

Arcadia I - Powm by Mikis Theodorakis

1 - I AM EUROPEAN

I am European, I am
European and I have two
ears;
One doesn't listen and
the other doesn't heed.
Let the Czech, the
Russian and the Pole
groan,
Man aches, the sky falls.
Let the Negro, the Greek
and the Indian suffer,
What do I care? Let God
care.
High up there on mount
Hymettus
a secret is hidden
I am European and I
have two ears
one only listens to the
East
Fascism is again
knocking on my door
but I am completely deaf
to such knocks
I have a big ear, and
another very small
and thus in peace I
vintage joy and
civilization.

2 - FROM THE SNOWS OF RUSSIA

High up from the snows
of Russia

where the north wind
blows
the wretched slave
awaits for centuries
the coming of the blond
race.

Love, songs, and flowers

they send us along with
burning words
the others dispatch their
marines
at the gulf of Phaliro.

The slaves suffer and
sigh

there goes this
generation too
They all pledge a
Paradise
in nineteen hundred
ninety-nine.

3 - THE CONSUMERS' SOCIETY

West, your hearing has
been deafened

West, your vision has
been blinded
consumers' society, your
hearing has been covered
by a heavy tunic, your
vision has been covered
your soul is covered.
Smoking ruins your
civilization
your words mosquitoes
flying over the swamps
of your industrial
production
transporting fever, lies,
hypocrisy.
Five hundred thousand
dead in Indonesia
new concentration
camps in Europe
next to the Acropolis
prisons
but you can't hear, and
you can't see
as you run on the next
year's model
with a speed of two
hundred miles towards

your death.

4 - MY SON

My son is nine years old
Nine winters, nine
summers.

We put thunder in his
glance
He holds the seas in his
two hands
He holds the seas in his
two hands

They raised his hands

His back they pinned to
the wall
They count the echo of
his breath
And they search through
his little heart
And they search through
his little heart

As if we were living in a
Jewish ghetto

Surrounded by beastly
German guards
Zatouna nineteen
hundred sixty-eight
We go through my third
exile
We go through my third
exile.

5 - THE MOUNTAINS OF ARCADIA

Oh centuries-old
mountains, mountains of
Arcadia

proud mountains,
unsubdued mountains
honest mountains.
Honour became so dear
so rare honour has
become
honour is dead.

A child suffers; that is
my child

and I, tied up, look at the
pine trees
There isn't any other
hope for me
except the trees of these
mountains.

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Arcadia I - Comment by Gail Holst

The first cycle of songs which Theodorakis composed at Zatouna were settings of his own poetry.

On the 29th of December 1968, Myrto and Margarita Theodorakis went to Tripolis to meet Jacques Perrin, producer of the film Z. They were to collect the scenario of the film from him so that Theodorakis could compose the score. On their return they were kept waiting in rain and fog while seven policemen searched them. Mikis's fury at the police's behaviour and his frustration at being unable to intervene led him to compose the poems which make up the cycle he called **Arcadia I**.

The songs have rarely been performed in Greece. They are difficult songs for the Greek Left to accept because of their bitter, almost anarchistic lyrics. In his songs Theodorakis attacks the great powers. Admittedly America suffers by comparison with Russia (the Russians send *'love songs and flowers'* to Greece while the Americans *'dispatch their marines at the Gulf of Phaliron'*), but the message is equivocal and the focus of attention is on Theodorakis's own sense of isolation and rage...

*I am European, I am European and
I have two ears;
One doesn't listen and the other
doesn't heed.
Let the Czech, the Russian and the
Pole groan,
Man aches, the sky falls.
Let the Negro, the Greek and the
Indian suffer,
What do I care? Let God care.*

The melody of this song is a theme of Hadzidakis. It is almost as if Mikis is

acknowledging, for a moment, the validity of his fellow-composer's non-political stance.

The most personal song of the cycle describes the experience of Theodorakis's son Yorgos, who was stripped and searched by the police in front of the villagers, and who suffered a nervous breakdown as a result...

*My son is nine years old
Nine winters, nine summers.
We put thunder in his glance
He holds the seas in his two hands.*

There is no real unity between the musical material except for the Russian flavour of several of the melodies and none of the songs stays in one's memory. It is as if Theodorakis cannot produce his best music when his suffering is personal...

Gail Holst: Theodorakis. Myth and Politics in Modern Greek Music, Hakkert, 1980

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Arcadia II

Manos Eleftheriou

1 - THREE RIVERS

Three rivers thrice
passed over my heart
and stole my youth
and took away my
joy.

The first river was
turbid. the second
raging
the third dragged
grief and a blackened
tear.

I too went to drink
water, I went to
quench my thirst
three rivers I set
foot on, and three I
have to cross.

One took away my
heart, and the other
my voice
on the third, where
you were, I lost my
life.

2 - THE ORACLE

I was given the
wrong oracle
and I gave you my
hand
and all the suffering
of the world
burst forth and
became grief
and summer
blossomed

On your black
uniform
on your black horse
a black bird I
embroidered for you
and a red sunrise
on your tear
Loss took the night
and the dream knives
false was the oracle
that the river will
return
with ten doves

3 - THE DENOUNCEMENT

In the wilderness
and the gorges
they awaited me in
ambush
and they denounced
me as a murderer
those who are
merciless
and those who bear a
knife.

In the streets and
market-places
they posted my name
and festivities and
joy
in my sleep seven
times
you slew my heart.

I send you basil's
root
for you to smell
But my old secret
and either sweet or
evil
you ought never
touch.

4 - AT THE BAZAAR OF THE MURDERER

At the bazaar of the
thief
I sold my tears
and I found your
door shut
love, love, my love
and I sold my heart.

To the bazaar of the
murderer
I brought you like a
dove
I brought you in the
evening at nine
and I sold my eyes
and bought a knife,

At the bazaar of
dawn
I sold my voice
they took my blood
too
love, love, my love
stone of my patience,

At the bazaar of the
whole earth
they gambled with
my joy
my love, I bought you
with chains, with
chains and wounds.

5 - MEN IN BLACK CAME

One was taken away
by the law
and turned into cloud
and smoke

the other was taken
by the road
and became the
bitterness of
everyone
And then came men
in black
who have darkness in
their hair
and those who hold
the rain in their
hands
and lightning in their
glance
Our dreams were
taken by the laws
and our songs by the
smoke
Our life was taken by
the roads
and also everyone's
love
They search among
the trees and in the
earth
and then they search
in my heart
but there they find
the wound
in my eyes and in my
tears.

6 - THE WIND AND THE NIGHT (ISOLATION)

The wind beg at the
night and the deep
and the sea was
created and the sea
knew its depth
and the night begat
the trees and grass
and the sky was

created and the
birds of the sky and
the full moon
and light was born
and the light knew
its brilliance -
Two days.
The wind begat
bitterness and music
and the tear was
born and the tear
knew our eyes
and sorrow begat the
seasons and the
birds
and the mountains
were filled with wild
beasts, serpents and
colours
and the road was
created
and the roads knew
their fate -
Two days.
The wind beg at rock
and iron
and man was created
and man knew his
strength
and the rock begat
mud and oil
and became knife and
nails and iron
and became woman
and the woman
realized her solitude
and the solitude
begat my pain and
sorrow -
Fourteen days,
generations.

**7 - THE LAST
WORD**

The hoarfrost bores
holes in my eyes
it's about four in the
morning
the killers nail the
dawn.
Dut who speaks of
tears?
The last word will be
a bird dead on the
soil
Our voice will be a
train which has
departed
The hours of the
wounds' awakening
eyeless
and the guns are
even more blind in
the trenches.

You ought to know
I will lament in the
grief-stricken land.

8 - I FOLLOWED THE ROADS OF THE BRIGAND

I followed the roads
of the brigand
to see which door
was closed
and to begin another
life
But I crossed the
river
which has direct
return
to set foot on a
bridge.

I found time lost
and my bitter tear
clove to my eyes

I found neither home
nor livelihood
but only a God
and he - crucified.

I followed the roads
where they pass -
those who suffer
alone
and sing alone
But I had forgotten
the return
for I did not meet
the river
and I set out to the
battle.

9 - THOSE WHO WILL ARRIVE ONE NIGHT

Those who will arrive
one night will find my
tears
wounds they will find
and smoke and ashes
my joy
And even if they rob
me of my voice, my
grief I will leave
behind
And if estranged my
grief becomes, my
dream I will leave
behind
And if they take my
years they will
remain in my blood;
and if my blood turns
to water the birds
will drink it.

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Arcadia III - Poems by Manos Eleftheriou

1 - AMIDST A GARDEN I SAT

Amidst a garden I sat
amidst an orchard
One Sunday afternoon
A Sunday, a day of rest.
I met with my friends
and we took a walk
on the narrow byways of
Terpsithea
and at Passalimani
on the narrow byways of
Terpsithea
and at Passalimani
Now the garden has
vanished
and your friends have
scattered
and your walk like a
dream
appears to me on every
day of rest.

2 - MOTHER - THE MANNA OF HEAVEN

Mother - the manna of
heaven

a tree of Paradise
at the root of the high
mountain
I planted your blessing
at the root of the high
mountain
I planted your blessing

And from the blessing I
planted
a spring came to light
and from the darkness
returned
a bird to warble
and from the darkness
returned

a bird to warble

Mother – manna of
heaven
what dream is not a
dream of you?
Send me a blessing once
again
that my pain I might
endure
Send me a blessing once
again
that my pain I might
endure

3 - THE MOTHER OF CHARON

The mother of Charon sat
at a road and an upgrade
and from the great
sighing
the houses are overcome
by languor
and the trees by the
biting north wind

She sends a message to
the Madonna
and to her only begotten
son;
three hundred go in
accompaniment
and a thousand hearing
swords

The Virgin embroiders
birds on a marble
fountain
And her son smiles.
The mother of Charon
doesn't speak
And will never
speak again.

4 - THEY CALL YOU MOTHER OF CHRIST

They call you mother of
Christ
and I call you Saint
Barbara too
key to the closed castle

at the uproad of the
battle

They call you mother of
the brigand
and mother of Pilate
but secretly you speak
and cry
at the hours of death

From wherever you are
and come from
and whatever language
you speak
and however many
people are with you
you will not return
and however many
people are with you
you will not return

5 - SWEETLY- KISSING MADONNA

Sweetly-kissing Madonna
my mother and my guide
I too have a heart in my
breast
that is withering from by
bitterness

For you were a mother
once
and know the heartache
of pain and joy
and the stubbornness of
time

For you were a mother
and feel pain;
bring to me my son, my
pride
from the foreign land
where you lead him
my darkened moon.

6 - YOU WERE AN ORCHARD

Time has its turnings
and the world its
heartaches

and of the many poisons
there remain few I have
not drunk
and of the many poisons
there remain few I have
not drunk

Your words are balm
but now you are in
foreign lands
and life has become
brutal
and has brutalized me too
and life has become
brutal
and has brutalized me too

You were an orchard, but
now destroyed
and you were a bird in
the trees
and the anguish in my
heart
has turned into a black
stone.

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Arcadia IV - Odes by Andreas Kalvos

I - Ode III THE VOLCANOES

Dawning rays of the Sun
why do you appear?
Does the eye of heavenly
beings
really like to see
the deeds of the
assassins?
Oh Greeks. oh souls
divine
Who in the greatest
dangers
show a tireless energy
and a sublime nature!
Why. why do you not try
to save the crown
of your unhappy country
from the impious hands
of such assassins?
Their number is legion
and fearful to see
but a single Greek.
a heroic man
can scatter them.

II - Ode IV TO SAMOS

Whosoever feels the
heavy

bronze hand of fear
let them support the yoke
of slavery.
Freedom demands virtue
She herself (and the myth
conceals
a sense of the truth) gave
wings
to Icaros; even though
the winged
boy fell and drowned
submerged in the sea.
But he fell from the

heights
and he died free.
If you become a
dishonoured victim
of a tyrant, expect
a horrible death.

III - Ode VI THE VOWS

It were better for
the tumultuous waves of
the sea
to drown my country
like a hopeless
abandoned rowboat.

It were better for
me to see a flame
on the continent and
islands
rushing everywhere
devouring the cities,
forests
peoples and hopes.

It were better, much
better
for the Greeks so
scattered
to roam the world
with hands outstretched
begging for bread.

Grasp firmly the sword,
ye Greeks -
lift up your eyes -
lo - in the heavens
is God, your only
protector.

And if God and our arms
fail us, it were better
for the wild mares of the
Turks
to whinny again on
Mt. Kithairon.

Rather than... oh yes, the
more
blind and harsh
tyranny is
the sooner open

the redeeming gates.

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Untitled

Poem by Angelos Sikelianos

ARCADIA V - Music by Mikis Theodorakis

I. *(First singer)*

As I threw the final torch into the hearth,
(Torch of my life closed in time),
Into the hearth of your new freedom, Greece !
My soul suddenly lit up as if All space were copper or as if
The holy cell of Herakleitos were around me,
Where, for years,
He forged his thoughts on Eternity
And hung them like weapons
In the Temple of Ephesus. . .

II. *(Second singer)*

Gigantic thoughts,
Like clouds of fire or islands of purple
In a mythical sunset,
Lit up in my mind,
Suddenly my whole life flared up
In concern for your new freedom, Greece !

So I did not say:

This is the light of my funeral pyre...
I said, I am the torch of your history,
So let my abandoned body burn like a torch. With this torch
Marching upright, as at the final hour
I shall light up every corner of the Universe,
I shall open the road to the soul,
To the spirit, to your body, Greece.

I spoke and went forward

Holding my burning liver
On your Caucasus,
Every step of mine
Was the first, and was, I thought, the last.
My naked foot trod in your blood,
My naked foot brushed against your bodies,
For my body, my face, my entire spirit
Was mirrored, as in a lake, in your blood.
There, in such a scarlet mirror, Greece

A bottomless mirror, a mirror of abyss

Of your freedom and your thirst, I saw myself
Moulded out of heavy red clay
A new Adam of the newest creation
That we plan to create for you, Greece.

III. *(Third singer)*

And I said:

I know it, yes I know that your gods
The Olympians have become. an earthly foundation
For we have buried them deep, lest foreigners find them.
The foundations have been strengthened twice and thrice
With the bones our enemies have buried above...
And I know that for libations and vows
For the new Temple we have dreamt for you, Greece
Days and nights more brothers have killed each other
Than lambs slaughtered for Easter...

IV. *(First singer)*

Fate and your Fate is mine threefold
And from Love, the great creator Love
Now that my soul has hardened and penetrates
Right into the mud and on to your blood to mould
Today I call with it to all comrades:

V. *(Second singer and choir)*

»**Forward:** Help us raise the sun over Greece
Forward: Help us raise the sun over the whole world.
Look, its wheel is deeply stuck in the mud,
Look, its axle is deeply sunk in the blood.
Forward lads, the sun cannot rise alone
Push with knee and chest to get it out of the mud
Push with chest and knee to get it out of the blood.
Look how we blood brothers lean upon it
Forward brothers, it has surrounded us by fire
Forward, forward, its flame has engulfed us.

VI. *(First singer)*

Forward creators. . .Your burdened thrust
Support with heads and feet lest the sun sink.

Help me as well brothers, lest I sink too.

It is already on me, in me and around me,
I have been turning in a sacred dizziness with it.
The cruppers of a thousand bulls hold its base

A two-headed eagle above me

Shakes its wings and its scream
Resounds in my head and in my soul,
The far and near are one for me
Unheard heavy harmonies surround me.
Forward comrades, help raise the sun
So that it may become a spirit.

VII. *(Second singer and choir)*

The new Word approaches. It will colour everything
In its new flame, mind and body, pure steel.
Our earth has had enough human flesh
Fat and fertile, we must not let our soil
Dry up after the heavy blood bath
Richer and deeper than any first rains.
Tomorrow all must go out with twelve pairs of oxen
And plough this blood-drenched land.
The laurel must blossom and become the tree of life
Our vine must spread to the ends of the Universe.
Forward lads, the sun cannot rise alone
Push with knee and chest to get it out of the mud
Push with chest and knee to get it out of the blood
Push with hands and heads that the sun may shine on the Spirit.

VIII. *(First singer)*

Thus as I threw the final torch into the hearth
(Torch of my life closed in time),
Into the hearth of your new freedom, Greece.
Suddenly my cry was strongly raised, as if
All space were copper, or as if
The holy cell of Herakleitos were around me,
Where, for years,
He forged his thoughts on Eternity
And hung them like weapons
In the Temple of Ephesus...
Just as I cried to you, comrades !

*Excerpt of »Journals of Resistance«, pp.252-254 © Flammarion 1971, ©
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Arcadia VI - Poems by Mikis Theodorakis

1- PAEAN (WAR SONG)

Majestic mountains
embrace
rocks, precipices, people,
pine trees.
They have seen Turkish
hordes and other
conquering armies
Iand have received the
corpses of heroes and
tolerated curses of
valiants
The trees are left that
shaded the sleep of
Perdikas.
The cuckoo that
Kolokotronis never heard
has come to make its nest
in Zatouna.
In vain my guards try
to cage its song;
the ravines carry it on
their shoulders
and swiftly take it to the
olive groves.
Oh, how high reach the
mountains of Arcadia!
They dominate the seas
and the flute of Pan
drowns
the growlings of the army
barracks.
Boas, orangutangs, apes,
dressed in gowns
holding sceptres
Archbishops and army
commanders shout «
Hurrah »
and behind them rise
feathers of birds
The heroes in panic
abandon the marbles;
they escape from the
verses of the poets

and there they find refuge
by the banks of Loussios,
by the spring of mount
Mainelon they share the
shade
with the lark.
Oh mountains, guardians
of my country's bravery;
your dream is the Paean
and your song the gun.

2 - TO THE UNKNOWN POET

To you, Rhigas Pheraos, I
cry out

From Australia to Canada

and from Germany to
Tashkent
the Greeks are dispersed
in prisons, on islands and
mountains.

To you, Dionysios
Solomos, I cry out
Into jailed and jailers
beaters and beaten
orderers and ordered
terrorists and terrorized
possessors and possessed
The Greeks are divided.

To you, Andreas Kalvos, I
cry out

Most shining the sun
wonders

and also the mountains
and the fir trees
the seashores and the
nightingales
my country that was the
cradle of beauty and the
golden mean
today a place of death.

To you, Kostis Palamas, I
cry out

Never before has so much
light turned to darkness

so much courage to fear
so much strength to
weakness
so many heroes to marble
busts.
My country, the country
of Digenis and Diakos
today a country of
subjects.

To you, Nikos
Kazantzakis, I cry out

Although the dead forget

the dead who still speak
the language of
Androutsos
Memory resides behind
the iron bars and the
watches
memory resides in the
stones
nestles in the yellow
leaves
that cover your body, oh
Greece!

To you, Angellos
Sikelianos, I cry out

You are the soul of my
country

the many-sided river
blinded by the blood that
colors the groaning
disabled by the great
hatred and the great love
which equally occupy
your soul.
The soul of my country is
the handcuffs
tightened on two rivers
two mountains tied by
ropes to the bench on the
roof
the valley of Argos

swollen by the whip
and Olympus tied, hands
behind,
to the mast of the
aircraft-carrier
to confess.
The soul of my country is
this seed
which stretched its roots
on the rock
you are mother, wife,
daughter
who perceives from afar
the sea and the
mountains
and secretly paints with
blood
the red eggs of the
Resurrection
that the times and men
brood.
So let ever come into my
miserable land
Greek Easter

To you, unknown poet, I
cry out!

***English translation
by George Giannaris***

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Theodorakis on O Epizon

**by Mikis
Theodorakis**

Zatouna, June 1969 - We felled two rotten nut-trees and brought the wood to Lambis. Myrto has ordered donkey saddles to use them as seats. We make the frame of wood and then Lambis chooses the leather and hands it over to Choulias "the boss of the factory" who deals with the covering. Long ago Zatouna was a flourishing place, with large shops, tanneries, weaving workshops and was made up of two parishes. Today only memories survive from that past and also the grocer Sotiropoulos. He goes out of his shop only at noon for his lunch. He eats standing as if he does not wish to waste his time, accustomed to the rate of work of another era. Then he comes back to his workshop quickly to have his siesta behind the almost empty exhibition stalls "riding" on a chair and always expecting customers that have long disappeared.

I go through my anthology from page to page.

I keep the book open at Takis Sinopoulos. His poem "The Survivor" has

something that attracts
me, something that
concerns me!

* * *

Just like "The March of
the Spirit", "The
Survivor" is typically
metasymphonic. In
addition to contemporary
poetry and popular
singers and instruments
that they incorporate,
what is new in these
metasymphonic works is
the more complex style
and development.

**© Mikis Theodorakis:
*Journals of
Resistance***

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Aracdia VIII

Poems by Manolis Anagnostakis

I SPEAK - MILO

I speak of
barefooted mothers
That loiter among the
ruins
Of cities consumed
by fire
Of corpses piled in
the streets
And pimp-poets
Who are frightened
at night
On their very
threshold.

I speak of endless
nights
When the light
diminishes
As day comes in
Of overloaded lorries
And of steps
On the wet pavement

I speak of prison
yards
Of the tears of those
sentenced to death
But above all I speak
Of the fishermen
Who have abandoned
their nets
To follow on his
footsteps
And when He proved
a coward
They did not rest
And when He

betrayed them
They never renounced
And when He was
glorified

They turned their
eyes to the other
side
They spat at their
faces
They crucified them
But they always
serene
Took to a road with
no end
Without their vision
Being obscured or
bent
Upright and solitary
In the terrible
solitude of the crowd.

CHARIS 1944

We were all together
Unfolding tirelessly
our hours
We were singing in a
low voice
Of the days that
were to come
Charged with
multicoloured visions
Charis was singing
We kept quiet
His voice sparked
small fires
Thousands of small
fires that set our
youth in flames
Night and day he
played hide and seek
With Death
In every corner every

back street
He longed
Forgetting his own
body
To offer a Spring to
the others
We were all together
But you could say
That he was all of us.

Words that we heard
every day
No one had seen him
It was in the dusk
He must have had his
fists tight as usual
In his eyes was
unfadingly engraved
The joy of our new
life
But all that was
simple
And time is short ...
One doesn't manage
to ...
We are not all
together any longer
Two or three have
emigrated
Another has retired
far away
With an equivocal
attitude
And Charis was killed
The ones have left
and others came
The streets are full
An uncontrollable
crowd pours out
Banners are being
waved again
The wind whips the
banners
Songs float in the
abysm

If among the voices
That pierce
inexorably the walls
by night
You distinguish one,
it's his
It sparks small fires
Thousands of small
fires
That set our untamed
youth in flames
It is his voice
That buzzes round
the crowd like a sun
That embraces the
universe like a sun
That strikes at
despair like a sun
That reveals to us
like a sun
Radiant cities
Stretching before us
bathed
In truth and fair
light.

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Arcadia X - Comment by Gail Holst

Two other extended songs written in Zatouna to Theodorakis's own verses are '*My Name is Kostas Stergiou*' and '*I had Three Lives*'.

Both were composed on the occasion of the departure of the composer's wife and children from the village.

I used to wonder, when Theodorakis took the microphone and spat the words of 'Kostas Stergiou' into the microphone, if the police lieutenant had ever heard himself immortalised in song. It is a song of impotent rage in which Stergiou, the officer who ordered Theodorakis's wife and children to be searched, then forbade them to say goodbye to him, becomes symbolic of all that is evil, stupid and brutal in the dictatorship:

*"My name is Kostas Stergiou
 Descendant of the Visigoths,
 The Ostragoths, the Mavrogoths.
 I live in caves,
 I make clubs,
 I drink water out of skulls.
 My profession is death
 But for the time being I am serving
 The big dragon who has sent me to
 Arcady
 I am a cross between Neanderthal
 Man and wolf
 For the time being I ride in a jeep."*

Written as a semi-recitative, the song lets no opportunity pass for satirical word-painting.

Like the first songs he composed at Zatouna (**Arcadia 1**) and the songs of **The Sun and Time** the horror of his own experience seems to have overwhelmed the composer. Words have become more important than melodic interest and while such songs are striking expressions of a

particular moment in the composer's life, they have, in a sense, fulfilled their function. They are effective heard once, twice, even three times. They are not likely to form part of Theodorakis's permanent repertoire.

'I had Three Lives', the song which, together with *'Kostas Stergiou'*, titled **Arcadia X**, is in striking contrast. It is the other side of anger, the grief of losing his family combined with the will to endure:

*"I was left alone lifeless
without lives
one was taken by the wind
the other by the rain
I was left alone
I and the dragon in a big cave
I hold a spear, I hold a sword
I shall strangle you, I shall dissolve
you
I'll wipe you out and blow you out of
my life."*

The stately, flowing melody of this little-known Theodorakis song, may open no new doors in his development but deserves to be heard more often...

... P.S. Especially because Maria Farantouri has recorded it on her CD: ASMATA.

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