shadow of a doubt. The polarization is perfect. Those who are observed by this miracle can feel in themselves the releasing of a delicate mechanism, that makes all lived sensations, during a life, even the most fleeting, to be registered here, in the Palace of the Eyes. These omnivorous eyes, capable to assimilate the most unnoticeable things in their calmness and complexity, this retina of the world, the first reflection of the interior world.

* Eliphas Levi, *The Key of the Great Mysteries*

AT THE THRESHOLD OF KNOWLEDGE

A pale blue light that transmits the astral moon and its two nорic quarters reveals the Palace of Knowledge, bathed in the millenial calmness and silence. It is the vision of a secret city, where the apparition coincides with the beginning and the end of the cycle of history. The ten-thousand years, a period of accumulation of wisdom and preparation for the knowledge, is reflected by the central eye, surrounded by a labyrinth without entrance nor exit. The two auxiliary eyes on the sides receive in their urns the residue of thoughts scattered in the world. This place without guardian, it will manifest itself, only at the beginning of the esoteric age, when the secret tradition will be revealed to the people, liberated hopefully from their enslavement to Princes of Power, to their avid power.

(Translated from French by Panayiotis Bosnakis)

Six Poems by Yannis Ritsos

GEORGE PILITSIS

Νύχτωσε

Κύριε ἀργοφανὴς γιορτή ἀναβλήθηκε.
Κύριε οὖν ποιέω ἐκεῖνο παλάτλον
τί θὰ πενθοῦσαν, τί θὰ γιόρταζαν.
Μεμίας ἀνάχαμε τὰ φῶτα κὶ ἔσβησαν.
Ἄπ’ τὸ παράθυρο εἴδαμε τοὺς μουσικοὺς
πέρασαν ἀφ’ χόρων τῇ λειψάνῳ
ἔχοντες στοὺς ὄμοιους τοὺς
tεράστια χάλκινα ἄμμανα.
Μείνε, λοιπόν, ἔδω,
κάτω το μαύρον σου
μέσα σ’ αὐτή τῇ μεγάλῃ ἡμική,
μέσα σ’ αὐτὸ ταῦτα-τιπτα.
Κωφάλαλα τ’ ἄγαλμα.
Κωφάλαλα καὶ τὰ ποιήματα. Νύχτωσε.

Ἀθήνα, 1.1.1988

NIGHTFALL

Tonight’s festivities have also been postponed, without our even knowing
the reason for their mourning, the reason
for their celebrating.

* These poems from *Late, Very Late Into the Night*, were written in Athens and in Kalamaki between January 1 and May 4, 1988. They were revised and rewritten in Krios, Samos, between July 14 and 29, 1988. Fourteen poems were excluded. (Y. R.)
The lights went out as soon as they came on.  
From the window we saw the musicians  
making their silent way down the boulevard  
carrying huge brass instruments  
on their shoulders.  
So, stay here,  
smoke your cigarette  
in this great silence,  
in this miracle of nothing.  
Deaf-mute are the staues.  
Deaf-mute are the poems too. Nightfall.  

_Athenai, January 1, 1988_

_Αμετάδοτο_

Δεν ἦσσε ρούς καὶ γιατί ζητοῦσε ν’ ανταμείψι ψάχνοντας μέσα του και γύρω του γίνεται ώραίο.  
Ν’ ανταμείψι κάποιον  
πού τοῦ ‘κανε κάποιο καλό. Κι οὔτε θυμόταν  
πούς ἤταν, πότε, ποῦ καὶ ποῖ τοῦ καλό. Κι ἄστοσσι  
διαιτηροῦσε ὅλον ἄστρον τήν αἰώνην  
μίας σωμάτιας, βαθιάς εὐεργεσίας ποῦ τοῦ χαριστήκε.  
‘Αςαφανεία εἴδε τῇ γαλανῇ ουσίᾳ ἄνοι ἕλαϕ αὐτῆς ντ’ αστρά  
βότσαλα μι ἀπλωσε τό δεξί του χέρι νά τήν δείξει; Ὅμως  
κανείς δέν ἦταν γύρω του γιά νά τήν δείξει.  

_Αθήνα, 16.1.1988_

_INCOMMUNICABLE_

He wanted to reciprocate but did not  
know why or to whom  
as he searched for something beautiful inside himself  
and around himself. He wanted to reciprocate  
for the kindness someone showed him. Yet, he couldn’t remember who, when, where or what the kindness was. Nevertheless, he kept intact the feeling  
of a quiet and deep gratitude grated to him.  
Suddenly,  
he saw the blue shadow of a gull on the white pebbles  
and stretched his right hand to point to it. No one, however,  
was around to see.  

_Athens, January 16, 1988_

_Metá_

Μάρτυρες γιά τά λάθη σου δέν εἶχες. Μόνος μάρτυρας  
ὁ ἴδιος ἐσύ. Τά τακτοποιήματα, τά μονόγραφα, τά  
σφυγγοίσι  
σε λευκούς πάντοτε φανέλους αὐτά κάτι ἐτοιμάζεστ  
tή δίκαιη διαθήκη σου. “Ὑπεράνειά  
tά τοποθέτησις προσεκάκια στά ράφια. Τώρα, γαλήνιος,  
(ἰῶς καὶ κάπως φοβισμένος) οὔτε βίαζεσαι  
οὔτε καθυστερεῖς, γνωρίζοντας ὅτι, μετά τό θάνατός σου,  
θ’ ἀνακαλύψουμε πόσον ὄραμας ἔχουν,  
pόσο πολύ πιο ὄραμας πέρα ἀπ’ τίς ἄρετές σου.  

_Αθήνα, 16.1.1988_

_AFTERWARDS_

You had no witnesses to your mistakes, You were  
your only witness. You filled them, signed them,  
and sealed them  
in special white envelopes, as if probating  
your will. Afterwards  
you set them carefully on the shelves, Now calm,  
(maybe even a little frightened) you neither hurry  
nor daily, knowing that after you die,  
we’ll discover how beautiful you were,  
far more beautiful than your virtues.  

_Athens, January 16, 1988_

_Αδίκως_

Κουφασμένα πρόσωπα, κουφασμένα χέρια.  
’Η κουφασμένη μνήμη. Κι αυτή  
ή ἐρημική βαρικοία. Βράδιασε.  
Τά παιδιά μεγάλωσαν. “Εφυγαν.
'Απάντηση πια δέν περιμένεις. Κι άλλωστε δέν έχεις να ρωτήσεις τίποτε. Άλλοις τόσα και τόσα χρόνια πανευχόσουν να κολλήσεις στ' αυτή τη χαρτονένια προσωπικά ένα έπιδοξιμαστικό χαμόγελο. Κλείσε τά μάτια.

'Αθήνα, 16.1.1988

**In Vain**

Weary faces, weary hands.
Weary memory. And this desert-like hardness of hearing.

Night was fallen.
The children have grown up, and left.
You no longer expect an answer. And besides, you have nothing to ask. In vain you've struggled all these years trying to glue a smile of approval in this cardboard mask. Close your eyes.

*Athens, January 16, 1988*

**Στό Τέλος**

Πριν άπ' όρα οι μουσικοί είχαν φύγει. Τίγες νότες τρεμοσαλέθαν ακόμη στον μεγάλο καθρέφτη. Διόχτετες

δοθήκαν τούς πολυελάτους. 'Ο οικοδεσπότης

συκώθηκε άτι την πολυνυφάνη άμιλητη, μετανιωμένος,

μέτρησε τ' ανάλογα ένα ένα έγγεζοντάς τα

με το να δάχτυλο σα να ταν να βεβαιωθεί

δια δέ λείπει κανένα. Στάθηκε λίγο μπρος στην πόρτα
tης κλεισθεισής κάμαρας του αυτόχειρα. "Υστερα

"Τζάκ, Τζάκ", φώναζε το σκυλί του. 'Ο Τζάκ

μπήκε μακρύτητος, πελώριος σα λιοντάρι.

Toh 'βαίλε το λουρί του και τόν έβγαλε στον χρόπο ν'

ϊδρούθηκε.

Πέρασαν τά μαεσόντα κι ακόμη να γυρίσουν.

'Η δέσποινα βγήκε στο μπαλκόνι. 'Έχει φεγγάρι.

'Αθήνα, 17.1.1988

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**In the End**

The musicians had left a while ago. A few notes still resounded in the large mirror. Two servants extinguished the chandeliers. The master of the house got up from his armchair silent and remorseful, counted the music stands one by one touching them with his finger as if to make sure that none were missing. He paused before the locked bedroom where a man had killed himself. Then, he called his dog “Jack, Jack.” Shaggy Jack came in, huge as a lion. He leashed the dog and took it out to the yard to relieve itself. Past midnight and they still haven’t come back. The mistress of the house went out on the balcony. The moon was out.

*Athens, January 17, 1988*

**Στιγμές**

Το λυπημένο μουσικό παιδί κάθεται μπρος πόρτα κοιτάζοντας από μακριά τ' άλλα παιδιά που παίζουν. Τά γυαλιά του

είναι δυό στρογγυλά μικρά παράθυρα άνοιχτα προς τη θάλασσα. "Ενα λευκό ιστιοφόρο περνάει αδύρατο με στην διμήχη. Κοίτα, στην προκυμαία,

δ ο μπρος κλάπουν μ' ένα μπαλάκι πλαστελίζη στη μύτη του

και δύο χωματισμένα δάχτυλα στά μάγουλα του. Τόν βλέπεις;

Μά γιατί κλάτε έχω ου τ' τα γιά να γελάσεις.

'Αθήνα, 17.1.1988

**Moments**

the sad near-sighted child sits at the door watching the other children playing at a distance.
His glasses
are like two tiny round windows
opening in the sea. A white sail boat
passes by, unseen in the fog. Look,
on the mole
a small clown with a tiny rubber ball
on his nose
and two tear drops painted on his cheeks.
Do you see him?
Why are you crying? I told you this to make you laugh.

_Athens, January 26, 1988_

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**Between Modernism and the Avant-garde: Alternative Greek Literature in the 1960s**

**ELIZABETH ARSENIOU**

**ABSTRACT**

This paper explores the debates on modernism in Greek literary criticism of the 1960s. It concentrates mainly upon the impact of these debates on the editorial policy of the journal _Πάλτα_, a small press journal of the Greek avant-garde, published in Athens in 1964. The discussion of the implications of these debates in the Greek 1960s takes into consideration the particular features of that era in Greece, in terms of its significance to the development (either continuation, culmination or decline) of Greek and Western modernism. In the light of the international developments of modernism, I examine certain texts of Greek criticism, most indicative of the concerns of this era, in relation to modernism. My intention is to highlight first the implications in the promotion and dispute of modernist writing, and second, the particular relations between the debates for and against modernism. I intend to prove that the challenges of the Greek modernism of the 1960s bear the seeds of a new, post-1960s, cultural epoch, mainly epitomized in the discourses of the new avant-garde and/or postmodernism.