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The Association issues a Newsletter (Ενημέρωση), holds conferences and publishes two journals annually.

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The periodical welcomes papers in both English and Greek on all aspects of Modern Greek Studies (broadly defined). Prospective contributors should preferably submit their papers on disk and hard copy. All published contributions by academics are refereed (standard process of blind peer assessment). This is a DEST recognised publication.

Το περιοδικό φιλοξενεί άρθρα στα Αγγλικά και τα Ελληνικά αναφερόμενα σε όλες τις απόψεις των Νεοελληνικών Σπουδών (στη γενικότητά τους). Υποψήφιοι συνεργάτες θα πρέπει να υποβάλλουν κατά προτίμηση τις μελέτες των σε δισκέτα και σε έντυπη μορφή. Όλες οι συνεργασίες από πανεπιστημιακούς έχουν υποβληθεί στην κριτική των εκδοτών και επιλέκτων πανεπιστημιακών συναδέλφων.

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GEORGE SARANTARIS

POEMS

1933

(selection)

Translated by Katherine Cassis

Caressed Beauty

Caressed beauty!
Your shadow lengthens in memory
you disperse
and the soul
in vain smells the withered flowers.

2.1.1933

I surrendered to oblivion

I surrendered to oblivion;
It will cover my soul like a wave
(sleep smells of interminable sea),
and feel the azure of dreams and my life.

12.1.1933

Light is your memory

Light is your memory
like a veil suspended over oblivion
when I ruminate;
and yet with melancholy
with a certain sharpness
almost sensual
like lips of death
or untouched by kisses.

13.1.1933

A dream it is

A dream is beautiful love
which sprouts beside eros
as our sweet soul discovers
when it remains on the shore
and wind and wave are silent

18.1.1933

Invisible, imperceptible monotony

Invisible, imperceptible monotony
immortality hides
and her presence makes
shiver with excitement
the troubled smiles of nature.

27.1.1933

Forest

Unadorned
the trees,
the scattered leaves
not mournful;
and yet mute
lethal;
I gather as I walk
golden silence

1.2.1933

Honey-coloured pleasure

Death does not attract, rather it captivates;
it possesses neither beauty nor charm;
it only kindles our invisible diffidence,
lending it ephemeral pride
to commit the absolute sacrifice
to feel its supreme, honey-coloured pleasure. . .

5.2.1933

Religion

As people die they encounter pleasures
perhaps sent from God
certainly from nature.

20.2.1933

The sky is never absent

The sky is never absent.
Without it life would vanish
miracles would fade away.
The earth would stand still.
The sky is hardly afraid of
eternity;
but its light does not show it;
the distrust of time
our distrust
nurtures suspicions
and reveals doubts,
form of a cloud
form of rain. . .

19.3.1933

From books

The life which you feel leaving
when you open the windows
for a little air for a glance outside. . .
your own life and that of others.

[22.3.1933]

When they are heard. . .

When new days are heard
we feel it from afar
from the glory of the skies
and delicately mysteriously
from the internal whispering
within untouched rooms
within distant feelings. . .

[22.3.1933]

Far from the noise...

Far from the noise
within the uncertain continuity
within absence
with the voiceless song of hours
the scent of time I breathe.

2.4.1933

Sun

The mountains need breath to breathe
they want unforgettable songs;
and they request them
from the clouds that sway
within the languor of the sky.

14.4.1933

Crystal clear

To the point of pleasure
to feel your presence
I desire, consciousness;
untainted delight I feel you
crystal clear.

14.4.1933

My consciousness migrated...

My consciousness migrated to a noiseless
distant country
where past sufferings sank into a torpor
were forgotten
and unknown blossoms are beginning to sprout
and are already yearning
for incorporeal consciousness.

22.4.1933

The swooning gardens

Mais le vert paradis des amours enfantines
Baudelaire (Moestra et errabunda)

The swooning gardens
you must remember, even
if you regret every love
in vain, even
if you embark
on long journeys;
the swooning gardens
may they die with you
when you begin to feel the burden of complaint
and life is being finally expiated, unhappy.

22.4.1933

I exist

I exist by way of a vestment
an elusive vestment
within the chaos
which beings in vain
fashion.

The chaos
noise which lies
beside me
aims at something
but does not persuade me.

I exist
doubtfully hidden
outside chaos
and perhaps I've longed for
chaos. . .

3.5.1933

Non-existence

The sea (there go sorrowful years)
has died; around her weep lands
and horizons.

3.5.1933

I lean towards dreams

Existence immersed in slumber
I lean towards the dreams
which caress
within pleasures
which do not rest. . .

3-4,5.1933

Nightfall

Disappointed is the day
and consciousness suspects it;
from all the windows it sees
the charms the colours
which are vanishing
and the voices
which have begun to hide. . .

7.5.1933

Calmly from the past

Calmly from the past
the night of dreams is blowing
ancient like ruins
it is sweetened by a light the colour of honey
quiet like a dead scent
on a dead body
(I gather it in my arms
because it only caresses me
And I – where is my mind? – I'm thirsty...)

9.5.1933

The stranger

From silence to silence
the sky traverses
the years;
like a person
we met when children
whom we had forgotten
we met again
no more.

13.5.1933

Mes contemplations

The loves that reposed far away
on rivers
resemble cloud dreams
and stars.

13-14.5.1933

Dream of death

Final songs of life
the air sends
from an invisible island;
in the mist
sink the night
and the seashore
where I placed the body
it's cold. . .

15.5.1933

Pensive clouds

Pensive clouds numb the soul
which weary dreams softly bemuse.

21.5.1933

Solitudo

The earth becomes a poem
within my vision
now that I have withdrawn
the gods beside me become silent
no other being no other poem
captivates my imagination.

21.5.1933

From the desert

The spirits yearn for the world
... and if they reach the world
forgotten blossoms they leave behind
scattered by their presence

27.5.1933

The swans of the garden

A desired memory
they hold from a lake
solitary hidden,
where the days reclined
tender
above the water
above the verdure

May of 1933

I don't see the face of infinity

I don't see the face of infinity;
far from the eyes it is fashioned
beyond the sea
the sky
and the usual light
luminous infinity!
I consider my bareness
its bareness
perhaps they are a match perhaps they will be a match!

5.6.1933

Airy, fine, light

I remember. I want to remember
Recollection, with nurturing,
airy fine becomes pleasure;
tortured, it captivates its tears
with smiles; it is
and feels itself pleasure
airy fine light. . .

June of 1933

Burlesque

The world without an I
to look upon it
to reproduce it
has no meaning scent or colour
it isn't at all a world!

2.7.1933

La belle au bois dormant

In the forest which became madness
from the nightingales
the pained love awakens
it breathes
it asks the nightingales
where dreams hide
the golden visions of sleep,
it sleeps again within the songs. . .

17.7.1933

The view of the world

Time, unseen, corrupts
the view of the world;
man is distracted
and doesn't look,
and if he looks
he sees nothing;
until death

he is tormented by an elusive longing
while he is corrupted by
some force
more elusive than time.

20.7.1933

The noise of the world

The noise of the world wounds the self
which longs for a life prudent
around the wonders of time
and wants existence whole
until death
whose possibility already grieves it
troubles it
disturbing its life
beneath the calm thought
that flows. . .

20.7.1933

Idiot

To my friend Dimi Kapetanaki

Nothingness awakens the soul
when it reflects with passion
over the dead and blessed past;
idiotic nothingness in this abrupt way
maddens the soul. . .

6.8.1933

The melancholy of matter

Irreparable death
with its strong hands
will take the soul
(which we held dear over the years)
before it exhales the spirit;
our soul will withdraw
death will pull it away
perhaps we will remain dead. . .

7.8.1933

Crossing

Infinity
feels nothing more
from time
than the colourless crossing.

14.8.1933

Frisson dans l'azur

Unseen sky
depth
touches like a spectre
the external
(the most visible)
I;
the subterranean I
is amused.

30.8.1933

Epic

Tree-leaf
Bird wings
wind
afterwards sea
waves
azure time
horizons supreme
and before us,
the Sky.

3.9.1933

The thought of you

The thought of you
trickles poison
into me;
melancholy poison
monotonous and voluptuous
dispersing the smoke
onto my presence
there, in the past.

5.9.1933

Beloved intuition and experience

Beloved intuition and experience
 beauties die

beauties are scraps and scents

1.10.1933

Sensualism

The woman I love pre-exists
 but she is only now appearing
 and she traverses the hour
 enthralled with love
 imponderably delivered
 from an uncertain sin;
 to an ineffable mirage
 her glance crosses the space
 her very body dissolves,
 and she is dying
 as she leans upon my lips,
 lost, her breasts
 in my palms.

4.10.1933

The soul wants death...

The soul wants death celestial
 just as the heavens narrate
 while it dreams by the windows of light...

15.10.1933

God

Poetry The world is sea My mind
 invisible it suffers
 My mind I wants to receive body
 consubstantial
 blossom on the surface of vision
 susurrations upon the flux
 The sun song relieves the sea

it fashions the clarity of its waves
I feel everywhere:
I see the sea
the sun
nothingness perhaps
I'm dreaming of a human being
18-21.10.1933

The soul

Consciousness epiphany of feeling
you deride existence

The loves of time
frequent your landscapes
you quiver to the very heart of being
you replete the universe
you ignore the meaning of escape
you long only for journeys

On your back the world flutters its wings
the sun bathes you incandescent
20.10.1933

Concern

My existence, abyss and song,
roams the valley of phenomena
time receives it with enthusiasm
within its serenity
and offers as chimaeras
the unexpected views of the earth
and a real panorama,
the sky
21.10.1933

The sky remembers the years

The sky remembers the years
 the ineffable years of the world
 which are always going far away
 and which perhaps no-one records
 or watches, where they are going.

19.11.1933

Life

J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans
 Baudelaire (Spleen)

People die slowly
 and fall asleep in the sky
 from the frequent remembrance of time

27.12.1933

Time's vertigo

Man wonders
 when he will die
 and all the dead of the world
 united by the vertigo of time
 burden him.

27.12.1933

My desire to die...

My desire to die is a bizarre feeling, which I often sincerely comprehend, but as soon as it passes I cannot recollect, or feel it to the point where no other feeling can penetrate my soul so as to divert my attention from it or to shed a coolness or a humorous light on death, which, for all my concern, will be estranged. I understand that this inability to recreate the image of death emanates from the return of vital forces, which, it seems, become somewhat dormant if I seek refuge in certain thoughts and which, as they awaken, rush upon me disturbingly like waves. If, however, I don't know how to recollect the feeling of death as a unique feeling and as a whole experience, and if, precisely because of this, thoughts and forces exclude me, humble me, force me to smile at myself, the belief, the certainty that I faced death in its entirety pulsates inside me, paradoxically deeply founded and every juxtaposition with the ever-present vital experience, so fragmentary, so incomplete, only magnifies it.