CHAPTER SEVEN: The Cultural Politics of Identity:
Theoretical Debates and Conceptual Problems

The final chapter picks up a number of discussions touched on in Chapter Six and briefly explores them as pertinent to the broader field of Greek-Australian cultural history, and more specifically, to the narration of an intellectual figure like Alekos Doukas as cultural history.

In the discussion of a 'minority' literature in the literary space of Australia the conceptual terms used are obviously of paramount importance. Throughout the thesis I use the term 'Greek-Australian' both as a term of common usage but more importantly as a particular position in cultural politics. I use it in a sense of opposition to the historically hegemonic single terms of 'British' or 'Australian' which have denigrated the value and rights of non-British cultural groups or, in more recent times, accommodated them within an officially-defined minority space as an adjunct. I use the hyphenated term in a fluid sense such that the cultural combination of 'Greek' and 'Australian' expresses the possibilities of a two-way flow and dual identity. The term 'Greek-Australian' signifies a claim to a particular cultural segment of Australia, no less 'Australian' than any other segment, although marked with a particular historical experience. The term however is not without its problems in the sense that claiming a part of the 'nation' it inescapably participates in past and present colonial relations in regard to Indigenous Australians. The conceptual and political challenge is to approach the historically subjugated migrant communities in ways that disrupt and oppose the discursive and institutional dominance of a persistent white Australia.
In this section I briefly examine a debate in Greek-Australian literary studies that encapsulates the limits and parameters of a specific discourse on minority literature. It has its beginnings in the 1980s, although the conceptual issues it generates still lie at the heart of discussions of Greek-Australian literature. Two broadly opposed theorisations of such literature are articulated in the writings of George Kanarakis (1980, 1987, 1988, 1995, 2005) and Con Castan (1983, 1985, 1986a & b, 1988). Other writers have taken many of the issues up as well, in a discussion that goes beyond Australia and in which Greek ‘diaspora’ literatures, or more recently, ‘the literatures of the periphery,’ are theorised along similar critical fault lines.¹

Kanarakis (1987: xvii) has classified ‘the literary creation of Greeks in Australia’ into four periods, reflecting chronological historical phases and corresponding thematic preoccupations.² This body of writing is further divided between Greek and English-language literature, a small number of writers included in both categories as bilingual writers. The writers are either Greeks who immigrated or those who were born in Australia with at least one Greek parent. The writings span the period from World War One to 1983. Based on broad literary and some non-literary criteria, which include typicality, Kanarakis’ collection is an initial documentation of scattered texts and an attempt to preserve material threatened by the ravages of time. As Castan (1987: 6) points out, Kanarakis’ work is not strictly an anthology of a literary canon but ‘a proposal for the main outlines’ of one and the announcement of the ‘birth of a literature.’

¹ See special issue on ‘Literatures of the Periphery’ Étude Helléniques/Hellenic Studies Vol. 13, No. 1 Spring 2005.
Although Kanarakis’ research appears primarily empirical and classificatory, embedded in it are theoretical positions on the identity of Greek literature in Australia that have been consistently restated over two decades. Having assembled this ‘minor’ literature as a ‘corpus,’ Kanarakis (1988: 44) turns to the question of its identity. Appealing to the linguistic ‘principles of philology’ he cites language as the ‘determining criteria’ (Kanarakis 2005: 42, 1988: 44). Eschewing discussion of the literary canon as an institutionally contested site, this view establishes ‘linguistic code’ as the overriding principle of identity and criterion for inclusion/exclusion (Kanarakis 2005: 38, Carter 1997b: 16). This is more than a methodological move, it is a deep-level division on linguistic-national lines, seemingly independent of institutional struggles over national canons and their shifting criteria. For Kanarakis (2005: 41), texts written in Greek belong to a ‘diaspora’ literature which, though historically neglected, vies for a place in the canon of Greek national literature enriching it ‘with the intellectual and cultural mosaic of global Hellenism.’ In this view hyphenated identities and terms are emphatically rejected:

[T]here is a trend in Australia, regardless of whether it is in agreement with the principles of philology or not, to name any literary works written (whether in Greek or in English) by a person of Greek origin living in Australia ‘Greek-Australian’ literature. By assigning such a label, we do this body of literature a disservice, as in effect we assign it a peripheral existence – neither Greek nor Australian – and thus imply that this literature so designated does not fully belong to either the Greek or the Australian national body of literature, and so is of marginal importance. (Kanarakis 2005: 42)

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3 Kanarakis’ uses the term ‘diaspora’ in the traditional sense of stable cohesive social formations, not the late twentieth century use that refers to more fluid, dual or multiple identities of social dispersions. See discussion of diasporic terminology by Töloyan (1996).
Although this statement might be seen as a justifiably sceptical reaction to the multicultural view of minority literature, it is at the same time a defensive quarantining of the Greek national canon from the intrusion of linguistically-foreign literary forms that ‘diminish[es] not only the stature of the migrant’s literature, but also the central body itself’ (Kanarakis 1995: 17). His applause of the Cypriot professor who ‘expresses courageously his antithesis to “combinations of the type Greek-Australian, Greek-German, Greek-Canadian…”’ is indicative of a certain rearguard response (Kanarakis 2005: 42). In his arguments against the hyphenated term, Kanarakis cites the example of the Alexandrian Greek poet C.P. Cavafy who, he argues, could never have been described as ‘Greek-Egyptian.’ The argument, however, ignores the traditional diaspora nature of the Greek community of Egypt that remained largely unassimilated within the local population, although there is evidence of some Arabic-speaking Greeks identifying with Egyptian nationalist aspirations (Gorman 2002). Kanarakis (2005: 43) also argues that the term ‘Greek-Australian’ has an ‘expiration date’ and the time will come when the ‘Greek’ cultural component of the hyphen will no longer be renewed, giving way to ‘Australians of Greek origin.’ This argument assumes that hyphenated identities will eventually dissolve to return to permanent national identities, an assumption not necessarily supported by the more fluid identities available in an increasingly globalised world in which the essentialist coupling of identity and nation is being loosened by powerful institutional forces.

Kanarakis’ theorisation is undermined by a number of internal contradictions that stem from the organic or racial basis of its criteria for cultural phenomena. The strict linguistic principle for ascertaining the national identity of literature potentially dissolves the literary corpus of

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4 Quote is from Michael Pieris (1981: 402).
5 This argument was made earlier by Vasilakakos (1986).
'the Greeks in Australia' into two distinct national literatures of Greece and Australia (Kanarakis 2005: 31). What is left in reality is a collection of writers held together as a literary body by the tenuous bond of parental ethnicity. The same principle also threatens the concept of a coherent or enduring diasporic literature, as inter-generational language shift is one of the key features of modern migrations. An exclusively linguistic concept would in practice transform such a literature into a transitory one-generational phenomenon, a cultural formation without continuity. These contradictions in Kanarakis' theorisation appear to be accommodated at a conceptual level in which 'of Greek origin' becomes equivalent to being 'Greek,' and where language, in a silent reversal, becomes subordinated to ethnic identity. The 1987 title, 'Greek Voices in Australia,' reflects the overriding of this contradiction through an unstated rationalisation by which the 'English' voices of 'Greeks' become 'Greek voices.' Kanarakis' (2005: 41) linguistic principle appears to be selectively applied to retain a traditional diasporic national coherence of 'global Hellenism.' These semantic manoeuvres signal an epistemic refusal to recognise the dual cultural reality of a community whose 'imagined' existence is posited on a degree of diasporic fluidity and cultural hybridity, a condition that, as we shall see, gave rise historically to the term 'Greek Australian' as a lexical marker of a particular consciousness and identity. Kanarakis consistently avoids this hyphenation with careful circumlocutions in which 'Greek' always stands alone and undiluted.

The competing claim on the 'body' of Greek-Australian literature appeared in studies by Castan (1983), culminating in his introduction to Reflections: Selected Works from Greek Australian Literature (Spilias 1988). The work is presented as a self-conscious anthology, 'a selection from a canon,' and the editors present thirteen texts, being those of 'the most

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6 Like Kanarakis (1987), this work was also funded by the Australian Bicentennial Authority.
significant Greek Australian authors’ and ‘concerned with Australian–based themes’ (Castan 1988: 3, Spilias 1988: 1). An extract from Alekos Doukas’ *Under Foreign Skies* begins the chronologically ordered anthology that ends with a short story in English by George Papaellinas. The entire anthology is translated in both directions so that the authors can be read bilingually. Already in this brief summary the comparisons with Kanarakis’ schema are obvious, generating a host of opposed principles in regard to minority literature. The issue of naming is central. Castan rejects the either/or logic of language as the determining factor, seeing in this the continuation of an historical Anglophone assimilationism. The term ‘Greek Australian’ is not an empirical issue but one of ‘ideological imperatives’ which assert ‘the possibility of integration, of becoming Australian in a Greek way’ (Castan 1988: 6).

For Castan, the multiculturalism of the 1980s, like the hyphenated term, is an ‘integrationist concept’ that offers entry for non-Anglophone literature into the Australian canon. The category of ‘Greek Australian literature’ is a conceptual tool ‘useful in the cultural politics of claiming a central rather than a marginal place for the literature of migrants and their children’ (Castan 1988: 18). This analysis connects literary creation to the broader social and political issues of identity. Thus ‘Greek Australian literature’ has ‘ideological functions’ that relate to consciousness and ‘the need to be both Greek and Australian at once’ (Castan 1988: 6). The value of such literature then is its social particularity, its ability to invoke a cultural experience and consciousness ‘to be found nowhere else’ (Castan 1988: 9). Castan’s (1988: 8) analysis differs from Kanarakis in that it frames the literature as the constructed body of a ‘Greek Australian literary social institution,’ although, importantly, he does not examine the processes of contestation in this institutional canonisation of a minority literature.
In contrast to Kanarakis’ view of national-linguistic bodies as compartmentally discrete, Castan’s (1988: 11) conceptualisation sees the apparent ‘self-standing’ nature of national literatures as ‘an ideological construct.’ National literatures are permeable and endlessly reconfigurable along linguistic, national and international spectrums. In this sense, all literatures are essentially multicultural, not monocultural (Castan 1986: 39, 1988: 27). Castan (1988: 11-12) sees Greek-Australian literature as a ‘national fraction’ even less ‘self-standing’ than national literatures, requiring it be read in the context of Australian and Greek literature, as well as other overseas Greek literatures. Having argued for the multicultural nature of literatures, Castan turns to the question of where Greek-Australian literature fits in the Australian literary canon.

Although critical of the ‘teleologically tailored’ scheme of Australian literature as the passage from colonialist (‘settler’), nationalist (‘native’) to (post)-nationalist and (post)-colonialist (the ‘maturing’ into modernism), Castan (1986a: 37-50, 1988: 13) locates Greek-Australian literature ‘at its most typical’ as part ‘of the settler as distinct from the ‘native’ tradition of Australian literature.’ While not arguing for strict identity between the unbracketed and bracketed terms above, Castan (1986a) argues that terms such as ‘native’ and ‘settler’ help in the understanding of ‘continuities’ whereas terms such as (post)-colonial and (post)-nationalist explain developments and changes. The term ‘multicultural’ is used as a supplement to ‘settler,’ an extension of the older term into the postwar migration period with the difference now that the ‘multicultural attitude is both otherwhere looking and Australia looking’ (Castan 1986a: 42). Castan (1988: 15-16, 27-28) sees such minority literature as a way to counter the older inward-looking nationalism, to locate ‘transnational connections’

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7 See his discussion of the ‘Bakhtin effect’ in the bilingual dimensions of Dimitris Tsaloumas’ poetry (Castan 1990: 28).
through ethnic minority literatures which can help open Australian literature to a wider ‘internationalism.’

Castan’s analysis, while representing an initial approach to the theorising and contextualising of an ethnic minority literature in Australian, presents a number of problems. One of these, shared with Australian literary history generally, is how to narrate the passage of literature from the traditional and nationalist to the modern, in other words, to a canon which is both modern and Australian (Carter 1997b: 32). In this regard it is revealing that the editors of Reflections, commenting on the chronological arrangement of the authors, write that ‘it is worth noting that, as a result, a distinct change of style can be discerned in that writers up to Nikos Ninolakis [the fourth of thirteen] adopt a “traditional” style of writing, whereas...later writers adopt a more experimental “modern” approach’ (Spilias 1988: 2). In this schema Alekos Doukas is ‘traditional,’ non-experimental and pre-modern. It fits Castan’s (1983: 13) own schematic periodisation which begins with a ‘pre-history’ (up to 1950), a ‘seed time’ (1950-1970) and a ‘flowering’ (1970 onwards), a view which frames non-modernist realist writing as a ‘pre-literary’ phase out of which a higher form of national literature emerged.8 In the minor canon of Greek-Australian literature, Dimitris Tsaloumas’ poetry represents the achievement par excellence of high modernism (Castan 1990).9 In other words, the teleology of the modernist canon is assumed in the conceptual analysis of minority ethnic writing.

Castan’s (1986a: 37-49) attempt to build an equivalence between ‘settler’ and ‘multicultural’ or ‘migrant’ is also problematic. The term ‘settler’ poses as a neutral term that avoids complicity in colonial expropriation, or stated differently, silently reproduces colonialist

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9 Nickas (1996) argues that only highly ‘textual’ writing by non-Anglo-Celtic writers are admitted to the canon.
discourse and practice. This is in effect what Doukas did in the late 1920s when he identified with the dominant Australian discourse of colonial settlement. Despite his reservations about the teleological claims of a modernist post-nationalist 'state of grace,' Castan’s (1986a: 44) literary historical schematisation takes the passage from colonialist to post-colonialist as a given. The ongoing refusal of the Australian state to recognise prior Indigenous sovereignty, however, brings such a passage into question (Moreton-Robinson 2005, Watson 2002, Giannacopoulos 2007a, 2007b). The term ‘native’ or nationalist also bears an ambiguous relationship with colonialism; historically, nationalism continued British colonialist practices and discourses. But Castan wants to see in multiculturalism an internationalist antidote to a narrow nationalism. But can we assume that the multiculturalism of the late twentieth century is anti-nationalist and not implicated in (post)-colonialist discourses? Castan’s (1986a: 42) analysis suggests that the ‘multicultural attitude’ is somehow refreshingly free of such assumptions. This figures as a blind spot in the ‘multicultural’ discourse of minority literature. If the national literary canon, no longer traditional and allowing some degree of anti-canonical reading, has allocated space to certain ‘multicultural’ or non-Anglophone texts, including Aboriginal oral narratives, is it then free of powerful institutional forces that articulate national and (post)-colonial assumptions (Carter 1997b: 33-35)? These questions are absent in Castan’s theorisations, which though undoubtedly a valuable starting point, appear to be a grafting of ‘multicultural’ literature onto an existing literary historical narrative that aims to account for the movement from colonialism to the contemporary (post)modern and national.
The claim that the language of a literary text is the ‘determining criteria’ of its national belonging is not simply an empirical matter, although even on this ground history offers contrary examples (Kanarakis 2005: 38). As a ‘philological principle’ it is ideologically anchored in a nineteenth-century view of literature as an organic manifestation of an indivisible connection between language, spirit and nation. What is accepted as authentic, worthy and canonical in literature is the result of an ongoing contestation of what is possible in the fields of production, publication, mediation and reception. The entry of non-English texts into Australian literature in fact predates the theories and policies of multiculturalism. Alekos Doukas may be theorised as a key figure in Greek-Australian literary history, but he also belongs to a group of early non-British background migrant writers (Paul Wenz, Pinchas Goldhar, Herz Bergner, Walter Adamson and others) some of whom began to write non-English language fiction about Australian life as early as the 1930s (Waten 1980). The publishers of these writers, from the 1940s onwards, were the literary journals of the radical nationalists (Carter 1997a: 54-58). Bergner’s short novel *Between Sky and Sea* won the Australian Literary Society’s gold medal in 1947, even though he may have been the only non-English language writer to win it for a very long time (Waten 1980: 53).

I mention these writers to point out that as early as the 1940s and 1950s non-English language literature was receiving recognition by a significant section of the Australian literary world. In this respect, Doukas’ writing followed a similar set of literary possibilities, the difference being that he was never translated into English. The argument that the publication of such work is simply the translation of foreign literature does not adequately explain the fact that

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10 For example, Goldhar was published in *Coast to Coast* in 1944.
the novel by Bergner and Dimitris Tsaloumas' work of bilingual poetry *The Observatory* (awarded a major prize of the National Book Council in 1983) were both recognised as 'Australian literature.'¹¹ In these two cases, the opening of the canon to non-English language literature was enabled through different historical literary institutions and discourses. As we saw in the previous chapter, Doukas' writing has political and literary connections with the realist writers of the 1940s and 1950s, but his invisibility in this literary movement is due primarily to the fact that a literary culture of translation has been largely absent in Australia. In regard to earlier writers, Judah Waten (1980: 53) writes:

Since the end of the war there have also been a number of Italian and Greek writers working in Australia but unfortunately they have not yet found translators. I especially have in mind the Greek novelist, the late Alex Doucas, who wrote two novels of Australian-Greek life, *Youth* and *Strange Stars*.

The issue of translation goes well beyond the practical operation of rendering a fictional work into another language in order to make it accessible. The presence of other literary languages within a national literature, either through bilingualism, multilingualism or domestic translation, functions as an important intellectual energising force. Australia's parochial monolingual syndrome remains an intellectual problem today (Castro 2005). This syndrome is one reason that novels like those of Doukas are silent presences in Australia's literary culture. The drive to corral languages into national pens is the diametric opposite of the Bakhtian view of languages functioning through 'dialogism' and 'heteroglossia.' In the case of the two periods (1940-1960 and 1970-1990) we are looking at moments in Australian literary history where the literary institution, in different historical circumstances, encouraged a degree of literary polyglossia.

¹¹ Tsaloumas also won the 1994 Patrick White Award. See Nickas (1996).
The hyphenated term ‘Greek-Australian’ (with or without the hyphen mark) is central in this discussion as it invariably signifies a particular theoretical construction in the literary field. Doukas’ postwar writing has a particular relationship to the idea of cultural hyphenation so the tracking of its historical occurrences is important, not as a teleological development but as a series of discrete and shifting significations in the cultural field. The brief survey attempted here, in no way exhaustive, is in search of broad trends. The hyphenated term is of course a marker in the wider context of assimilation(ism), and as such can be seen as a particular linguistic sign of the cultural politics at play in specific historical moments.

The earliest appearance of the term may well be in the Greek-language newspaper *Panellinios Kiryx* (Hellenic Herald) on 2 January 1936 when the paper’s masthead added to its sub-titles the description, in English, ‘Greek-Australian Journal.’ Although nominally a ‘liberal’ newspaper, a supporter of the independence of the early Greek Orthodox Communities against Church encroachments, by the late 1930s it supported the Greek monarchy and Metaxas Dictatorship. Its use of the hyphenated term is consistent with the assimilationism of the time and reflected in the policy statement on the paper’s masthead: ‘To promote friendly relations between the Greek and Australian People and to educate and instruct the Greeks in Australian sentiment, and develop a sense of good citizenship.’ The newspaper’s use of the hyphen may well have followed earlier uses in the U.S., such as in the leftwing Greek newspaper *Greek-American Tribune* 1931-1959 (Georgakas 2002: 73). Yiorgos Anagnostou

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12 In 1931 the paper’s subtitled heading was ‘Ανεξάρτητος Προδιατική Εφημερίς των Εν Αυστραλίας Ελλήνων - Hellenic Herald: the Leading Greek Newspaper in Australia.’ By 1936 this had become ‘Εθνική και Εμπορική Εφημερίς των Ελλήνων Αυστραλίας – Weekly Social and Commercial Greek Newspaper.’ In the same period the paper’s logo was an ancient torch behind the Southern Cross constellation.

13 This policy statement was used throughout the 1930s and the war years.
notes that the ‘American Hellenic’ identity promoted by the pro-Americanisation organisation AHEPA, ‘served as an alternative to hyphenated identities (i.e. “Greek-American”), which were stigmatized as un-American at the time.’ Although the hyphenated term does not appear in the early bulletins of the Democritus League in Melbourne it did begin to appear in the 1940s in the League’s Democratic Bulletin (Nicolacopoulos 2004a: 172). Even so, during the 1940s, the term ‘Greek-Australian’ was not the preferred term for self-reference by Greeks. Variations along the lines of ‘Greeks of Australia,’ ‘Greek democrats of Australia’ and so on are the terms in use. The idea of cultural hyphenation is signified visually in the change of the Democritus League’s 1936 logo of the two different shaded clasped hands, symbolising solidarity across ethnic, racial or national lines, to the 1943 logo which combines the Greek flag, the Southern Cross constellation and the ancient torch of learning, a more specific linking of ancient Greek and nationalist Greek and Australian symbols (Nicolacopoulos 2004a: 148). Although the hyphenated term may not have become common usage in the 1940s, its emergence coincided with a broader move by the Greek left to form a Federation of Greek Organisations of Australia whose constitution stressed citizen rights over ethnic or foreign identity (Nicolacopoulos 2004a: 172). This was in line with the Greek left’s class-based political orientation and identification with the broader Australian communist movement.

The uses of hyphenated cultural terms need to be understood as a belonging to a range of inflections and linguistic forms that are contextually bound. For example, the title of the broadly left newspaper Afstraloeëllin (The Australian Greek) (1949-1957), while it represents a variation on the theme of hyphenation, still emphasises the substantive ‘Greek’ identity. The

term ‘Greek-Australian’ took on a more specific political cultural connotation with the publication of the magazine *Greek-Australian Review* (1951-1953), though the term was used to signify a general cultural program rather than a specifically hyphenated identity. In the magazine’s general terminology, ‘Greeks of Australia’ remains the most common, although revealingly the first issue contains a passage that explicitly promotes a new hyphenated identity. The passage appears in the opening bilingual editorial ‘Our Purpose’ that was almost certainly written by Doukas. The editorial explains that the magazine’s aim is to acquaint new Greek migrants with Australia’s national culture so that, after studying it, they can:

[To] take whatever is good, beautiful and manly in it and [to] place it in the crucible of their mind along with whatever superb virtues they brought with them, like household gods, and [to] pass on this amalgam of these two magnanimous Peoples’ virtues to the New Generation of Greek-Australians.\(^{15}\)

In his recollections of the period, Stefanou says: ‘Our aim was to develop this question of Greek-Australian, and not just Greek or not just Australian.’\(^{16}\) By November 1953, the leftwing group that produced the *Greek-Australian Review* had published Doukas’ *To Struggle To Youth* and, as we saw earlier, the Prologue by Stefanou sees it as a landmark for ‘future Greek-Australian intellectual development’ (Doukas 1953). The term appears again in the historical survey in *Under Foreign Skies*. ‘Many volumes are needed for the writing of the history and development of this new Nation. I believe that a capable Greek-Australian will soon appear to fulfil this duty conscientiously in regard to both Australia and Greece’ (Doukas 1963: 11). In his article on the occasion of the publication of the second novel,

\(^{15}\) *Greek-Australian Review* Vol. 1, No. 1, June 1951, p. 1. I have given my own translation because the magazine’s English version gives a rather loose translation of the original. The magazine English version is as follows: ‘To take what is good, beautiful and manly, to transmit it to their mind and combine it with what superb virtues they have, and like Ephesian gods, to give the new Greek-Australian race all this amalgam of two great peoples.’

\(^{16}\) Vassilis Stefanou interview with M. Sophocleous (12.5.1983).
Stefanou writes that the book ‘will help the development and creation of a new Greek-Australian literature’ (Stefanou 1963: 9). By the early 1960s the hyphenated term had begun to circulate in the cultural publications of the Greek left but its broader use was still to come.\(^{17}\) By the 1980s the term has been taken up as a general ethnic signifier and as a scholarly theoretical tool. While Castan was not the first, as he claims, to use the term ‘Greek-Australian Literature,’ he was certainly the first to theorise it in a literary context.\(^{18}\)

As we said earlier, the use of hyphenated terms is often a shifting and contextual matter. For example, Yiannis Vasilakakos (1997: 15) while in agreement with most of Kanarakis’ conceptual scheme, uses the term ‘Greek-Australian’ exclusively for Greek-language writing in Australia whose lack of autonomy makes it ‘an integral part of the body of Greek literature.’ Helen Nickas (2005), on the other hand, uses the concept of ‘Greek-Australian’ for all Greek-related writing in Australia, regardless of language, while also referring to such literature as writing in the ‘Greek diaspora,’ not in a traditional sense but as a diasporic and fluid state of ‘dislocation.’\(^{19}\) Finally, the term ‘afstraliótis ellinismós’ (Australian Hellenism/Australian Greeks) also circulates as a grammatical and cultural equivalent of ‘egyptiótis ellinismós’ (Egyptian Hellenism/Egyptian Greeks) invoking the long duration of traditional diasporic communities.\(^{20}\) While there is considerable terminological multiplicity in these discussions there are broad orientations and conflicting discourses that co-exist in the field. They can be described schematically as two competing discourses of migration and

\(^{17}\) For example, the 1957 issue of the London based Greek cultural magazine *KRIKOS* (Link) Nos 79-80 (July-August) on Greek literature in Australia was titled ‘Special Issue on Greeks of Australia.’


\(^{19}\) See also Nickas (2006).

\(^{20}\) Some examples are Papageorgopoulos (1981). The book is bilingual and the English version of ‘afstraliotis ellinismo’ in the text is ‘Greek-Australian.’ See also Fifis (1983) who ends his article by criticising Papageorgopoulos’ book but also adopting the term ‘afstraliotis ellinismo’ as another variant hyphen.
settlement: the one stressing a traditional diaspora of enduring separateness and belonging to
the national centre; the other, the process of change, hybridity, acculturation and gradual
integration into other national linguistic and cultural spaces. In the U.S. context these two
views appear in a debate over whether Greek Americans are an 'ethnic' or a 'diasporic'
group, although the constructions placed on these broad views vary and cross many
theoretical lines (Anagnostou 2004: 63 n23). These two broad discourses have co-existed in
Greek-Australian communities for most of the second half of the twentieth century and they
cross over into literary, historiographical and cultural fields.

IV

The issue of hyphenated terms is closely connected to the discourse of multiculturalism
which, in the late twentieth century, has been a philosophy of legitimation of minority cultural
streams within a nation, often expressed in hyphenated terminology. The responses, both
positive and critical, to this discourse in Australia have been complex, multi-levelled and
shifting. The debates over 'multiculturalism' in the political and cultural spheres have
involved a complex and entangled debate over resources and justice issues, but also the
question of the naming and management of the 'other' from a central position of power and
authority. This position speaks in the name of the Anglo-Celtic nation whose 'ethnicity'
remains invisible and outside the terms of reference. This discourse of national identity, of
inclusion/exclusion, is complicit and inescapably entangled with historical regimes of white
Australian racial superiority (Hage 1998). Much of the contention over the use and meanings

of multiculturalism involve the question of whether, and to what extent, it continues or disguises such regimes discursively and structurally.

The reading of Alekos Doukas as a ‘multicultural’ writer before his time needs to be investigated within what Gunew (2004) has called ‘situated multiculturalisms.’ The first reference to Doukas’ ‘multicultural’ elements is by Castan (1986: 65) who comments that Doukas’ ‘cult of mateship’ in *Under Foreign Skies* is ‘permeated with a multicultural view.’ He might have used synonymous adjectives such as ‘multi-ethnic’ or ‘international’ but the term ‘multicultural’ in the 1980s had become a powerful term swamping older ways of speaking of national or cultural differences. In the same essay, Castan (1986: 73-74) writes: ‘The novel combines the mateship ethos of the bush proletariat with a gospel of international brotherly love, which in this context can be seen as a forerunner of multiculturalism.’ I myself have conjectured on similar lines (Alexiou 1997). Vasilakakos (2009 forthcoming) links Doukas’ ‘multicultural’ vision with a contemporary connection between globalisation and multiculturalism. This argument uses a broad-sweeping and ‘unsituated’ multiculturalism to locate Doukas’ fiction in a contemporary world. Nevertheless, these connections are consistently made. Such comparisons involve the move between different historical contexts and therefore require caution.

In the case of Doukas we are dealing with the discursive possibilities open to a leftwing migrant writer of the late 1940s and early 1950s. As David Carter (1997a: 200-201) notes of Judah Waten, such possibilities were expressed through a liberal humanist and communist perspective and within a positive assimilationist attitude to the national culture. The aim was never to highlight ‘cultural difference’ as a value in itself but to reveal commonality in ‘the universalist notion of a progressive history’ (Carter 1997a: 200). This broad orientation is...
expressed in the aims of the *Greek-Australian Review* that urges the new immigrant to 'penetrate into the heart and soul of the Australian people' and amalgamate into a larger national culture.\(^\text{22}\) The aim was not to maintain cultural difference as such but to assimilate into a progressive national culture. Of course it does not deal with the more perplexing issue of the ongoing balance between cultural difference and national homogeneity. The orientation was nevertheless part of a broader assimilationist discourse and practice, even though it was in sympathy with Australian-Irish republican resistance to British (post)-colonial dominance. The communist assimilationist view of culture is clear in Stefanou's (1983: 16) comments on what Doukas and others were doing in their cultural and political work in the postwar period:

Aleck Doukas and a group of Greek/Australian workers and intellectuals were the pioneers in Australia of the efforts to develop a combination of *not a multicultural form of expression* but of cultural activities that would embrace the best of the more popularist form of art and literature. These tendencies were a reflection of the general Australian atmosphere of the time. [My italics.]

Stefanou’s reference to the 'general Australian atmosphere' is to the communist and republican nationalist cultural program that was simultaneously nationalist and internationalist, as these were perceived at the time. Doukas' novels need to be read as sympathetic responses to this cultural and political project which, while having superficial resemblances with 'multiculturalism,' is in many ways importantly different. To apply the term 'multicultural' in an unqualified way to the intellectual and cultural framework of the 1940s and 1950s is to flatten and erase these differences. In their discussion of the migrant political issues of the 1940s, Nicolacopoulos et al (2004a: 159) use terms such as 'multiculturalism of solidarity' to describe the leftwing migrant demands for equal citizen

rights in a ‘liberal multicultural Australian democracy.’ This broad and unqualified use of the term blunts its historical specificity. Alekos Doukas as a ‘multicultural’ writer threatens to become a decontextualised figure whose fiction is read in ways that present many of the problems enumerated in the preceding chapter.

V

I return to the two broad discourses of migration and settlement (those of the ‘ethnic’ and hyphenated and the national and traditional diasporic) that I referred to above in an effort to locate and analyse Alekos Doukas’ writing and intellectual contribution, keeping in mind that ‘immigrant identities are constituted at the intersection of national and transnational discourses’ which cannot be separated analytically (Anagnostou 2004: 48). According to the two competing literary theorisations we examined, Doukas can be located within a Greek diaspora or a national Australian literature. I have argued that even before the age of the pluralist discourse of multiculturalism, Doukas argued for a role in a nationalist cultural project that was signified through the promotion of a hyphenated identity. This cultural stance needs to be seen in the context of the 1940s and 1950s as a then radical way of dealing with the assimilationist regime by self-consciously arguing for the participation of Greek cultural traditions in a republican and socially progressive Australian nationalism. This discursive space was in contrast to the rigorously enforced forms of assimilationism and demands for political loyalty imposed by official institutions, in particular, on the socially aspiring middle-class leadership of the communities. In this respect, we have different class responses and strategies for dealing with the issue of negotiating foreignness in a traditionally hostile society.
One problem in Greek-Australian studies is the terminological and analytical entrapment in older discourses relating to diaspora formations and communities. In this sense, writers often use the term 'diaspora' in its traditional sense, whereas Greek-Australians, like most Greek communities around the world today, are only loosely diasporic in identity, partaking in multiple cultural identities and permutations. There are at least two sound reasons for not categorising Alekos Doukas as a traditional 'diaspora' writer. Firstly, he became involved in a political movement that went beyond the traditional cultural boundaries of the older diaspora world. This movement promoted socialist internationalism that gave precedence to class and national movements over supra-national diaspora formations. Secondly, as a fiction writer, Doukas' work became rooted in an Australian literary movement, and though strongly internationalist, was not tied to the idea of an exclusive national homeland. This is not to say that Doukas was not concerned with the fate of Greece, he was, and passionately so, but in a non-antagonistic relationship to his involvement as a politicised intellectual migrant in Australia. In this sense, Doukas had taken up a new type of diasporic identity that allowed for multiple identities that were either complementary or even in contradiction with each other. The migrant, the refugee, the internationalist, the nationalist Greek and Australian, the communist and humanist, are all identities he carried and enacted in his political and literary life.

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Epilogue

The thesis has followed two broad trajectories: the documentation and understanding of Alekos Doukas' life through the range of its personal and public expression, and the relating of this to wider discourses and historical developments. The trajectories have not moved in simple tandem, the life typifying the era or the era explaining the life. The life has more often than not followed its own subterranean paths and byways. I have aimed to acknowledge and explore the subject's life and its expression in all its contradictory, nuanced and singular multiplicity. As I hope I have demonstrated, the figure that emerges from the archival material is complex and multivocal, perhaps confounding in an uncomfortable way preconceived readings of the past. The mythologised Doukas in this account is not the pristine Marxist leader who emerged from history in a heroic and ready-made fashion. Instead he bears the discursive history of a complex range of ideas and outlooks that cannot easily be categorised or homogenised and that certainly contradict the view of a univocal historical figure. In this sense, as a documentation of one stream of migrant intellectual history, the thesis problematises any neat account of the origins of its intellectual life. If I have concentrated on a leftwing mythology of the past this is not to suggest that there are not other more powerful myths of Greek-Australian life that need to be critically examined for the realities they conceal - for example, the ubiquitous construction of the successful and assimilated migrant.

The research into Doukas' life took me on a personal journey into the space of his early life, and eventually, through my acquaintance and friendship with the elderly local historian Ali Onay, to the national 'other' of recent Greek history. This personal experience of connection validated in a vivid way for me Doukas' life-long conviction that the upheavals of WWI and
the Greek-Turkish War had torn apart and set back a precious friendship between people of good faith. His writings are characterised by a recognition and respect of the national and ethnic ‘other’ as the highest ideal in human relations. It is a quality in his writing that stands out and attracts interest. It has the potential to disrupt the narrow nationalist reading of history that persists through time.

I have attempted at various points in the narrative of this study to explicitly mark my own discursive location as a rejection of the omniscient voice of history. My personal connection to the narrative is multiple and generational, and importantly tied to family and community memory of uprooting and migration. In my research and writing of the thesis I have become aware that behind my interest in Doukas’s life lays a comparative investigation of a number of broadly related ‘parallel’ historical phenomena and experiences. I use the term ‘parallel’ hesitantly because the differences may in the end be more profound than the similarities. There are nevertheless some aspects of the experience of Asia Minor Greeks that, if not shared by Greeks in Australia, at least elicit a feeling of identification. These include certain cultural legacies related to community structures, education, religion and entrepreneurial orientation, in short a diasporic tradition. There is furthermore an underlying association between the violence of migration and the persecution that occurred in Asia Minor in the period 1914-1922. In the popular imagination the ‘Catastrophe’ often functions as a metonym for such collective memories and associations. The trauma of migration and racism often lies as an unspoken presence in migrant narratives of the past.

A more recent ‘parallel’ is that between the transformational effect of the massive refugee influx into Greece in the 1920s and Australia’s postwar mass migration program. In both cases, the influx transformed the host society in a long-term process and in ways totally
unforeseen at its inception. In both cases, the industrial working class was boosted and heavy industry accelerated. In Greece the cultural changes that occurred over three or four generations have been significant. My argument is that a similar process has occurred, and is still occurring, with Australia's postwar migration. A proof of these 'parallels' has not been the aim of this study. They simply point to certain underlying comparisons that have driven the research. In many ways, Doukas' life embodies these comparative aspects and the interwar period was one of considerable crossover between refugee dislocation, changes in diasporic communities and powerful forces driving migration across the Indian Ocean.

The location of the writer - the voice speaking from the institutionally marginalised location of a minority - is a central question in a discourse on subjugated migrant cultural history. Here I return to Edward Said (1978: 25) who, in marking his own position, begins with a quote from Gramsci's *Prison Notebooks*:

> The starting-point of critical elaboration is the consciousness of what one really is, and is 'knowing thyself' as a product of the historical process to date, which has deposited in you an infinity of traces, without leaving an inventory.

In an insistence on the political and personal aspect of his scholarship, Said (1978: 25) writes that in his study of Orientalism, which a privileged education allowed him to conduct, he has never 'lost hold of the cultural reality of, the personal involvement in having been constituted as "an Oriental."' In the context of Greek-Australian cultural history, we could well the substitute the word 'migrant' for 'Oriental' (and no doubt countless other synonyms) in the important project of locating ourselves in the constructed histories of the past and the exploration of the traces of the 'historical process.'
As I began the study with the image of the spinning bullet on its course of impact with a body, I invoke it again not only as a metaphor for narrative time, but in a wider sense as a symbol of the undercurrent of trauma that marked Alekos Doukas' life. The title of the thesis, 'A Body Broken,' signifies in the narrative not as defeat but as the possibility of survival through and beyond trauma (Caruth 1995: 10). Though Doukas' life story may be seen as a journey of healing and transforming of experience and suffering into art and political action, it also calls for an attentive listening to the silences of trauma, both personal and collective. As both a scholarly and personal process of historical and biographical reconstruction, this thesis has attempted at once to record these traumas and to mark their silences.
31.3.1924

Στρατή μου,
Προχθες φέραμε απ' την Γκιουμουλτζίνα τα βιβλία σου κι έτσι επειδής μ' ήρθαν και κατά άλλα απ' την Αθήνα που είχα παραγγείλει θα 'χω για 2-3 μήνες να διαβάσω. Σου στέλνω σήμερα ένα κομμάτι απ' τη <<Φρυγία μου>>. Δεν είνα απ' τα καλύτερα μέρη· αλλά το προτίμησα γιατί ερχόταν πειστο συντελες. Γράψε μου τη γνώμη σου. 'Ενα παιδί νοσταλγικό για την άγνωστη ξενητικά φεύγει είκοσι χρονώ κρυφά απ' το σπίτι του, και έρχεται μέσα στο εγκέφαλο εμπορικό ναυτικό. Συνδέεται με άρρηκτους δεσμούς αφισών και 'έναν συνομιλητή του, ζουνέ λίγα χρόνια μαζί, κι ύστερα σε μια πυρκαίω ωκεάνιο τον χάνει τον υπέροχο φίλο του, και τραβά μονάχος και πονεμένος τον χιλιοβασανισμένο δρόμο της ζωής. Στα πενήντα εννιά του χρόνια ενώ ταξιδεύει στον Ινδικό, ενώ μιλά με τον ασυμμετρήτη, μέσα στην καμπάνα του, ο ασυμμετρήτης πέρνει τηλεγράφημα πως τ' ολλανδέζικο Φρυγία περνά 80 μίλια πλαί τους... Φρυγία... Φρυγία.
Μια λέξη ξερή, κι όμως έμοιαζε σαν καμπσικά της Ειμαρμένης. 'Αμα φτάσανε σε λιμάνι φεύγει και πέρνει βασίρι για την Αλεξανδρέττα. Πεζοπορεί, βασανίζεται να φτάσει μέσα στην μυστηριώδη χώρα των Φρυγών. Κάθεται σ' ένα ρημακάλμβο δυό χρόνια, γράφει σημειώσεις, όχι γιατί πίστευε πως θα τα διαβάζει ποτές κανείς, παρά

1 I have retained the original spelling and non-standard word variants in all letters and manuscripts, even where this is inconsistent, so as to accurately reflect the linguistic and cultural character of the texts. Some punctuation has been varied where the original is unclear or potentially confusing.
για τι' ἄρεσε να ξεφυλλίζει κυτρινισμένα χαρτία. Τελευταία, δεν θέλει να γίνεται βάρος σε κανένα μήτε στους απλοικούς χωρικούς που τον σέβονται. Καιει τα χαρτία του και τραβά σε κάτι βράχια παράξενα, τρυπημένα με σπηλιές. Εκεί παρουσιάζεται ένας ερημήτης και του δίνει περιγραμματίζει ε' αντιγράψει όσα έκαψε κάτω στο καλύτερο του πριν φύγει και του υπόσχεται να του στέλει όμα τελειώσεις. τον φύλο του Darling (=πολυκαταντημένος με τη σημασία της υπερκόσμιας αφοσίωσης) να φύγουνε μαζί για έναν όμορφο κόσμο. Τελειώνει το γράψιμο μέσα σε μια σπηλιά των βράχων που ήταν άλλοτε ανάκτορο των προϊστορικών φυλάρχων της Φυλής των Πάγαλ και τα μεσάνυχτα, έρχετ' ο χαμένος του φύλος και τελειώνει μόνος του την ιστορία του με το ψυχικό του χέρι που δεν μπορούσε να τελειώσει τα σκέφτηκες από το θάνατο δάχτυλά του... Να γράψω Darling, ότι βλέπω αυτή τη στιγμή έχεις; ...δεν πρέπει; Τότες τελειώνει εσύ, αγαπητέ μου να φύγουμε γρήγορα για την χώρα που τα ποτάμια της δεν είναι θολά, κει που βασιλέυει η αιώνια χαρά, κει πέρα που ενώνονται οι μεγάλες ψυχαίς. Τι έγραφες αυτό, Darling; <<Βρισκόμαστε πρόσωπο με πρόσωπο με τον Μεγάλο Θεό.>> Πως μπορεί κανέν α Στρατή μου ν' αρχίσει και να τελειώσει το κάθε του έργο παρά με το 'νομα του άνθρωπου; Αν είχα καιρό θα σου 'στελνα κι άλλα κοιμάτα. Γράψε μου πως σου φαίνεται το κομμάτι που σου στέλνω. Θέλει δουλεμα ακόμη πολύ. Και σε κάθε μου βήμα καταβαίνω πως είμαι τελείως αδιάβαστος. Εντύχως το μόνο που κατέχω αρκετά καλά είναι η επιστημονική εγκυκλοπαίδεια που τη σκορπιώ μέσα στη <<Φρυγία>> όσο μπορώ πιο όμορφα. Θα παρατηρήσεις πως ξεφεύγω πολύ στη Χίμαιρα. Μα μήπως μπορεί ο Νόης να στέκεται μέσα στα σπηνά σύνορα του θετικού; Φθάνει μνάχα να κατέχει την τέχνη να προσαρμόζει το θετικό με τ' αρνητικό. Γράψε μου. Σε φιλώ γλυκά ο Αλ.
31.3.1924

Dear Stratis,

Yesterday we fetched your books from Gulmuljina\(^2\) and because I’ve received some other books from Athens that I had ordered I’ll have 2-3 months of reading. I’m sending you a piece today from my ‘Phrygia.’ It’s not one of the best pieces but I’ve sent it because it’s self-contained. Write me your opinion. A young twenty-year old, nostalgic for foreign parts, leaves his home secretly and joins the English merchant navy. With unbreakable bonds of devotion he becomes attached to a young man of his own age and they live together for a few years. After a fire at sea he loses his sublime friend and continues his tormented life alone and in anguish. At fifty-nine years of age, while sailing the Indian ocean and chatting with the wireless operator in the latter’s cabin, a telegraph brings news of the Dutch ship Phrygia passing by at a distance of eighty miles... Phrygia... Phrygia. One simple word, but one which resembles the whiplash of Fate. When they call in to port he leaves and boards a ship for Alexandretta. He walks and walks, and after great difficulties reaches the mysterious Phrygian land. He stays in a deserted hut for two years. He writes notes, not because he believes that anyone will ever read them, but because he loves to read yellowed sheets of paper. Finally, not wanting to be a burden to anyone, not even the simple village people who respect him, he burns his papers and withdraws to some strange boulders hollowed out by caves. There, a hermit appears and gives him parchments to copy on whatever he had burned in the hut before he left. The hermit promises to send him his friend Darling (=his beloved one in the sense of a transcendental devotion) once he finishes writing so they can leave together for a beautiful world. He completes the writing in a cave amongst the boulders which were once the palace of a pre-historic Race of the Ragal\(^3\) and at midnight his friend comes and finishes the story with his spiritual hand, as the narrator’s fingers, twisted by death, can no longer write. Shall I write, Darling, what I see at this moment? No, I should not? Then you finish it, my beloved one, so that we can quickly leave for the land where the rivers are not murky and eternal joy reigns, and where great spirits are united. What have you written, Darling? ‘We are face to face with the mighty Lord.’ How can you, Stratis, not begin and end

\(^2\) Older Turkish name for Komotini.
\(^3\) He may be referring to the ancient Medean city of Raga whose ruins are north-east of Teheran.
your every work but with the name of the Lord? If I had time I'd send you other pieces. Let me know what you think of this one. It still needs a lot of work. With every step I take I realise that I am completely unread. Fortunately the one thing I do have is encyclopaedic knowledge which I insert into 'Phrygia' as beautifully as I can. You will observe that I often escape into Chimaera. How can the Mind stay in the narrow borders of the positive? One needs to possess the art of combining both positive and negative. Write to me. I kiss you sweetly, Alekos.
APPENDIX II


4.1.1925

Στρατή μου,
Πήρα την κάρτα σου με τας ευχαίς σου, και σ’ ευχαριστώ, αντευχόμενος. Ημείς δω πάνω με τη δουλειά ξεχνάμε και τας γιορτάις. Φαντάζου την πρωτοχρονιά πρωί, μου κατέβηκε να πάγω στο δάσος να κόψω ξύλα. Ειν’ όμορφα όλα εδώ πάνω όλα, απλά και γαλήνια. Η ξωή εδώ είναι τόσο περισσαμένη απ’ τις μικροφροντίδες, ώστε σε απορροφά ολότελα. Το μόνο ανταπόδωμα στη δουλειά σου την ατελείωτη, δεν είναι παρά παραφουσκωμένες λέξεις, μα μια βαθειά φωνή που βγαίνει απ’ τα βάθη της ύπαρξής σου τ’ ανεξίχνιαστα, που σου βροντοφωνεί σαν βουδική καμπάνα.

<<Ευχαριστησε σωπηλα τα πάντα και πες δυνατά “βρίσκουμαι στην κανονική μου θέση”>>. Το δάσος;!

Ειν’ ένα δάσος που κάτηκε προ δυο χρόνια. Έγινε αδιαπέραστος λόχμη, που σκεπάζει τας μαυρισμένες ρίζες των φτελιών, γεμάτη βάτους και αναρριχώμενα αγκάθια. Τα κανούρια δένδρα, ξεπροβάλλουν δειλά-δειλά και λυγίζουν πάνω απ’ τον κοστερόν μπαλτά σου. Κάτι κοστόφια φοβισμένα τρέχουν να κρυφτούν. Δεν μπορείς να προερήθεις μέσα αν δεν κάνεις στενό δρομάκι με το μακρόχερο πελέκι σου. Σε κάθε βήμα, σε σκαλώνει ένας αγκαθωτός βραχιόνας και σου λέει με την ατελείωτη του φλυαρία. <<Quo vadis?>> – <<Wadeo>> του απαντάς λυγόλογα: = πού; Να θερίσω ό,τι άχρηστο βρίσκει. Τύποτες δεν ειν’ άχρηστο. Εδώ θερίζεις ψυχαίς; εδώ κόβεις το νήμα άπειρων ζώων. Πρέπει να ζήσων ανώφελα δεν κόβω τύποτε. Το τζάκι μου πεινά για ξύλα.
Ποιός σε φταίγει; Γιατί άφιξες τον πρόγονό μου τον προάνθρωπο να βγει απ’ τον πράσινο θόλο σου και ν’ αγιαντείεσ τον έναστρο ουρανό· από κείνη τη μοιραία μέρα, αρχινούν τα βασανά σου και τα βάσανα της κάθε τυφλής δύναμης. Ο άνθρωπος πειά σε κρατά και σ’ ανέχεται όταν συμβαδίζεις με τη ζωή του. Μα θα σε θερίζει αλύπητα όταν του στεκεσ’ μπόδιο στο δρόμο του. Κύτταξε πλάγι σου τα χωράφια· αυτός ο ταπεινός και σερνάμενος ξενυγολάτης, αυτός θα σε νυκήσει με το υπομονητικό του αλέτρι. Εγώ του ετοιμάζω χωρίς να το θέλω τον δρόμο του. Χωρίς καλά καλά να το ξέρω, φέρνω τους συνανθρώπους μου μέσα στην αδιαπέραστη ψυχή σου· είμαι οδοποιός του μέλλοντος· φύγε δάσος, στα βουνά και στους βράχους. Δεν σε χωνεύει πια ο άνθρωπος· άνοιξαν τα μάτια του, απ’ τη μέρα που τον σερβίρισε ένα παιδί σου, τον καρπόν του γνώναι καλόν και πονηρόν. Φαινομενικός θα ’μαστε φίλοι. Στο βάθος θα μένετε άσπονδοι εχθροί. Δεν μπορεί πεια να πλαγιάσει ευρημικά στους ρίζες των παιδιών σου. Τον κυνηγάν Ερυμνύες. Ο ενστικτώδης φόβος ξυπνά μέσα του όταν πλακώσει το σκοτάδι· ακούγει το μούγκρισμα του αχριμού και τον πιάνει τρομάρα. Διαστράνεται πλάγι του την ανάσα του αχριμού και σκαρφαλώνει στους κλώνους των δέντρων για να σωθεί. Γι αυτό θα σε πελεκάιει αλύπητα και θα ξείτε ευρημικά, μονάχα όταν σε κατακτήσει ολότελα. ‘Όταν μήτε μια μικρή γονιά σου δεν μένει ανεξίχνιαστη. Ο άνθρωπος δεν μπορεί πεια να βρει ησυχία στο σκοτάδι. ‘Εγινε <<υιός φωτός>>. Κι οι Νύμφες κ’ οι Σάτυροι πού θα καταφύγουν; Σε ποιά αδιαπέραστη γονιά θα τρέξουν να ζήσουν αμέρμνου; Αυτοί δεν ζήσανε ποτές ανάμεσα στα δέντρα σου. Ζήσαν μέσα στην ψυχή του ανθρώπου. Αυτός τους δημιούργησε, αυτός τους έντυσε την όμορφη φορεσία τους, την αερίνη· αυτός που τότες που ήταν αμέρμνο παιδί, σου τους παράδωκε να τους φιλάς. Μα τώρα θα τους μπιστευτεί στα λαμπερά τ’ αστέρια· εκεί είναι η σημερινή τους θέση· ανωρθώθηκεν ο άνθρωπος θ’ ανωρθώση και τα ψυχικά του παιδία. Γιατί βγήκαν απ’ τα σπλάγχνα του...
4.1.1925

Dear Stratis,

I got your card with your well-wishes, and I thank you and wish you the same. Up here with our work we forget the festivities. Imagine, on new year’s day I decided to go to the forest to cut wood. Everything is lovely here, simple and tranquil. Life here is so diverted by small chores that it absorbs you entirely. The only reward for the endless work are not overblown words but a deep voice that rises from the unfathomable depths of your existence and booms like a Buddhist bell: ‘Give silent thanks to everything and loudly proclaim “I am in my proper place.”’ The forest?!

It was burnt two years ago. It has become an impenetrable thicket that covers the burnt stumps of the elm trees, full of brambles and climbing thorns. The new trees emerge shyly and bend under the sharp axe. Some frightened blackbirds scramble to hide. You can’t advance unless you make a narrow pathway with your pole-axe. At each step, a prickly branch snags you and, constantly chattering, says: ‘Quo vadis?’ ‘Wadeo’ you simply reply. Where? To mow down whatever is useless. Nothing is useless. You are mowing down souls; here you are cutting the thread of immeasurable lives. I must live. I don’t cut down anything without purpose. My fireplace is hungry for wood. Who is to blame? Why did you allow my ancestor before man to emerge from your green canopy and gaze at the starry sky. From that fateful day your troubles began and the troubles of every blind power. Man only keeps and tolerates you if you stay in step with his life. But he will mow you down mercilessly if you stand an obstacle on his road. Look at the fields at your side; that humble ploughman dragging himself along will conquer you with his patient plough. Without wanting to, I am preparing his road. Without my really knowing it, I am bringing my fellow man into your impenetrable soul. I am the road builder of the future; go forest, to the mountains and boulders. Man no longer cares for you; he has opened his eyes, ever since the day one of your children served him the fruit of knowledge of good and evil. On the surface you will be friends. But at heart you will remain irreconcilable enemies. Man can no longer lay down peacefully at your children’s feet. The Furies are pursuing him. An instinctive fear grips him when night falls; he hears the growling of wild beasts and is terrified. He senses
the breath of the wild pig next to him and scrambles up the branches of a tree to save himself. This is why he will keep chopping you down mercilessly and you will only live in peace when he has totally conquered you. Not even a small corner will remain unexamined. Man can no longer find peace in the dark. He has become 'the son of light.' And where will the Nymphs and Satyrs find refuge? In what impenetrable corner will they run to live carefree? They never lived in your trees. They lived in the soul of man. He created them, he dressed them in their beautiful spring garments while he was still carefree, and he gave them to you to safeguard. But now he will entrust them to the bright stars where they belong today. Man has lifted himself up, he will lift up his spiritual children. Because they emerged from his very being...
APPENDIX III


ΙΔΗ–ΚΑΤΟΟΜΒΑ *

Καλή μου, Ίδη, όμορφή μου Katoomba, αγαπημένα βουνά και τα δυό. Ο Χτίστης σας σάς έβαλε τόσο μακρυά. Κι όμως η αγάπη ενός ανθρώπου σας σέρνει σ’ ένα αγκάλιασμα ερωτικά. Ενώστε τις όμορφες σας κορμοστασίες κι οι κορφαίς σας οι δασωμένες ας φιληθούνε. 'Ομορφή μου Ίδη με τα πεύκα και τας δρυές σου, καλή μου Katoomba με τον σκηνηρωτό και μοσκουμουρισμένον ευκάλυπτο. Η κορφή σου Ίδη μου, αγκαντεύει τον παληνό κόσμο, που κάθε πετράδι του είναι και μιάν ιστορία. Η αιώνια κορφή σου Ίδη μου, αγκαντεύει την τραγική νύχτα το λεβεντόπαιδο, που τραβούσε κολυμπώντας να πάρει στην καλή του. Η αέτινη ματιά σου, Katoomba μου, έβλεπε πέρα κατά τον μεγάλον οκεανό· ερημιά βασίλευε τριγύρω σου· λίγα μονάχα μαύρα παιδιά είχες. Κι η Μούρα σ’ αξίωσε να δεις την όμορφη τούτη ράτσα, να ‘ρχεται για να σε συντροφέψει παντοτενιά. Πόνεσε την Katoomba μου, πόνεσε τα καινούρια παιδιά σου. Χάρισε τους και συ, ό,τι η αδερφή σου η αιγαώτισσα, χάρισε στη ράτσα της, και στον κόσμον όλον. Χάρισε της μια Τρωάδα, έναν Πριάμο και μια Εκάβη, μα με μοίρα ευτυχισμένη. Αξίωσε να φανεί ένας Ομήρος να ψάλλει την όμορφιά σου. Οι μεγάλες ψυχές του Cook και του Amundsen, σύραν τους πόλους με τον ηρωισμό τους σ’ ένα αιώνιο αγκάλιασμα. Η ταπεινή ψυχή ενός καταφρονεμένου, σας σέρνει όμορφα μου βουνά και σας, ν’ αγκαλιαστήσε σ’ ένα αγκάλιασμα αγάπης. Κάποι αυτάς οι δύο γραμμαίς θα ενθουσία και όπως οι μεταδόσουσαν σταυρό πάνω στη Σφαίρα. Θα ‘ναι ο αιώνιος Σταυρός που θα σηκώνει ο άνθρωπος, τραβώντας στον Γολγοθά του, καμωμένος απ’ τα αιώνια δοκάρια του ηρωισμού και της αγάπης. Ελάτε καλά μου
Beloved Ida, beautiful Katoomba, precious mountains both. Your Maker placed you so far apart. Even so, the love of one person draws you into an erotic embrace. Unite your poised bodies and let your forest tops kiss. Beautiful Ida with your pines and oaks, dear Katoomba with your bent and fragrant eucalypts. Ida, your peak surveys the old world whose every stone reveals a story. Your eternal peak, Ida, gazes on the brave lad who swam the sea to reach his beloved. Your eagle eye, Katoomba, looks across to the great ocean and solitude reigns around you. Only a few of your black children remain. And Fate has granted you the fortune to see this beautiful race coming to keep you company forever. Sympathise with it, Katoomba, feel for your new children. Grant this race whatever your Aegean sister granted her race and the whole world. Grant it another Troy, a Priam, an Hecabe, but with a happy fate. Be fortunate to have a Homer sing praises to your beauty. The great spirits of Cook and Amundsen with their heroism have united the poles in an eternal embrace. The humble spirit of an outcast draws you, O beautiful mountains, to embrace in love. One day these two lines will be united, forming a cross on the Globe. It will be the eternal Cross that man will bear on his Calvary, made of the eternal beams of heroism and love. Come, O precious mountains, my humble hands […] to embrace in an erotic and eternal kiss. And may this crystal stream run between you, silently in the passing of distant time. Al[ex].

* Katoomba: one of the most beautiful mountains of Australia not far from Sydney.
ΕΠΙΛΟΓΟΣ

Σε σένι τά λέγω αὕτα Ἐλπιδοφόρα νεότητα. Οἱ μεγάλοι ἔχουν παρά κανονισθεί τῇ ὁδῇ τοὺς, καλῇ ἢ κακῇ κ' εἶναι ματαιοποιῆται νὰ θελοῦμε νὰ τοὺς τὴν ἀλλάξουμε.

Εἴσο εἰσαι ἄκοιμη ἐπιλαστή ἕμη. Εἴσο τρυφερὸ δεντρὶ ποὺ μπορεῖ νὰ ὀπασθῆται χωρὶς κίνδυνο καὶ τὸ πιὸ αὐτοτροφὸ κλάδεμα.

"Αμα καθῆται στὰ τραβῆται νὰ φᾶς τὸ μεσομεριακὸ γεῦμα σου, μάζευς καὶ τὸ πιὸ μικρὸ ἀποκόμπισε καὶ φύλαξε τὸ μὲ στοργή γιὰ τὸ δειλὸν σου προσφάγι. Κάποιος ταπεινῶς συνάνθρωπός σου μὲ μελαντασμένα ἀπὸ τὸ κρύο χέρια, μπιστεύεστε στὸν ξανοδότη κόρφο τῆς μητέρας Γῆς τὸν σκότο κι ὁ ἰδιός πάλι μὲ ἱθαμαμένο μέτειο δέριζε κι ἀλάνιζε καὶ λίγονε μὲ μέσα στὸ φλογερὸ λιπόδρο τοῦ καλακριβοῦ.

Μὴν πετάς τὸ δυόχον σου παρὰ ὅταν δὲν εἶναι γιὰ νὰ φορεθῇ. Συλλογήσου καὶ σκέψου πῶς τὸ φάδι τοῦ ὄλο ἔχει ἄντιτις ὅ μὲ τὸν ἱθρῶτα, παρὰ μὲ τὸ αἷμα καὶ τῇ ζωῆς τῶν ἄνθρωπων σου. Κυρίως κείνον τὸν κοκκαλίδα ψηωθό; Ἔχει ὁ ἀνθρωποφόρος ἢ μεταλλούργος ποὺ ἀναπνεύει τὰ σκοτάδια τῆς γῆς. Φύλησε λοιπὸν τὸ κανονισθεί σου δυόχο μ' ἀγάπη κ' ὁστερα φόρεσε τὸ. Τὸ ἱδιὸ θὰ κάνουν κ' οἱ ἄλλοι γιὰ τὸ προὶ τῶν μέγιστων σου.

"Εχε ἀνοιχτῆν τὴν καρδία σου σὰν φιλάτην πόρτα πρὸς ὅλος, χαροφύλλους καὶ πονεμένους. Τὸ ἱδιὸ θὰ κάνουν κ' οἱ ἄλλοι γιὰ σένα καὶ σῃ χαρά σου καὶ σῇ θλίψη σου.

Μὴ μνησιακεῖς. Ἡ μνησιακία εἶναι ἕνα διαρκὲς βουρκαμένο σύν-
νερό πού σκεπάζει τον ἥλιο τῆς ἀλήθειας καὶ πέφτει βαρεία κιατοπνυτικά πάνω στὸ λογικό μας στερόντας μᾶς τὴν εὐτυχία.

Χορεύει τῇ ἐνθ. Τὰ χρώνια φεύγουν γοργά· ἀλώμονο στὸν νηὸ ποῦ δὲν ἐφοδιαστήκατε μ’ ἕνα σπόρο σοφίας. Μοιάζει μὲ καράθι ποῦ βγήκε στὸ πέ-

λαγο μὲ σπασμένο τιμόνι ἢ μὲ στομαῖ μεθυσμένο τὸν καπετάνιο τοῦ.

Στέκων ὀλομένος μέσα στὴν καρδία τῆς φύσης καὶ προσπάθησε ν’

ἀφεθῆναι νὰ σὲ συνεπάρῃ ἡ χαρούμενος ὑπνόμος τῆς. Τὸ βουνὸς ὕδας ποὺ ὀριστικὰ τρέχει ἄνεμου στοὺς βράχους τῆς κλείσιμας, σὲ περιμένει μὲ

στοργὴ τ’ ἀκόους τῇ μουσική τοῦ. Τὸ δέντρο τοῦ λόγου περιμένει νὰ τὸ

χαίδεψῃ ἢ φυλική ματία σου. Τὸ χώμα ποὺ σταῖζε στὸν βράχο τῆς ἀκτῆς ἢ

ξεφυγάζει μὲ γλυκεῖν ἥδην στὸν ἄμο τῆς ἀγροκινητικά, σὲνα περιμένουνε νὰ σου ποινὴν ἀνεκτικὴ τοίχαλωσης ἱστορίες καὶ παραμύθια καὶ ναυνορ-

synthesize. Συμπληρῶσου μ’ ἑμισυστούνη κάτω ἢ π’ τὸν ἄδο τοῦ δέντρου κιδάγαν-

τευνοτας τὸς κλάνους καὶ τὰ πράσινα τοῦ φύλλα, ἀφέσου στὸν γλυκόν καὶ

γεμάτον ὄμορφα ἄνερά ὑπὸν τοῦ δικαίου. Πέες καὶ λοσοῦ στὴν ἑξαγγε-

λική θάλασσα. Ἔτσι κι ἐνας λεαντρός κολυμποῦσε στὰ ὄμορφα καὶ σερμά

ἐκεῖνα χρόνια. Ὑπὸν ἡ δύσελλα ἐξετάζει μὲ λόσαι μὴν τρέξῃ σὲν δείδης

τρέχασσας νὰ χωθῆς σὲ κάποια σκοτεινή γονατιά. Στάσος ἄνδρικα στὸ μέσο

τῆς πάλης τὸνμικρόστοιχος καὶ ἀφοικράσου τοὺς παλμοὺς τῆς φυσῆς

τους. Κατ’ ἀδιδαχῆς, κατ’ ὄμορφο ἀριστόραθη, ἡ ψυχή σου ἢ

ἀνακοῦντα σὺ νὰ σκαλοπάτης τὴν ἀτελεύτητης ἀνοδός τῆς τελείωτης.

Ἀγάπηθε τῇ μελωπῇ νύχτα. Στρέφε τὸ ἑλεάμ σου πρὸς τὸν σκυφὸ ποῦ

ἀγονίζεσαι νὰ τὸν ρήσες μὲ τὴν ψυχή σου, χαμήλωσε τὸ μάτι σου στὶς

συλλογές τῶν σιωπηλῶν βουνῶν, ἀντίκερος τὰ τριγύρω σου δέντρα καὶ

tελευταία ὅπερ τῇ ματιᾷ σου στὴν «Παμμήτορα Γ’». Αὐτὴ ἦν δεχτὶ τὸ

χορὸ σου ποὺ στοιχεῖ τὸ συντήρησε ν’ ὅλο τὸ μακρὸς τῆς ἡμέρας.

Τότες ἦν αἰσθάνοντας ἕνα ἑρεπτόν αἴσθημα νὰ χαϊδέψῃ τὴν ἡπαρῆ

σου υψηλομένο καίδορο. Αὐτὸ τὸ αἴσθημα εἶναι τὸ σπέρμα τῆς ἀλήθεις

eὐτυχίας, χαρὰ τὸ παρόντος κι ἑλίπιδα τῆς αὑρίας.

Σεβάζονσ τοὺς κειμένους νόμος τῆς πολιτείας, ἔτσι καὶ οἱ σεβα-

λεροὶ ξεκλιματικοὶ ἀξόμην κερασάου γιὰ τὸ αὐρίο. Τοὺς σεβάστηκαν

dὲ νόες ἀπείρῃς ἀνώτεροι τῶν δικῶν μας καὶ μ’ ἀταραξία δουροῦσαν ως

tὴν τελευταία σταγώνα τὸ κάνειν.

Ταξιδεψε καὶ φύλα στὴν χώρα τῶν ἔχθρων τοῦ "Εὐθύς σου. Προ-

σπάθησε νὰ μῆπε μέσα στὴν ψυχή καὶ τὸ στοχασμὸ τους. Ἀπόψευξι

τῆς ἀνώτερας τάξεις σὰν πέτρα σκανδάλου.

Βάλε τὴν ταπεινή καὶ τίμια πλούτια τὸν ἐχθρία καὶ ἀγάγγυστα χώσου

μέσα στὶς μάζες. Θὰ τῆς ἀπάτησες, θὰ τῆς πονεῶς θὰ τῆς κάνῃς φιλὺς σου.

Τότες γυμνὸς πιάσαν τὸν τόσο σου. Καὶν ἀκόους κάσσων ἀφράτῃ ὡτόρα νὰ

βρεθῇ τὸν ἀντίπαλο λαό, μάξεψε καὶ ὅ τοὺς φίλους σου καὶ δεῖξε τοὺς δ.τ.γ.

γνώσιμας καὶ γιὰ τοὺς ἔχθρους τοῦ ἐκνίνου σου.Αὐτὲς σου ἢ ἐνέργειεβάναι,

γύλες φορὲς πιὸ εἰρηνοφόρας παρὰ ὁλὸ τὸ σοφότιο τῶν ἀνήλικωννυκτικῶν

tῶν κουνουβουλίων καὶ ἀνακτοβουλίων. "Αν ὄμοι ἢ Πολιτεία σου βρίσκεται
...εν κινδύνω μὴν ἐπανασταθήσης. Κανές ἄνδρικα τὸ χρέος σου, κινήσθησί ου, ή μελλούμενος γεννηθείς θα σε κατατάσσουν στὴν τάξη τῶν μαρτύρων τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ἀνοσίας. "Αν δὲ ἐπίθεσις ἐξεδέψε διὰς τῆς δυνάμεις σου γιὰ τὴν καταργήσει τῶν ἀλληλοσαφηνίων.

Στὴν δύσκολη ἐφρυβή  ἡλικία ἀνάπτυξε ὀλαὶς σου τῆς ἰδιότητας καὶ τῆς δυνάμεις γιὰ τ’ἀνταπεξῆθης στὸν ἁγόνα κατὰ τὴν αὐτοεξονίας ή τοῦ μαρτυρίου. Εἶναι ἡ τραγικότερη περίοδος τῆς ζωῆς μας. Ο σύντομος ἐξαπάτησης καὶ περισσότερη ἐγκατάργηση κ’ἐπιτήρηση κ’ἐλκίδα. Εἶναι ἡ μαθησια συμπληγάδας που πρέπει νὰ τῆς περάσουμε ἀκινδύνως." Απὸ τὸ καταφέρουμε, τὸ χρόον δὲ- ρας τῆς ἐυτυχίας μας εἶναι ἀσφαλισμένο.

"Ενας ποὺ πόνεσε Ἕκη ἀνθρώπου τὸν πόνο σου, ποὺ ἠπόκτησε ἀκόμα ὡς τὸν ἀθυσοσελενικό τοῦ παντάτου; αἰσθά γρίλικα σάκο ἀπ’τὸ νεανικὸ σου κεφάλι καὶ σοὺ πίθυράζει μ’ἀγάπη καὶ στοργή. "Εχε χάρος φίλε μου. "Ολα θὰ πάνε καλά. Ο στρατοκόπος μὲ υἱόγο συλλογίστης τὸν μαφρόν ὀρόμο σοῦ χώσει νὰ πάρῃ. Μά τὸ ἐκθέδα πός τὸν περιμένει ἓνα ξετὸ δέσπον καὶ φιλογοβόδο τζάζ, τοῦ δίνει φτερά στὰ πόδια καὶ στὴν ψυχή.

Μάθε νὰ χρησίσεις τὸ ποτήρι τῆς χαρᾶς. τότε καὶ τὸ ποτήρι τοῦ πόνου δὲν δάναι αὖσ.

Προσπάθησε νὰ ζήσης, νὰ χαρῆς, νὰ αἰσθανθῆς τὸ σήμερα. Μὴν τρομάζεις γιὰ τὸ μέλλον. Ποὺς ἢκανε συμβολαία μὲ τὴν τρόμορρη θεά; Μὴν δόσης σημασία περισσότερη τῆς ἀξίας τους στὰ υλικά ἀγάπα. "Ας’ ὡλα ποὺ ἡ ἀνόητη πλεονεξία μας σύσωρετε, δὲν θὰ µάς χειμαστὴ ρήτε τὸ μυριστό.

"Ανάπτυξε τὸ αθάντημα τῆς φιλίας. Σαναζοντάνεψε τῆς ψηξεῖ τοῦ Λάμανος καὶ τοῦ Φιντία, τοῦ Αχιλλέα, τοῦ Πατράκλου, τοῦ Καναβάν καὶ τοῦ Δανίδ. Τὸ κατὰ πόσον θάχης ἀνάπτυξε στῇ ἴωθ αὐτὶ τὸ ἑνεγεικότατον ἀθάντημα, κατὰ τόσο κ’ὁ αἰώνια ἐνεργοῖ νὰ σε σχεπάζει μὲ τὴ δεικὴ τῆς φτερούγα.

Φύλαξε τὴν νεανική ἀγνότητά σου μὲ τὸ αθάντημα ποὺ φυλάγει ὁ ὀδοι- πόρος τῆς ἱμίας τὸ ἱππόνυ νέον. Τὸ φέρει στὰ στήλη τοῦ τὸ ἰεραμένα, µὲ δὲν τολμᾶ νὰ τὸ γεντὶ µὴ ἐξορνίζεις ποὺ καὶ πότε θ’ ἀνταμοφλῆς πηγάζει. Τὸ ἰδίῳ κάνε καὶ σο’ ὡς µὲ προοφορικὴν πεῖν ἠλλικία. Κ’ ὀστρακά πληροί σας µὲ δέος καὶ µὲ σεβασµὸ στὸν θρόνο τοῦ Ὕμεναίου. Σκέψου ποὺ τὸ ἀνθρώπινο εἴδος δὲν πάχει ἀπὸ ἐλλειψί ἐπιβηθόρων, πάχει ἀπὸ τρομερῆ ἐλλειψί μεγάλων ψυχῶν.

Baradine Χ. 1928

ΑΛΕΚΟΣ ΔΟΥΚΑΣ

"Τὸ διὸ αὐτὰ χομάκτα εἶναι παρεμένα ἀπὸ τὰ «πράτη µου Βήματα» τοῦ µικροῦ µου Ἀλέξου.

"Αλέκου Δούκα, ποὺ γέννησε στὸ Μπαραντίν τῆς Αποσταλίας τὸν Ὑστέρα τοῦ 1928 καὶ ἦταν νὰ ἔκδοσήν τὸν Ίδία χρόνο µαζὲ µὲ τὰ «γράμματα σε Νέα µου φιλό» ὅπως εἶχε ἀναγεννηθὲ καὶ στὴν Ἰστορία Ἐνὸς σχεδονίτου".

Στρατηγός Δουκάς
APPENDIX IV (cont:)


APOLLO'S LAKE

*Dedicated to the Young People of New Turkey*

Your crystal waters have filled this abysmal gorge and its gloomy depths have been covered by your spotless surface.

At your water’s edge hapless Narcissus is reflected and on your rocky shore ill-fated Echo’s love-struck appeal is dashed.

Golden-coated fish swim through your dark depths and the day’s sun and evening shadows are mirrored on your transparent surface.

It is past midnight. The Nymphs and Satyrs and melancholy Hecate retire to rest in their divine dwellings. The herds of wild beasts approach to receive the gift of your sweet-tasting waters. The giant oak-trees suck your life-giving dew with pleasure. You grant them life while they offer you sweet company, my beautiful lake of the mountain gorge.

Eternal and immortal daughter of age-old and immortal Olympus of Bithynia, grant your new people happiness and love. Elevate them to the peak of your mountain and show them the true and immortal road which leads peoples to their mission’s end.

*Epilogue*

To you I speak, Promising youth. Our elders have set their course, for better or worse, and it is in vain to want to change them.

You are still pliable dough. You are a tender tree that can bear without danger the most severe pruning.
When you sit at the table for your midday meal pick up the smallest fragment and save it with
love for your evening meal. Your humble fellow-man, his hands blue with cold, entrusted the
seed to the life-giving bosom of Mother Earth, and the same person again, with sweating brow,
harvested, threshed and winnowed in the burning heat of summer.
Don’t throw away your clothes until they can no longer be worn. Reflect on the thought that its
weave has been soaked, not in the sweat, but the blood and life of your brothers. Do you see that
gaunt consumptive? It is the coalminer or miner of ores who inhales the earth’s darkness. Kiss
your new clothes with love before you wear them. Others will do the same with the products of
your toil.
Keep you heart open like a welcoming door to everyone, to those who are happy and those who
suffer. Others will do the same for you in your joy and sorrow.
Don’t bear grudges. Resentment is an endless and heavy cloud that hides the sunrays of truth, it
falls heavily and suffocatingly on our mind, depriving us of happiness.
Enjoy life. The years go quickly; woe to the young man who hasn’t equipped himself with a seed
of wisdom. He resembles a ship at sea with a broken helm or a drunken captain.
Stand alone in the heart of nature and try to allow yourself to be overcome by its joyful rhythms.
The mountain stream that rushes by between the boulders of the pass, awaits you affectionately to
hear its music. The tree in the thicket awaits the caress of your friendly gaze. The wave that
crashes on the coastal rocks or expires with sweet pleasure on the sandy shore awaits you to tell
its untold and endless stories, tales and lullabies. Lay yourself down with trust under the shade of
the tree, and gazing on its branches and green leaves, abandon yourself to the sweet dreams of the
just. Dive into the sea and bath yourself in its purifying waters. This how a Leandros swam in
those beautiful and modest bygone years. When the storm’s fury breaks don’t run like a ‘frilly’
coward to hide in a dark corner. Stand like a man at the heart of the battle of the elements and
listen carefully to the pulse of their spirit. You will learn something, you will attain something
beautiful, your spirit will slowly climb the steps of endless ascent to perfection.
Love the dark night. Turn your gaze towards the sky you are struggling to reach with your spirit.
Lower your eyes to the silhouettes of the silent mountains, look at the trees that surround you and
finally gaze on ‘Mother Earth.’ She will accept your body which she has sustained throughout
your life.
Then you will feel an overpowering emotion, indistinct and invisible, caressing your existence. This feeling is the seed of true joy, youth, you who are the joy of the present and the hope of tomorrow.

Respect the existing laws of the state, and even if they are mistaken and criminal, labour for tomorrow. Minds infinitely superior to ours have respected them and with equanimity drank the hemlock to the last drop.

Travel to the land of your Nation’s enemies. Try to enter their spirit and thought. Avoid the upper classes as the root of all evil.

Wear the humble and honourable workers’ overalls, and uncomplaining lose yourself in the masses. You will love them, you will feel them, you will become friends. Then return to your birthplace. And if you hear a glib orator reviling your people’s enemy, gather your friends and show them whatever good you know about the enemies of your nation. These acts will be a thousand times more conducive to peace than the whole pack of immoral treaties of parliaments and Privy Councils. But if your Country is in danger don’t revolt. Fulfil your duties like a man; and if you are killed, future generations will rank you in the class of martyrs to human stupidity.

If you survive spend all your strength in the abolition of mutual killing.

In the difficult years of your adolescence develop all your talents and strengths to face the struggle against suicide or a pining away. This is the most tragic period in our life. This is why it requires greater stoicism, observation and hope. These are the dark Symplegades that we need to pass in safety. If we succeed, the golden fleece of happiness is secured.

Young person, someone who has felt your pain, someone who reached the edge of the abyss of death, bends over your youthful head and whispers with love and affection: Have faith my friend. Everything will turn out fine. The wayfarer trembles when he contemplates the long road he must take. But the hope that a hot meal and flaming fireplace awaits him, lends wings to his feet and spirit.

Learn to dilute the cup of joy, then the cup of suffering will be less sharp.

Try to live, enjoy and feel today. Don’t be frightened by the future. Whoever made a contract with the triadic goddess? Don’t attach more importance to material goods than they are worth. Of all the things that foolish greed accumulates, we won’t need even a fraction.
Develop the feeling for friendship. Revive the souls of Damon and Phides, Achilles and Patroclus, Jonathan and David. To the extent that you have cultivated this most refined feeling, to that extent will eternal beauty protect you with its divine wings.
APPENDIX V


Εκατόννησοι

Νησιά ηλιόλουστα αξέχαστα μέρη γενέθλια και σεπτά. Πάνω από τους βράχους σας αντίκρυσα για πρώτη φορά τον ήλιο, και το θρόισμα του μυροβόλου πέτυχα νανούριζε τον παιδικό μου ύπνο. Η Ελπίδα η ξωοδότρα αδερφωμένα σμίγει με την αγράμπελη και τα μαύρα κοπάδια από γίδια τρισευθυχισμένα σκαρφαλώνουν <<οποιού Δύο Αδερφούλες>>.

Σκοίνοι με τη βαρειά μυρονδαία τους και ρείκια με τα λεπτά τους λουλουδάκια και βαγιανοί και σπάρτα κι αγιοκλήματα όλα μαζί αποτελούν το μπουκέτο που το λένε ελληνικό νησί. Ανεβαίνω με τη φαντασία μου ξανά πάνω στην <<Ανάληψη>>. Τα εφτά μοναστήρια άσπρα σαν περιστέρια, ξεπροβάλλουν ανάμεσ' από πέτυχα κι ασ' εληνές. Ο Πρόδρομος πάνω στο μικροσκοπικό νησάκι στο κέντρο της θαλασσολίμνης: το Ψηφί με το μοναστήρι – castellum – με τις δρύινες πόρτες του, και τις επάλξεις και τους φονιάδες του πάνω απ' τις πύλες. Να και τ' αγαπημένα βορεινά. 'Ολος οι ψαρόβαρκες εκεί είχαν τ' αραξοβόλι τους. Εκεί απλώναν το χταπόδι τους για να ξεραθεί. Πόσες φορές δεν κολυμπούσε το κορμί μου στα γαλανά νερά των βορειών τη στιγμή που η παιδική μου ψυχή κολυμπούσε σ' έναν ωκεανό χαράς. Πολυαγαπημένα γενέθλια μέρη, σας φέρνω στο νου μου με μιαν ανείπωτη νοσταλγία. Να κι η αργοκίνητη περαματαρία φορτωμένη κάρα και ξώα κι ανθρώπους περνώντας τα στην [...] Δυσανάγνωστη λέξη [...]

ην ανατολή. Κι όμως προ λίγα χρόνια η ίδια αυτή τοποθεσία έπαιξεν εν' ας' τους τραγικώτερους ρόλους– ας' εκεί πέρασε η αγύριστη φάλαγγα της απελπισίας, τραβώντας για τη σφαγή και την (επελπισία) αυχμαλωσία. Μορφαίς μητέρων τραγικώς, στυγνά πρόσωπα ανθρών και βουητό περίπολον παιδιών, αντίκρυσαν τα ρημάδια του αρχαίου "<Δάμων Νασωτάν>>. Πολυαγαπημένο σύμπλεγμα των νησιών της θλιμένης
Sun-drenched islands, unforgettable, venerable birthplace. On your rocks I first saw the sun, the rustling of the fragrant pines lulled me in my infant sleep. The life-giving Olive Tree entwined with the wild woodbine, the flock of black goats joyfully scrambling up the ‘Two Sisters.’ The mastic bush with its heavy fragrance, the heather with its delicate flowers, the laurels, the rush, the honeysuckle, all these compose the bouquet we know as the Greek island. In my imagination I once again climb ‘The Ascension of Christ.’ The seven monasteries white like doves, stand out among the pines and olive groves. Saint John the Baptist on the tiny island at the centre of the sea lake. The Saint George ‘Psifi’ monastery – castellum - with its oak doors and ramparts, the murderers above its gates. The beloved ‘northern parts’ where all the fishing boats had their anchorage and the octopus was hung to dry. How many times my body swam through the blue waters of the ‘northern parts’ when my young heart swam in an ocean of joy! Beloved birthplace I remember you with ineffable nostalgia. The slow punt laden with carts, animals and people, transporting them across [...] to Anatolia. But a few years ago, this same site played a most tragic role. From here passed the fateful phalanx of despair, on its way to slaughter and bondage. Tragic figures of mothers, grim-faced men, the howling of terrified children, as they looked on the ancient ‘Damon Nasiotan.’ Beloved group of islands of the grieving goddess, abandoned by your children, do not lose your unequalled beauty from the pain of the catastrophe. Catastrophes are the mothers of rebirth. The prisoners of Babylon rocked their children to sleep with pain in ‘a strange land.’ Even so, their descendants howled with joy when they gazed again on heavenly Zion.

1 ‘Damon Nasiotan’ (the city or country of Nasos), an ancient city on the island of Moschonisia.
2 Possible reference to Psalm 137 of the Old Testament.
APPENDIX VI


Πέργαμος

Η αιωνόβια σου ακρόπολη είναι θεμελιωμένη πάνω στο βράχο τον ακατάλυτο· και το σμιλευτό το μάρμαρο είναι αδερφωμένο με τον καλοπελεκημένο τον γρανίτη· πολλές φορές τα βήματα μου με σύρανε πάνω στο φειδωτό το μονοπάτι της ανόδου, προς τα παλιά μια ιστορική ρημάδια. Ένα ακρωτηριασμένο γυναικείο κορμί μαρμάρινο, ένα σπασμένο κατάλευκο χέρι, μια ωραία νεανική κεφαλή, να τ' απομεινάρια της αρχαίας δόξας σου, κοσμοξακουσμένη Μητρόπολη της Μυσίας. Στάθηκες στο γιορτάζον ολής της κίνησης της Άσιας προς την Ευρώπη, και τ' αντίθετο. Οι δρόμοι σου αντιλαλούν ακόμα απ' τα στερνά λόγια ενός Ευμένη κι ενός Αττάλου. Να και κάτι κουρελίδες περήφανοι που τους σέρνει ένας Λακεδαιμόνας στρατηγός. Είναι τ' απομεινάρια των θρυλικών <<Μυρίων>> που ύστερ' απ' το ξενάγαρισμα της Άσιας γυρνάν ξανά να πολεμήσουν <<προς Τισσαφέρνην και Φαρνάβαζον>>. Που ειν' η τρανή σου βιβλιοθήκη με τις δωθέρες τις γραμμένες; Που είναι η παλιά σου δόξα, κοσμοξακουστή Πέργαμος; Με τσάκιςεν ο Χρόνος, πολυφύλητε απόγονε. Περμένω μ' αγάπη, Φροντίστε σεις, η Νηά γεννιά σας να με ξανασχίσει με στρογγ.
Pergamos

Your age-old acropolis is founded on an indestructible rock; its sculptured marble bound like a brother to the well-hewn granite. My footsteps often took me up the winding path to your historic ruins. A mutilated marble female body, a broken pure-white hand, a beautiful head of a youth, these are the remnants of your ancient glory, renowned Mysian Metropolis. You were the bridge for the movements to and fro between Asia and Europe. The last words of an Eumenis and an Attalos echo on your roads. Through here passed the proud ragged soldiers led by a Lacedaemonian general. They were the remnants of the legendary ‘Ten Thousand,’ who after trudging through Asia, returned again to fight ‘against Tissaphernes and Pharnabazus.’ Where is your grand library with its written parchments? Where is your old glory, renowned Pergamos? ‘I have been broken by Time, my beloved descendent. I await with love, for the Young generation to begin the task of rebuilding me with affection.’

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3 Rulers of Pergamum: Eumenis (263-241 BC) and Attalus I (241-147 BC).
4 Persian satraps in the period in which Greek mercenaries fighting for Cyrus the Younger in 401 BC marched from the Anatolia to the Black Sea to escape. The famous march is related in Xenophon’s *Anabasis*. 
APPENDIX VII


Ροδόπη

Τα χαλικόστρωτα ποτάμια σου, με τα κρουσταλένια τους νερά, τα 'χουνε οι Δρυάδες κάτω απ' τη θεικιά τους κατοχή. Οι χονοσκεπασμένες σου κορφές, αγνές κι άσπιλες, είναι η δυσπρόσιτη καταφυγή των αγριμιών· πολλές φορές υπέροχο βουνό σκαρφάλωσα πάνω σε απόκρημνα σου μονοπάτια. Αμέτρητες φορές στάθηκα βουβός πλάγι στα φλύαρα ποτάμια σου που τραγουδάνε νύχτα μέρα, ακομμανιάροντας τα αηδόνια, και τον κούκο· αθάνατη Ροδόπη πάναγο βουνό. Απ' τις ψηλαίς κορφαίς αντίκρυσα αμέτρητες φορές το γαλανό Αιγαίο και το νησί των σκοτεινών Καβείρων.

Δεξιότερα η Θάσος αριστερότερα η Ίμβρος. Ο ολόξανθος γαλανομάτης Γυνός σου, ο αθάνατος Πομάκος με άπειρη στοργή σε φυλάγιει εκατόξω βουνό. Τ' άγρια σου φαράγγια αντιλαλούν την φλογέρα του, κι ο Πάνας ο τραγοπόδης δεν σ' απαρνιόστηκε. Οι κερατοσφόροι ακόλουθόι του, τριγυρνάν με τα δάση σου, τα παρθένα, ξαπλωμένοι κάτω απ' τις δρυές και τις σκοτεινόχρωμες φτελίες. Τα βράχια σου είναι η βίγλα του γιοδοβοσκού και οι ανήλιαγες σπηλιές σου, ακατάλυτο παλάτι των Αμαδρυών. Πηγάς αγνές και κρουσταλένιες, δροσοσταλίδες πάνω στα άγρια βουνίσια λουλούδια. Σε κάθε σπιθαμή γης και πόντου π' αντίκρυσα ήταν και μια σελίδα ακριβωπληρωμένης ιστορίας. Κεί στο σκιέρο Νησί με τους φοβερούς γκρεμίνους του, και τ' άπιαστα αγρίμια του, πλάγι στους βωμούς των μυστηριώδων θεσπίτων, δυνάμεις και χαλικίστρωτοι προ πολλούς αιώνες, 'Ήταν η κόρη ορφανή, μα απ' σοί βασιλικό. Κι ο νιός ήταν ο Μεγάλος οργανωτής των Μακεδών, πατέρας του ωραίου Έλληνα που βάδισε όλα τα ερμα μονοπάτια της <<αγνής Ασίας>>. Ο ιερός Ινδός τον σταμάτησε. Τι ήθελεν ως κεί κάτω, τι ζητούσεν ως την καρδιά της Σεπτής Ινδίας; Κατακτήσεις, δόξες;
κάτι δυσκολότερο, κ’ υψηλότερο κι άρθρατο· θέλησε να εξισώσει την αυγαπητική Σφίγγα και την ασιατική Άστρη και τον αυτοκέφαλον Ασοδάρ με την πάνεγην αναδυομένην και τον Απόλλωνα. Θέλησε ν’ ασημίζει τον κουρόν νουν. <<Η ανατολή ειν’ ανατολή κι η Δύση είναι δύση, ποτές δε θα ομώσει η μία την άλλη.>> ’Ολη την η ζωή ήταν αγώνας να συναντήσει αυτά τ’ ασυνάντητα· οι περισσότεροι του φίλοι του αρνήστηκαν· και μοναχός, ολομόναχος παλεύοντας με την τρίμορφη θεά, ἔπεσε σαν ιόδεος. Απ’ την κορφή σου την περίφανη, ωραίο βουνό της Θράκης, αγναντεύον τα ιστορικά τα μέρη της πορείας του, και για μια στιγμή οι αιώνες αποτραβιούνται. Η πυκνή φάλαγγα αφίνει τους Φιλίππους και τραβά κατά την ανατολή.’ Άβδυρα— Μαρώνεια – Εβρος—Τροίς ιερόν πτολέμεθρον. Και μια ολόκληρη γραμμή ιστορικών σταθμών ως τον ιερόν Ινδό. Η λευκή Φυλή με την μορφώτερη της έκφανση, τραβούσε πίσω στην πατρικήν εστία των Αρείων. Μα το πνεύμα του ιερού ποταμού θυμωμένο τους σταμάτα. <<Μην παλινδρομείτε άτολμα εγγόνια. Τραβάτε κατά τη Δύση· απ’ εκεί διαγράφοντας τον κύκλο σας, σας περιμένω απ’ έναν μεγάλον μα έγνωστο Σας οκεανό.>> Κι η προφητεία του πνεύματος του ιερού ποταμού δεν βγήκε ψεύτικη. Να κ’ οι τυφλές δυνάμεις της Ρώμης· λεγεώνες και Κοχόρτες και ύπατοι και θριαμβεύται.

Κάπου κει κάτω απ’ τη στενή χαράδρα του Νέστου, ξεχύνεται η <<Εγνατία Οδός>>· κι οι λεγεώνες βαδίζουν βαρεία οπλισμένες. Δεν παν να δώσουν, παρά να σφετερισθούν.

Είναι το τυφλό το χέρι της αρταγής. Αίμα στάζει το κάθε τους βήμα· στην πόλι που στάθηκεν αφετηρία του ωραίου μαθητή του Αριστοτέλης στους ξίακουστούς Φιλίππους το σκοτεινό φάσμα προλέγει πως θα σταθεί το μέρος το μοιραίο της εκδίκησης. <<Ο σός ο Βρούτε Δαίμων κακός· οφόμεθα εις Φιλίππους.>> Αγαπημένο βουνό με τ’ ατελείωτα σου δάση και με τα βαθεία σου τα φαράγγια· αρχίσα να σε θυμάμαι μ’ ανεύποτη νοσταλγία. ’Ενας άσημος νερόμυλος με τη καρδιά μιας χαράδρας, γυμνά χρόνια και αιώνες τώρα, σπόντας το χρυσό αραποσίτη. Γενιές ολόκληρες θραφηκάνε απ’ την ακατάλυτη σου πέτρα, άσημε νερόμυλε. Με την ίδιαν υπομονή τα ορεσίβια παιδιά σου κλεινόταν τις μακρινές νύχτες του χειμώνα κάτω απ’ τις ταπεινές στέγες τους.
Rodopi

With their divine presence the Wood-nymphs inhabit your pebble-lined rivers and their crystal waters. Your remote snow-capped peaks, pure and unblemished, provide refuge for the wild animals. O, majestic mountain, I often climbed your hidden paths. Untold times I stood silent next to your babbling brooks which sang day and night accompanying the nightingales and cuckoos. Immortal Rodopi, unsullied mountain. Countless times, on your high peaks I gazed at the blue Aegean and the island of the dark Cabeiri. To the right Thasos, to the left Imvros. Your blonde and blue-eyed Son, the immortal Pomak, with infinite affection looks after you, mountain of a hundred animals. Your wild gorges echo with his flute and goat-footed Pan has not abandoned you. His horned followers roam your virgin forests, lying under your oaks and dark elms. Your crags are the shepherds’ lookouts and your sunless caves the indestructible palace of the Wood-nymphs. Your clear crystal springs are dewdrops on the wild mountain flowers. Every inch of land that I looked upon was a page of history paid for dearly. On the shadowy Island with its terrible precipices and elusive beasts, next to the altars of the mysterious deities, two young figures met long ago. The maiden was an orphan but of royal descent. The young man was the Great Ruler of the Macedonians, the father of the handsome Greek who trod all the desolate roads of ‘chaste Asia.’ Only the sacred Hindi river halted him. What did he want down there? What was he seeking in the heart of Venerable India? Conquests, glories? Something more difficult, higher and unattainable. He wanted to equate the Egyptian Sphinx, the Asian Astarte and the autocephalous Asodar with Apollo and chaste Aphrodite, the Rising One. He wanted to defy the common mind: ‘East is East West is West, and never the twain shall meet.’ His whole life was a struggle to join these two irreconcilables. Most of his friends abandoned him. All alone,

5 Cthonic deities worshipped in the North Aegean islands in antiquity.
struggling with the trimorphic goddess, he fell as an equal god. From your proud peak, beautiful Thracian mountain, I survey the historic sites of his journey, and for a moment the centuries retreat. The packed phalanx leaves behind the Philippi and heads for the East. Abdyra – Maroneia – Ebros – ‘sacred city of Troy.’ A whole line of historical landmarks up to the sacred Hindi. The white Race with its superior beauty returning to the Aryan homeland. But the angered spirit of the sacred river halted them: ‘Do not regress, timid grandchildren. Head towards the West, and from there, completing your circle, I await your return through a mighty but unknown ocean.’ The prophecy of the sacred river’s spirit was not proved false. Here too come the blind forces of Rome, legions and cohorts, commanders and victors. Somewhere down there in Nestor’s narrow gorge lies the ‘Egnatia Way.’ The legions march with their heavy armour. They do not go in order to give but to usurp. It is the blind hand of pillage. Their every step drips with blood. In the city from which Aristotle’s beautiful student of the renowned Philippians set forth, the dark spectre prophesises that it will be the place of the fateful revenge. ‘I am your evil spirit, Brutus. You shall see me at Philippi.’ Beloved mountain with your countless forests and deep ravines, memories of you have come back to me with an ineffable nostalgia. For years and centuries, in the middle of a gorge, a humble water-mill turns and crushes corn. Your indestructible stone, humble mill, has nourished Generations. With the same patience, your mountain children endured the long nights of winter under their humble roofs waiting for smiling spring. Countless conquerors and raiders passed through here, but still, immortal mountain, you remained untouched. In the veins of your fair Sons of the mountain there runs the same blood as your tragic beheaded Orpheus.

6 A minority group of the Rhodope area.
7 First lines of Homer’s *Odyssey*.
8 Plutarch’s *Parallel Lives* (‘Julius Caesar’ and ‘Marcus Brutus’).
APPENDIX VIII

Democritus League Archive.

Bendigo 29.10.1936

Αγαπητοί Εταίροι του Συλλόγου <<Δημόκριτος>>,
Ελήφθη εγκαίρως η επιστολή σας. Σας ευωκλείω μερικάς μεταφράσεις πρόχερας
dιαφόρων ποιητών. Μπορείτε κατ’ εκλογήν να δημοσιεύσεται, κρατώντας αυστηρώς
tην ορθογραφία και ομιλούμενην γλώσσαν.
Επίσης σας ευωκλείω κάτι σύντομο περί Δημοκρατίας καὶ Μοναρχίας. Το ξέρω πως θα
σταθώ σε πολλούς <<λίθος προσκόμματος>>.
Μα το καθήκον και δικαίωμα των νέων, είναι να βρίσκονται ανάμεσα στην προπομπόν.
"Αλλως τε κάποιο μεγάλο παιδί του τόπου μας, βροντοφώνησεν προ 23-24 αιώνας, το
αθάνατο <<Ανελεύθερον το μη πολυτεύθειαι>>. Ο αντίλαλος του καθαρός, σοβαρός,
σεμνός ύρρηται μεσα απ’ τους τρισβαδούς κόλπους των αιώνων σ’ εμάς τους
Νεοέλληνες, σαν παρότρυνος, σαν παράπονο, σαν μομφή.
Οι Νέοι πρέπει να ‘ναι πάντοτε αγρυπνούντες, κι εργαζόμενοι για μια καλύτερη,
eιλικρινότερη, δικαιώτερη <<Πανανθρώπινη Κοινωνία του Αύριου>>.

Με εκτίμηση και στοργή
Αλέκος Δούκας.

(English translation in Chapter Five.)
APPENDIX IX

Democritus League Archive.

Δημοκρατία και Μοναρχία Α. Δούκα
(Συνέχεια)

Δικτατορικός ή Βίαιος Μοναρχισμός

Καίτοι τὸν θέτω δεύτερον κατά σειράν εἶναι πατέρας του Κληρονομικοῦ μοναρχισμοῦ. Μεγάλου μονάρχην διαμορφώθηκαν καὶ εχρισθείσαν Ελέω Θεοῦ επὶ τοῦ πεδίου τῆς ανθρωποσφαγῆς καὶ λεηλασίας.

Μελετώντας τὰς βασιλικὰς οικογενείας ἐκ Νινεῖ καὶ Νιμβρώνε, ἐξ Οὔρ καὶ ἐξ Αἰγύπτου, μέσῳ τῶν γραπτῶν σφηνοειδῶν ἡ ἱερογλυφικῶν, θα ἰδεί κανεὶς ὅτι τὰς δυναστείας, με τὸν αρχικὸν τῆς γενάρχην τάδε, εἰτε ἑοὺς στρατηγὸν τῇ αρχιερέα, ἀρπαξέ τὴν βασιλείαν αὐτῆς τὴν πρωτάτην του οικογένειαν. (ἰδὲ καὶ δική μας Βυζαντινὴν αὐτοκρατορίαν)

Καὶ τώρα ζήσομε στὴν Σεμνὴν Κόρην τὴν ἀνθρωπινὴν Σοφίας, Ελευθερίας καὶ προὸδου, τὴν ακατάλυτον καὶ αἰώνιαν Δημοκρατίαν.

Δημοκρατία.

Ὁ ωραιότερος ύμνός, διὰ μέσου τῶν χιλιετηρίδων, εἰπώθηκε ὁποῖο τὸ φωτεινότερον πνεῦμα που αντίκρυσε σωτὲ τὸ φῶς τῆς ημέρας, τοῦ Περικλῆ στὸν Ἐπιτάφιον του.
Είχε και η Αθηναϊκή Δημοκρατία τα στίγματά της. Είχε την δουλειάν και
αιχμαλωσίαν, είχε τους αποκλεισμένους από την πολιτικήν ζωήν πλουσιωτάτους
εμπόρους του Πειραιώς, τους Μετοίκους.
Δεν πρέπει όμως να λησμονούμεν πως αυτή είταν μια βαρεία κληρονομιά του
παρελθόντος, βάρβαρη ανοησία.
Ο φωτισμένος Αμερικανικός λαός μέσα στο φως του 19ου αιώνος ακόμα χωρίστηκε σε
dύο στρατόπεδα, των οποίων της δουλείας και των οποίων της ισοπολιτείας.
Και ο εμφύλιος πόλεμος βάσταξε 5-6 χρόνια, ως που ένας μέσω της Δημοκρατίας
έφτασε στα ύπατα αξιώματα της πολιτείας. ένας ξυλοκόπος ο Lincoln έπαψε μαζί με
μάς τους αδέλφους τομέα στο Jettsisberg [sic], και την ατμοσφαιρική για κάθε
πολιτισμόν δουλείαν.
Η Δημοκρατία είναι κίνηση, η Μοναρχία στάσις.
Δημοκρατία είναι έρευνα, προοδευτική και πολιτικός όνομα χωρίζει ότι η κάθε προώθησις της την
φέρνει σε μια κλειστή πύλη με την επιγραφή <<Μη περαιτέρω>>.
Για μια στιγμή σταματά με δέος, ύστερα πάλι αρχικά την εκπόρτηση και πάντα βγαίνει
νικηφόρα.
Το πνεύμα της Δημοκρατίας είναι ο αντικατοπτρισμός του πνεύματος του
ανακατασκευήν και του ανθρώπου.
Ειλικρινά λέγει, - Δεν μου εδρήθη κανένα κριτήριον αλήθειας. - Αγωνιζόμαται να το
εύρω.
- Δεν περιμένω αυτό το κριτήριον να μου έρθει ανώθηκε. - Αυτός ο κόσμος ανοίγει σε
μένα. Είμαι ένα μέρος αυτού του ωραίου και μεγάλου κόσμου.
Εμπρός ορισμένες από τις και συνανθρώπους. - Προς μια ιδανική πολιτεία ισότητος
ελευθερίας. -
O άνθρωπος παίρνοντας από τα φυσικά μέταλλα, από τα φυσικά, και μειώνετας
τα με την δημοπρατικήν του πνοήν, σε λίγα χρόνια θα απελευθερώσει τα βασίλεια και τα
άλογα του. Σύμπτετον εν ειρήνη στην Πάση και στην Στέπα δεδομένο ισχυρότερα πιά.
Democracy and Monarchy  A. Doukas  
(Continued)

Dictatorial or Brutal Monarchism

Even though I place it second in order [presumably after Monarchism dealt with in the previous instalment] it is the father of Inherited Monarchy. The great monarchs emerged and were proclaimed through God’s Mercy on the battlefields of slaughter and pillage. Studying the royal families of Nineveh, Nimrod, Ur and Egypt through the cuneiform or hieroglyphics texts one can see that such and such a dynasty with its original founder, general or high priest, seized the kingdom from the preceding family. (See our own Byzantine empire).

Now we come to the Modest Daughter of human Wisdom, Freedom and Progress, indestructible and eternal Democracy.

Democracy

The most beautiful eulogy through the millennia was delivered at the Funeral Oration by Pericles, the brightest mind that ever saw the light of day. The Athenian Democracy had its blemishes. It had its slavery and captivity, it excluded wealthy merchants of Pireaus, the Metics. We mustn’t forget however that this was due to a heavy legacy, a barbarous anomy.

Even the enlightened American people in the light of the 19th century divided into two camps, the followers of slavery and the followers of equality. The civil war lasted for 5-6 years until Lincoln, a woodcutter who had risen through the Republic to the highest ranks in the state, at
Gettysburg brought to an end both the fratricidal war and slavery which is a dishonour to all civilisations.

Democracy is movement, Monarchy a stasis.

Democracy is a search, a movement forward, even though it knows that every movement forward will bring it to a closed gate bearing the sign ‘No further.’ It stops for a moment in awe, but then storms the gate again, emerging always victorious.

The spirit of Democracy is the reflection of the unsatisfied spirit of mankind. With honesty it says... I have not been issued with a criterion for truth. - I am struggling to find it. - I do not wait for this criterion to fall from above. - This world belongs to me; I am a part of this wonderful and great world. - Forward then, fellow men. – Towards an ideal republic of equality and freedom. –

Man extracts the inanimate metals from the bowels of the earth and, infusing them with his creative breath, will in a few years liberate his oxen and horses. Go in peace to the Pampas and the Steppes, we no longer need you.
So will not man liberate his own children from the pernicious plans of darkness and regression?
Alekos Doukas - Select Bibliography

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