

# MIKIS THEODORAKIS

## NEW SONGS

"Your tanks will rust; our songs  
will last!" Mikis Theodorakis

# ΜΙΚΗΣ ΘΕΟΔΩΡΑΚΗΣ

## ΝΕΑ ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΑ

«Τὰ τάνκς σας θὰ σκουριάσουν—τὰ τραγούδια  
μου θὰ μείνουν» Μίκης Θεοδωράκης

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*Composed under house arrest in Vrachati and Zatouna, and performed by the composer for the first time on record.  
Includes three complete song cycles: "ARKADIA II", "ARKADIA III", and "IN THE EAST", plus the song-river  
"OUR SISTER ATHINA".*

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### ABOUT THE COMPOSER:

It can be said without exaggeration that Mikis Theodorakis embodies the long struggle of the Greek people, whose ancient culture laid the foundation for Western civilization and whose modern culture is synonymous with resistance to tyranny. Although various foreign interests have threatened its economy, culture, and sovereignty, although thousands of workers have been forced to migrate just to find work, and while internal repression of popular culture is a world-wide scandal, there remains a great cultural hunger among the present generation of Greeks. From the days of the Turks to the Resistance against the Italians, the Nazis, and the internal collaborators, to the present time of US-backed economic invasion and military repression, culture has become a bulwark of men and women who will not give in.

The people of this long Resistance have been shaped by their participation in it, emotionally and intellectually, as well as physically. Mikis Theodorakis still bears a half-open wound on the right side of his skull, the bone over his right eye has been fractured, his legs bear the marks of torture, and one lung has been permanently damaged by the tuberculosis which developed as a result of imprisonment under sub-human conditions. He has continued to compose some of his finest works under these same conditions.

Born on the island of Chios on July 29, 1925, Mikis' family was constantly on the move because of his father's job in the civil service. In this way, he came into close contact with the people of the islands, provinces, villages and cities of Greece. His father was born in Crete, and his mother was a refugee from Smyrna because of the Asia Minor disaster of the 1920's, bringing with her the Ionian traditions.

At the age of 17, he met the spirit of contemporary Greek artists who were struggling to be heard above the repression of the Metaxas dictatorship and the chaos of war. In Tripolis, in the Arcadia district of the Peloponessos, he formed a literary cénacle with a group of other young people. "My character was, to a large extent, formed there," he has said. "On a rock which we called the 'Ritsos rock' we read poems by that man whose poetry has stood as an inspiration for all my work." There he composed his first songs and piano pieces, and there he published a small volume of poetry. It was also in Tripolis that he suffered his first imprisonment, because he had joined the Resistance against the Italian occupation forces. A friendly Italian officer warned his family, when the Germans took control in the spring of 1942, that his name was on the proscribed list, so the family fled to Athens.

There in the city, Mikis enrolled in the Athens Conserva-

Τρία ποτάμια

Τρία ποτάμια τρεῖς φορές πέρασαν στήν καρδιά μου  
καί κλαίγανε τὰ νειᾶτα μου καί πήραν τή χαρά μου.

Τὸνα ποτάμι ἦταν θολό καί τ' ἄλλο ἀγριεμένο  
τὸ τρίτο ἔσερνε καημούς καί δάκρυ μαυρισμένο.

Πῆγα κι ἐγώ νά πιῶ νερό, πῆγα νά ξεδιψάσω  
τρία γεφύρια πάτησα καί τρία νά περάσω.

Τὸνα μοῦ πήρε τήν καρδιά καί τ' ἄλλο τή φωνή μου.  
Στὸ τρίτο ποῦσουνά κι ἐσύ ἄχασα τή ζωή μου.

Ὁ Χρησμός

Λάθος μοῦ δόθηκε ὁ χρησμός καί σ' ἄπλωσα τὸ χέρι  
κι ὅλου τοῦ κόσμου ὁ παιδεμός φύτρωσε κι ἔγινε καημός  
κι ἀνθίσε καλοκαίρι.

Πάνω στή μαύρη σου στολή, στὸ μαῦρο τ' ἀλογό σου  
μαῦρο σοῦ κέντησα πουλί καί κόκκινη ἀνατολή  
στὸ δάκρυ τὸ δικό σου.

Πῆρε τή νύχτα ὁ χαμός καί τ' ὄνειρο μαχαίρια  
ψεύτικος ἦταν ὁ χρησμός πὼς θά γυρίσει ὁ ποταμός  
μέ δέκα περιστέρια.

TRÍA POTÁMIA

Tría potámia trís forés perásan tin kardiá mou  
ke klépsane ta niáta mou kai píran ti chará mou

Tóna potámi ítan tholó ke táλλο agrieméno  
to tríto éserne kaymóús ke dákri mavrisméno

Píga ki egó na pió neró píga na xedipsáso  
tría yefíria pátisa ke tría na peráso

Tóna mou píre tin kardiá ke táλλο ti foní mou  
sto tríto pou ísouna ki esí échasa ti zoí mou.

O CHRISMÓS

Láthos mou dóthike o chrismós ke sáplosa to chéri  
ki ólou tou kósmou o pedemós fýtrose ki éGINE kaymós  
ki ánthise kalokéri

Páno sti mávri sou stolí sto mávro talogó sou  
mávro sou kéntisa poulí ke kókini anatolí  
sto dákri to dikó sou

Píre ti níchta o chamós ke tóniro machéria  
pséftikos ítan o chrismós pos tha gyrísei o potamós  
me déka peristéria.

Side 1, Band 1: (2:23)

### THREE RIVERS

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

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

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

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

Side 1, Band 2: (3:55)

### THE ORACLE

The prediction was false, but I extended 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,  
I embroidered for you a black bird  
And on your bitter tear, a red sunrise.

Loss took away the night, and my dream took up knives.  
The prediction was false  
that the river would return with ten doves.

tory, while continuing his Resistance activities. He joined the Communist Party then, as it seemed the best organized and hopeful line of defense. He was caught in the bloodbath of December, 1944, when British tanks opened fire on unarmed crowds who had gathered in Constitution Square to demonstrate peacefully against the British occupation, and to press for free elections. From that time until 1953, when he left for Paris to continue musical studies, he suffered maltreatment and imprisonments culminating in the hell of prison camps on the islands of Ikaria and Makronissos.

During six years in Paris and London, he presented brilliantly successful ballets, such as "Antigone," wrote film scores, composed works on the 12-tone system, and other material. In 1959 he felt that it was time to return to Greece to work, in line with his belief that an artist must be rooted in his own land. There he found an increasing social awareness among students, and among the thousands of young people who had migrated to Germany and elsewhere to find work. These young people knew that Greece had been held far behind the other countries of Europe, and were demanding a complete renovation of the stagnant educational system, among other reforms. Above all, they were protesting the enormous expenditures for military hardware which pre-empted the expansion of the educational system.

Immediately upon his return, he launched a campaign for cultural awareness among Greek people, in accordance with his "Manifesto of Greek Music," which had been signed by several important composers, including Xenakis. The campaign was directed at the youth and working class, and because it was the expression of a political-social movement already in progress, it was immensely successful. The hitherto little-known "laiki", or working class music, long a neglected treasure of the Greek people which had always been scorned by the "establishment", became revealed to Europe for the first time in all its originality and raw vitality. (continued)

Side 1, Band 3:

Ἡ Ἐπικήρυξη

Στίς ἐρημιές καί στά στενά μου στήσανε καρτέρι  
καί μ' ἐπικήρυσαν φονιά ἐκεῖνοι πού ἔχουν ἀπονιά  
κι ὅσοι κρατοῦν μαχαίρι.

Στούς δρόμους καί στίς ἀγορές γράψανε τ' ὄνομά μου  
σέ πᾶνηγύρια καί χαρές στόν ὕπνο μου ἐπτά φορές  
μοῦσφαξες τήν καρδιά μου.

Σοῦ στέλνω ἀπ' τό βασιλικό τή ρίζα νά μυρίσεις  
μά τό παλιό μου μυστικό κι ἀπ' τό ἄδικο κι ἀπ' τό κακό  
ποτέ σου μήν ἀγγίζεις.

Side 1, Band 4:

Στό Παζάρι τοῦ φονιά

Στό παζάρι τοῦ ληστή πούλησα τά δάκρυά μου  
κι ἤῤρα τήν πόρτα σου κλειστή, Ἀγάπη, Ἀγάπη, Ἀγάπη μου  
πούλησα καί τήν καρδιά μου.

Στό παζάρι τοῦ φονιά σ' ἔφεραν σάν περιστέρι  
Σαββάτο βράδυ στίς ἐννιά καί πούλησα τά μάτια μου  
κι ἀγόρασα μαχαίρι.

Στό παζάρι τῆς αὐγῆς πούλησα καί τή φωνή μου  
πῆρανε καί τό αἷμα μου, Ἀγάπη, Ἀγάπη, Ἀγάπη μου  
πέτρα τῆς ὑπομονῆς μου.

Στά παζάρια ὅλης τῆς Γῆς παῖξαν ζάρια τή χαρά μου  
κι Ἀγάπη μου, σ' ἀγόρασα μ' ἄλυσίδες καί πληγές  
καί καρφιά στόν ἐρωτά μου.

I EPIKÍRIXI

Stis erimiés ke sta stená mou stísane kartéri  
ke mepikírixan foniá ekíni póchoun aponiá  
ki ósi kratouín machéri

Stous drómous ke stis agorés grápsane tonomá mou  
ke panigíria ke charés ston ípno mou eptá forés  
móusfaxes tin kardiá mou

Sou stélno ap' to vassilikó ti ríza na mirízis  
ma to palió mou mistikó ki ap' to dikó ki ap' to kakó  
poté sou min aghízis.

STO PAZÁRI TOU FONIÁ

Sto pazári tou listí poulissa ta dakriá mou  
ki ívra tin pórtia sou klistí agápi, agápi, agápi mou  
poulissa ke tin kardiá mou

Sto pazári tou foniá séferan san peristéri  
sávato vrádi stis eniá ke poulissa ke poulissa ta mátia mou  
ki agórassa machéri

Sto pazári tis avgís poulissa ke ti foní mou  
pírane ke to éma moy agápi, agápi, agápi mou  
pétra tis ipomonís mou

Sta pazária ólis tis ghis péxan zária ti chará mou  
ki agápi mou sagórassa malissídes, malissídes ke pligés  
ke karfiá ston erotá mou.



Side 1, Band 3: (2:58)

### DENUNCIATION

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

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

I send you basil root to smell  
but you must never touch  
what is wrong and what is evil  
from my old secret.

Side 1, Band 4: (3:45)

### AT THE BAZAAR OF THE BRIGAND

At the bazaar of the brigand I sold my tears  
and I found your door shut, Love, Love, my Love.  
I even sold my heart.

At the bazaar of the murderer they brought you like a dove,  
a Saturday night at nine. I sold my eyes  
and bought a knife.

At the bazaar of the dawn I sold even my voice.  
They took my blood too, Love, Love, my Love,  
my rock-like patience.

At the bazaar of the whole earth they gambled with my joy  
and, my Love, I bought you in chains and with wounds,  
and there were nails in my beloved.

Theodorakis incorporated folk material into "universal" classical compositions, much as Bela Bartok had done. He made the once lowly "bouzouki" music of the waterfront dives and hashish dens into an expressive instrument for this new style of popular art. And most importantly, he combined with this new musical development the poetry of the greatest voices of the Greek spirit.

In the early '60s, he took a poem of Yiannis Ritsos' called "Epitaphios" and composed a song cycle on it. This was the lamentation of a mother whose son has been shot down by police at a demonstration of strikers in Salonika, in May, 1936. For the first time, "laiki" melodies were used to interpret serious poetry, so that the message became universally comprehensible and transcended ethnic lines. He used a singer to voice the lyrics who was not a "trained" voice, and added the bouzouki sound. At first, the work met with resentment and ridicule, and many people were shocked when they heard their preconceptions about music being smashed. Poetry, which had been formerly reserved for the bourgeoisie, was being given to the students and workers. Culture began spreading across the land in ever more powerful waves.

By 1963, Theodorakis had become such a popular personality that he and his music were considered dangerous to the public order. In this year, Greek resentment of NATO bases in the Mediterranean was reaching a peak, there was a crisis in Cyprus, and the Vietnam war was escalated. It was also the year of the infamous assassination of university professor, member of parliament, and world athletic champion, Gregoris Lambrakis, told so graphically in the film "Z", for which Theodorakis composed the score. This act was clearly sponsored, if not plotted, by the police, and was an important factor in the voting out of power of the long-entrenched Karamanlis right-wing government and its replacement by the centrist forces of George Papandreou.

*(continued)*

Side 1, Band 5: INTERMEZZO - Piano

Side 1, Band 6:

Ἦρθαν ἀνθρώποι μέ τά μαύρα

Τόν ἕναν τόνε πήρε ὁ Νόμος κι ἔγινε σύννεφο καί καπνός,

τόν ἄλλον τόνε πήρε ὁ δρόμος κι ἔγινε ἡ πίκρα καθενός.

Ἦρθαν οἱ ἀνθρώποι μέ τά μαύρα πού ἔχουν σκοτάδι στά μαλλιά τους  
κι αὐτοί πού ἔχουν τή βροχή στά χέρια καί κεραυνό στό κύταγμά τους.

Καί πήραν τά ὄνειρά μας Νόμοι καί τά τραγούδια μας καπνός

καί πήραν τή ζωή μας δρόμοι καί τήν ἀγάπη καθενός.

Ψάχνουν στά δέντρα καί στό χῶμα κι ὕστερα ψάχνουν στήν καρδιά μου

μά βρίσκουν τή πληγή μου ἀκόμα

στά μάτια καί στά δάκρυά μου.

ἸΡΘΑΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙ ΜΕ ΤΑ ΜΑΥΡΑ

Ton énan ton epíre o nómos ki éGINE sínefo ke kapnós

ton álon ton epíre o drómos ki éGINE i píkra kathenós

kírthan anthrópi me ta mávra pouíchoun skotádi sta maliá tous

ki aftí pou échoun ti vrochí sta chéria ke keravnó sto kitagmá tous

Side 2, Band 1: INTERMEZZO - Piano

Ke píran ta onirá mas nómi ke ta tragoúdia mas kapnós

ke píran ti zoí mas drómi ke tin agápi kathenós

psáchnoun sta déntra ke sto chóma kístera psáchnoun stin kardiá mou

ma vrískoun tin pligí mou akóma sta mátia ke sta dakriá mou.

Lambrakis had dedicated himself to support for the youth in their hopes for peace and national progress. After his death, a youth movement developed which bore his name, and Theodorakis was in the leadership. He took Lambrakis' place in the 1964 elections, in a district of Piraeus, and was elected Deputy of Parliament from the left-wing party, EDA. (The Communist Party had been outlawed since 1947 and EDA represented a coalition of left-of-center forces.)

Theodorakis was attractive to the youth because he gave them a purpose to which they could relate, both in his politics and his music. His movement was diametrically opposed to the apolitical and nihilistic existentialism

so popular in the West during the '60s, characterized by a deliberate departure from materialist concepts and a substitution of new life-styles, i. e. clothes, hair styles, rock music and anti-heroes without ideology. His slogan, "back to the roots" of culture, gave a positive meaning and clear-cut goals to young Greeks, and with his music he inspired a cultural awakening and a pride in what was truly their own. At the same time, using the traditional rhythms linked with great and relevant poetry, the songs helped prepare them emotionally for politics. His many speeches and articles along those lines appeared mainly in the left press, so it was primarily through his music that he was able to reach a wider audience, touching many hearts. (continued)

Side 1, Band 5: (1:08) INTERMEZZO - piano

Side 1, Band 6: (3:03)

### 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.

Then came men in black who had darkness in their hair, and those who hold the rain in their hands and lightening in their glance.

Our dreams were taken by the laws, and our songs by the smoke.

Our life was taken by the road, and love was taken too. They search among the trees, and in the earth, and then in my heart,

but they find my wound in my eyes and in my tears.

Side 1, Band 1: (1:30) INTERMEZZO II - piano

From the early '60s, the authorities have not allowed his concerts to be given in cultural centers or concert halls. Instead, they have been presented in soccer fields and other less "exalted" centers. This had the effect of bringing to the people, in the places they were used to attending, cultural events which had relevancy and excitement for them, which answered their thirst for culture of which they had been deprived and for which they were untrained.

In the summer of 1966, a great festival of music was organized, with concerts taking place in playgrounds, soccer fields, and other outdoor centers. For two months the most talented and original composers conducted Mikis' orchestra in their own works. Everyone from the old masters Tsitsanis, Papaioannou, Vambakaris, Kaldaras, and Mitsakis to the younger Leontis, Loizos, Markopoulos, Architectonidis, Glezos, and Xarchakos were represented.

Thousands of people heard the music, all over Greece. Mikis also established various folk orchestras which performed the popular songs, and the Little Orchestra of Athens which performed classical works. These groups performed others' compositions as well as those of Theodorakis. Younger Greek composers began to follow his lead, and a style emerged which could be called Greek.

World-wide recognition was evidenced by prizes awarded Mikis' work such as that at the International Youth Festival awarded in Moscow in 1957 for his "Suite #1", the American Copley Prize for best European composer of 1959, the Sibelius prize for all his works in 1963, and others. This creative explosion was abruptly silenced in Greece with the military coup of 1967. On June 1, scarcely forty days after the coup, the Junta issued the following proclamation:

"Taking into consideration the ordinances of the law DMH/1912 on the State of Siege which has been enforced by the Royal Decree 280/21 April, 1967, WE HAVE DECIDED AND ORDERED: IT IS FORBIDDEN throughout the dominion, A. To broadcast in any manner or perform the musical compositions of the Communist Mikis Theodorakis, former leader of the already disbanded Communist organization "Lambrakis Youth Movement," which among other things, was the means of liaison between Communists. B. To broadcast or perform the anthems of the various party youth associations which were abolished by our Proclamation #8 of May 6, 1967, as these anthems revive political enmities and cause discord among the citizens. C. Violators will be brought before the Special Military Tribunals and will be punished according to the ordinances of the State of Siege law."

Many citizens paid dearly for not obeying this law, some serving prison terms. The well-known German composer, Paul Dessau, wrote an oratorio based on the text of the decree, as his reaction and his tribute to Theodorakis, who was by this time in prison.

On the historic night of April 21, 1967, Mikis had been working on a project which would help turn Piraeus into a flourishing cultural center. He had just finished working

Side 2, Band 2:

‘Ο Ἄνεμος γέννησε τὴ νύχτα

‘Ο ἄνεμος γέννησε τὴ νύχτα καὶ τὸ πέλαγος  
κι ἔγινε θάλασσα καὶ γνώρισε ἡ θάλασσα τὸ βάθος της.  
Κι ἡ νύχτα γέννησε τὰ δέντρα καὶ τὴ χλόη  
κι ἔγινε οὐρανὸς καὶ πουλιά τ’ οὐρανοῦ καὶ πανσέληνος  
κι ἔγινε φῶς καὶ γνώρισε τὸ φῶς τὴ λάμψη του.  
‘Ημέρες δύο.

‘Ο ἄνεμος γέννησε τὴν πίκρα καὶ τὴ μουσικὴ  
κι ἔγινε δάκρυ καὶ γέννησε τὸ δάκρυ τὰ μάτια μας  
κι ἡ πίκρα γέννησε τίς ἐποχές καὶ τὰ πουλιά  
καὶ γέμισαν τὰ ὄρη ἄγρια ζῶα, ἐρπετὰ καὶ χρώματα  
κι ἔγινε δρόμος καὶ γνώρισαν οἱ δρόμοι τὴ μοίρα τους.  
‘Ημέρες δύο.

‘Ο ἄνεμος γέννησε τὴν πέτρα καὶ τὸ σίδερο  
κι ἔγινε ἄντρας καὶ γνώρισε ὁ ἄντρας τὴ δύναμή του  
κι ἡ πέτρα γέννησε λάσπη καὶ τὸ μόχθο  
κι ἔγινε μαχαίρι καὶ καρφιὰ καὶ σύννεφο  
κι ἔγινε γυναίκα καὶ γνώρισε ἡ γυναίκα τὴ μοναξιά της  
καὶ γέμισε ἡ μοναξιά τὸν καημὸ καὶ τὴ λύπη μου.  
‘Ημέρες, γενεές δεκατέσσερες.

Side 2, Band 3:

‘Ο Λόγος ὁ στερνός

Τ’ ἀγιάζει μοῦ τρυπᾷ τα μάτια  
θᾶναι δέ θᾶναι τέσσερες τὸ πρῶτ  
καρφώνουν οἱ φονιάδες τὴν αὐγή.  
Μὰ ποιὸς μιλάει γιὰ δάκρυα;  
‘Ο Λόγος ὁ στερνός θᾶναι πουλί νεκρὸ στὸ χῶμα  
θᾶναι ἡ φωνή μας τραῦνο πού ἔχει φύγει  
τίς ὥρες πού ξυπνοῦν οἱ τραυματίες δίχως μάτια  
κι εἶναι τὰ ὄπλα πῶς τυφλά στά χαρακώματα.  
Νὰ ξέρεις· ἐγὼ ὁδηγῶ μέσ’ στή θλιμμένη χώρα.

Ο ἌΝΕΜΟΣ ΓΈΝΙΣΣΕ ΤΙ ΝΪΧΤΑ

Ο ἄνεμος γένισε ti níchta ke to pélagos  
ki éGINE thálassa ke gnórisse i thálassa to váthos tis  
kii níchta génisse ta déntra ke ti chlói  
ki éGINE fos ke gnórisse to fos ti lámpsi tou  
iméres dío

Ο ἄνεμος γένισε tin píkra ke ti moussikí  
ki éGINE dákri ke gnórisse to dákri ta mátia mas  
kii píkra génisse tis epochés ke ta pouliá  
ke géniisan ta óri ágria zóa, erpetá ke chrómata  
ki éGINE drómos ke gnórisan i drómi ti míra tous  
iméres dío

Ο ἄνεμος γένισε tin pétra ke to sídero  
ki éGINE ántras ke gnórisse o ántras ti dínamí tou  
kii pétra génisse láspi ke móchtho  
ki éGINE machéri kai karfiá ke sínefo  
ki éGINE gynéka ke gnórisse i gynéka ti monaxiá tis  
ke génisse i monaxiá ton kaymó ke ti lípi mou  
iméres, geneés dekatésseris.

Ο ΛΌΓΟΣ Ο ΣΤΕΡΝΌΣ

Tayíazi mou tripái ta mátia  
tháne den tháne tésseris to prói  
karfónoun i foniádes tin avghí  
ma piós milái ghia dákria  
o lógos o sternós tháne poulí nekro sto chóma  
tháne i foní mas tréno pou échi fíghi  
tis óres pou xipnouín i travmatíes díchos mátia  
kíne ta ópla piós tiflá sta charakómata  
na xéris, na xéris, na xéris  
egó odigó mes sti thlimehí chóra.



Side 2, Band 2: (3:34)

### THE WIND BEGAT THE NIGHT

The wind begat the night and the deep,  
and the sea was created and the sea became aware of  
its depth.

And the night begat the trees and the grass,  
and the sky was created, and the birds of the heavens,  
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 it met our eyes  
and sorrow begat the seasons and the birds  
and the mountains were filled with wild beasts,  
serpents and colors  
and the road was created and the roads met their fate -  
Two days.

The wind begat stone and iron  
and man was created, and he became aware of  
his strength,  
and the stone begat mud and toil  
and became knife and nails and cloud  
and woman was created. She became aware of her  
solitude,  
and the solitude begat my pain and sorrow -  
Days, fourteen generations.

Side 2, Band 3: (3:38)

### THE LAST WORD

The hoarfrost bores holes in my eyes.  
It's about four in the morning.  
The killers nail the dawn,  
but who speaks of tears?  
The last word will be a bird, dead on the ground,  
Our voice will be a train that has departed,  
The hours when the wounded awake eyeless,  
and the guns fire even more blindly in the trenches.  
You ought to know,  
I press on in the grief-stricken land.

on a cycle of songs based on Elytis' translations of the Gypsy Ballads of Garcia Lorca, portraying the passion and futile death of the Gypsy Antonio, symbol of freedom and resistance to convention. The "civil guards" symbolized in the poem suddenly materialized on the composer's doorstep, and he was forced to flee. Two days later, Mikis issued a manifesto which spoke of the new era of struggle and resistance which must begin, and described its goal as "a victory for freedom, a freedom without a crown, a real democracy ... (which) would lead to independence, unity, and a cultural renaissance."

For the next three months he helped organize the Patriotic Front and continued composing. On August 23, his place of hiding was discovered. He was arrested, roughed up, and led to a mock execution with a bag over his head. He was then taken to Asphalia, the headquarters of the Security Police, where he witnessed the suffering and heard the screams of those being tortured. This prompted him to write two cycles, "Sun and Time," and "The Andreas Cycle". Several of these songs were smuggled out through the underground.

On Christmas, 1967, he was transferred to Averoff Prison in Athens, where conditions were slightly better than at Asphalia. He was allowed to mingle with other prisoners, where on New Year's Day, when the prisoners were allowed to eat together, he sang "Sun and Time" for the first time. He imitated the sound of the bouzouki with his tongue, and rapped the rhythms on the table with his knuckles. After this, he set about organizing a university in the prison, as he had done years before during the Civil War imprisonment. Languages were taught by prisoners to each other, lectures and workshops were held by many imprisoned professors, scientists, and artists. He started a music conservatory, training the prisoners secretly every evening from 7:30-8:30, with the radio turned up full-blast to drown out their rehearsals.

During this period, he received a smuggled copy of Seferis' poems, and he composed "Epiphania (Epiphany)" and "Mythistorema (Mythical Story)" using this material.

(continued)

Side 2, Band 4:

Πήρα τούς δρόμους τοῦ ληστή

Πήρα τούς δρόμους τοῦ ληστή  
νά δῶ ποιά πόρτα εἶναι κλειστή  
κι ἄλλη ζωὴ ν' ἀρχίσω.  
Μά πέρασα τὸν ποταμὸ  
πού ἔχει ἡ χαρά τὸ γυρισμὸ  
γεφύρι νά πατήσω.

Βρῆκα χαμένο τὸν καιρὸ  
καί νᾶχεις τ' ἄστρο τὸ πικρὸ  
στά μάτια καρφωμένο.  
Σπίτι δέν βρῆκα, μήτε βιό  
παρά μονάχα ἓνα θεὸ  
κι ἐκεῖνον σταυρωμένο.

Κι ἦρθα στοὺς δρόμους πού περνοῦν  
ὅσοι μονάχοι τους πονοῦν  
καί τραγουδοῦν μονάχοι.  
Μά ξέχασα-τὸ γυρισμὸ  
γιατί δέ βρῆκα ποταμὸ  
καί τράβηξα στή μάχη.

Side 2, Band 5:

Αὐτοὶ πού θάρθουν

Αὐτοὶ πού θάρθουν μιὰ βραδυὰ νά βροῦν τὰ δάκρυά μας  
πληγές θά βροῦνε καί καπνὸ καί στάχτη τῇ χαρά μας.

Κι ἂν θά μοῦ πάρουν τῇ φωνῇ, θ' ἀφήσω τὸν καημὸ μου  
κι ἂν γίνει ξένος ὁ καημός, θ' ἀφήσω τὸνειρό μου.

Κι ἂν πάρουν καί τὰ χρόνια μου, στὸ αἷμα μου θά μέλνουν  
κι ἂν γίνει τὸ αἷμα μου νερό, πουλάκια θά τὸ πίνουν.

PÍRA TOUS DRÓMOURS TOU LISTÍ

Píra tous drómous tou listí  
na idó piá porta íne klistí  
kiáli zoí narchísso  
ma pérassa ton potamó  
pou échi i chará to girismó  
gefíri na patísso

Vríka chaméno ton keró  
ke náchis tástro to pikró  
sta mátia karfoméno  
spíti den vríka míte vió  
pará monácha énan theó  
kiekínon stavroméno

kírtha stous drómous pou pernoún  
óssi monáchi tous ponoun  
ke tragoudoun monáchi  
ma xéchassa to girismó  
yiatí den vríka potamó  
ke trávixa sti máchi.

AFTÍ POU THÁRTHOUN MIÁ VRADIÁ

Aftí pou tháarthoun miá vradía tha vroun ta dákriá mas  
pligés tha vroune ke kapnó ke stáchi ti chará mas

Kián tha mou pároun ti foní thafísso ton kaymó mou  
kián ghíni xénos o kaymós thafísso toníro mou

Kián pároun ke ta chrónia mou sto éma mou tha mínoun  
kián ghíni to éma mou neró poulákia tha to pínoun.

Side 2, Band 4: (2:52)

### I FOLLOWED THE ROADS OF THE BRIGAND

I followed the roads of the brigand  
to see which door was closed,  
and to start a new life,  
but I crossed the river  
where joy returns,  
to set foot on a bridge.

I found that the time was lost  
and you with the bitter star  
nailed in your eyes.  
I found neither home nor belongings,  
but only a God  
and he was crucified.

And I came to the streets where pass  
those who suffer alone  
and sing alone.  
But I forgot the way back,  
for I did not find the river,  
and so set out for the battle.

Side 2, Band 5: (2:33)

### THOSE WHO WILL ARRIVE ONE NIGHT

Those who will arrive one night will find our tears,  
they will find wounds, and our joy become smoke and ashes.

And if they rob me of my voice, I will leave my grief behind.  
And if my grief becomes estranged, I will leave my  
dream behind.

And if they take away my years, they will remain in  
my blood.  
And if my blood turns to water, the birds will drink of it.

One song, "A Little Bit Further On, a little bit further and we will see almond trees in bloom, the marble shining in the sun, the sea undulating. A little further, let us rise just a little further" was sung to him by the other prisoners on the day of his release from Averoff, January 27, 1968, as they clustered about the prison windows.

Within weeks of the hypocritical gesture of his release, which was in response to world opinion, he was put under house arrest at Vrachati, his summer home, and ultimately sent to the remote mountain village of Zatouna, in the Arkadia district of the Peloponessos. This place was chosen for its isolation, and for its anti-communist reputation. Although he was allowed to live with his family there, Mikis suffered the greatest humiliation, for it was there he had to watch helplessly while the guards abused his wife and children daily. He was, however, able to have a piano, and there he completed "State of Siege" and "March of the Spirit," which he had begun at Vrachati, and began a series of compositions called "Arkadias," after the region, the same area where 26 years earlier he had first discovered the poetry of Ritsos and the other masters of modern Greek poetry. His great frustration at being cut off from the masses of people and their give-and-take in terms of his music and culture generally became rechanneled into a tremendous creative outpouring.

Finally, Mikis was taken from Zatouna to Oropos Prison, outside of Athens, in October of 1969. Once again he was among people, and this period proved to be one of his most creative, because of this stimulus. He began work on a new symphonic work based on another Seferis poem, "Raven: In Memoriam of E.A.P.". He also wrote songs to some African poetry. A chorus of prisoners once again sang his compositions. Ironically, his latent tuberculosis flared up again at this time, and after an intense campaign waged by relatives, friends, and fellow artists the world over, the Junta finally agreed to release Mikis to exile. The Colonels were afraid that he would die in their hands and cause a difficult situation.

(continued)

Ἡ Ἀδελφή μας ἡ Ἀθηνά

Ἡλῖος θά βγεῖ μέσ' ἀπ' τοὺς κόρφους πού στενάζουν.  
 Ἡλῖος θά βγεῖ ἀπ' τίς φυλακές καί τίς χαράδρες,  
 καθώς τὰ μυρμήγκια βγαίνουν ἀπ' τὰ ὑπόγευά τους καλλιὰ.  
 Ἡλῖος τετράγωνος.  
 Δέν θά μπορέσουνε τὰ στόματα τῶν κανονιῶν  
 νά τόν σκοτώσουνε.  
 Τόν σημαδεύουν στοῦ φρυδιοῦ του τό δρεπάνι  
 κι ὅλο σκοντάφτουν στό νταμάρι του.  
 Λεβέντες μέ χοντρές παλάμες  
 θά χαρακώσουν τοὺς μοχλοὺς καί τὰ βαριά μας ὄνειρα,  
 χαράζοντας στό κούτελο τῆς μέρας:  
 Θέλουμε νά ζήσουμε.  
 Βιολιά θά βγοῦν ἀπ' τὰ τυραννισμένα στέρνα μας,  
 βιολιῶν χορδές θά γίνουν τὰ συρματοπλέγματα.  
 Φλογέρες θά γίνουν τὰ κόκκαλα τὰ τρυπημένα  
 καί θά στηθεῖ χορδὸς ἀνεβαστὸς.  
 Παντρεύουμε τὴν Ἀλήθεια,  
 παντρεύουμε τὴ Γῆ, τὴν καταφρονεμένη, τὴ μονάκριβη.  
 Παντρεύουμε τό γέλιο της, τό γάλα της, τίς φλέβες της  
 μέ τὰ παιδιὰ μας.  
 Εἶχε χαράξει,  
 ὅταν πήρανε τὴν ἀδελφή μας Ἀθηνᾶ γιὰ ἐκτέλεση.  
 Ἀποβραδὺς τῆς δώσαμε δυὸ πορτοκάλια, μὰ δέν τᾶφαγε.  
 Τὰ φέλησε μέ τόση λατρεία, σὰ νᾶκρυβαν στό χυμὸ τους  
 ὅλη τὴν Ἀνοιξη!  
 Ὅλα τὰ ζουμερά νειῶτα τῆς Γῆς!  
 Κι ὕστερα τᾶκρυψε μέσα στό στήθος της.  
 Στοῦ κελλιοῦ της τὴν ἄκρη  
 εἶχε ζαρῶσει σὰ φοβισμένο σκυλί ὁ θάνατος.  
 Κι αὐτὴ τοῦ φώναζε: "Ἐλα Τίγρη, Ἀράπη, Τζάκ",  
 ψάχνοντας νά βρεῖ τό σκυλίσιο του τῶνομα,  
 "Ἐλα νά σοῦ δείξω τὰ χνάρια τῆς Ἀλήθειας.  
 Ἐλα νά μυρίσεις τὰ πορτοκάλια  
 πού ἔχω μέσα στό στήθος μου".

I ADELFI MAS I ATHINÁ

Ílios tha vghí mésa ap' tous kótfous pou stenázoun  
 ílios tha vghí ap' tis filakés ke tis charáδες  
 kathós ta mirmíghia vghénoun ap' ta ipógia keliá tous.  
 Ílios tetragónos.  
 Den tha boréssoune ta stómata ton kanoniôn  
 na ton skotóssoune.  
 Ton simahévoun stou fridiou tou to drepáni  
 kiólo skontáftoun sto damári tou.  
 Levédes tha vghoún apó tis díples tou pónou mas  
 levédes me chontrés palámes  
 tha charakóssoun me tous mochloús ta variá mas ónira  
 charázontas sto kóutelo tis méras:  
 Théloume na zíssoume.  
 Violía tha vghoúne ap' ta tiranisména stérna mas.  
 Flogéres tha ghínoun ta kókala ta tripiména  
 ke tha stithí chorós anevastós:  
 Pantrévoume ti Ghi tin katafroneméni, ti monákrivi  
 pantrévoume to ghélio tis, to ghála tis, tis fléves tis  
 me ta pediá mas.  
 Íche charáksi  
 ótan pírane tin adelfí mas tin Athiná ghia ektélessi.  
 Apovradís tis dóssame krifá dió portokália  
 ma den táfaghe.  
 Ta fílisse me tóssi latría  
 san nakrivan sto chimó tous óli tin Ániksi.  
 Óla ta zoumerá niáta tis ghis.  
 Kístera tákripse méssa sto stíthos tis.  
 Stou keliou tis tin ákri íche zaróssi  
 sa fovisméno skilí o thánatos  
 ki aftí tou fónakse:  
 "Éla Tígri, Arápi, Jack",  
 psáchnontas návri to skilíssio tou tónoma.  
 "Éla na sou díkso ta chnária tis alíthias,  
 éla na mirísseis ta portokália  
 pούcho méssa sto stíthos mou."



# OUR SISTER ATHINA

A sun will rise from within the sighing breasts  
a sun will rise from the prisons and the ravines  
the way ants come out of their underground cells,  
a square sun.  
The mouths of the canons will not be able to kill it.  
They aim at the sickle of its eyebrow,  
and always stumble on its stone quarry.  
Brave youths will rise from the folds of our pain,  
brave youths with large palms.  
They will make imprints with their crowbars on our  
heavy dreams,  
engraving on the day's forehead:  
"We want to live."  
Violins will sound from our tormented chests.  
The barbed wires will become violin-strings.  
The hollow bones will become flutes  
and a dance will rise.  
We wed the truth.  
We wed the scorned earth, the most unique and dear,  
we wed her laughter, her milk, her veins,  
to our children.  
It was just at daybreak  
when they took our sister Athina to her execution.  
Earlier that night, we secretly gave her two oranges,  
but she did not eat them.  
She kissed them with such love,  
as if they contained in their juice the whole spring,  
the whole succulent freshness of the earth,  
and then she hid them in her breast.  
At the corner of her cell,  
death had crouched like a terrified dog.  
And she called to him:  
"Come Tiger, here Blackie, come here Jack!"  
trying to find his dog name.  
"Come here, so I can show you the tracks of truth.  
Come here and smell the oranges I have in my breast!"

(continued)

On April 13, 1970, Mikis was flown from a sanatorium in Athens to Paris. There, he was immediately operated on by lung specialists. After two weeks of hospitalization, and barely recovered, he issued a long political manifesto in which he called for the creation of a United Front of Resistance against the Junta. This call for unity has been his constant message, finding expression both in his political activities and his music. He is a professed Marxist, although he belongs neither to the Interior nor Exterior Communist Party at this time. Just before his release from Oropos, he had condemned the Moscow-oriented faction, and had previously aroused their criticism for his strong stand against the Russian action in Czechoslovakia. For this reason, his music is now banned in the USSR and countries of the eastern bloc.

Since the time of his exile, Mikis has performed in more than 300 concerts all over the world. He has carried his music to South and North America, Australia, the Middle East, and all over Europe. He has written scores for "Z", "State of Siege", "Jacob and Joseph", and "Serpico". He worked with the great Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda, and after the coup in Chile and Neruda's death he composed music to the poet's "Canto General" and other poems.

In November, 1973, the upheaval at the Polytechnic Institute of Athens once again revealed fascism's savagery to the world. Four hundred unarmed students, workers, and children were slaughtered by tanks and machineguns made in the U.S.A. For Theodorakis and the Greek people, the uprising, followed by the ousting of Papadopoulos in favor of General Ioannides and a faction even further to the right was but another step in the struggle for liberation. When it happened, Mikis was touring Canada with his ensemble. He poured out his reactions in ten songs, dedicated to the fallen dead.

With the ouster of the military from the government of Greece in the summer of 1974, Theodorakis' songs have once again become legal in Greece. During all the years in which the playing, singing or listening to his music had to

(continued)

(cont'd)

Είχε χαράξει,  
μέ δέκα ριπές κάρφωσαν ένα μεγάλο στήθος  
χωρίς να προσέξουν τα πορτοκάλια που χρυσίζαν  
κι ο χυμός τους ανακατώθηκε με το αίμα  
και τα κουκούτσια τους βρήκανε γρή τιμημένη  
και γιόμισε ο τόπος πορτοκαλιές,  
νά κόβεις, νά κόβεις και νά μή σώνονται  
για την Πρώτη Συμφωνία.

Side 3, Band 1: ARKADIA III

Μέσα σέ κήπο κάθησα

Μέσα σέ κήπο κάθησα και σ' ένα περιβόλι  
μιά Κυριακή απόγεμα, μιά Κυριακή και σκόλη.  
Τους φίλους μου συνάντησα και πήγαμε σεργιάνι  
στης Τερψιθέας τά στενά και στο Πασαλιμάνι.

Τώρα ο κήπος χάθηκε κι οι φίλοι στο περιβόλι  
και τό σεργιάνι στ' όνειρο μοῦρχεται κάθε σκόλη.  
Τους φίλους μου συνάντησα και πήγαμε σεργιάνι  
στης Τερψιθέας τά στενά και στο Πασαλιμάνι.

Side 3, Band 2:

Μάνα, τό μάνα τ' ούρανοῦ

Μάνα, τό μάνα τ' ούρανοῦ, δέντρο τοῦ Παραδείσου  
στή ρίζα τοῦ ψηλοῦ βουνοῦ φύτρεψα τήν εὐχή σου.  
Κι ἀπ' τήν εὐχή που φύτρεψα βγήκε στο φῶς μιά βρύση  
κι ἀπ' τά σκοτάδια γύρισε πουλί νά κελαηδήσει.

Μάνα, τό μάνα τ' ούρανοῦ κι όνειρο που δέ σέχει  
στεῦλε μου πάλι μιάν εὐχή, ό πόνος μου ν' ἀντέχει.

Κι ἀπ' τήν εὐχή που φύτρεψα βγήκε στο φῶς μιά βρύση  
κι ἀπ' τά σκοτάδια γύρισε πουλί νά κελαηδήσει.

Íche charáksi  
me pénte ripés karfóssan éna meghálo stíthos  
chorís na prosséksoun ta portokália pou chrissízan  
ki o chimós tous anakatóthike me to éma  
ke ta koukouítsia tous vríkane ghi timiméni  
ke yiómisse o tópos portokaliés  
na kóvis, na kóvis ke na mi sónonte  
yιά tin Próti Symhonía.

ΜÉΣΣΑ ΣΕ ΚÍΠΟ ΚÁΘΙΣΣΑ

Méssa se kípo káthissa ke s' éna perivóli  
miá Kyriakí apóghema, miá Kyriakí ke skóli.  
Tous fílous mou sinántissa ke píghame serghiáni  
stis Terpsithéas ta stená ke sto Passalimáni.

Tóra o kípos cháthike ki i fíli sto pervóli  
ke to serghiáni st' óniro móurchete kéthe skóli.  
Tous fílous mou sinántissa ke pígame serghiáni  
stis Terpsithéas ta stená ke sto Passalimáni.

ΜÁΝΑ, ΤΟ ΜÁΝΝΑ Τ' ΟΥΡΑΝΟΨ

Mána, to mánna t' ouranoú, déntro tou Paradíssou  
sti ríza tou psilou vounou, fítepsa tin efchí sou.  
Ki ap' tin efchí pou fítepsa vghíke stofos miá vríssi  
Ki ap' ta skotádia ghýrisse poulí na kelaidíssi.

Mána, to mánna t' ouranoú ki óniro pou de s' échi  
stíle mou páli mián efchí, o pónos mou n' antéchi.

Ki ap' tin efchí pou fítepsa vghíke sto fos miá vríssi  
ki ap' ta skotádia ghírisse poulí na kelaidíssi.

(I Adelfi...cont'd)

It was just at daybreak:

with ten rifle-bursts they nailed a great breast,  
not seeing the golden oranges,  
and their juice mingled with the blood,  
and their seeds found the noble earth,  
and the place was filled with orange trees.  
Cut as you may, cut them, but they cannot be diminished  
for the First Symphony.

Side 3, Band 1: (2:47)

#### I SAT IN A GARDEN

I sat in a garden, among the trees  
one Sunday afternoon, a Sunday, a day of rest.  
I met with my friends and we strolled along  
the narrow streets of Terpsithea and Passalimani.

Now the garden has vanished and so have the friends  
in the orchard  
and the walk appears to me like a dream on every  
day of rest.

I met with my friends and we strolled along  
the narrow streets of Terpsithea and Passalimani.

Side 3, Band 2: (3:12)

#### 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  
And from the blessing a spring burst forth  
and from the darkness a bird returned to sing.

Mother - manna of heaven, what dream is not a  
dream of you?  
send me a blessing once again, so that I might endure  
my pain

And from the blessing a spring burst forth  
and from the darkness a bird returned to sing.

be a clandestine affair, when the composer had to work in prison or in exile, the music itself, which has such deep and vital roots in the soul of the country and its history, has grown stronger and more precious to the Greek people. Now that the present government has granted amnesty to all political prisoners and exiles, Mikis Theodorakis is once again in his native land, where he will now begin another level of work based on the present necessities of his fellow Greeks. We can only eagerly await the blossoming of this new era of collaboration between a culturally fertile society and one of its most eloquent spokesmen.

#### ABOUT THE SONGS:

ARKADIA II and III, "For the Mother and the Friends", are based on poems by Manos Eleftheriou, a gifted young Athenian. His work is full of folk imagery and symbolism, which enables him to describe life under the Colonels. When he speaks of Madonnas, he addresses the hundreds of mothers who mourn their dead or exiled sons and daughters. "I Sat in a Garden" says that Greece was once a garden where one could sit quietly with friends, but that all this is finished. The Bazaar of the Brigand is probably a metaphor for Imperialism, where everything is for sale, and "my Love" is undoubtedly freedom. "Those who Will Arrive One Night" can be none other than the "Men in Black". When the mother of Charon (Death) asks the mother of Christ for help, her pleas fall on deaf ears. Other mothers try to invoke a sense of identity so that the holy mother will help their children.

OUR SISTER ATHINA employs poetry of another talented young poet, George Photinos. It speaks about a young patriot shot by police for political activity. It is written in the composer's "song-river" genre, which makes a complete break with every other form of pop music. The melodic line is elaborated and intensified, with the musical phrases flowing out in a broad and forceful stream. Because longer, free-verse poetic texts are used in this form, a song-river may be three or four times as long as other songs, with the risk of becoming monotonous. But in

Side 3, Band 3:

Τοῦ Χάρου ἡ μάνα

Τοῦ Χάρου ἡ μάνα κάθησε σέ δρόμο κι ἀνηφόρι  
κι ἀπ' τόν πολύ ἀναστεναγμό πήραν τά σπίτια μαρασμό  
τά δέντρα ξεροβόρι.

Στέλνει γραφή στήν Παναγιά καί στό μονογενή της  
τρακόσοι πάνε συνοδιά καί χίλιοι ἐκράτουν τά σπαθιά  
πού ἤχαν οἱ λογισμοί της.

Μά ἡ Παναγιά κεντάει πουλιά σέ μαρμαρένια βρύση  
κι ὁ γιός της τῆς χαμογελά. Τοῦ Χάρου ἡ μάνα δέ μιλά  
δέ θά ξαναμιλήσει.

Side 3, Band 4:

Σέ λένε μάνα τοῦ Χριστοῦ

Σέ λένε μάνα τοῦ Χριστοῦ, σέ λέν κι 'Αγία-Βαρβάρα  
κλειδί τοῦ κάστρου τοῦ κλειστοῦ στής μάχης τήν ἀντάρα.  
'Απ' ὅπου νᾶσαι καί θά 'ρθεῖς καί γλώσσα ὅποια μιλήσεις  
μ' ὅσους ἀνθρώπους κι ἄν βρεθεῖς, πίσω δέν θά γυρίσεις.

Σέ λένε μάνα τοῦ ληστή καί μάνα τοῦ Πιλάτου  
μά σ' κρυφά μιλάς καί κλαῖς τίς ὥρες τοῦ θανάτου.  
'Απ' ὅπου νᾶσαι καί θά 'ρθεῖς καί γλώσσα ὅποια μιλήσεις  
μ' ὅσους ἀνθρώπους κι ἄν βρεθεῖς, πίσω δέν θά γυρίσεις.

TOU CHAROU I MANA

Tou Chárou i mána káthisse se drómo ki anifóri  
ki ap' ton polí anastenagmó píran ta spítia marasmó  
ta déntra kserovóri.

Stélni grafí stin Panaghiá ke sto monoghení tis  
trakósii páne sinodiá ke chílii ekrátoun ta spathiá  
pouchan i logismí tis.

Ma i Panaghiá kentai pouliá se marmarénia vríssi  
ki o ghiós tis tis chamogéla. Tou Chárou i mána den milá  
den tha ksanamilíssi.

SE LÉNE MÁNA TOU CHRISTOÚ

Se léne mána tou Christóu, se len ki Aghia-Varvára  
klidí tou kástrou tou klistóu stis máchis tin antára.  
Ap' ópou nasse ke tharthís ke glóssa ópia milíssis  
m' óssous anthrópous ki an vrethís, píssou den tha giríssis.

Se léne mána tou listí ke mána tou Pilátou  
ma si krifá milás ke kles tis óres tou thanátou.  
Ap' ópou nasse ke tharthís ke glóssa ópia milíssis  
m' óssous anthrópous ki an vrethís, píssou den tha giríssis.



Side 3, Band 3: (2:58)

### THE MOTHER OF CHARON\*

The mother of Charon sat by a road, at the foot of a hill,  
and even the houses were overcome by her mighty sighs,  
and the trees felt a biting north wind.

She sends a message to the Madonna and to her only  
begotten son;  
and in her thoughts  
three hundred souls go in accompaniment and a thousand  
more bearing swords.

But the Madonna is decorating a marble fountain with birds,  
and her son is smiling. The mother of Charon does not  
speak;  
she will never speak again.

\* Charon is the mythical boatman who carries one across  
the water to the land of the dead - in modern Greek  
"Charon" simply means death.

Side 3, Band 4: (3:55)

### THEY CALL YOU MOTHER OF CHRIST

They call you mother of Christ and Saint Barbara too,  
they call you the key to the castle in the heat of the battle.  
You will come from wherever you are, no matter what  
language you speak  
and no matter how many you meet, you will never  
turn back.

They call you mother of the brigand and mother of Pilate  
yet at the hour of our death you speak secretly and weep.  
From wherever you are, no matter what language you  
speak,  
and no matter how many you meet, you will never  
turn back.

spite of the sad mood, the melodic line is always fascinating. Hauntingly Byzantine, with bold, simple, naturalistic images, the song-river impresses all the horror of daily existence under oppression, in the midst of disaster, upon the listener.

The Arkadia cycles were composed in Zatouna, the remote mountain village where the composer and his family were held under close surveillance, constant harassment and isolation. In this unlikely place, he finished 11 major works. The only opportunity to present them to the outside world was through a home-made tape sewn inside the hem of their sole visitor.

The group of songs here called "In the East" was written in response to the news of the massacre of hundreds of students and workers during their occupation of buildings at the Polytechnic Institute of Athens in November, 1973.

The present recordings make this material available to the world for the first time. They were made at a small gathering of friends and supporters while the composer, in one remarkable sitting of nearly eight hours, poured out his creative energies to help inspire, unite, and activate patriotic Greeks and all democratic forces everywhere in the historic struggle for a free Greece.

### CREDITS:

Recording Engineer: Jonathan Thayer  
Mixing and Editing: Sweet Sixteen Sound  
Production: Barbara Dane  
Cover Photograph: John Veltri  
Cover Design: Ronald Clyne

Produced in co-operation with:  
Greek New Left - Xasteria

Side 3, Band 5:

Γλυκοφιλοῦσα Παναγιά

Γλυκοφιλοῦσα Παναγιά, μάνα μου κι ὁδηγήτρα μου,  
κι ἐγὼ στά στηθη ἔχω καρδιά πού λειώνει ἀπὸ τὴν πίκρα μου.  
Γιατὶ ἦσαν μάννα μιὰ φορά καὶ ξέρεις τὰ ραγίσματα  
πού ἔχει ὁ πόνος κι ἡ χαρά καὶ τοῦ καιροῦ τὰ πείσματα.

Γλυκοφιλοῦσα Παναγιά, μάνα μου κι ὁδηγήτρα μου,  
κι ἐγὼ στά στηθη ἔχω καρδιά πού λειώνει ἀπὸ τὴν πίκρα μου.  
Γιατὶ ἦσαν μάννα καὶ πονᾶς, φέρε τὸ παληκάρι μου  
στὴν ξενιτειά πού τὸ γυρνᾶς, τὸ σκοτεινὸ φεγγάρι μου.

Side 3, Band 6:

Ἦσουν μπαξές

Ἦχει ὁ καιρὸς γυρίσματα κι ὁ κόσμος καρδιχτύπια  
κι ἀπ' τὰ πολλὰ δὲν μείνανε φαρμάκια πού δὲν ἦπια.  
Ἦσουν μπαξές κι ἐρήμωσε κι ἦσουν πουλί στὰ δέντρα  
κι ὁ πόνος μέσα στὴν καρδιά μοῦγινε μαύρη πέτρα.

Τὰ λόγια σου ἦταν βάλσαμο, μὰ τώρα εἶσαι στὰ ξένα  
καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἀγρίεψε κι ἀγρίεψε κι ἐμένα.

Ἦσουν μπαξές κι ἐρήμωσε κι ἦσουν πουλί στὲ δέντρα  
κι ὁ πόνος μέσα στὴν καρδιά μοῦγινε μαύρη πέτρα.

#### STATEMENT BY THE NEW GREEK LEFT

Founded in Stockholm, Sweden, in January of 1974, approximately two months after the November uprising in Greece, the historical development of the New Greek Left extends over a far longer period of time. It sees itself as the continuation and fulfillment of the traditional left, tracing its descent from the resistance to the German occupation and the development of the democratic movement, through the formation of the Lambrakis Democratic Youth in the early '60s, down to the mobilization of the student movement which led to the November uprising. It is precisely because it is so acutely aware of this

GLIKOFILOÚSSA PANAGHIÁ

Glikofiloussa Panaghiá, mána mou ki odighítra mou  
ki egó sta stíthi écho kardiá pou líoni apó tin píkra mou.  
Yiat' íssoun mána miá forá ke kséris ta raghísmata  
pou échi o pónos ki i chará ke tou kerou ta písmata.

Glikofiloussa Panaghiá, mána mou ki odighítra mou  
ki egó sta sthíthi écho kardiá pou líoni apó tin píkra mou.  
Yiat' íssoun mána ke ponás, fére to palikári mou  
stin ksenitiá pou to ghirnás, to skotinó feggári mou.

ÍSSOUN BAKSÉS

Échi o kerós ghirísmata ki o kósmos kardichtípia  
ki ap' ta polá den míanane farmákia pou den ípia.  
Íssoun baksés ki erímosse ki íssoun poulí sta déntra  
ki o pónos méssa stin kardiá moughine mávri pétra.

To lóghia sou ítan válssamo ma tóra ísse sta kséna  
ke i zoí agriépse ki agriépse ki eména.  
Íssoun baksés ki erímosse ki íssoun poulí sta déntra  
ki o pónos méssa stin kardiá moughine mávri pétra.

historical tradition that the N.G.L. believes the struggle against the Fascist regime will not end with the junta's fall from power, but only with the establishment of an authentic popular democracy that is not merely pro forma, as in previous Greek "constitutional" governments, but one which will truly reflect the principle that every person must be responsible for his life and for the decisions which affect it. This democracy must be absolute and uncategorical.

The N.G.L. does not believe that a person can be free politically and yet be bound by his social class or economic dependence, but neither does it believe that social equality and

Side 3, Band 5: (1:58)

### SWEETLY KISSING MADONNA

Sweetly kissing Madonna, my mother and my guide,  
I, too, have a heart in my breast that is withering  
in despair.  
Because you, too, were once a mother, you know  
the heartache  
that pain and joy bring and the games of times as well.

Sweetly kissing Madonna, my mother and my guide,  
I, too, have a heart in my breast that is withering  
in despair.  
Because you, too, were once a mother and have  
suffered, bring to me my palikaria\*  
from the foreign land where you have lead him,  
my darkened moon.

\* "Palikaria" means "brave youth"

Side 3, Band 6: (3:29)

### YOU WERE AN ORCHARD

Time has its turnings and the world its heartaches,  
and of the many poisons, few remain that I have not drunk.  
You were an orchard, you were a bird in the trees, but  
now all is deserted,  
and the anguish in my heart has turned to black stone.

Your words were a soothing balm but now you are  
far away,  
and life which has become brutal has brutalized me too.  
You were an orchard, you were a bird in the trees, but  
now all is deserted,  
and the anguish in my heart has turned to black stone.

economic security can be meaningful without the fullest guarantees of political freedom and responsibility. What distinguishes the N.G.L. from previous left groupings in Greece is its commitment to national independence on the one hand, and to democratic responsibility and accountability on the other. The N.G.L. recognizes the contributions made by the great Left parties and movements in Greece and all over the world. Furthermore, it stands in solidarity with all the working class movements and Socialist parties regardless of ideological rivalries or temporary political differences. But the basic tenet of the N.G.L. is that it must be concerned primarily with the social future of Greece, and this can only be expressed through a popular party that is absolutely free of any dependence or influence from any of the centers of Socialist power. The N.G.L. is fundamentally committed to the principle and practice of international solidarity, but it is even more concerned with the complete independence and full sovereignty of the Greek people.

The second guiding principle of the New Greek Left is the primacy of democratic decision-making. The N.G.L. is opposed to any hierarchical, patronizing, elitist party apparatus. It is a mass movement; it governs itself from the base. All cells and member groups are autonomous and self-governing. All member-groups and all members must take an active role in the theoretical and practical work of the general organization. Every member group of the party contributes to the formulation of policy, strategy, and ideology. In the most basic sense, it can be said that the N.G.L. is ruled from the bottom up, rather than from the top down.

The junta of Papadopoulos and Ioannides is now dead, but the struggle of the Greek people continues. It will not end until the final realization of full sovereignty of every Greek man and woman. The open intervention of the American military-industrial complex increases every day. Our culture and education have been perverted beyond recognition. Our national identity is in danger in Europe and all over the world. The servants of the American occupation were chosen carefully, and their removal must be the first goal of the popular revolutionary struggle.

Side 4, Band 1:

Δρόμοι παλιοί

Δρόμοι παλιοί που αγάπησα και μίσησα ατέλειωτα  
Κάτω απ' τους ίσκιους των σπιτιών να περπατώ  
Νύχτες των γυρισμών αναπóτρεπτες κι ή πόλη νεκρή  
Τήν άσήμαντη παρουσία μου βρίσκω σε κάθε γωνιά

Κάμε να σ' ανταμώσω, κάποτε, φάσμα χαμένο  
του πόθου μου

Κι έγώ ξεχασμένος κι ατίθασος να περπατώ κρατώντας  
'Ακόμα μιá σπíθα τρεμόσβηστη στις ύγρες μου παλάμες

(Και προχωρούσα μέσα στη νύχτα χωρίς  
Νά γνωρίζω κανένα κι ούτε  
Κανέναν με γνώριζε.)

Side 4, Band 2:

Στήν 'Ανατολή

Στήν 'Ανατολή γλυκοκελαδεῖ  
ἄχ, τό χελιδονάκι γλυκοκελαδεῖ  
και μου λέει και μου λέει με πικρό καημό  
και μου λέει και μου λέει κάποιο μυστικό.

Στήν 'Ανατολή μελαχρινό παιδί  
δέν μπορεί να κλάψει κι όλο τραγουδεῖ  
και μου λέει και μου λέει με πικρό καημό  
και μου λέει και μου λέει κάποιο μυστικό.

Στήν 'Ανατολή ό γιός του Θωδωρή  
τήν πόρτα μου ανοίγει κάθε Κυριακή  
και μου λέει και μου λέει με πικρό καημό  
και μου λέει και μου λέει κάποιο μυστικό.

Στήν 'Ανατολή κάνει μιάν εὐχή  
τό χελιδονάκι δίπλα στην αυλή  
και μου λέει και μου λέει με πικρό καημό  
και μου λέει και μου λέει κάποιο μυστικό.

DRÓMI PALÍ

Drómi palí pou aghápissa ke míssissaatéliota  
káto ap' tous ískious ton spitíon na perpató  
níchtes ton ghyrismón anapótreptes ki i póli nekrí  
tin assímanti paroussía mou vrísko se káthe ghoniá

Káme na s' antamósso, kápote, fásma chaméno tou póthou mou  
ki egó ksechasménos ki atíthassos na perpató kratóntas  
akóma miá spítha tremósvisti stis ighrés mou palámes

(Ke prochoroússa méssa sti níghta chorís  
na gnorízo kanéna ki oute  
kanénas me gnórizε.)

STIN ANATOLÍ

Stin Anatolí glikokeladí  
ah, to chelidonáki glikokeladí  
ke mou léi ke mou léi me pikró kaymó  
ke mou léi ke mou léi kápío mystikó.

Stin Anatolí melachrinó pedí  
den borí na klápsi ki ólo traghoudí  
ke mou léi ke mou léi me pikró kaymó  
ke mou léi ke mou léi kápío mystikó.

Stin Anatolí o yiós tou Thodorí  
tin pórta mou anígghi káthe Kyriakí  
ke mou léi ke mou léi me pikró kaymó  
ke mou léi ke mou léi kápío mystikó.

Stin Anatolí káni mián efchí  
to chelidonáki dípla stin avlí  
ke mou léi ke mou léi me pikró kaymó  
ke mou léi ke mou léi kápío mystikó.



Side 4, Band 1: (4:16)

### OLD STREETS

Old streets where I have endlessly loved and hated  
To walk in the shadow of your houses,  
inevitable nights of returnings and the dead city  
finding at every corner my insignificant presence.

Let me meet you sometime, vanished ghost of  
my desire,  
and I, walking forgotten and untamed, still holding  
in my damp palms a flickering spark.

(And I went on into the night without  
knowing anyone or  
anyone knowing me).

Side 4, Band 2: (3:07)

### IN THE EAST

There in the East sweetly sings,  
o, the swallow sweetly sings,  
and it tells me with bitter sorrow  
it tells me a secret.

There in the East, an olive-skinned boy  
can't cry, and keeps singing,  
and he tells me with bitter sorrow  
he tells me a secret.

There in the East, the son of Thodoris  
opens my door every Sunday  
and he tells me with bitter sorrow  
he tells me a secret.

There in the East the swallow  
makes a wish near the court-yard  
and it tells me with bitter sorrow  
it tells me a secret.

Our first job, then, is to mobilize an anti-fascist, anti-imperialist, and anti-monopolist struggle. Only then can we proceed to the job of establishing national independence, popular sovereignty, and social freedom.

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Side 4, Band 3:

Μέσ' στην ταβέρνα

Μέσ' στην ταβέρνα τώρα κάθεσαι καὶ δὲ μιλάς  
καὶ στην καρδιά σου στάλες-στάλες πέφτει ὁ σεβντάς.  
θυμᾶσαι τότε πού πετοῦσες μέ πλατιά φτερά,  
τώρα ὁ καθένas τῇ ζωῇ σου τὴν κλωτσοβολᾷ.

Βγάλε πάλι τὴν ψυχὴ σου στὸ σεργιάνι μέσ' στὶς γειτονιές  
νὰ γιομῖσει ἡ ζωὴ σου γλυκὲς φωνές καὶ μέ πασχαλιές.

θυμᾶσαι τότε πού περνοῦσες μέσ' στὶς γειτονιές  
στά παραθύρια σιγολειώναν χίλιες-δυὸ καρδιές.  
Μέσ' στην καρδιά σου κουβαλοῦσες ὅλες τὶς καρδιές  
στά ὄνειρά σου τ' ἀηδονάκια χτίζανε φωλιές.

Βγάλε πάλι τὴν ψυχὴ σου στὸ σεργιάνι μέσ' στὶς γειτονιές  
νὰ γιομῖσει ἡ ζωὴ σου γλυκὲς φωνές καὶ μέ πασχαλιές.

Side 4, Band 4:

Βουνά σᾶς χαιρετῶ

Βουνά, βουνά σᾶς χαιρετῶ, φεύγω γιὰ μακριά  
γιὰ ταξίδι μεγάλο, δὶχως πηγαιμὸ, δὶχως γυρισμὸ.  
Βουνά, βουνά σᾶς χαιρετῶ, φεύγω γιὰ μακριά.

Δέν κιότρεψα, δὲ λύγισα  
καὶ τῇ ζωῇ ἀψήφισα.

Βουνά, γιὰ μιὰ καρδιά πονῶ, μόνο μιὰ καρδιά  
αὐτὴ μόνο θὰ νοιώσει τὸν πικρὸ καημὸ ἀπ' τὸ χωρισμὸ.  
Βουνά, γιὰ μιὰ καρδιά πονῶ, μόνο μιὰ καρδιά.

Δέν κιότρεψα, δὲ λύγισα καὶ τῇ ζωῇ ἀψήφισα.  
Βουνά, βουνά σᾶς χαιρετῶ, φεύγω γιὰ μακριά.

MES STIN TAVÉRNA

Mes stin tavérna tóra kéthesse ke de milás  
ke stin kardiá sou stáles-stáles péfti o sevdás.  
Thymásse tóte pou petoússes me platiá fterá  
tóra o kathénas ti zoí sou tin klotsovolá.

Vgále páli tin psichí sou sto seryiáni mes stis ghitoniés  
na yiomíssi i zoí sou glikés fonés ke me pascaliés

Thimásse póte pou pernoússes mes stis ghitoniés  
sta parathíria sigholiónan chílies-dió kardiés.  
Mes stin kardiá sou kouvaloússes óles tis kardiés  
sta onirá sou t' aydonákia chtízane foliés.

Vghále páli tin psichí sou sto serghiáni mes stis ghitoniés  
na yiomíssi i zoí sou glikés fonés ke me paskhaliés.

VOUNÁ SAS CHERETÓ

Vouná, vouná sas cheretó, févggho yíá makriá  
yíá taksidi meghálo díchos pighemó, díchos ghirismó  
vouná, vouná sas cheretó, févggho yíá makriá.

Den kiótepsa, de líghissa  
ke ti zoí apsífissa.

Vouná, yíá miá kardiá ponó, móno miá kardiá  
aftí móno tha nióssi ton pikró kaymó ap' ton chorismó  
vouná, yíá miá kardiá ponó, móno miá kardiá.

Den kiótepsa, de líghissa  
ke ti zoí apsífissa.

Side 4, Band 3: (3:45)

IN THE TAVERN

You sit now in the tavern without speaking,  
and in your heart, drop by drop anguish descends.  
You recall the times when you were flying with broad wings;  
now everyone kicks your life around like a rag.

Take your soul for a walk in the neighborhoods,  
so that your life may be filled with sweet voices and lilacs.

Remember the times when you passed through the  
neighborhoods,  
and at the windows a thousand hearts were melting.  
In your heart you carried all the hearts of the world,  
and in your dreams the swallows built their nests.

Take your soul for a walk in the neighborhoods  
so that your life may be filled with sweet voices and lilacs.

Side 4, Band 4: (4:15)

MOUNTAINS, I TAKE LEAVE OF YOU

Mountain, oh mountains, I take leave of you  
for I am going on a long journey  
with no destination, no return.  
Mountains, oh mountains, I take leave of you.

(chorus)  
I was never a coward, nor did I bend,  
and I defied life.

Mountains, for a heart I ache, for only one heart.  
Only this heart will feel the sorrow of separation.  
Mountains, for a heart I ache, for only one heart.

(chorus)  
I was never a coward, nor did I bend,  
And I defied life.

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

TESTIMONY OF JOHN ZIGHDIS ON AMERICAN  
POLICY TOWARD GREECE

hearings before the Committee on Foreign Affairs,  
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Side 4, Band 5: (3:26)

# Δέκα παληκάρια

Δέκα παληκάρια από τήν 'Αθήνα πᾶνε - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
πᾶνε γιὰ τοῦ 'Ηλίου τὰ μέρη - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ.

Ξεκινήσανε μὲ τήν αὐγούλα - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
ἄρμενίσανε στὸ γαλανὸ νερό.

Μαύρα μάτια, μαύρα φρύδια καὶ στὰ χεῖλη - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
καὶ στὰ χεῖλη τους λουλούδια - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ.

Δέκα ἦσαν οἱ λεβέντες, τραγουδοῦσαν - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
τραγουδοῦσαν καὶ γελοῦσαν - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ.

Μὲ τὰ τάνηκς τώρα τοὺς ζώνουν καὶ μιὰ πᾶνη - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
καὶ μιὰ κᾶνη τοὺς θερρίζει - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ.

Τὸ τραγούδι τους ριζώνει καὶ τὸ γέλιο - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ  
καὶ τὸ γέλιο τους φουντώνει - βάρκα ἔ γιαλὸ.

## TEN BRAVE YOUTHS

Ten palikaria started out from Athens - off sails the boat  
and they go to the Sun's realm - off sails the boat.

(chorus)

They started out at dawn - off sails the boat  
they sail in blue waters.  
La, La, La, La. etc.

Black eyes, black eyebrows and in their teeth - off sails  
the boat  
and in their teeth they hold flowers - off sails the boat.  
(chorus)

## ΔÉKA PALIKÁRIA

(1) Déka palikária apó tin Athína páne - várka éh yialó  
páne yia tou íliou ta méri - várka éh yialó. (2X)

(Chorus:)

Ksekiníssane me tin avghoúla - várka éh yialó  
armeníssane sto galanó neró. (2X) La La La La, etc.

(2) Mávra mátia, mávra frídia ke sta chíli - várka éh yialó  
ke sta chíli tous loulóúdia - várka éh yialó. (2X)  
(Chorus)

(3) Déka íssan i levéntes, traghoudoússan - várka éh yialó  
traghoudoússan ke yielouússan - várka éh yialó. (2X)  
(Chorus)

(4) Me ta tánkks tóra tous zónoun ke miá káni - várka éh yialó  
ke miá káni tous therízi - várka éh yialó. (2X)  
(Chorus)

(5) To traghóúdi tous rizóni ke to yiélío - várka éh yialó  
ke to yiélío tous fountóni - várka éh yialó. (2X)

Ten were the brave youths, and they were singing, -  
off sails the boat  
they were singing, they were laughing - off sails the boat.  
(chorus)

Now the tanks surround them and a machine-gun -  
off sails the boat  
and a machine-gun cuts them down - off sails the boat  
(chorus)

Their song took root and their laughter - off sails the boat  
and their laughter blossomed - off sails the boat.  
(chorus)