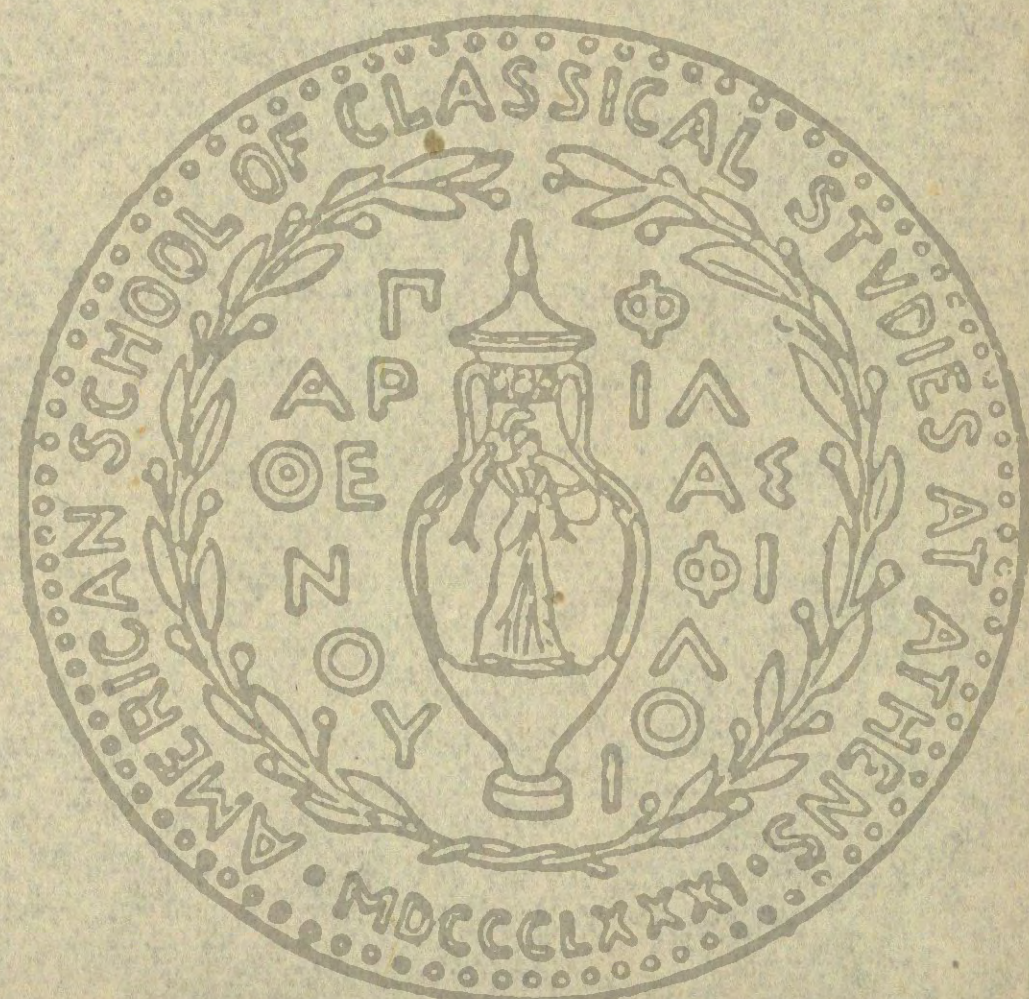
x My friend's smile: ^{one can only say that it was} ~~as I think of it, I see it as an~~ archaic smile. The Egyptian Pharaohs, Greek archaic statues, Etruscan gods, — ~~did not~~ ^{do} not all those strange countenances seem to belong ~~at~~ at the same time to childhood and to



1925.

5

most impossible kind of maturity? It was almost the same feeling that my friend's face gave me. Often, while looking at it, I felt that I was ~~in the position of~~ ^{an} ~~someone~~ ^{problem} who has to unravel something impossible. And the impossible is life itself. I would look at my friend's face, and ~~know~~ an even greater conviction would come to me: that death itself is what is impossible.





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IV-2

Exhibited in Athens, 1961

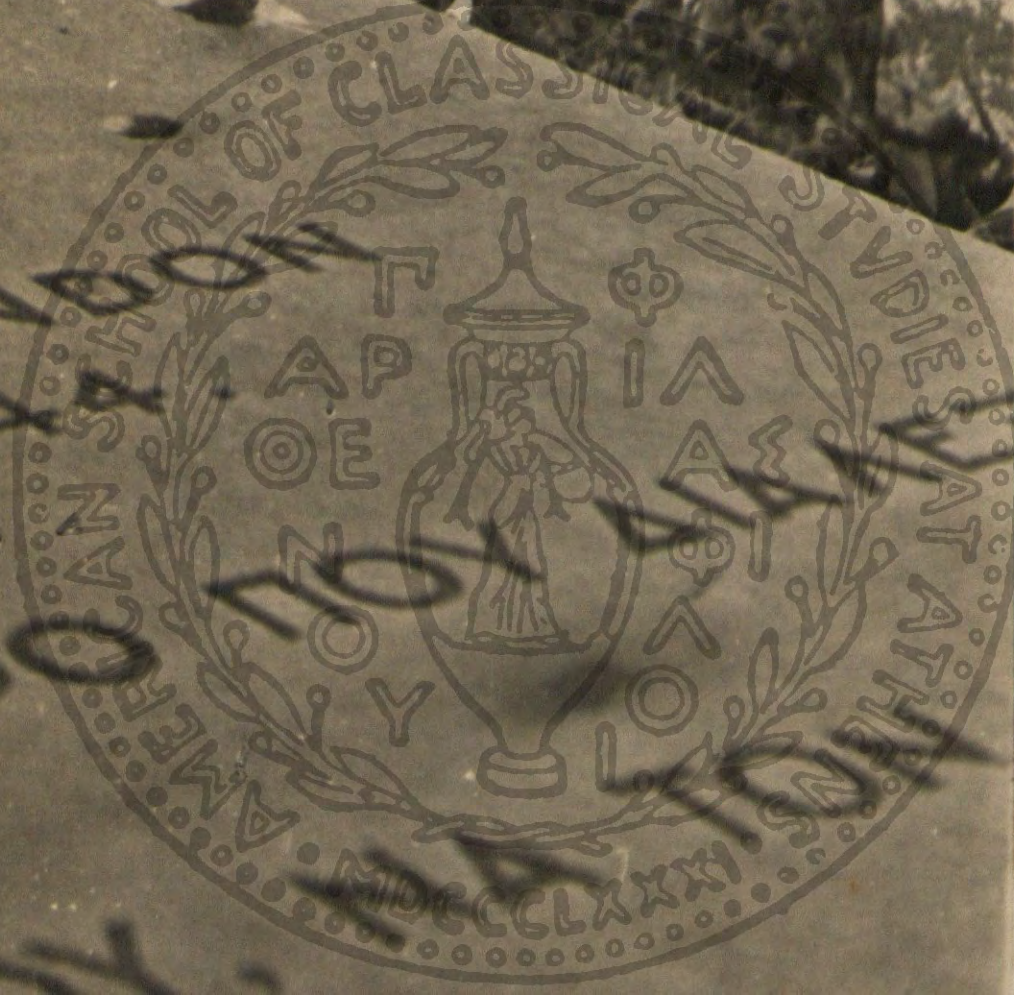




DEMETRIOS
CAPETANAKIS
BORN IN SMYRNA
22.1.12

DIED IN LONDON
9.3.44

ΤΙΑ ΔΕΣ ΚΑΙΔΟ ΤΟΙ
ΝΥ





Beryl

IV-2

Exhibited in Athens, 1961





Sibius incastrato
G. P. G. R. R.
London



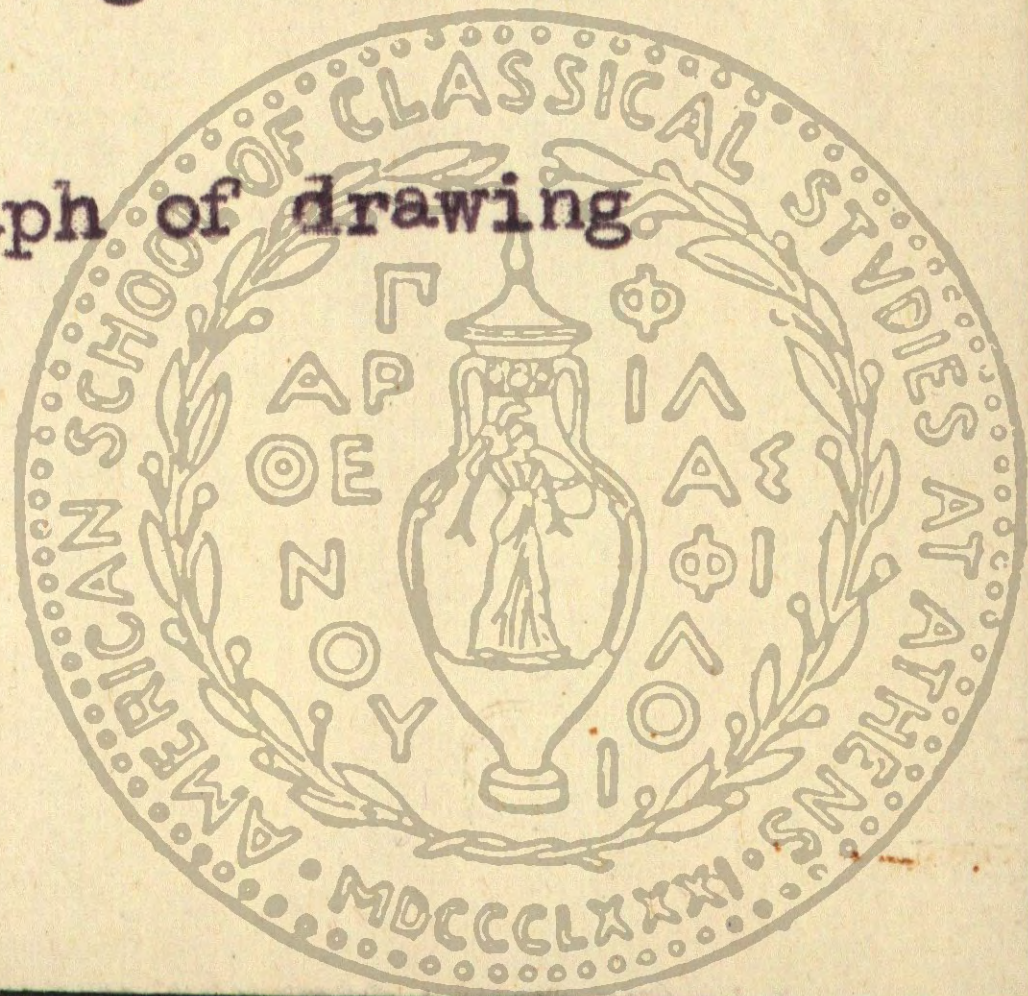
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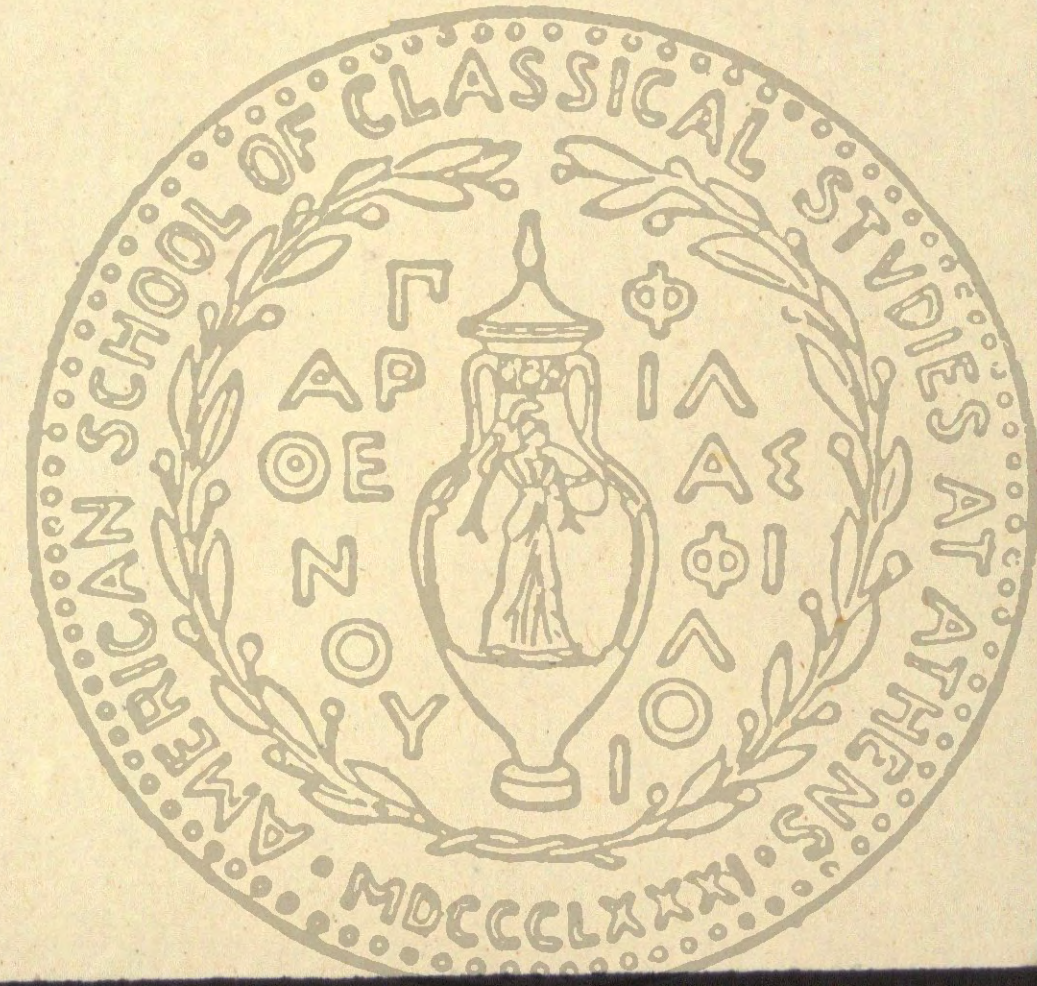


2. Δ. Καπετανάκης, φωτογραφία σκίτσου
φιλοτεχνηθέντος υπό τοῦ Gregorio Prieto.

2. D. Capetanakis, photograph of drawing
by Gregorio Prieto.



IV



from The Spectator (Martin Turnell). 30.5.47.

Demetrios Capetanakis was born in Smyrna on January 22nd, 1912. He took his degree in political science and economics at Athens University, and later became a doctor of philosophy at Heidelberg. He came to England with the aid of The British Council in 1939, and died in Westminster Hospital on March 9th, 1944, at the age of thirty-two. When he arrived in England he had studied English only for a few months; but at the time of his death five years later he had not only acquired a profound knowledge of English literature but had published a number of critical essays in impeccable English and a series of short poems which attracted immediate attention when they appeared in English periodicals. The present volume contains studies of Rimbaud, Dostoevsky, Proust, Stefan George, Charlotte Brontë and Thomas Gray, short papers on English and Greek poetry, Capetanakis's own poems and tributes to him by English and Greek friends,

'The peculiar fascination of his studies of poets and philosophers,' writes Mr. Lehmann in his introduction, 'lay in a combination of immense erudition and an unflagging curiosity about life, so that what he wrote out of his erudition had the excitement of something he might have lived through.' There is no doubt that Capetanakis was an extremely gifted young man. His essays are written with a passion and seriousness which are unusual in this country where literature is still regarded as a 'superior pastime'. He was a philosopher as well as a poet - the most important of these essays were intended as part of a volume which would have included long studies of Plato and Kierkegaard and probably St. John of the Cross - and seems to have regarded philosophy and literature as twin methods of exploring reality.

'All the great English poets disturbed the balance inherent in the spirit of their language', he said in a paper called A View of English Poetry, and in a criticism of some contemporary English writers he commends one of them because his work is one of 'the most complete expressions of philosophical anxiety that I know'. 'Those whose minds are disturbed by this anxiety,' he went on, 'cannot be satisfied with the meaning which life seems to have. They are always looking for another, more satisfactory, more profound meaning hidden behind the appearances of the world... But no one knows how to read the cryptogram.' These are the criteria which he applied to all literature. It must be 'disturbing', must shock us out of conventional habits of mind, must be the expressions of 'philosophical anxiety'. The consistent application of these tests to literature gives his critical work a remarkable coherence, but it is not without its dangers. When he wrote in the last verse of a poem called Detective Story:

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

or again in A Saint in Piccadilly:

'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.'

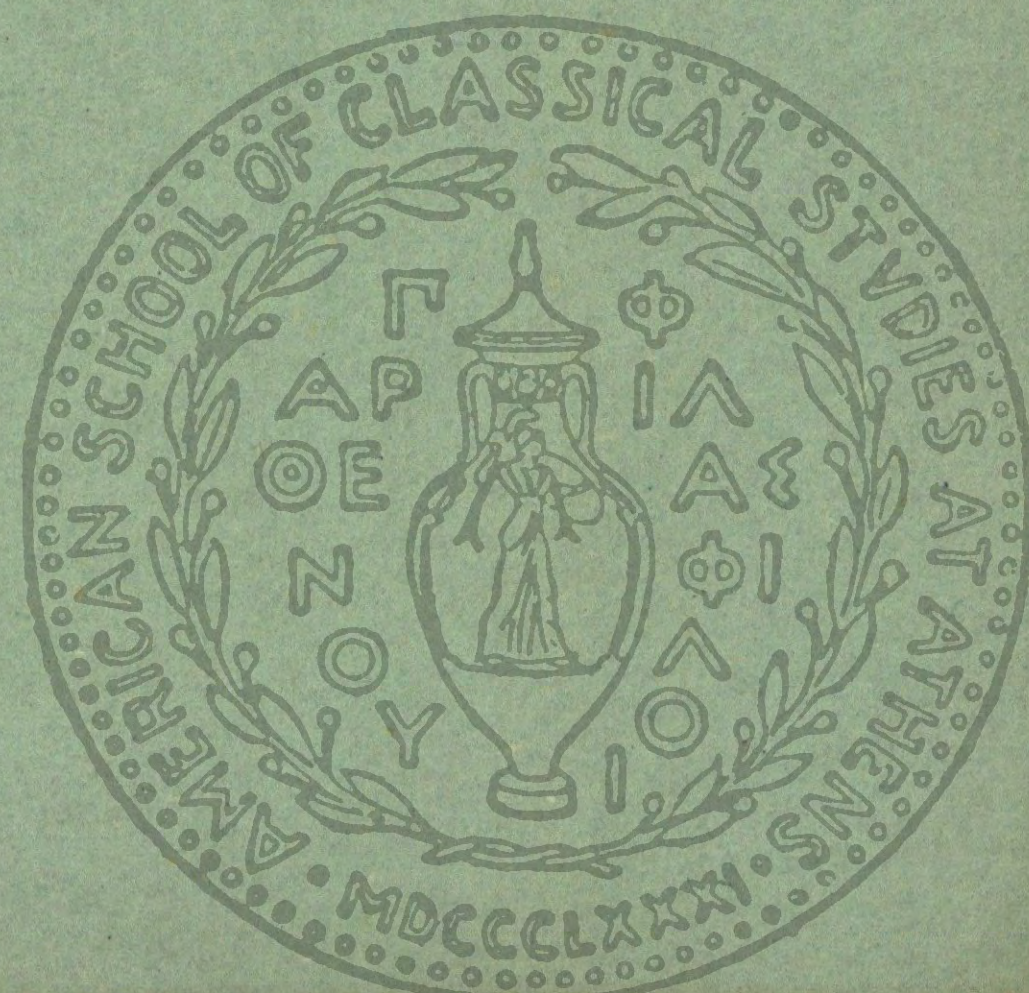
we feel, uneasily, that 'creed' and the 'Cryptogram' are intellectual concepts which have not been dissolved into the poetic experience.



The Spectator - 2.

The same approach probably caused him to rate some of the younger poets of the thirties too highly, and to do a good deal less than justice to T.S. Eliot whose poetry 'in its latest phase..has become too detached to be disturbing or compelling in any way.' But it was very successful when applied to writers like Dostoevsky and Rimbaud. 'There are two kinds of writers', he said in a capital essay on Dostoevsky: 'those whose world is protected by a hedge and whose truths are unambiguous, and those whose world is not protected by anything against the powers of nothingness and whose truths are bound to be ambiguous, since, for them, there is no line of demarcation between the things which are and the things which are not. Jane Austen is a typical example of the first, Dostoevsky of the second group of writers...Jane Austen was protected by a hedge of unquestionable values...Dostoevsky's famous houses with their narrow, high and steep staircases leading into complete silence and darkness, are not surrounded by protecting walls; they have no locks for keeping evil out.'

This is also the basis of his criticism of Stefan George, who is described as 'undoubtedly one of Hitler's forerunners' and an exponent of 'State poetry'. 'There are two kinds of poetry,' he said. 'The one gives more certainty, more solidity to our existence, the other dissolves it.' The artisans of the police State encourage 'State poetry' because it could be 'an extremely useful means in their hands for changing the people of their States into citizens and soldiers as they want them,' but there is no place 'for poetry that could change one into a being of a dream.' Altogether this is an attractive and arresting book, and we must lament the premature death which deprived us of so promising a writer.



DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

Hugh I'Anson Fausset in The Manchester Guardian.

A Poet from Greece.

Seldom can a foreigner have become so quickly at home in the English tongue as Demetrios Capetanakis, the young Greek poet and critic who came to England in 1939 and died five years later at the age of 32. A collection of his poems and articles edited by John Lehmann, with appreciations by himself, Edith Sitwell and others, and entitled Demetrios Capetanakis: A Greek poet in England (John Lehmann, pp 183, 10/6 net), reveals the measure of our loss by his early death. That he was a poet and a thinker of genius is certain. It may be that his sense of death as a reality threatening his existence made him so. For it was in the mystery of darkness, of the unknown, that he found the key to all creative truth. As he wrote at the end of his essay on Rimbaud - 'Nothingness might save or destroy those who face it, but those who ignore it are condemned to unreality.' And to him it was because Stefan George sought to worship life, ignoring death and despising failure and misery, that he became the poet of a spiritual fascism. This conviction underlay all his studies whether of Proust or Dostoevsky, of Thomas Gray or of modern poetry, Greek or English. It was also, the inspiration of his own English poems, sixteen in all, which with their surface simplicity and cryptic depths of meaning, exemplify how fruitful to a poet can be the recognition that 'everything is ambiguous'.



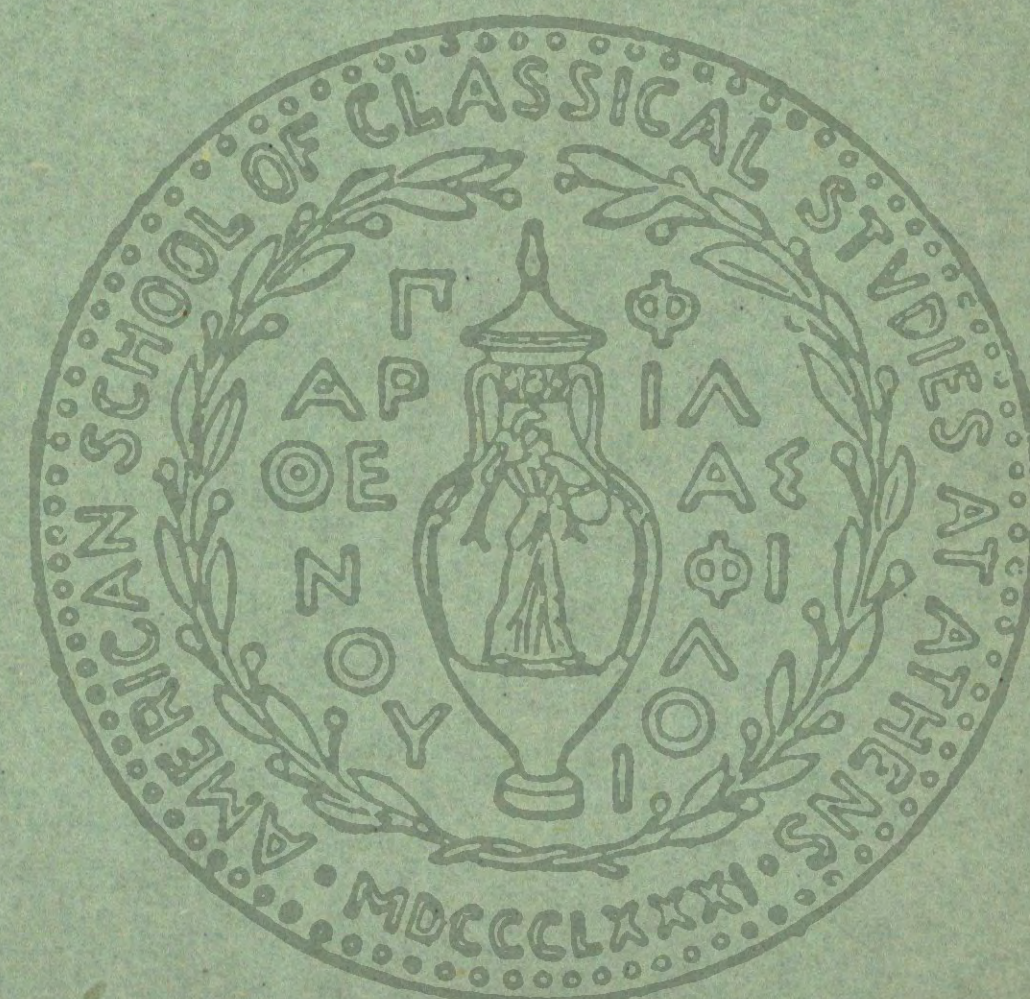
John Russell in The Sunday Times.

Demetrios Capetanakis was a person in whom the normal rhythms of a literary career were enormously accelerated. When he arrived in Cambridge in 1939, English was a bad fourth among his languages; French (he knew a great part of Madame de Sévigné by heart), German (at Heidelberg in 1944 he had fallen under the tyranny of Stefan George) and his native Greek were his three natural instruments. Yet when he died, in 1944 at the age of 32, he had already made, as an English poet and essayist, the individual mark to which this book is a memorial.

Miss Edith Sitwell, Mr. William Plomer, Mr. John Lehmann and the Greek statesman M. Canellopoulos are here to witness to the variety of Capetanakis's talents as a writer and a friend; and even those who pounced on his pieces as they appeared will find that in this book new aspects of his gift are revealed. Capetanakis retained, even in moments of physical weakness or despair, the bright sharpness of a diamond. His English poems have not even the relative awkwardness of Rilke's French poems, and their surprises fit naturally into the narrow bed of the octosyllabic line.

The essays on Rimbaud and Dostoevsky were soon celebrated for the passion with which Capetanakis, himself inextricably a Greek, had raided the tormented North. Even in Persuasion he could detect an element of mystery and despair; the protective illusions of English nineteenth century life had a special interest for him, and in the memorable piece on Charlotte Bronte he remarked, of her essay on Napoleon, that for all its conventional language it contained 'the nuances of a Theocritean idyll.' His mind was never furred by habit; and to the last he was fruitfully and invincibly curious about the true nature of the extraordinary beings whose mystery had first tempted him to leave Greece.

Mr. Plomer in his tribute pins down at any rate three of these: 'the blond energies of the German', the Englishman dreaming and smiling in his fogs, the fantastic activity of the American'. Englishmen look to the South as instinctively as Greeks look to the North; but few writers from either country could have looked as intensively as Capetanakis, or divined so much in so short a time.



DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKISThe Observer 16.8.47. (Professor B. Ifor Evans).

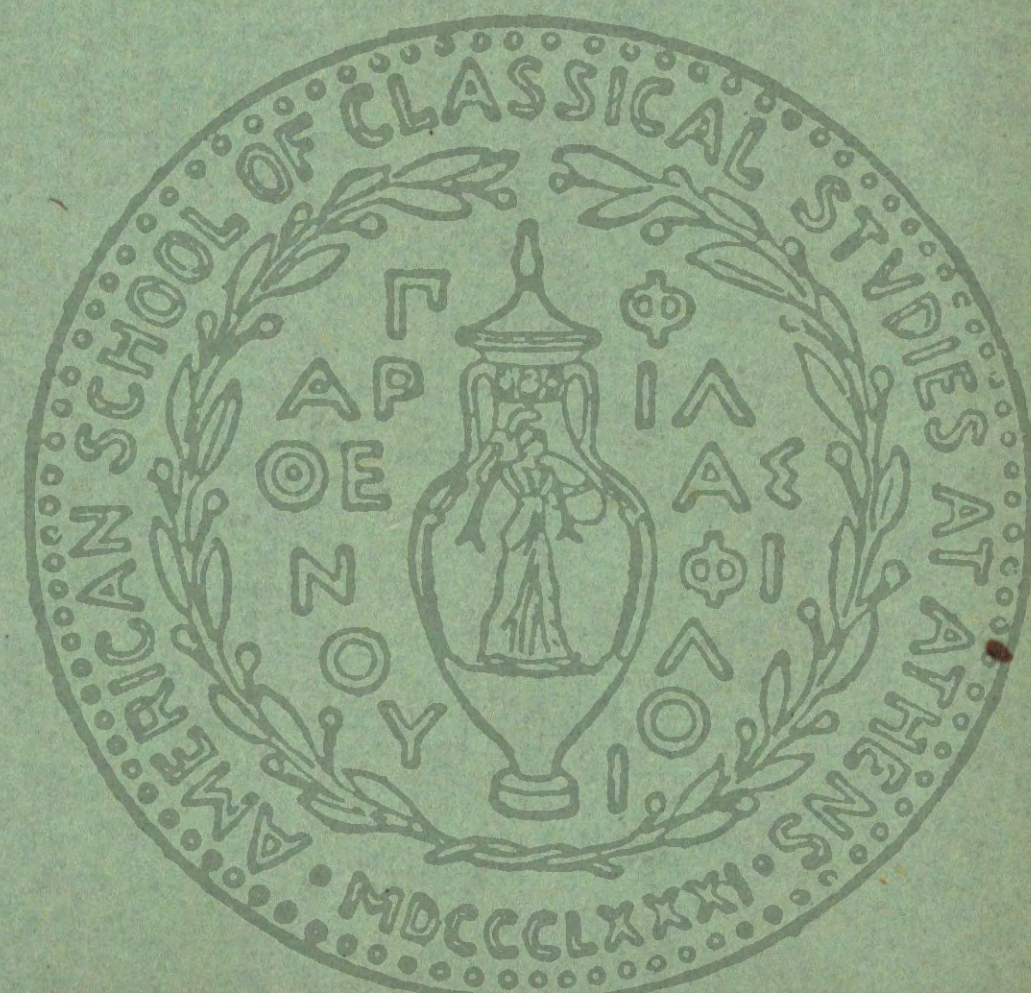
No foreigner since Conrad had so mastered our language as did the young Greek, Demetrios Capetanakis, who came to England in 1939 and died of an incurable disease in Westminster Hospital in 1944. Tributes from Edith Sitwell and William Plomer show how he gained recognition among English writers, while John Lehmann, who edits this volume, emphasises how his linguistic sensitivity was strengthened by the fact that he had something to say. By some miracle he knew the English scene and our very idiom as when Cain is described by his brother in the poem Abel:

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

His training at Heidelberg left him with a profound interest in philosophy, though an essay on Stefan George shows how he broke away from German thought.

In his verse and criticism philosophy became part of an intense awareness. As he wrote in his essay on Rimbaud: 'Nothingness might save or destroy those who face it, but those who ignore it are condemned to unreality.' He knew that the world was divided into those who have a firm, stolid conviction in the reality of their material surroundings and into the few who see the moment of consciousness, perilous and isolated, in the grip of that boundlessness in which 'the joints of reason crack.'

It can be said, without injustice, that he had more knowledge than most of his English contemporaries. The essays on Dostoevsky, ~~and~~ Proust, Thomas Gray, and modern Greek poetry show how wide was his range. Mr. Lehmann has done well to gather these remains, for though Capetanakis's verse was known to a number of readers, few, I think, were aware of his criticism, which seems to me an individual contribution of great originality.



DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKISThe Dublin Magazine.

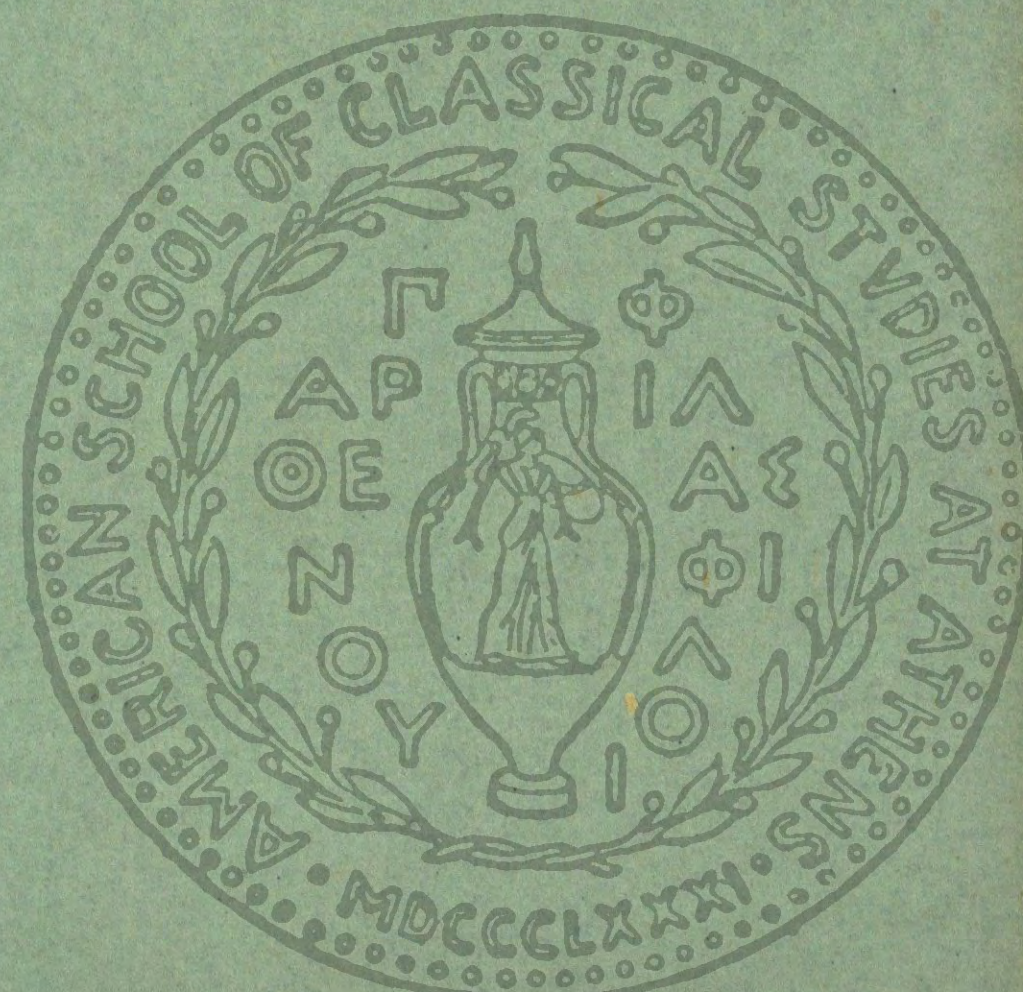
October 1947.

Demetrios Capetanakis died in London in 1944, at the early age of 32. This book contains a collection of his poems and critical essays written in English, during the last few years of his life - as well as some translations of modern Greek poetry. We are also given appreciations by Edith Sitwell, William Plomer, P. Canellopoulos and John Lehmann. He was truly a poet and philosopher. His studies of Rimbaud, Proust and Dostoevsky are especially interesting. He weighs their philosophy against his own. He enters very deeply into Rimbaud's spirit, and has even some new things to say about Dostoevsky. The Greek lucidity is upon every page. His brief note on Ghika, a contemporary Greek painter, who is apparently well-known in Paris, makes one long to see his work. He deals admirably with a few of the young English poets - one wishes he had touched on others - Dylan Thomas and George Barker, for instance. Spengler points out in The Decline of the West that the ancient Greeks were only interested in time - that their literature and art were chiefly concerned with time. Capetanakis, on the contrary, is very much taken up with eternity - 'the nothingness that some call God'. His Introduction to modern Greek poetry is instructive. He translates a good poem by Pantelis Prevelakis about a red sunset. Another, from the Greek of Odysseus Elytis, is somewhat difficult - obscure perhaps. But his own stanzas are crystal clear. The Isles of Greece is a sad and beautiful poem, ending with:

'After long ages all our love
Became a barren fever,
Which makes us glow in martyrdom
More beautiful than ever.

Yet when the burning horses force
Apollo to dismount
And rest with us at last, he says
That beauty does not count.

(Blanaid Salkeld).





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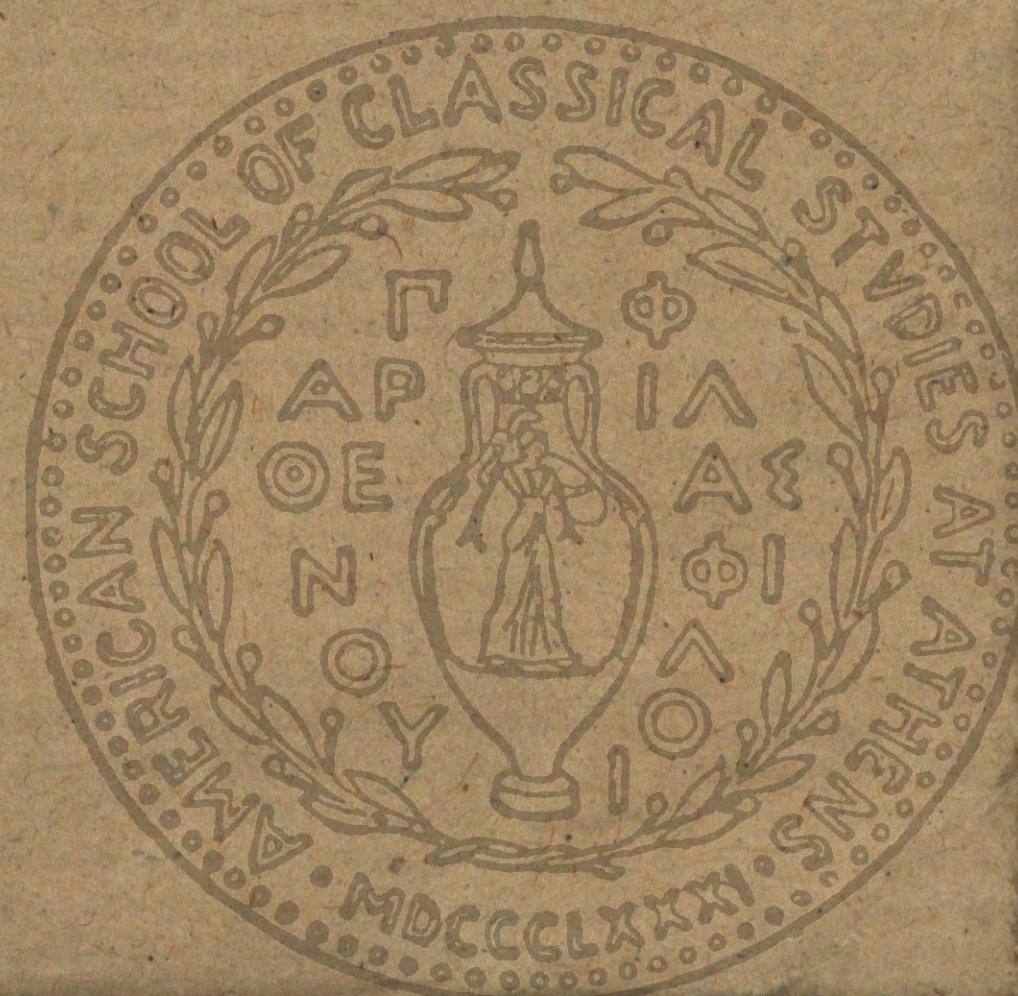
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912113.

John Lehmann Esq.
601 Castington House
Kensington W.1.

DO NOT BEND



Extracts from other reviews:

The poems are poems of psychological observation. They certainly show a remarkable grasp of the English language, and if there are faults, these usually create a strange and attractive effect rather than a discord. One poem, Abel, is worthy to take its place in the anthologies of the best English poetry of our time.

Stephen Spender in Britain Today September 1947.

Capetanakis was a Greek who wrote in English (he came to England in 1939 and died at Westminster Hospital in 1944, at the age of 32) though his command of the language does not require that excuse to be made. Take such a passage as this on Rimbaud's Illuminations:

'How they shine, how they sparkle before us, all these diamonds and this foam, these drops of sweat and these ~~eyes~~ eyes, these rays and this floating hair, these flames and this herbage of steel and emerald, these white, burning tears and these ringing flashing dream flowers, these swarms of gold leaves, these balls of sapphire and these angels... Real fireworks to make us happy'. Here is the unaffected sincerity and delight with which Capetanakis came to regard any attempted vision of the unknown.

John Waller in The New Statesman and Nation. 5.6.47.

It is an interesting and worthy little volume with which to mourn a young man of romantic temperament, splendid talent and much erudition... edited with a cool head and a warm heart by another of his friends, Mr. John Lehmann.

Francis MacManus in The Irish Press 29.8.47,

He was an extraordinary figure, fantastically erudite, using English easily and authoritatively a couple of years after first learning the language, living in a constant fever of intellectual excitement, combining great social sensitivity and charm with a hard, solitary courage, and intensely aware of the predicament of civilisation in general and his own country in particular.

from The New English Review August 1947

He had a coolness and detachment and a regard for finish which are unfortunately rare in contemporary English writing, and for the sake of his personal influence, as well as for the sake of his literary promise, his early death is to be deplored.

from The Times Literary Supplement 28.6.49.



The Saturday Night, Toronto 1.11.47.

The poems and critical articles of Demetrios Capetanakis, a young Greek poet who died in England in 1944, have been collected and published with critical and biographical notices by several English writers. The verse, of which there is very little, displays fine compression of thought and a sensitive appreciation of words. The critical articles show Mr. Capetanakis deeply pre-occupied with that perennial problem of philosophy which so fascinated the ancient Greeks, the problem of Being and Not-Being. They contain a number of stimulating observations on English poetry as seen in the light of a different tradition, and illuminating discussions of Dostoevsky, Stefan George, Proust and Rimbaud. The essay on Rimbaud in particular has a clarity and penetration that would be difficult to match anywhere in the literature dealing with this strange and forceful poet.



The Sydney Sun 2.8.47.

Men who are obsessed with death in belief that experience of it will answer a lifetime's questionings are often gay and cheerful people.

This seems to have been true of Demetrios Capetanakis, a Greek poet and philosopher, who died in London in 1944, aged 32, and whose work is commemorated in a small book edited by publisher-author John Lehmann. Lehmann introduces Capetanakis, Edith Sitwell considers the poems themselves, Professor P. Canellopoulos and William Plomer write friendship's postscripts.

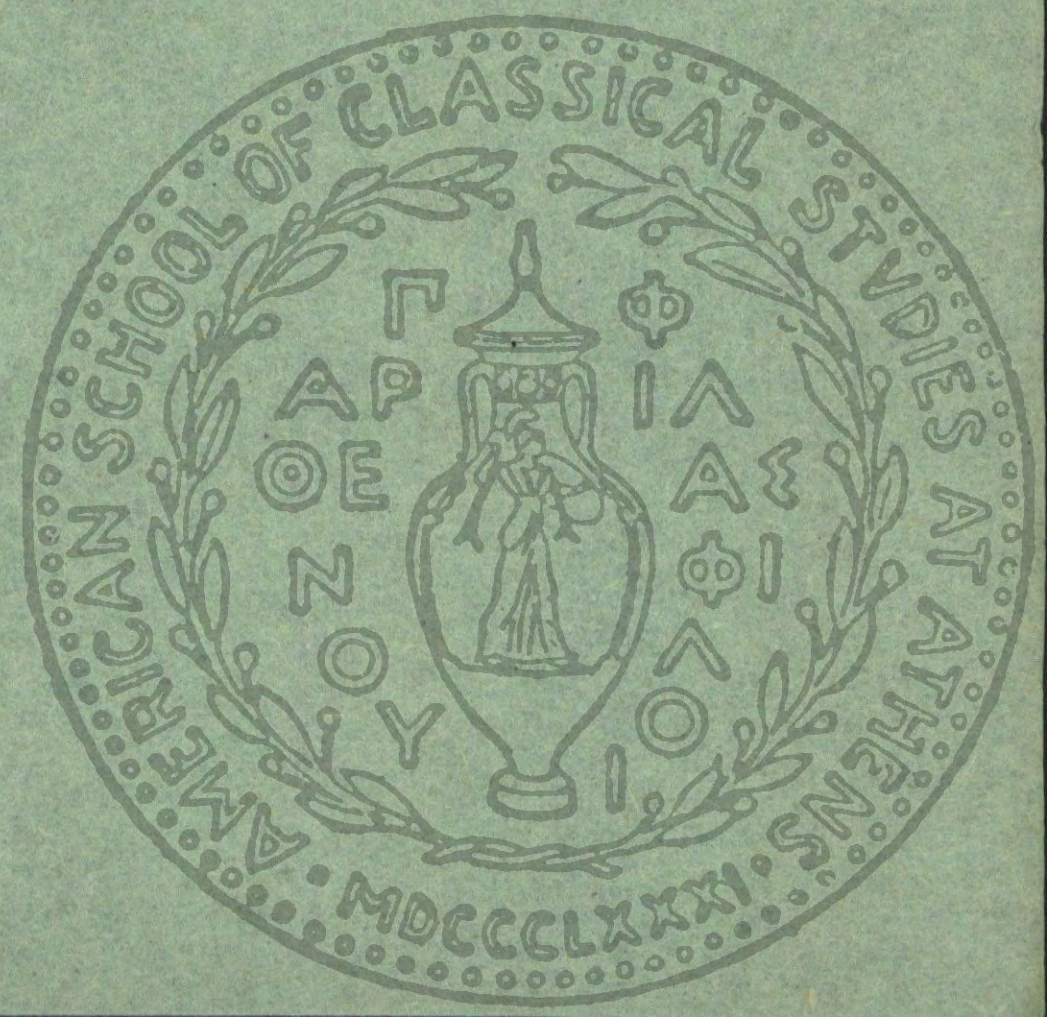
Demetrios, whose own work makes up the rest of the book that has immense intellectual bulk to make up for its physical smallness, was a poet, critic, essayist, overwhelmed by his own awareness of what the poet Baudelaire once called 'le neant vast et noir' - the nothingness, the illimitable unreality that surrounds what is called real. In his own words: 'As long as we think we know what reality is, we are unreal. It is only when we dare to face unreality, nothingness that we become real.'

To the average reader, this must seem complicated, It will also seem impressive, when one realises that, at the time of his death, Demetrios had been writing and speaking English barely five years, and had achieved a mastery of it that Miss Sitwell is moved to say 'He used English as Conrad alone among those not born to it used it - with native distinction, with sympathy and a complete understanding of all the shades and inflections of meaning.'

This critic will go further than Miss Sitwell to point out that Conrad did not face the supreme test of writing verse in English, but that the young poet-scholar-philosopher did so brilliantly. Almost every one of the English poems clamours for quotation. The simple austere quality of both the prose and the poetic styles makes the young man's arguments seem those of one twice his years.

Sometimes the arguments have a gloomy ecstasy, as unhealthy as the picture of Rimbaud's so finely painted by the author. That French poet, in fact, is typical of many of the subjects chosen by Demetrios, perhaps because he found in the personalities of Stefan George, Dostoevsky, Thomas Gray, Proust and others a reflection of his own bewildered obsession.

He saw in death the final ecstasy, and at 32 he experienced it. After reading what is contained in this volume, one can but regret that his gods were so generous as to vouchsafe it to him so early, because - philosophy apart - his English writing quite clearly shows that we might have had another major poet of revivifying force.



The Cape Times, Cape Town, S. Africa.

'Power in Poetry' wrote Capetanakis in 'A View of English Poetry' begins with anxiety.' For Capetanakis that anxiety meant philosophical anxiety. In the 16 poems he wrote in English and here collected with eleven essays and admirably introduced by John Lehmann, there is a power achieved by few poets writing today, albeit English for him was a recently acquired language.

'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.'

This is from his poem Abel, a poem beyond all explanation, with a remarkable changing level of meaning from line to line, from the particular to the universal, from the wounds of one man to the wounds of all humanity. Yet the form as in all his poems is simple, at times, as in the last line of the quatrain quoted above, he will use a colloquialism. If only for this extraordinary poem alone this book is worth purchasing. But not only are the other poems nearly as profound - especially Lazarus, written just before he died of an incurable disease

'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.'

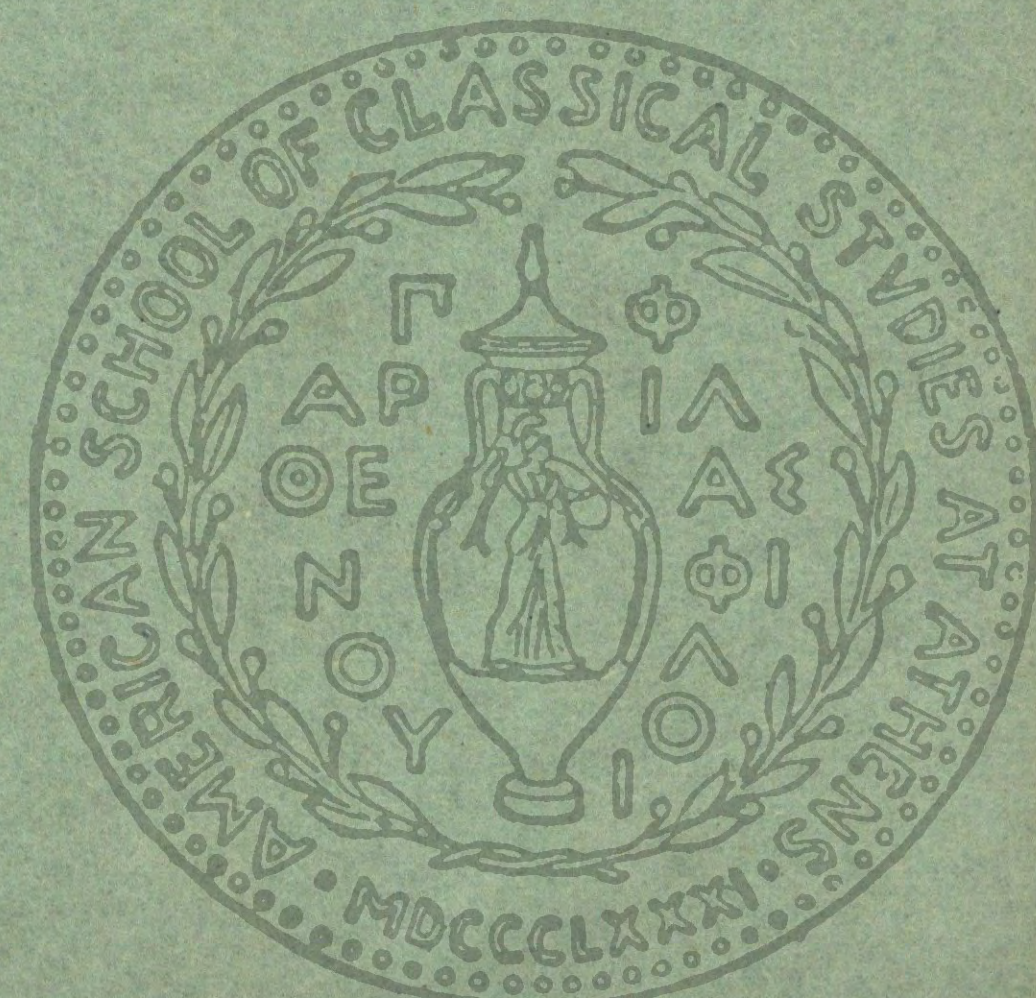
But his essays are exceptionally fine philosophical studies of other poets. The essays on Rimbaud and Stefan George, especially the former, show his deep understanding of the workings of the poetic mind.

He was a poet and philosopher of the Incomprehensible - one of the reasons why he didn't like George - who understood the poet's desire to seek the Strange, the Disorder and the Nothingness beyond the apparent order and the neat boundaries of our everyday life. This is a valuable and important book.



from The Press, Christchurch, New Zealand.

...Dostoevsky, as it happens, is also the subject of one of the critical studies printed in Demetrios Capetanakis: A Greek Poet in England, a memorial volume which includes his English poems - work of deceptive clarity, for everywhere and always he used his bright images to explore what is problematically dark in life - a handful of translations from modern Greek poetry, these essays, and estimates and recollections by Mr. Lehmann, Edith Sitwell, William Plomer and Panayotis Canellopoulos. Capetanakis seems firmly to grasp and distinctly to express the central truth about Dostoevsky - that, dramatising the questions/~~which~~ life poses, of good and evil, of power, ~~and~~ of surrender, he had an extraordinary faculty for exposing the individual in a world 'not protected by anything against the powers of nothingness', not by society's moral or legal conventions, not by faith, not by love even. Hence what Capetanakis calls Dostoevsky's 'ambiguities'; the judgments that confound each other, the conclusions that are inconclusive, like the conclusion animated in the innocent, invulnerable, idiot Prince. Everything is ambiguous, except perhaps the human protest that ambiguity endlessly voices. This essay, though not more than others, such as those on Charlotte Bronte, Gray and Walpole, and Stefan George, is remarkable as much for the flexible assurance of a style mastered within five years as for the critical range and point of an Athenian scholar's attack on Northern thought and creation. Capetanakis died in England, at 32, in 1944. Mr. Lehmann, who first printed his work, is certainly right in saying that a rich promise, steadily fulfilling itself, was cut off.



DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKISThe Listener, 4.9.47.

This book which Mr. John Lehmann has compiled, introduced and published is the record of a fruitful union between a Greek mind and the English language, and also of fruitful communication between representatives of the two cultures. The mind of Demetrios Capetanakis was 'beautiful, illuminating and illuminated': after reading his verse, essays and articles, together with the tributes of Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Plomer and Professor Canellopoulos, one can accept Miss Sitwell's phrase.

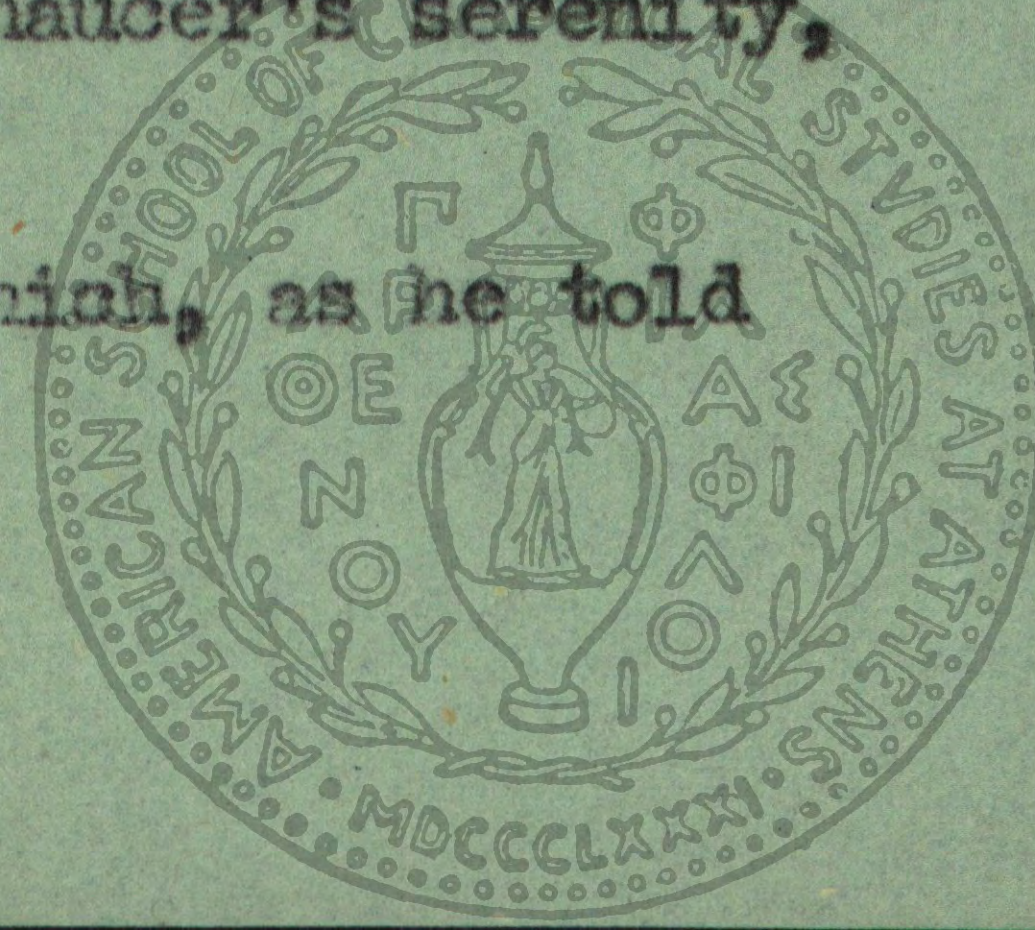
His mind was also impressionable, and his experience varied. He studied at Athens; he went to Heidelberg and met the disciples of Stefan George. 'The experience was so shattering for my friend that he very nearly failed to recover from it,' writes his Professor. 'And it was no great prophet that saved him. Stefan George was conquered by Robinson Crusoe and the poetry, or rather the life so miraculously without significance, of Thomas Gray.' Could anyone be saved by Thomas Gray? The idea is absurd; but it is good for us to be told that the thing has happened. Plain water has been known to save a dying man.

That is the kind of discover which makes this book worth reading if we read it as biography, with one of its chapter-headings in mind: 'The Greeks are human beings.' What Capetanakis said about George, Rimbaud, Dostoevsky, may be incomplete; but it mattered, intensely, to him; and it was worth saying. As Mr. Lehmann remarks in his introduction, it 'had the excitement of something he might have lived through himself. In a sense he had lived through it...' And so we find that his essays depend on a few comprehensive tenets which are stated with passionate conviction as personal beliefs. One is that the most important creative writing implies 'philosophic anxiety'. Shakespeare, he says in a brief article on English poetry, 'makes us become really ourselves by confronting us with the terror of the unknown.' Yet the most moving example of anxiety which Capetanakis found in Chaucer was a concern expressed in a verse of Troilus and Criseyde, that his English should be understood:

'Chaucer's bright day flutters like a torn flag in the wind of nothingness, if we think that although English has become the safest language in the world, the reality which Chaucer tried to preserve "with piteous herte" in his English has been almost "devoured out of memory" by that "elde" which "can frete and byte" everything.'

This sentence might itself be taken as an expression of 'philosophical anxiety'. But whether Chaucer expressed this kind of emotion in the verse in question is doubtful. When we read also that T.S. Eliot's latest poetry 'has become too detached to be disturbing or compelling in any way,' we wonder whether Capetanakis grasped either the nature of Chaucer's serenity, or the nature of Eliot's detachment.

These, however, are points of detail in an article which, as he told



The Listener - 2.

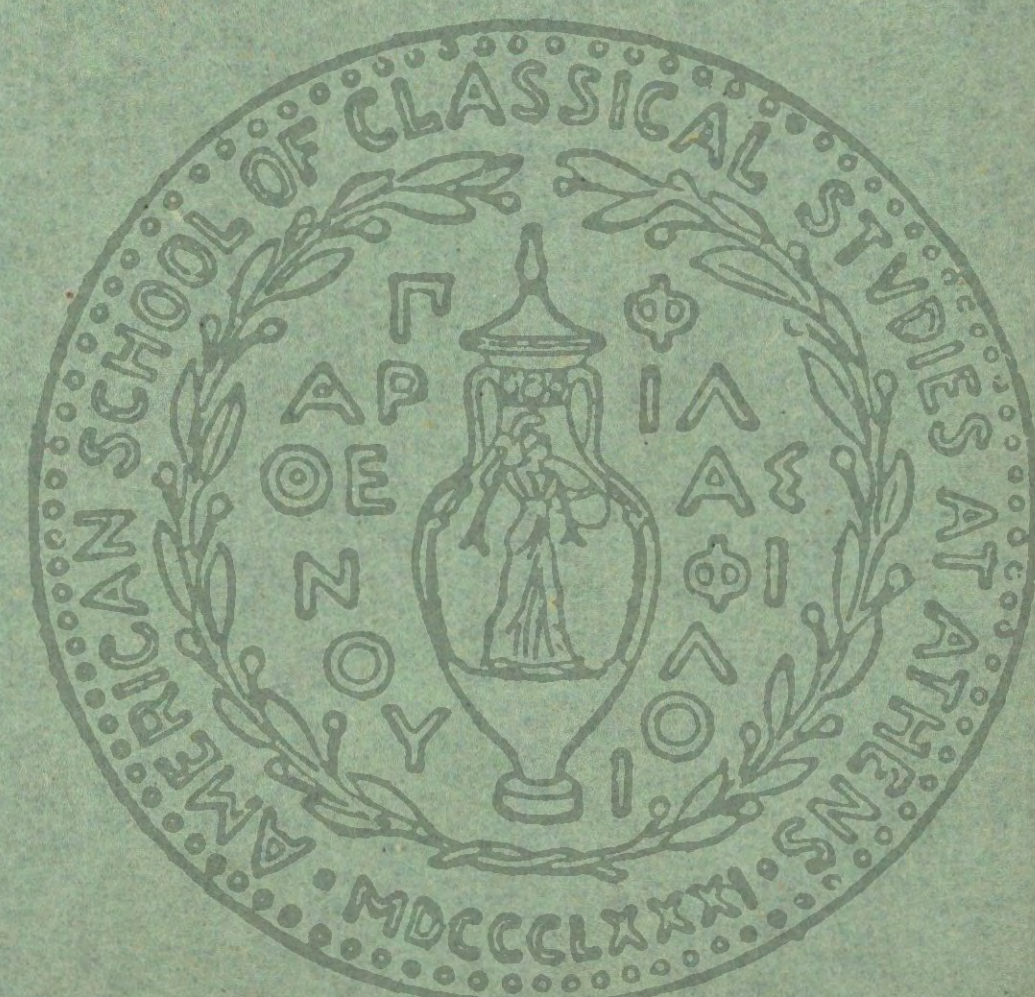
Mr. Lehmann, 'was rather a series of introductory aphorisms than a connected study'. That essay he intended to complete 'in the future'. There is enough in these pages to make us regret that he did not live to finish his book, which was to be called The Shores of Darkness. He died in 1944, at the age of 32. One poem of his is an English souvenir from a true Greek, and it will last. It is called The Isles of Greece.



From PUNCH. 4.6.47.

HELLAS IN LONDON

Demetrios Capetanakis (Lehmann 10/6) seems to have spent his speculative life trying out such fragments of Christianity as he found in other and less coherent philosophies. He died in 1944, aged thirty-two, without reconciling the light he needed with the darkness he knew, or either of them with that 'need for the tangible' which, as a disciple of Stefan George, he shared with Doubting Thomas. Athens, Heidelberg and London fostered his undoubtedly great gifts. Professor Canellopoulos, John Lehmann, Edith Sitwell and William Plomer add their eulogies to this posthumous collection of his prose and poetry. His five English years seem to have been wholly spent among the metropolitan coteries of the 'thirties and 'forties; and his poetry chiefly consists of 'cryptic...hints of what to hope and how to live.' His criticism, on the other hand, is self-confident, mature and meditated into an admirable lucidity. 'Stefan George' tells you by implication almost as much about George's one-time disciple as about George himself. The same thing may be said mutatis mutandis of 'A Lecture on Proust'. 'Notes on Some Contemporary Writers' shows a profound awareness of the limitations of its subject, while 'A View of English Poetry' records a noble approach to what the writer held to be the world's greatest poetry expressed in the world's most poetic and enduring language.



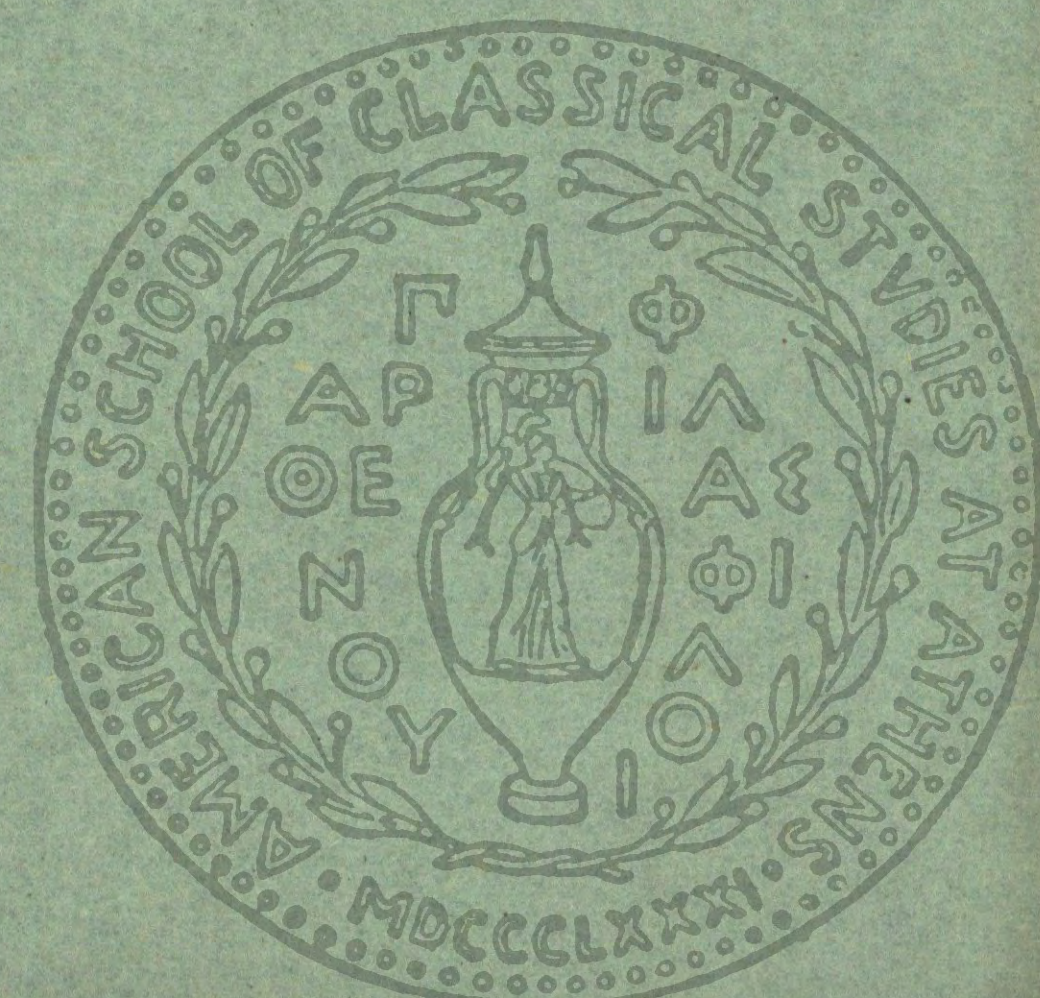
from The Irish Times (Dublin).

Capetanakis was a young Greek intellectual who arrived in England in 1939, knowing little of the language. He developed his proficiency so rapidly that during the war his name became familiar to readers of New Writing as that of a poet and critic (in the English tongue) of unusual sensibility. His reading of European literature was wide and humanistic and his poetry had a delicate compassion which, on occasions, could be striking in its expression.

This book presents selections from his critical essays and ~~poems~~ his verse, as well as a series of memorial appreciations from such distinguished hands as Mr. William Plomer, Miss Edith Sitwell and Mr. John Lehmann. Capetanakis died in 1944, at the age of thirty-two, and there is no doubt from the quality of his criticism that a ready and active mind perished with him. His essays on Proust, Charlotte Bronte (a most lucid assessment), Dostoevsky and Rimbaud are of varying quality, but his restless probing intelligence is infectious. If a good critic is one who stimulates the critical faculty, Capetanakis deserves the title.

There is something indefinably moving about this young and eager Greek who came to Europe with his accomplishments and died before the fullness of his promise. It is open to doubt whether he had genius; but there is no doubt whatever - and his writings in this book prove it - that his talent was rich and rare.

The book is finely produced, and ought to be of interest to anybody who is a cultured European. Capetanakis, an essentially modest man, might have deplored the making of a memorial volume; but its readers will be grateful that it has been made.



from The Northern Whig (Belfast).

Demetrios Capetanakis was a young Greek writer who assimilated the English language and the English idiom as only Conrad among non-native writers had done before him. He came to London in 1939 and died there in 1944 of an incurable disease, at the age of 32, but before he died he wrote a number of poems and critical articles that stamped him as one of the most profound and sensitive thinkers and artists of our age.

The loss to literature by his death may be judged from the slender volume of his English writings which John Lehmann has edited. Greater riches have seldom been encompassed in so small a space. A truly original mind, a graceful and thoughtful poet, a critic of most delicate discernment emerge from every page.

He wrote the poetry which conveyed his philosophy of life. It was a surprisingly robust, healthy philosophy for one who had so much cause for despair, and though it is shot through with the melancholy that is the inescapable malaise of the age, it has too, an ardent optimism born of an unbounded love for humanity.

The ardour, the sheer exultation of his spirit leaps out in such a poem as Abel :-

'I do not blame his nature; he's my brother;
Nor what you 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'.

Much the same thought is echoed in Guilt and it is a theme on which he must have pondered much, for again and again in his critical essays he is absorbed in the implications of duality - the divergence between appearance and reality, or rather, the divergencies in reality itself.

His questioning spirit gave him little rest. Did it, one wonders, give him any satisfaction? A passage from some notes he made on contemporary writers is significant in this connection:- 'Once one has experienced the need to find the meaning of one's life one cannot easily resign oneself to a life without the hope of a meaning. One must try to find it, even if something tells one that one may never find it. Those who feel that love is the way for them to be nearer to the meaning of their lives, must love as completely as they can. Those who feel that writing can give them the key to 'the extreme attic of the mind', must apply themselves to writing with all the seriousness of their being.'



Sky-high enjoyment

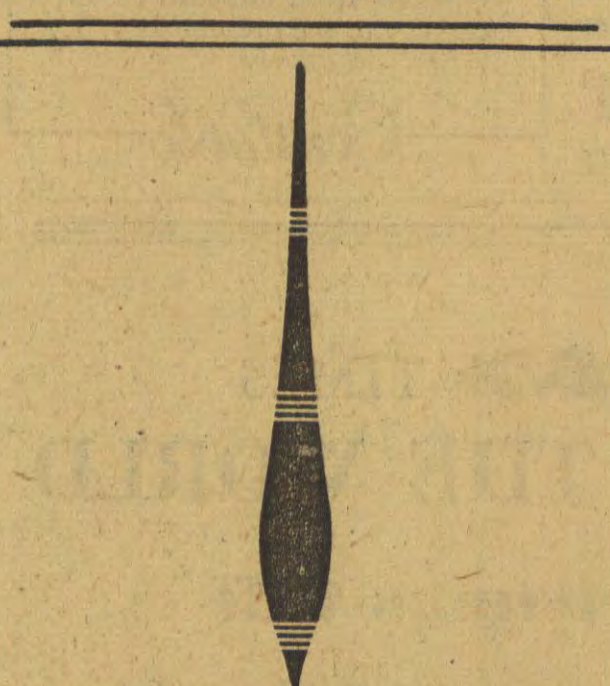


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THE SUNDAY TIMES
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1955

A HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

TWELVE months have passed since the second of two juries failed to agree whether a certain contemporary novel, which had been widely esteemed, constituted an obscene libel at common law, and since that date there have been no further prosecutions of reputable publishers for the issue of alleged obscene books. But it would be wrong to assume that the threat to the freedom of literature has been repelled; for the earlier prosecutions have resulted in a hidden censorship which is still continuing. In all charges of obscene libel, present practice is to indict the printer as well as the author and the publisher, a relic from the time when printers were also publishers; and, whereas publishers have not been noticeably intimidated by the 1954 prosecutions, these certainly frighten the printers, who are now imposing their own censorship.

Many printers have employed extra readers to examine all manuscripts—especially fiction—for "obscene" passages, and if any are found they refuse to print the book until the offending passages have been removed. Several novels by well-known authors have been returned to publishers on these grounds and there have been even cases of printers refusing to print expletives. Numerous as these examples are, they do not accurately reflect the extent of the censorship, since the real reason for declining to print a book is not always given.

The printers are not to be blamed. They are only protecting themselves against the risks of a law that does not discriminate between the innocent and those guilty of intent to purvey obscenity, and that judges whether a book is obscene by a discredited and absurd test.

WHILE the 1954 prosecutions were still taking place a committee of authors, publishers, printers and others, under the chairmanship of Sir ALAN HERBERT, met to consider necessary reforms of the law and drafted a report and a Bill which were submitted to the Home Secretary. This was the Bill which failed to get a second reading in the old House of Commons under the "ten minute" rule, and failed again on Friday. Its main provision is to make evidence of intent, or at least recklessness, necessary to a successful prosecution—a reform which THE SUNDAY TIMES has persistently advocated. Further efforts will be made to proceed with it in this Parliament as a Private Member's Bill.

Meanwhile the hidden censorship continues. The Government should grant time for the consideration of the Bill, as they have promised to do for the Lotteries Bill, which is much less important though it may be more popular. Freedom is often, in particular forms, a minority interest. So far the Home Secretary has said nothing about the proposals submitted to him by the Herbert Committee nearly a year ago. An announcement of the Government's view is long overdue. This is not a Government that seems to care as much as it should about freedom of the word—vide its attitude towards the fourteen-day rule—but it has a chance here to show itself in a better light.

A Great Exhibition

TOMORROW evening, at the Royal Festival Hall, there comes to a close THE SUNDAY TIMES National Book Exhibition of 1955, which was honoured with a prolonged visit by QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER. Elsewhere on this page the President of the Publishers' Association offers "heartiest congratulations to THE SUNDAY TIMES on the initiative and skill it has shown in the staging of this Exhibition." That is handsomely said, and in its turn THE SUNDAY TIMES congratulates and thanks the numerous organisations and individuals who have done so much to ensure its success.

We were, for one thing, fortunate in having always at our disposal the counsels of the Publishers' Association and the Booksellers' Association. And we were fortified by the support, in the Lecture Theatre, of a regiment of distinguished personalities, who gave their services willingly and gratified enthusiastic audiences. To all these and many others we tender our thanks. Out of the joint effort emerged the most memorable of all Book Exhibitions.

Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—PSALM XXV. 1.

90 MILLION JAPANESE

By RICHARD HUGHES,

The Sunday Times Representative in Tokyo

BRITAIN'S complacency in ignoring Japan—or, worse, treating her patronisingly as still a defeated and occupied country—will be rudely shaken next year, when the population of the resurgent nation reaches 90 million. This is the famous "point of explosion" which the militarists threateningly forecast in the thirties, when the population was only 65 million and when the Emperor's rule covered Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, South Sakhalin and the island colonies.

Not one of the problems of survival which eventually drove Japan along the road to Pearl Harbour and Hiroshima has been solved by surrender and the San Francisco peace treaty, nor have her ambitions of "Asian co-prosperity" been stilled. Britain's reservations over Japan's admission to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade seem unreal in the face of this straining population pressure. The natural rate of increase is over one million a year. The deafening patter of tiny feet remains the most ominous sound in Japan.

A Realistic Line

SHAKING off the shock of defeat and the opium-dream of the too-benevolent Occupation, the Japanese are now prepared to make a decisive return to the world stage. It is, of course, no accident that most key positions in Japanese politics and industry are now held by men who were purged from public life as undesirables by General MacArthur because of their activities before and during the war. They were, and are, the ablest Japanese. They are neither pro-Western nor pro-Communist. They are simply pro-Japanese. They are the Japanese with whom the West must now deal.

There is no sign that Whitehall is aware of this change. Washington, after heavy-handed and contradictory policy shifts, has now adopted a sensible and realistic line: discreet encouragement of the more dependable and liberal elements—or less dependable and illiberal elements, if you like—in Japanese government circles. This diplomatic reformation is,

however, threatened by the current reaction of United States textile interests against the mounting flood of Japanese cotton exports. There is an astonishing boom in production of the so-called "one-dollar" Japanese shirts and blouses. Demand has far outstripped the maximum production-capacity of the specialised plants and small cottage workshops, which can now turn out 400,000 dozen shirts a month.

The boom is a salutary reminder of the flexible Japanese potential for low-priced textile goods. As the demand rises, the family-based units which meet the bulk of the export orders merely add one or two machines to the tiny domestic plant which they operate and, in Japanese fashion, enlist the services of more members of the family or of neighbouring families. Hundreds of these cottage workshops have combined to push the export output of cheap shirts and blouses from 189,000 dozen in all 1954 to the current one million dozen every three months. Buyers and sellers are all impressed by the high quality and uniformity of style achieved in these difficult and dispersed, but flexible, low-priced, efficient and characteristically Japanese conditions.

Alarmed textile interests in America are now raising a lobby clamour for rigorous quotas on Japanese goods. This reaction is, of course, as humanly understandable as the similar and familiar protests from Lancashire. But, in the global picture today, how defensible is it?

Proud Patriotism

NINETY MILLION Japanese—responding once more to the ancient, dimmed but reawakening Japanese instincts of proud patriotism, independence and self-sufficiency—must eat to live. They are working hard. Their Government, sensitive to foreign opinion, has imposed severe quality standards on textile exports in order to escape pre-war charges of dumping of shoddy goods. On every world market today, the reports agree that the Japanese are concentrating on quality as well as quantity. If they are not allowed to compete, fairly and equitably, in Western markets,

their only alternative is starkly clear.

No Japanese politician would lose a single vote by urging openly that Japan should abandon the restrictions of the West governing export of "strategic" materials to Communist China. Any Japanese politician could win votes by advocating a neutralist, "pro-Asian"—which is to say, "anti-American"—policy.

The mysterious and changing top men who manipulate Japanese politics from behind the Occupation-proof silken screens—the Kishis and the Mikis and the Konos—know how vitally Japan depends upon United States aid and comfort. They know that the popular Japanese instinct is strongly anti-Communist and violently anti-Russian. But they also know that anti-Western sentiment can be easily diverted into pro-Communist channels if there is any evidence to support the people's sullen suspicion that the Occupation is continuing in subtle disguise.

Statesmanship

THE conclusions for British policy are obvious. We should follow the Washington lead of encouraging liberal, anti-Communist elements in the Japanese conservative parties. We should drop our any-where opposition to Japan's return to international bodies like G.A.T.T. It would be an act of statesmanship to send a Ministerial representative of the highest rank to Tokyo to discuss economic problems of common interest, including the possibility of "gentlemen's agreements" on market-sharing (as the former Prime Minister Mr Yoshida, a good friend of Britain who was shamefully neglected, suggested in a special message to THE SUNDAY TIMES when he became first Prime Minister). The tangible results of such a visit might be only such small beer as freed imports of grey cloth and agreement on exports to Indonesia. But the good-will effect in Tokyo would be tremendous. The sensitive Japanese remember that neither Sir Anthony Eden, when in Siam, nor Mr. Attlee, when in Communist China, could be bothered visiting Japan. Constructively, Britain would co-operate with the Americans in encouraging Japan to end legitimate, natural and essential markets in South-East Asia.

In Praise of Wine

By CHEVALIER DU TASTEVIN

BETWEEN the labours of the vintage and the austerities of Advent the faithful people of the Côte d'Or have a little while to relax and give proper expression to their gratitude for the gift of the grape. Their festival season is in sight by November 11, the feast of St. Martin, who in the courts of heaven holds a watching brief for all the vineyards of earth; and on the last Sunday after Pentecost, the end of the ecclesiastical as of the vintners' year, the nuns of the Hospices de Beaune by long tradition offer their new wines for sale at auction à la chandelle.

To tell the truth, St. Martin's advocacy for the nuns has not been too successful this year, for the blizzard of hail which on August 27 reduced to worthless pulp so much of the year's lovingly-tended growth, though it spared the whole of the Côte de Nuits and much of the Côte de Beaune concentrated its wrath upon Volnay and Pommard, where most of the nuns' holdings lie. Nevertheless, Beaune will not let its most famous charitable institution suffer; it is a point of honour with the great shippers of the town to have on their lists every year some of the wines which represent the endowment provided by Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor of the Duchy of Burgundy, for the perpetual service of the sick in his Hospices; and as usual last Sunday the whole floor of the Hôtel de Dieu was packed with bidders for the nuns' wines.

FEW amateurs comprehend the technical mysteries of an auction, even one held like this under the urbane presidency of the British Ambassador, Sir Gladwyn Jebb; but this did not prevent a seething multitude from filling the galleries of the Hôtel Dieu, perpetually jostling its way in and out by the two narrow stairways, which, after the easy-going habit of Burgundy, are both for entrance and both for exit. Most of these people had taken their opportunity during the week-end to pay a visit to the brick-lined vaults beneath the Hôtel Dieu, where the wines to be auctioned were open to all comers (at a small entrance fee) to taste.

They had come in their thousands to the little town within its medieval ramparts, from Dijon and Lyon, and the little townships with the world-famed names, Gevrey-Chambertin and Aloxe-Corton, Meursault and Santenay and Savigny, Vosne-Romanée, and Vougeot, to whose vineyard gates General Berthon ordered his troops always to present arms. They thronged the beflagged streets, they mobbed the shops that sell the succulent charcuterie and fantastically elaborate confiserie which are also Burgundian specialties, and they cleared out most of the stock of *tastevins*, the little shallow silver tasting cups contrived to reflect the light up through the wine and enable the taster to judge its colour as well as its bouquet and its *seve*.

Armed with these they passed through the great courtyard of the Hospices, hung with the tapestry coverlets from the fifteenth century, seen only on this day and on the feast of Corpus Christi, on which Nicholas Rollin immortalised, with the symbol of the turtle dove, his love for his single star, Soule, his wife Gigonne; and they packed

the cellars so tight that the staff could scarcely wield the glass pipettes with which they draw wine from the casks to fill the stretched-out *tastevins*. Small children squeezed about among their parents' knees, needing considerable nimbleness of foot for prudent tasters, especially of new-fermented wine, do not swallow what they taste, and for its ultimate disposal nothing is provided (or expected) at the Hôtel Dieu except the cellar floor. Some tasters are less than prudent, and could be seen and heard in the crowded streets outside. "Not at all like Sunday in Scotland," said a puzzled young lady lately arrived from Perth.

Of the many feasts, in public and private places, to which the visitor at this season is pressed by the boundless hospitality of the vignerons, the outstanding was the banquet of the Chevaliers du Tastevin in the great *cellier* of Vougeot, built by the monks of Cîteaux near by—where the great St. Bernard made his profession—for the storage of their young wines. It is in municipal hands today, but something ecclesiastical still hangs about it in the arched heads of its lancet windows, in the mighty timbers overhead, and even in the red and gold robes of the high officers of the Chevaliers themselves, who seemed to be a Bacchic transfiguration of the doctors of canon law in some unknown university. Indeed, in the cathedral at Dijon next morning one could swear that a prelate was wearing his pectoral cross pendant upon the ribbon on which the *Confrérie* hangs the *tastevin*.

Of the six hours that that gargantuan feast lasted the memories are too crowded to be clearly sorted out. There was flood-lighting of the pyramidal turrets of Vougeot; trumpeters in hunting pink to proclaim the arrival of the Ambassador and the torchlight processions bearing aloft the more spectacular courses, the platters of sucking pigs roasted whole, and the representation in nought of the medieval wine-press of the estate. On the

barrel-decorated platform at one end there was always either an orator delivering a sparkling speech in praise of *les bons vins de Bourgogne*, or the *cadets de Bourgogne* singing a rollicking song of similar sentiments; sometimes, it seems in retrospect, both at once.

AS the night wore on, His Excellency, already a Chevalier, was summoned to the platform to be raised to the higher degree of *Commandeur*, and acknowledged his promotion in a rattling oration, in which the manner of the Oxford Union, translated into French, seemed highly to the taste of the Burgundian audience. No doubt it was in compliment to him that a couple of English were privileged to be added to the *Confrérie* at the close of the proceedings. We swore, among other things less exactly remembered, never to see an empty glass without filling it; or a full glass without emptying it; the Grand Master with a vine branch gave us the accolade on both shoulders, and his embrace on both cheeks; another dignitary hung round our necks the red and gold ribbon of the *Confrérie*. We were Chevaliers du Tastevin, freemen of the fellowship of good wine.

It was half-past one of Sunday morning, and five hundred *confrères* and *consoeurs*, swearing lifelong mutual devotion whether admitted to the *Confrérie* or not, began to disentangle their motor-cars, parked higgledy-piggledy under the frosty stars in the narrow lanes of Vougeot. They have tough heads on the Côte d'Or; but it is idle to pretend that every driver steered for Dijon or Beaune or the little townships with quite the precision that is appropriate to the local cruising speed of 120 kilometres an hour. But St. Martin looked after his own, and with perhaps a little help from St. Christopher, brought us all safe to bed.

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POETIC HERITAGE: 10

Abel

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 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 you 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!"

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS [1912-44]

Letters to the Editor

VICTIMS OF POLIO

FROM THE NUFFIELD PROFESSOR OF ORTHOPAEDIC SURGERY

SIR—Many with me will, I am sure, think the letter from Miss Felicity Lane Fox both timely and to the point. The enormous progress of rehabilitation since its inception at the end of the first world war has, nevertheless, not covered several aspects of crippling conditions which, such as poliomyelitis, cannot be treated by mass exercises or pre-established patterns, but must be managed in accordance with the merits of each particular case.

It is a fact that in institutions such as the Nuffield Orthopaedic Centre an attempt is being made to provide these patients with facilities and as much advice as possible, both of which are imperative to readjust them to life. But only too frequently we are confronted with our own limitations; for we cannot offer the required help in hospital much beyond the time the patient is under treatment and he is permanently disabled person in need of adaptation to the kind of life he or she will be facing in the future.

It is not so much a centre for the training of disabled persons in the new professions and occupations, for which they are suited that is lacking; we already have more than one such institution. What we still need, as Miss Lane Fox stresses, is a centre to which the disabled patients could be directed after being discharged from hospital and before they return home or enter a rehabilitation or training centre if the amount of physical restoration made them suitable for such an institution. The organisation is urgently needed which will guide the patient's first steps as an independent person after having left hospital and before he can be relied upon to fend alone.

The last war produced the necessity to organise a few centres for the management of paraplegics. The wisdom of such a decision is made apparent by the daily evidence of the lives spared and the amount of happiness restored by the work done in these centres. No less attention should be offered to the victims of paralytic poliomyelitis to allow them to settle as members of a society whose main aim is fellowship. It is in this field of planned assistance that the merits of the National Health Service is being judged and many of us hope that the plea of Miss Lane Fox will find a receptive ear among the responsible authorities.

Whether or not the resettlement centre is near a hospital which specialises in the treatment of poliomyelitis as Miss Lane Fox suggests, what is required is that the new centre should not confine its interest to poliomyelitis patients but should admit the victims of other seriously disabling conditions such as spasias, hemiplegias, myasthenias, etc., while fighting for adaptation.

J. Trueta,
Nuffield Orthopaedic Centre, Oxford

FROM LADY SEMPILL

SIR—This council has for many years acted as the co-ordinating body for all organisations concerned with the welfare of the physically handicapped. No disabled person has far to look for guidance and advice regarding any problem arising from their disability. Affiliated to the central council are many other kindred societies. It has also up and down the aid of the Lord Nuffield Fund for Cripples, associations up and down the

country concerned with the welfare of all disabled other than the blind, deaf and dumb.

In order to demonstrate first hand to the disabled and their friends, the central council have just put a specially fitted "Aids for the Disabled" van on the road. Simple and economical aids, which can greatly ease the trials of their daily life, are displayed. Among the exhibits, for instance, is a cup on a raised support from which a disabled person can drink easily, without the use of hands, and without the risk of spilling the contents. This van has proved of intense interest to those who have already had the opportunity of seeing it. From next spring it will be touring the country.

Cecilia A. Sempill, Chairman.

Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 34, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

SIR—The Infantile Paralysis Fellowship of Great Britain, founded in 1939—now has some 16,000 members (over 11,000 of them are polios); seventy-two branches and groups all over the country; a very active Welfare Office; and welfare workers in all its branches. The scope of its many activities, including the unceasing provision of helpful information and practical assistance of every kind, has grown far beyond what Miss Lane Fox herself knew as an I.P.F. member in 1948.

Frederic Morena, Founder-Secretary,
Infantile Paralysis Fellowship.

SIR—May I, as the father of a poliomyelitis victim, endorse the suggestion that proper arrangements should be made for the treatment of and advice to patients after discharge from hospital.

My daughter succumbed to polio on her seventh birthday in 1947 and spent five months in hospital. Since then, had it not been for a physiotherapist to whom we were recommended, who has continually treated her with interest and perseverance and done much to bring back to life many of the muscles that had gone into misuse—and, I may add, to her own pluck and dread to think what the child would be like now. But this sort of private treatment is very expensive and I feel strongly that health authorities should be enabled to do more for these unfortunate sufferers.

J. F. Blakiston.

Evenley.

Many other readers, both medical and lay, are thanked for their letters on this subject.—Editor.

THE BOOK EXHIBITION

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION

SIR—The Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall is easily the most gay and coloured of the eight Book Exhibitions which THE SUNDAY TIMES has organised in the last twenty-odd years. The books displayed, both in quantity and quality, having lost all traces of war-time austerity, are heartening evidence of the vitality informing all categories of British books.

On behalf of the Publishers' Association I offer hearty congratulations to THE SUNDAY TIMES on the initiative and skill it has shown in the staging of this Exhibition.

J. Alan White.
London, W.C.2.

Other Letters to the Editor on Page 2

Buy! Buy! Buy!

By HENRY LONGHURST

A MONTH in the United States, embracing such far-apart cities as Tulsa, Los Angeles, Detroit, Boston and New York, has left me with a stronger single impression than any gained in a dozen visits ranging over the past twenty-five years. To record that impression may seem to some Americans like biting a hand that has been feeding me with unparalleled generosity. Others, I like to think, will in their hearts agree with it.

This impression is that our booming, prosperous, energetic, super-salesmen friends are in danger of advertising themselves into mental extinction. So feverishly are they engaged in trying to persuade each other to take in each other's washing that they may soon forget that the purpose of a shirt is not to wash it but wear it. The business never ceases. By every known medium at every hour of the day someone is badgering you to buy, buy, buy.

TV, of course, is the most effective medium or worst offender, whichever you care to look at it. "Commercials" are by now a matter of familiar controversy over here, but no one who has not been exposed day by day to the full Chinese torture in America could truly appreciate the "crack" which I heard Bob Hope making about the elementary nature of the British variety. Some honest I visited had four TV sets. One in five now sold is a second set. And while Americans spend £500 million a year on books, they spend £600 million on merely repairing TV and radio sets. Sitting spellbound beside them, they slide into a state nicely described by the experts as "narcotic disfunction."

Simple Strategy

DRIVING from New York away from it all, to seek peace in the Catskill Mountains, one's mind and eye are assailed by ninety unbroken miles of "king-size" hoardings, each as big as a tennis court, and one's ear by the inevitable radio and commercials going strong with nobody listening in the car. The latter I am generally able to combat by a simple stratagem which I pass on for the benefit of fellow sufferers—you simply go on lowering your voice until the radio owner, exasperated at being unable to catch what you are saying, turns it off—but the beer and brasserie hoardings make an unavoidable impact even though, like myself, you are a potential customer for neither.

On one occasion, however, I began rashly to congratulate myself on having escaped. It was a Saturday afternoon at the beautiful Winged Foot golf club. The company was good, the leaves were just turning, the autumn sun shone down from a vivid blue sky. Alas, high up in the said blue sky there appeared seven men in seven aeroplanes, dropping up and down in formation and spelling out in smoke tracks the name of an anti-freesty. Altogether they spelt it out twenty

times, including once when one of them made a mess of the second letter and they had to start again. My suggestion that a fine of a million dollars might be not inappropriate for this was greeted with the pained reply: "They've got to sell the stuff, haven't they?"

It reminded me of the time when I went into the hotel drug store and said to the man "Don't bother to wrap it up. I've only got to take it upstairs." And he replied: "Sure I'll wrap it up. Else how's the guy who makes the string and paper going to live?" Passed to George Schwartz!

The outward and visible sign of American prosperity is the motor car, of which some seven million have, I gather, been turned loose in the past year, many of them objects of glistering power and beauty, others bearing as I think the most evil expressions. This autumn has seen an unparalleled frenzy of selling and exchange, dealers all over the country, the feverishly knocking a thousand dollars and a brand-new 1955 model to make way for the brand-new 1956. All, as Orwell might have said, are new but some are newer than others.

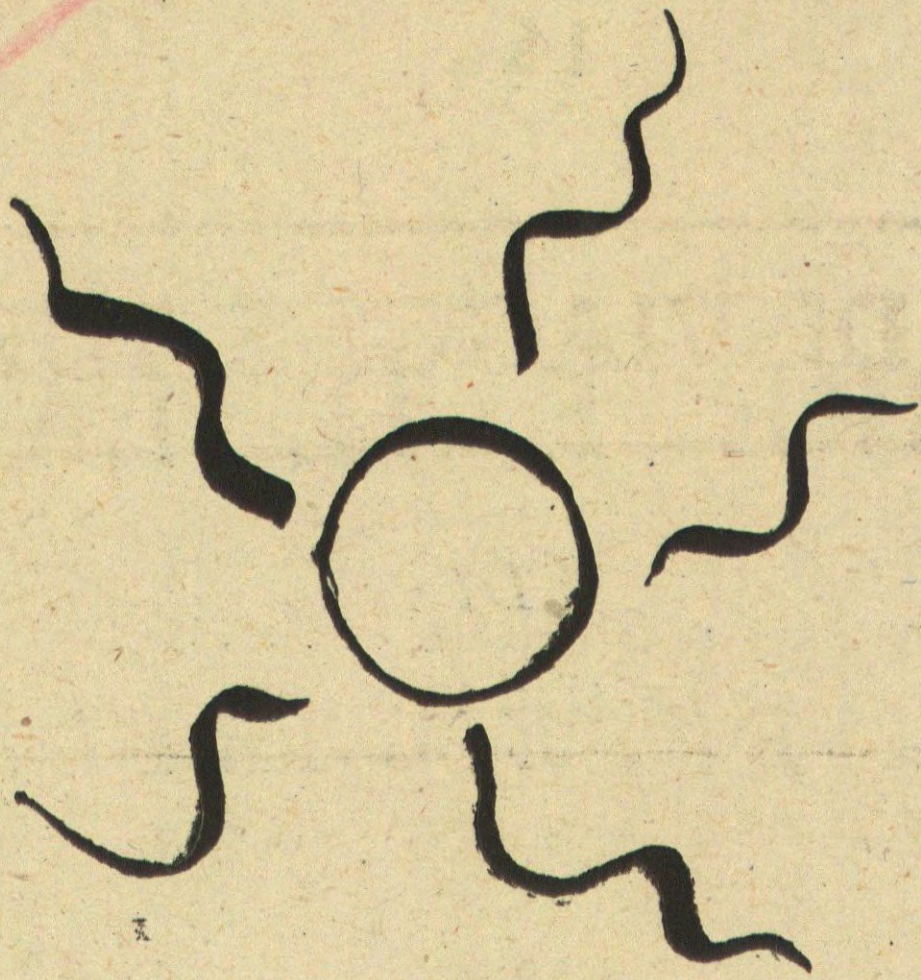
Unscratched Land

WHERE do they all go? The answer is Los Angeles. We drove into the city under a reddish-yellow pall of chemical smog and entered the "freeway"—ten miles of us, four abreast and all stationary, all coughing and all snorting, our eyes smarting from the fumes. Some indeed were more stationary than others—drawn up at the side of the road with even their own carburettors suffocated. "Yes, sir," said a man, "we have more automobiles than any other city in the world." If I had said what was in my mind, namely, "What a pity!" he would have thought me not rude but mad.

Behind all the feverish rushing hither and thither and the super-salesmanship of the land of Never-Never—"pay nothing this year or, in some cases, 'pay nothing' till next summer"—there lies, however, one compelling thrill which we can never experience in England: the excitement of this new world.

The desert of Southern California needs only water, which in the part I visited they had found in boundless quantities only 300 feet below the surface, to become one of the most fertile regions on the earth. (In the train from Los Angeles to Chicago you look out for potential customer upon potentially fertile land unscratched by the hand of man. Drive out from Oklahoma City, which is six years younger than my mother, or Tulsa, which is only three years older than myself, and you see stakes marked out at the crossroads. In a few years' time you know for a certainty that these barren acres will be in the heart of a thriving city.)

It is all there waiting and everything is yet to come. If only one could live to see it in a hundred years' time!



LE ISOLE DELLA GRECIA

*Il sole, oh no, non ama noi, e nemmeno ci ama
il corrodente mare;
strette nel loro amplesso, queste povere carni
non cessan di bruciare.*

*Lingue ebbre di salsedine insurian qui, mortali,
fiamme che sibilanti
s'attorcon come serpi, della mitica Grecia
han soffocato i canti.*

*Gridano aiuto i fichi rarsi; due villani
ammazzano un serpente.
Nel nostro cuor di roccia taccion gli Déi, e in frantumi
cade il marmo fulgente.*

*Dopo sì lunghe età, tutto l'amore nostro
oggi è vano delirio;
eppur ci fa risplendere, belle ancor più che mai,
questo nostro martirio.*

*Ma quando Apoïlo, esausto per la corsa impetuosa,
dalla quadriga smonta
e tra noi finalmente può riposare, dice
che la beltà non conta.*

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS

(Traduzione dall'inglese di Antonio Ferrau)



Πόσο ή λαχτάρα αυτή, που είχε βρεί κάτω από τη φωτισμένη καθοδήγηση του Ροδσβελτ και το δρόμο προς τη δημιουργία μιας τέχνης πιδ κοινωνικής, με την επιστράτευση των ζωγράφων για τη διακόσμηση ως και του του πιδ απόμακρου κοινοτικού ή ταχυδρομικού κτιρίου, έχει δώσει τη σφραγίδα μιας αυτόχθονης σύγχρονης αμερικανικής τέχνης, θά είτανε άδικο να διαστούμε να το συμπεράνουμε από την περιορισμένη έκθεση της οδού Σταδίου.

Τή χαιρετίζουμε σαν μιάν απαρχή γνωριμιάς με την τέχνη της Αμερικής και δεν κρίνω άσκοπο να σημειώσω, πως πρέπει να προσέξουμε το μάθημα που μας δίνουν και οι φίλοι μας πέρα από τον Ατλαντικό:

Πώς οι καλύτεροι πρεσβευτές ενός λαού είναι σήμερα οι τεχνίτες του. Ίσως, αν το σημειώνουμε κάθε φορά, μπορεί κάποτε να το μάθουμε και μες το μάθημα αυτό.

ΣΠΥΡΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΥ

ΘΕΑΤΡΟ

Ο Γαλλικός διάσος

Με χαρά δεχτήκαμε το συγκρότημα των Γάλλων ηθοποιών με τη διεύθυνση του Jean Marchat, που έδωσαν στην Αθήνα σειρά από παραστάσεις, φέρνοντας το χαιρετισμό της αγαπητής μας πατρίδας τους.

Με κάθε δυνατή συντομία θα προσπαθήσω εδώ να δώσω τις εντυπώσεις μου σχετικά με τα κύρια και θεμελιακά στοιχεία που κυριαρχούσαν στον τρόπο της απόδοσης των έργων.

Βασικό χαρακτηριστικό της έρμηνείας τους ήταν πως αυτή δε στάθηκε ποτέ εξωτερική και αυθαίρετη, δεν ήταν δηλαδή ένα τυποποιημένο σχήμα που πάνω σ' αυτό θα προσαρμοζότανε ή απόδοση αντίθετα: οι Γάλλοι έδειξαν πως ήξεραν να μπαίνουν στο πνεύμα του κάθε έργου. Ο λόγος του συγγραφέα, ο ποιητικός λόγος ήταν έκείνος που καθόριζε κάθε φορά την έκφρασή τους. Ήταν η μήτρα που μέσα σ' αυτήν διοχετευότανε το ζεστό κι' εύπλαστο μέταλλο της έρμηνείας, παίρνοντας έτσι τη μορφή που ταίριαζε στο πνευματικό κλίμα του κάθε θεατρικού κομματιού. Έρμηνεύανε το Μολιέρο μ' ανάλαφρη νταντελνία χάρη και γοργό ρυθμό, το θρησκευτικό έργο του Κλωντέλ με ιερατικό και λειτουργικό ύφος, τα μοντέρνα ελαφρά έργα με ζωηράδα κι' απλότητα. Μονάχα τότε διαπιστώνεται η έρμηνεία ενός έργου, όταν είναι αποτελεσματικά έρμηνείας ανάγκης. Διαφορές αντίληψης στα καθέκαστα είναι ζήτημα υποκειμενικό, μπορεί, και πάντα θα υπάρχουν. Σημασία όμως έχει το ότι ο θίασος ακολουθεί στη βάση αυτή το μόνο σωστό δρόμο. Ακόμα, ήξεραν να προσαρμοστούν με τον περιγυρό τους: ο μεγάλος ανοιχτός χώρος του Ωδείου Ηρώδη του Αττικού, με τα ψηλά του τόξα, αντιμετωπίστηκε με πλάταιμα και μέγλωμα κίνησης και λόγου. Έτσι αποδόθηκε άρτια το έργο του Ζιραντιού που παρουσίαζε την πρόσθετη δυσκολία πως δεν ήταν γραμμένο για τέτοιο χώρο.

Άλλο κύριο χαρακτηριστικό: η ένότητα και άρμονία που παρουσίασαν ολόκληρο το παζέ του καθενός ήταν οργανικά δεμένο με το άλλο, τους ένοιωθες ολόκληρο ένα και το ίδιο ζωντανό οργανισμό. Και πρέπει να ξέρουμε πως οι κύριοι ηθοποιοί του συγκροτήματος ανήκουν σε διαφο-

ρετικούς διάσους. Βέβαια, αυτή η ένότητα είναι βασικά ζήτημα σκηνοθέτη. Όχι όμως μονάχα σκηνοθέτη: πρέπει κι' ο ηθοποιός να έχει μέσα του γερά σφυρηλατημένη τη συνείδηση, πως στη σκηνή δε βρίσκεται μονάχα σαν άτομο, μα σαν κομμάτι αναπόσπαστο ενός συνόλου που πρέπει να κινηθεί μ' ομοιογένεια. Και πως μονάχα σαν ή ομαδική απόδοση είναι καλή, τότε κι' η ατομική του προσπάθεια θα προβάλλει μ' όλες τις αρετές της και σ' όλη της την αριότητα. Δίχως αυτή τη γνώση και την πεποίθηση του ηθοποιού, ποτέ η προσπάθεια του σκηνοθέτη δε θα φτάσει σε ολοκλήρωση, για ζημιά και του συνόλου και των ατόμων.

Φανερό ήταν η σημασία που έδωσαν οι Γάλλοι ηθοποιοί σε άλλο θεμελιακό ποράγοντα της θεατρικής έκφρασης: στην άρθρωση της μιλιās τους, που ήταν λαμπρή κι' ολόκαθαρη. Οι ξένοι ακροατές τους δε χάσανε ούτε συλλαβή απ' το λόγο τους. Και μὴν ξεχνάμε πως η γλώσσα τους δεν έχει τη λιτότητα των φθόγγων της δικής μας, που είναι κρουστή και διάφανα.

Και τώρα τα σκηνικά και τα κοστούμια. Μπορούμε γενικά να πούμε πως ο θίασος είναι φτιασμένος στο κεφάλαιο αυτό. Το χαρακτηριστικό της σκηνογραφίας ήταν ότι με απλά και λιτά μέσα κατόρθωσε να δώσει καλαισθητά την ατμόσφαιρα που ζητούσε το κάθε έργο. Είδαμε την αίσθηση του καλού

και ζωντανού χρώματος, την ιδιαίτερη μέριμνα στο δόσιμο της προοπτικής, με μικρά πλάνα και ζωγραφισμένες γραμμές, έτσι που το στενό κουτί της σκηνής λευτερώνοταν απ' τα στενά του όρια κι' έδινε την προέχταση στο μάτι, πάντοτε όμως με ισορροπία, χωρίς να καταστρέφει το απαιτούμενο περίγραμμα γύρω στα πρόσωπα που δρουν.

Κι' εν' άλλο χαρακτηριστικό: το σκηνικό δεν ήταν κραυγαλέο, ήταν το φόντο για την κίνηση του ηθοποιού, χωρίς ν' αποσπάει την προσοχή απ' αυτόν, πούνα το κύριο στοιχείο της έρμηνείας. Το κοστούμι τους γενικά ήταν θεατρικό, είχε δηλαδή εκείνη την πληρότητα στη φόρμα του, που ξεχωρίζει το μη θεατρικό ντύσιμο της έξω ζωής από τη μορφή που πρέπει να πάρει, πλουσιώτερο σε διαστάσεις και περίγραμμα, για να σταθεί πάνω στη σκηνή. Κ' εδώ καμιά σημασία δεν έχουν οι αντιρρήσεις σε λεπτομέρειες, αν έτσι το φανταζόμαστε το κοστούμι του Έκτορα ή του Ταρτούφου ή όχι. Μιλάμε για τη βασική αντίληψη, κι' αυτή ήταν σωστή. Και χαιρόσυν βλέποντας την έναρμόνιση του σκηνικού με τα κοστούμια, όπου αυτό μπορούσε να γίνει. [Πιδ έντονο το ίδιο στο «Μισάνθρωπο»].

Αυτές είναι οι γενικές μου εντυπώσεις απ' τις παραστάσεις του των Γάλλων ηθοποιών. Βρίσκονται μέσ' στην αλήθεια της Τέχνης. Και προσπάθησα να εξηγήσω, όσο μπορούσα στη συντομία αυτή, για ποιους λόγους το νομίζω.

ΠΕΤΡΟΣ ΡΗΓΑΣ

ΤΑ

χέρια κ' οι

ΤΕΧΝΕΣ

ΣΤΟ ΕΞΩΤΕΡΙΚΟ

ΑΓΓΛΙΑ

ΣΤΟ Λονδίνο κυκλοφόρησε το βιβλίο «Δημήτριος Καπετανάκης»: μια συλλογή ποιημάτων και άρθρων του Καπετανάκη καθώς και μεταφράσεις νέων Έλλήνων ποιητών. Η συλλογή έγινε απ' τον Τζών Λέμαν. Ο Καπετανάκης πήγε στην Αγγλία το 1939 και πέθανε εκεί το 1944, τριανταδύο χρονών. Στο διάστημα αυτό έγραψε μια σειρά ποιημάτων και άρθρων στα αγγλικά, που έκαναν εντύπωση.

—Ο ινδός δόκτωρ Ανάντα Κοομαρασάμι υποστηρίζει στο βιβλίο του «Μορφές ομιλίας ή μορφές σκέψης» τη θέση ότι η τέχνη είναι μάλλον πράξη ρητορίας παρά αισθητική, είναι γνώση και όχι συναίσθημα. Γιατί να εκθέτουμε τα έργα μας; ρωτάει σ' ένα σημείο ο ινδός δόκτωρ. «Δε μπορούμε να ισχυριστούμε πως ένας πίνακας είναι τέχνη... Αυτό που έγινε είναι ένα έργο της τέχνης, καμωμένο από την τέχνη ή τέχνη μένει μέσα στον καλλιτέχνη και είναι η γνώση για το πως γίνονται τα πράγματα. Τίποτα δεν πετυχαίνει κανείς σήμερα εκθέτοντας τα έργα του εκτός απ' το ότι η ζωή του γίνεται επιτηδευμένη και η αξία του αλλάζει κάθε φορά σχετικά μ' αυτό που εκθέτει».

—Κυκλοφόρησε το βιβλίο του Φ. Σ. Πέρλς «Το Έγώ, ή Πείνα κ' η Επίθεση»

που είναι μια αναθεώρηση της θεωρίας και της μεθόδου του Φρόυντ και, όπως λέει ο ίδιος ο συγγραφέας, πραγματεύεται «μερικές ψυχολογικές και ψυχοπαθολογικές αντιδράσεις του ανθρώπινου οργανισμού στο περιβάλλον του».

ΑΜΕΡΙΚΗ

Το νέο μυθιστόρημα του Τζών Στάινμπεκ «Το θέατρο λεωφορείου» προκαλεί πολλές συζητήσεις στις αμερικανικές λογοτεχνικές επιθεωρήσεις. Εγκαταλείποντας το αγαπημένο του φόντο των προηγούμενων του βιβλίων—το Μόντερν—ο Στάινμπεκ τοποθετεί την ιστορία του σ' ένα γκαράζ σαράντα δυο μίλλια νότια απ' το Σάν—Σάντρο. Από τις πρώτες κιόλας σελίδες ο Στάινμπεκ δημιουργεί την ψευδαίσθηση πως όλα όλα διηγείται είναι απολύτως πραγματικά. Ο Ζουάν Τσίκοϊ, που πουλάει μπενζίνα στα αυτοκίνητα, ή γυναίκα του, το σαβαθλιασμένο λεωφορείο, πατάν και με τα δύο τους πόδια στο έδαφος, το τοπίο μυρίζει χώμα, κι' όταν δρέχει νομίζετε πως διαποτίζονται απ' την υγρασία οι σελίδες του βιβλίου. Αυτό που προσπάθησε και πέτυχε να δώσει ο συγγραφέας ήταν να παρουσιάσει τον φυσικό άνθρωπο—homo simplicissime—κι' ως ένα σημείο τη φυσική γυναίκα, σ' αντίθεση με το μηχανικό πολιτισμό.



At this point it might be thought that the full employment problem is relegated to second place, but even that is an illusion. The solution of the atomic problem cannot be separated from the solution of the employment problem.

If we replace our war slogans by common sense we see at once that if there is to be another war, it can only be between ourselves and Russia. There is no good reason why there should be such a war. The world is big enough for both to live in peace.

The greatest danger of war, however, arises from the belief held by the Russians, based on Marxist dogma, that it is impossible for capitalist economies to solve the employment problem. They have been told that capitalist countries, however good may be the intentions of their present governments, will inevitably be forced into imperialist expansion and rivalry as the only way short of war to win for themselves employment and prosperity.

They have been indoctrinated with the conviction that this must lead to imperialist wars between the capitalist countries and ultimately in a crusade of capitalist countries against the Russian Soviet fatherland. This belief, panoplied as a dialectical divination from Marxian first principles, cannot be dispelled by logical dissection. It is only by practical demonstration of the continued success of capitalists in applying a full employment policy that there is any chance of dispelling this dangerous doctrine. As long as this belief exists, the Russians must mobilize their forces against the "inevitable" capitalist onslaught.

And in these days, when no one can distinguish dynamic defenses from aggression, we and the Russians will find ourselves sitting upon what with masterly understatement we archaically call a keg of dynamite.

HERE AGAIN the situation is not as bad as might be supposed. In this twentieth American century, we have been and may continue to be extremely lucky. The atomic bomb being in the hands of the richest nation on earth means that it will not be used immediately for world conquest, as would have been the case if it had fallen into the possession of one of the "have-not" nations. It will probably be some years before others can use this weapon and so we have a respite in which to establish the world order that

has become the only possible order for us.

We are also lucky with the employment problem. For several years we shall probably have satisfactory employment, as a result of the pent-up demand we have inherited from the war years. This again gives us a breathing spell in which to build the institutions and machinery for guaranteeing full employment when the immediate post-war inventory boom has exhausted itself. Just as in the last century the British were able to muddle through all their crises, so may we in this twentieth American century have the good luck to muddle through in spite of tardiness in devising intelligent solutions for our more crucial problems.

But it would be unwise in the highest degree to bank upon such luck. The dangers are two-fold. In the first place, these breathing spells may serve to let us forget the problems we have to solve. We may be persuaded during a short boom that we have moved into a magical new era and need not heed the Cassandra voices of economists who call for anti-depression measures before we are sunk in the depression. The years of uneasy peace while other nations are searching for the secret of the bomb may be interpreted as a permanent peace while we relapse into a new kind of isolationism. In both fields we will thus be laying the ground

for a rude awakening to a brief glimpse of doom.

The other danger is that we are not quite certain of the breathing spell itself. While an inventory boom is very likely in the immediate future, it is not absolutely certain that it will materialize. If the fear of unemployment spreads more rapidly than the restoration of peacetime production, the orders may be postponed until better times and this postponement will prevent better times from coming.

Nor is the political respite certain either. We and the British have been encouraged by the bomber to lessen our appeasement of Russian expansion in Eastern Europe and elsewhere. The frictions that this engenders are dangerous. It may be that the Russians will have the atomic bomb ready tomorrow. If that should be the case we will not have the opportunity to teach the Russians the errors of their dogma, and the future of the world will depend entirely upon our present diplomats. But if, as is most likely, we do have several years' jump on other countries in the use of the atomic bomb, we can use that period to build the world society. This can be done only on the basis of our success in establishing permanent full employment and showing the Russians that we can live at peace with them and with everybody else.

ABEL

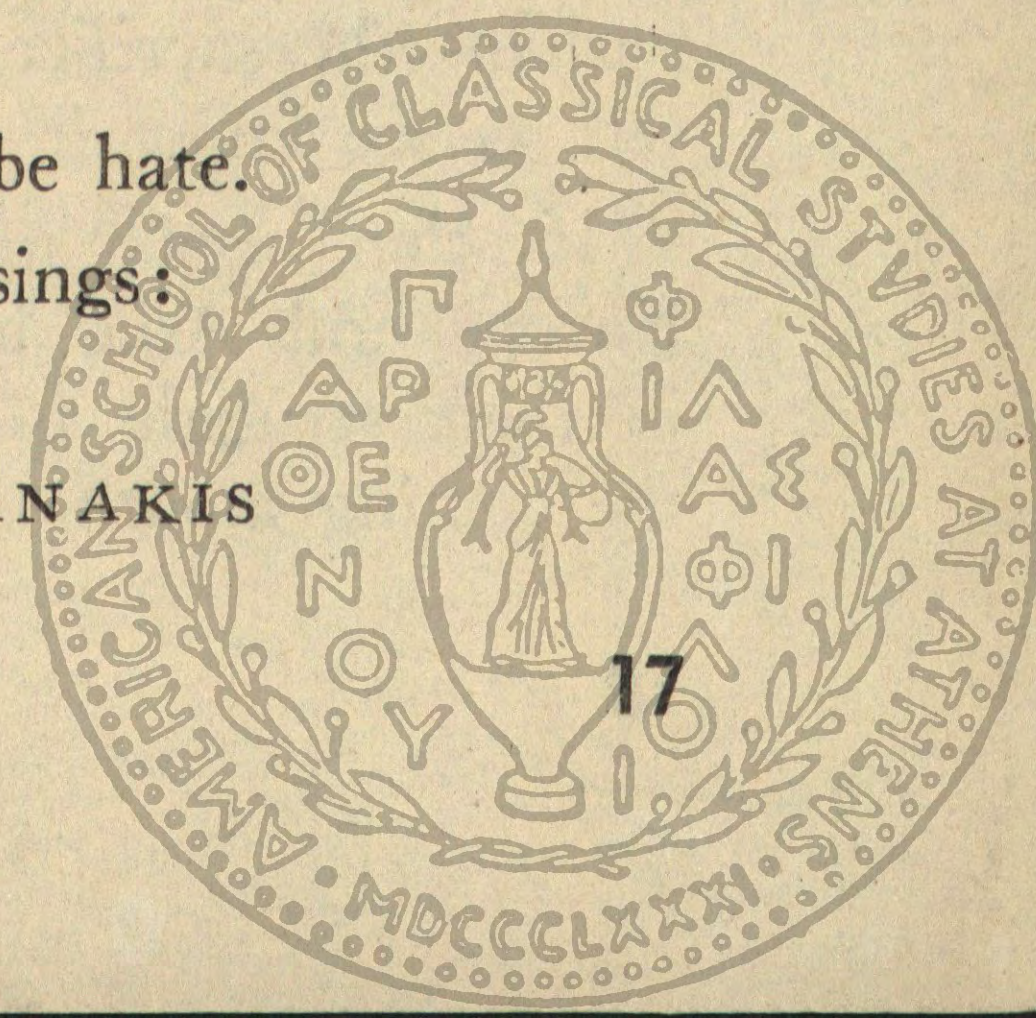
My brother Cain, the wounded, liked to sit
Brushing my shoulder, by the staring water
Of life, or death, in cinemas half-lit
By scenes of peace that always turned to slaughter.

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 you 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!'

DEMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS



96-2.
DIMETRIOS CAPETANAKIS was a Greek. He went to England from Greece in 1939 and began to write in English for the first time that year. He died in England in 1944, at the age of thirty-two. In giving us permission to reprint his poem, "Abel," from the quadrennial *New Writing and Daylight*, which he edits in London, John Lehman, Capetanakis' literary executor, expressed the belief that it would be the first appearance of Capetanakis in this country. [page 17]

9/2/27.

GREEK GOVERNMENT
DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION

34 HYDE PARK SQUARE
LONDON . . W. 2
TEL. PADDINGTON 4445

SLH/KB

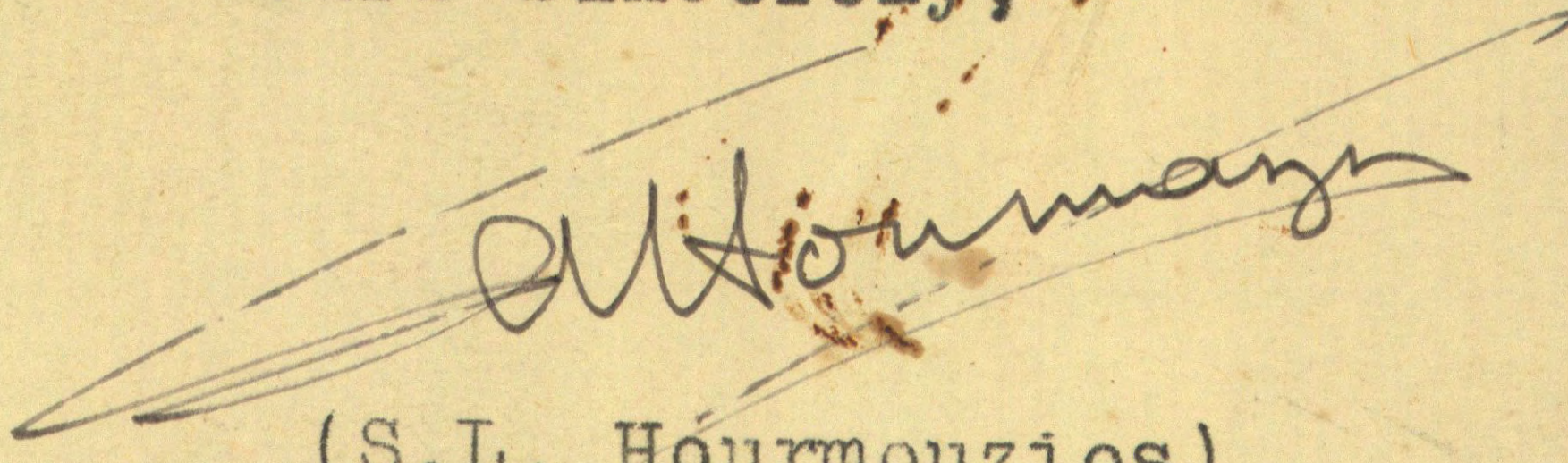
October 29, 1948. ✓

Dear Mr. Lehman,

I enclose the photographs taken by Boucdis when we visited Capetanakis' grave the other day. I have kept a set for myself which I shall send to Athens to my cousin there, who edits the KATHIMERINI. This newspaper publishes a literary supplement once a week, and I think would greatly welcome something written by yourself to accompany the photographs. If you have time to write a few words, would you please let me have them as soon as possible so I can send off the photographs at the same time.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,


(S.L. Hourmouzios)

John Lehman, Esq.,
31 Egerton Crescent,
S.W.3.



212128.

GREEK GOVERNMENT
DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION

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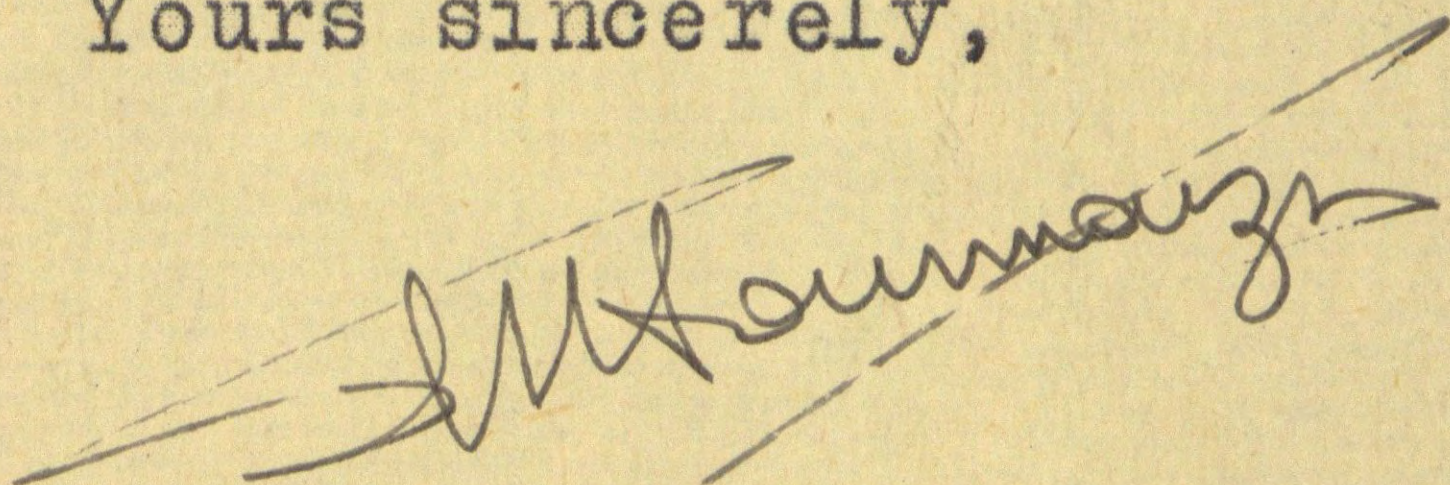
SLH/KB

December 18, 1948.

Dear Mr. Lehmann,

I enclose the KATHIMERINI of
the 2nd December, on page 2 of which
you will see the photograph and your
little note about Capetanakis.

Yours sincerely,



(S. L. Hourmouzos)

John Lehmann, Esq.,
31 Egerton Crescent,
S.W.3.





SOCIÉTÉ PHILHARMONIQUE DE PARIS

Fondée en 1901

Président : Charles MÜNCH

Saison 1954-1955

Secrétaire : C. KIESGEN, 252, Fg St Honoré; Trésorier : M. de VALMALÈTE, 45, r. La Boétie

SALLE GAVEAU, 45, rue La Boétie
MARDI 16 NOVEMBRE 1954, à 21 heures

sous les auspices de
 l'ASSOCIATION FRANÇAISE D'ACTION ARTISTIQUE

1^{er} CONCERT
 CONCERT FRANCO-AMÉRICAIN

IRMA KOLASSI

mezzo-soprano

BERNARD LEFORT

baryton

FRANK GLAZER

pianiste

avec le concours du Compositeur

NED ROREM

NED ROREM - ANDRÉ JOLIVET - HENRI DUTILLEUX

Prix des places : de 100 à 600 francs

Réduction aux Activités Musicales, aux J. M. F. et Etudiants

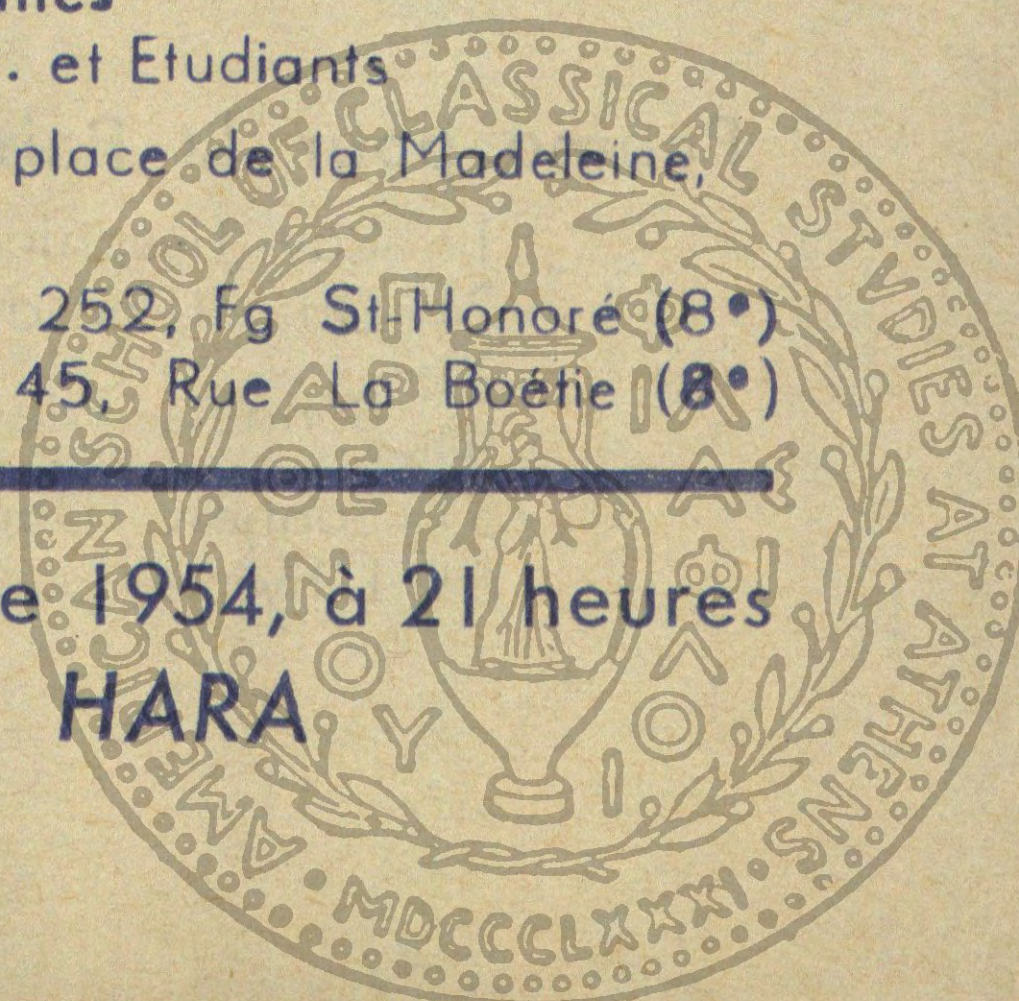
Location : à la Salle (BAL. 29-14), chez Durand, 4, place de la Madeleine,
 aux Agences habituelles et aux

BUREAU INTERNATIONAL DE CONCERTS C. KIESGEN, 252, Fg St Honoré (8°)
 BUREAU DE CONCERTS MARCEL DE VALMALETE, 45, Rue La Boétie (8°)

PIANO GAVEAU

Salle Gaveau, 2^e Concert, Mardi 30 Novembre 1954, à 21 heures

La pianiste japonaise **CHIEKO HARA**



PROGRAMME

I

Another Sleep (Trois fragments de la prose de Julien Green)

Ned ROREM

- 1) Hearing music at his mother's funeral
- 2) He walks beneath the stars
- 3) He thinks upon his death

Bernard LEFORT
Au Piano : l'Auteur

Sonate pour piano

André JOLIVET

- 1) Allegro
- 2) Molto lento
- 3) Largo - Allegro ritmico

Frank GLAZER

III

The Land of Fear (Capetanakis) 1954

Ned ROREM

Guilt (Capetanakis) 1954

Sally's Smile (Goodman) 1953

Clouds (Goodman) 1953

The Lordly Hudson (Paul Goodman) 1948

The Silver Swan (Jonson) 1947

The Call (anonyme) 1950

Little Elegy (Wylie) 1949

What if some little Pain (Spenser) 1949

Alleluia - 1946

Irma KOLASSI
Au Piano : l'Auteur

IV

Sonate pour piano

H. DUTILLEUX

- 1) Moderato
- 2) Lied
- 3) Choral et Variations

Frank GLAZER

V

Poème pour la Paix (Mai 1953)

Ned ROREM

- 1) Lay (Regnier)
- 2) Ode (Ronsard)
- 3) Sonnets (de Magny)
- 4) Sonnets (de Magny)
- 5) Sonnet (Daurat)
- 6) L'hymne pour la paix (de Baif)

Bernard LEFORT
Au Piano : l'Auteur



2/2/31.

from John Lehmann

31 EGERTON CRESCENT: LONDON S.W.3

KENSINGTON 0568

Documents for Demetrios Capetanakis Exhibition.

A. Manuscripts

- ✓ 1. Three MS. versions of "the Isles of Greece", with note.
- ✓ 2. MS. version of "Lazarus", D.C.'s last poem.
- ✓ 3. Corrected typescript of poem "Experienced by Two Stones".
- ✓ 4. MS. page of uncompleted poetry.
- ✓ 5. MS. of 1st.draft "Introduction to Modern Greek Poetry".
- ✓ 6. MS. (rough) of lecture on "Modern Greek Painting".
- ✓ 7. MS. of Greek original of essay on Charlotte Bronte.

B. Letters

- ✓ 1. Letter from P.Canellopoulos on hearing of D.C.'s death.
- ✓ 2. Letter from Dame Edith Sitwell, promising to write on D.C.'s poetry.

C. Photographs

- ✓ 1. Demetrios Capetanakis, taken in England during the War.
- ✓ 2. D.Capetanakis, photograph of drawing by Gregorio Prieto.
- ✓ 3. At the grave of D.C.: (l. to r.) Miss Beryl de Zoete, Mr. William Plomer, Mr. Arthur Waley, M.Hormouzios, Miss Barbara Cooper, Mr. John Lehmann.

D. Books

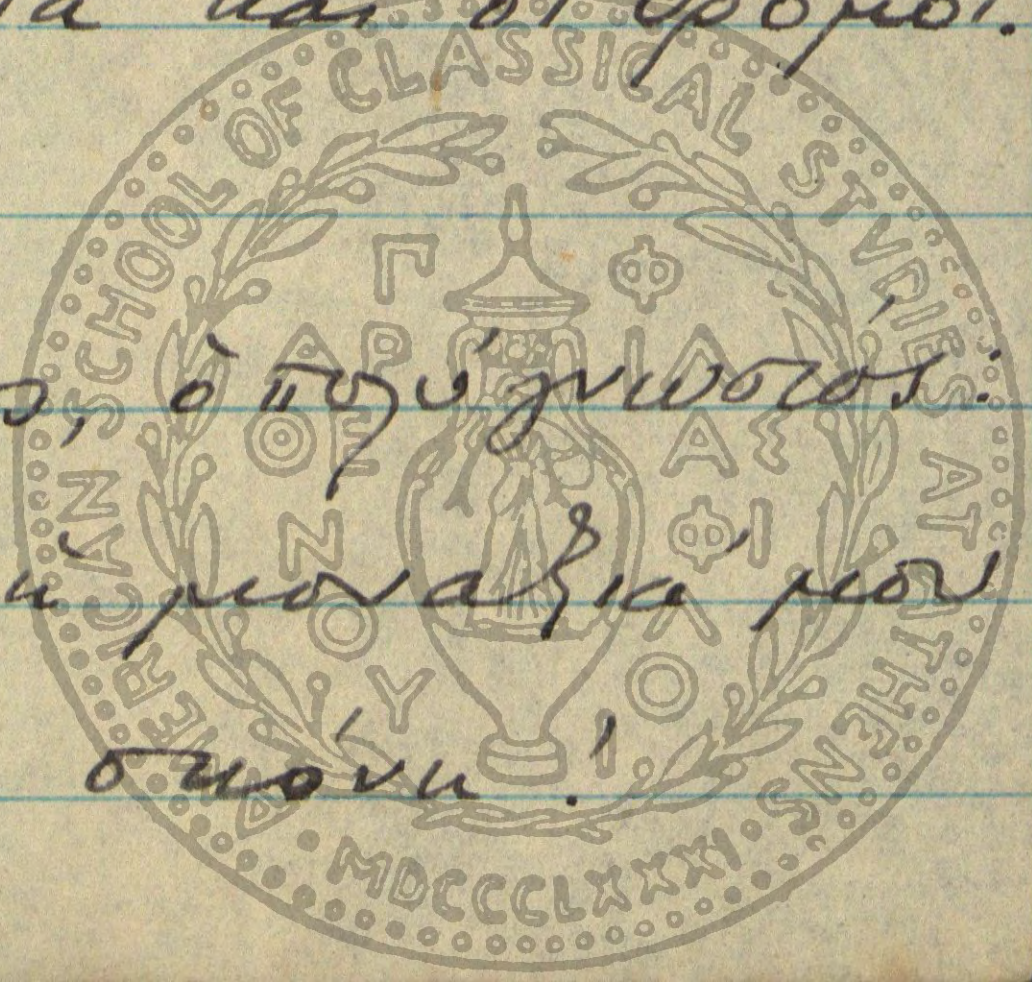
- 1. Copy of "A Greek Poet in England"
- 2. Copy of Greek booklet by D.C. (before coming to England)
- 3. D.C.'s own copy of Kats's Letters (two places marked)
- 4. Copy of Penguin New Writing No.13, with D.C.'s first poem in English.
- 5. Copy of The London Magazine (dec.'58) with poem found recently among D.C.'s papers.



Αἶψον ὅσα τὰ σῶματα,
 Τ' αἶσθαι, τὰ γήϊνα,
 ὅσα ὅσα μέ πόνον εἶχα ἀγχιῖται,
 Αἶψον ὅσα τὰ γήϊνα σῶματα
 ἔγιναν τέφρα,
 Χωρίς τὰ δίχον τίς αἰσθησέσθαι
 καί χωρίς ν' ἀνζητοῦν ἀπὸ τοῦ νοῦ
 Τὴν ἐνστάσιν τὴν καὶ τὸ χρῆμα,
 Χωρίς ν' ἀναποκρίνεσθαι
 Σὺν ἀγρυπνίᾳ ἀπύρῳ
 καὶ οἷς μορφῇς πού μέ σαφένεια ἀγαθότη
 Τὰ εἶχαν δεσμεύσει.
 Τέφρα ἔγιναν καὶ εἰματα:
 Ἀπιδανοί, ἀγνώριτοι, αἰγνίδιοι
 καὶ οἱ φίλοι καὶ τὰ σπύτια καὶ οἱ εὐόμοι.

=

καὶ αὐτὸς αὐτὸς ὁ χώρος, ὁ ποῦ γινώσκων.
 Τὸ εἶναι, τὰ βιβλία καὶ ἀφρονεῖα καὶ
 Μαράθυμι καὶ πέφτει, σπύτιον.



2

IV - 3

"Οὐ μὴ τοῖς ἀγρίῃσιν καὶ νεφελῶν
καὶ θυρεμοδοῦν καὶ γίνων σύννεφο
Ἄπ' αὐτοῦ χώμα,
Ἄμωφα, σὰν σικεῖν ὑποδείμα
τῆς Πομπηίας.

=

Μὲ ἐγὼ ὁ ἴδιος ἀνερμύχθην μετ' αὐτῆς σάχτι τόσο
τοῦ πα' δὲ ξέρω ποῦ ἀρχινῶ
καὶ ποῦ ἀρχινᾷ ἡ σάχτι.

Τό χέρι μου, νάτο,

Τό γνωστό τό χέρι, τό ἴδιο,

Παραῖξο μ' ἀπ' ἄλλο, αἶφνης,

Σὰν νὰ ἐχάθην σικεῖν ξανθὴ τὴν ὁραδία μου,

Τό πρακτικὸ τό χέρι, τὸ γνωστό,

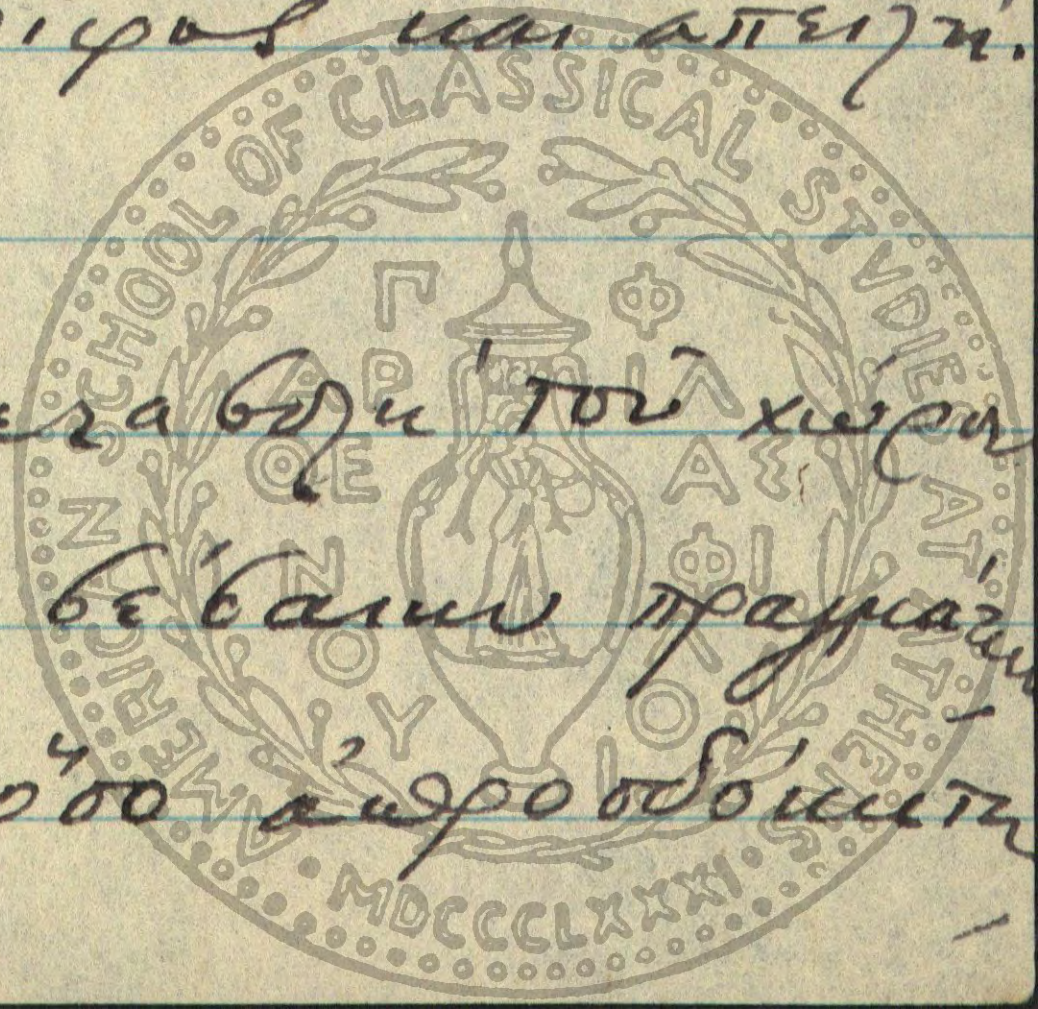
Τό χρῆσιμο, ἔγινε τώρα

— Ἀπὸ πότε ἔγινε τάχα; —

Καὶ μάδουσα καὶ γρίφος καὶ ἀπειρή.

=

Μὲ ὅμως αὐτὴ ἡ μεταβολὴ τοῦ χώρου
καὶ τῆς ἀπὸ τὴν καὶ βέβαιον πραγμα-
δοῦ μ' αὐτὴ εἶναι ξένον, ὅσο καὶ ἀφοροδοκίμη



Ἐνός μου ἐνέδρευε

Μ' ἀπό καρό ποῦ κὺν εἶχα περιμένει.

Μ' οὔτε μορφή νά γίνονταν ἀγχοῦς:

Τό καθε τ' εἴχινε ἀπό καρό ἐκός τοῦ κόρμα.

Τά πιο ἀνεπαίσθητα ἀνδρ,

Τά πιο ἡμέρα ζωα,

Οἱ πό καροί καί οἱ πό βέβαιοι φίλοι

Ἀπό καρό ποῦ εἶχαν ξεφύγει

Ἀπ' εἰς παγκύ, τίς γυνήριες, τίς ἀδελφεῖς μορφή
[σημ.]

Ὁ τίς μορφές ποῦ ἀγαπῶσα,

Ποῦ εἶχα σέβου ἐμπρός μου,

Τά ὡρῆα, τὰ βέβαια μυνητῆ τῶν σερατῶν,

Θαρκῶντας πῶς ποτε' δὲ δά τὰ χάσει,

Σαῦ τοῖς σεμνοῖς νασὶς ποῦ πάντα ξανθρίσκει

Προσκυντῆς ὁ Ὀδυσσεύς

Συμὸ ἀναγοιόνταν Ἰδαίης

Καθε μορφή ποῦ πρὶν ἐσταματῶσε,

Ποῦ ὥριζε τοῖς πιο ἀνταίους ἀποτομῆς



5

Ὅπν' οὐ μὲ παίρνει ἀπὸ τὸν νόμον τῶν μορῶν

Ποῦχα ἀγαπήσει

Καὶ ποῦ, ἐπειδὴ τίς ἔχασα,

Σωσὸ' ἦταν νὰ μὴν ἐπηρεάσω πᾶ',

Νὰ μὴ δρίσω, νὰ μὴ δεχθῶ,

Ἐγὼ ποῦχα γνωρίσει σώματα αἰῶν,

Θυμὰ, ποτὰ καὶ βέβαια,

Νὰ μὴ δεχθῶ, νὰ μὴ ἀρνεσθῶ

Σε εἰμασιές.

Λονδίνον 16 Φεβρουαρίου 1943

Π. Παπαμυρτζῆς

