II - 1

1|2|1-1

D.C.: 2 short stories
(Translated)

Gentlemen,

For that I know your friendship
is infringed.
You shall behold that
peerless dame of Greece.

MARLOWE

She was cleverly wrapped up in a long mauve cape and walked proudly halfway through the room. There, she hesitated. Her hard face became tender, almost timid and childish, and was looking around, searching for her host. But as her face searched with uncertainty and now and then interrupted the search to smile, her eyes fixed themselves momentarily yet surely on the eyes that caught her glance, so that she made each young man think that she was impressed by him, that his face arrested her and that he could have perhaps become the chosen one. In the meantime Richard got to her and while thanking her for coming helped her to take off her cape. And then for the first time the Englishman felt the joy experienced by men when helping ladies with their coats.

2/ The movements of the young woman while unfolding the cape and letting it fall into the hands of the young man, assumed the solemnity of a ritual. All eyes were fixed on them, full of interest, almost scandalised. For the young woman was far from being ordinary. Her dark face with the big cheek-bones, the dilated nostrils of the small nose, the melted metal of her eyes, the straight hair that hung on the strong shoulders of her almost manly body, were an unexpected spectacle in these receptions where one couldn't have thought of meeting but fair, tender, ~~conservative~~ unexciting girls.

Antony gazed at her with more interest and less scandalised than the others. "Is in't she like Nefertiti" he heard the Austrian girl saying, who never lost an opportunity to show her knowledge of Art History.

"Who is she" asked the young Englishman sitting next to her, without much interest.

"Oh don't you know!" There echoed again the voice of the Austrian girl, definitely triumphant this time, as if she were saying: "This is what you gain, you Englishmen, by having us in your country: you learn who was Nefertiti, which is the real Kultur" "Oh, don't you know really!" "It is the famous Egyptian bust in the Berlin Museum of a princess of I don't know which dynasty. Wonderful! Such a modern beauty, and yet so ancient. I don't know of how many centuries B.C."

"Is it so? Then we're about to meet tonight an Egyptian princess" interrupted the young Englishman

The Austrian girl felt rather awkward. "I am not quite sure whether Nefertiti was a queen or a princess. I should rather think a princess"

"I am not talking about Nefertiti, but about the girl with the cape. What do you say, John? Is she an Egyptian princess?"

"No, she is a Russian princess with her lady-in-waiting."

Antony then realised that there stood behind the strange girl another woman, who didn't look at all like a lady-in-waiting- she was wearing a cheap, brown hat right on top of her head, with streaks of untidy grey hair hanging around her neck, and her spinsterish face tried in vain to catch Richard's eye with a broad smile, while he was still standing immobile and blushing before the young woman, holding her cape in his arm with great respect. At last the companion, who looked very much like an old maid, said something hurriedly to the young woman in a tongue that Antony did not understand and supposed it to be Russian. The princess — who was no princess at all, but Hero from Greece — moved slowly and with incredible ease, and introduced Richard to her friend. Richard distinguished these two words among others

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that were rather incomprehensible due ↖ the distance and the girl's strange accent. Richard bowed and offered ↖ help the lady with her coat, but she ~~did~~ not only refuse even ↖ be touched, though she was not an old maid as everybody supposed, but also snatched her friend's cape from the young man's arms and insisted ↖ be told where the cloakroom was, so that she should herself take the coats there. "I don't want anybody ↖ trouble" she declared, grinning all over. "I'll take them myself"

"You better come and have a drink" Richard was saying with a charming smile.

Hero looked at her contemptuously.

"Alright then, I'll leave them on this chair and will offer you the drinks myself — I've at last found the solution: Lady-in-waiting. What would you have, Mr x? Oh, I see wonderful things here! Cherry, Port-? What's this? would you prefer a lemonade?"

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" But no, please, I'm supposed to serve you" Richard ventured.

The young woman lost her patience, ~~and~~ said something again hurriedly in the foreign tongue and "her friend" withdrew at last rather sulkily.

I will confess to you
that I dont enjoy society small or numerous.
KEATS.

In the meantime Noble stopped being interested ~~in~~ the girl of the cafe and her companion. They too ~~had~~ become like all the others that were drunkery. Antony had withdrawn in some corner and was thinking that he wished he had the courage to say goodnight and go away- but he didnit have it. It was still very early, most of the guests had'nt arrived yet, but he was terribly bored already. Those he knew seemed to him very dreadins and boring and none of the others appeared interesting enough to make ~~him~~ Antony just then

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desirable. He despaired of the broken phrases hieces of
that reached his ears. The voice of the
Austrian girl irritated him specially.
" I'm very fond of Shelley" she was now saying
" My mother was always reading Shelley in
Vienna. She had a beautiful edition
bound with crimson leather. I've been
brought up on his poetry. As if I knew----"
The Russian princess was struggling
to speak English with ease. Antony
doubt understand it. Her voice rang
deep and solemn domineering above the noise
of the party. The veins on her neck swelled,
as she brought out the strange sounds
in a manner that had some strange
charm, Antony thought. His eyes were
fixed on her, and she didn't in return take
long to realise it. While speaking
quietly with her eyes almost closed in
a faint smile, she suddenly turned her
head towards him and drove into the man's
eyes an open, deep, full of desire look.

Antony turned his head away blushing.
And he ever blushed more, realizing that
somebody near him had noticed it.
He looked at him with an ambiguous
smile and started talking to him
"Very interesting party, don't you think so?
Roland's receptions are always interesting,
for he isn't like most of us, so terribly
"insular." He loves to associate with
foreign people, and seems always to
gather together the strangest lot
that one can meet in Cambridge. In one
of his parties last year, I met a wonderful
Okeole. Tonight he's got this Greek girl"
— and he was pointing to the Russian princess.
"Which Greek girl?" Asked Antony "I thought
she was Russian" and blushed again because
he thought he had discerned a frolicking
insinuation in the other's eyes.
"No, she's Greek. Is'nt she like an
archaic statue! Have you met her?"
"No, and I don't think I could like to. I don't
think I shall ever be able to understand
her English. And I'm afraid I don't know
Russian — or rather Greek"

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" But this is just where the charm lies. Don't be so frightfully insular. How terrible not to want to hear other English than Englishmen's English. I don't say of course that the English of the Australian or the New Zealander is nice. But the English of a charming girl from Athens, when one ~~doesn't~~ cannot tell whether it's English or not and has to solve it like a puzzle, I think it's something wonderful. Like a breeze from the Acropolis perfumed with chamomile. For me the smell of chamomile and the Acropolis are the same thing. I was drunk by its smell that day. Have you ever been to Greece?"

" Unfortunately not"

" You must definitely go after the War. And for the moment you must meet Hero. Come on. I'll introduce her to you"

" I would prefer later on. I don't know! never seem to hit it with women somehow. I'm rather shy with them."

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"What a shame! This is what the public school does for one. We're thrown into the world and we don't know how to greet a woman. But we're perfectly at ease with men. That's why I don't think you'll have any objections if I introduce you to an extremely charming Turk, who, besides, belongs to our college. Where is he? Oh! He's talking to our Greek girl — and indeed how intimately! It wouldn't have been nice to disturb them. But no! They're bowing. Richard is now bowing at her and Osman is heading straight towards us. You're lucky"!

Antony pretended to have been listening to the man and smiled gently. But he felt somewhat muddled. He didn't recognize him — didn't even remember to have met him — and felt as if treading on unknown and uncertain ground, where he was almost led astray and brought to the Greek girl. He had a narrow escape though. And in his relief didn't very much mind that the Turk was approaching; was standing before him and bowing at him.

"How do you do!" the Turk was saying.

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II-1

Antony jumped up as if suddenly awakened and stared at the other person. Had he perhaps suspected what this moment meant for him? His big grey eyes flashed with terror behind the spectacles, his wide nostrils widened even more and trembled – but only for a moment. Immediately his face assumed again an ordinary and typical for him expression and he was also saying:
"How do you do?"

II-1

What noise? What shriek?
It is Cassandra-

SHAKESPEARE

The young man who introduced them had already left them and was now near the Greek girl who was talking in a prophetic manner about some contemporary poet of her country.

"You must learn modern Greek in order to read him" she was saying, in her almost savage solemnity. "He is a real poet. And you realize what this means for today. Today there are no more living values and without them man dies. We must find the one who will reveal to us the new sources of life. If we're going to be saved. We must find 'the poet.'"

Her eyes shone, her face had a strange radiance. A crowd of people had gathered round her and some of them were smiling.

"What's the name of your poet?" interrupted some impertinent person.

"Aaiotis: A-a-i-o-t-i-s."

"Oh, thank you very much. I'll make a note of that name and will try to get translations"

"Translations?" she said shrugging her shoulders with contempt. "But Aoioti like any other great poets cannot be translated. It is words are like newly cut coins which it would have been a great pity if they were exchanged for some dirty, worn notes"

"Oh, so you think that the English language is like a dirty, worn note?"

"Every other language except that of the poet is vulgar and perishable. But the words of Aoioti's shine like precious stones. Learn Greek to see it for yourselves"

"I would learn it [for your sake, to please you], but I'm very much afraid that from what I heard your poet has no sense of humour... and, you know, I can't understand at all people who are not willing to laugh at first themselves at what they say."

"What decadence" said the girl full of disgust. "No wonder England is in danger today. This sense of humour is undermining her"

"Excuse me" answered the inccorigibly impertinent person" I myself believe that we owe our health entirely to our sense of humour. Germany

will be defeated in this war because she sacrificed her sense of humour to blind faith"

"I am not talking politics" said the Greek girl stubbornly. "I am not interested in politics. I prefer to limit myself to the sphere of the intellect. For me there only exists one statute: that to be established by the poet"

"So your poet Axiotis - do I pronounce him correctly! -

"Yes, perfectly"

"He's the leader of a party"

"The poet legislates away from parties, congresses and ministries; he legislates in his own solitude and only for the few. He is the only reality. The real Greece of today is made up of 5 or 6 people..."

"You mean Axiotis - don't I say it right?- yourself, another couple from your friends and the lady who's with you - what's her name really? I'm afraid I didn't catch it. Or, perhaps, she doesn't belong to the real Greece"

Hero looked at him with contempt and had decided not to answer. But Madam Photakos, who was watching the swelling of the crowd around Hero with anxiety and dismay, herself being scarcely able to keep a man, despite her

extremely nice and so obliging in her incessant offering of snaps and drinks, as soon as she realized that a person from the enviable circle was interested in her, having grabbed the poor man from the arm, pulled him away quickly.

"Have you called me? Do you want anything? How I wish I knew what on earth she is saying and has gathered you all around her"

"Just now we were asking about you Madam, or is it Miss?"

"Doctor Photakos" said the friend of the Greek girl, releasing the man's arm from her grip.

"Excuse me, Doctor, but is it Madam or Miss? I should say Miss"

"How impertinent you're! I've told you Dr. But come along, have some wine and tell me what this Circe is telling you and has gathered such a crowd round her. She knows no more than I do, and what's more I flattered myself to believe that I can express things better."

And was pulling the man towards the table with the drinks, gripping his arm tightly.

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"Boy, be not agaste if we seem say"
York Mysterie.

In the meantime the two young men, Antony and the Turk, were struggling to exchange some platitudes. The Englishman still eyed the new acquaintance rather suspiciously, unwillingly and searchingly. He hadn't yet learned how to move comfortably among people. Every contact made him shudder and retreat. The Turk was in a difficult position.

"Have you known Richard for long!" He asked quickly ~~in~~ the best social manner, as if he wanted to remind Antony that he was at a party where suspicion and anything else that made easy and comfortable talk difficult was out of place "It's the first time that I see you at his parties. I've known him for years and I'm always asked to all his 'dos'. At least I think so." [This he said smiling]

"But I've never seen you here before, unless of course I'm mistaken"

"I hate parties" Antony answered with obvious emotion

" I never go. Besides I' haven't been in Cambridge for very long"

The Turk looked at him with great surprise. For a moment he didn't know what to do and became grave. But soon his face was lit again by a smile. His mother had often told him that he had the most irresistible smile in the world. And perhaps she wasn't wrong, for Antony's attitude and voice became softer,

" I am still a freshman. I've just started working. How far have you gone? What are you taking!"

The Turk answered at once that he was studying economics and that he was in his third year. When they discovered that they both belonged to the same college, they seemed very pleased.

" I'm surprised that I haven't seen you either in the Hall or in the reading room" remarked the Turk. " I thought that I knew by sight all the students of our college"

" I never go to the reading room. I hate newspapers and all that happens in the world today- I would prefer never to hear any news"

"Excuse me, but I dont agree with you at all" the Turk hastened to interrupt him, for he liked arguing, especially when his point of view was a defence of reason and of common sense. But Antony abhorred arguments and tried to avoid the danger of embarking into one, by jumping from the topic of the reading room to the Hall.

"As for the Hall of course, we never sat near, because I sit at the freshmen's table"

"It's true that I dont know many freshmen and I dont take much notice of their table" Antony could not hide a faint smile and the Turk hastened to add: "But from now on I'll look out for you"

The young Englishman blushed, though he didn't dare to realise at once the significance of the compliment, and they both became silent and uncomfortable. Antony was thinking that it was getting late and that it was no more time early to depart, but didn't dare to leave the Turk without asking him something about his country. Constantinople, Ataturk or the war.

He thought he should. But he remained silent, because the other didn't speak either, only looked at him every now and then with the corner of his strange, mobile eyes. At last, the moment Antony was about to speak, the Turk assuming a mysterious manner, as if he wanted to confide something and yet didn't dare, moved his lips two or three times in hesitation, but in the end he made up his mind and putting his face to the ear of the Englishman whispered:

"Today I went to London"

"Really!" Ask Antony ironically, for he couldn't understand why it should be so important that a young Turk whom he just met spent a few hours in London.

The Turk shook his head with the same mysterious smile which said many unmentionable things that Antony ought to guess.

"How interesting!" laughed Antony with more defined irony; perhaps even somewhat annoyed.

"And how did you find it!

"Oh, quite gay" the Turk answered with his eyes as if full of pleasant, gay memories.
"What, what did you say? Gay?" asked the Englishman surprised and amused and with no more irony.

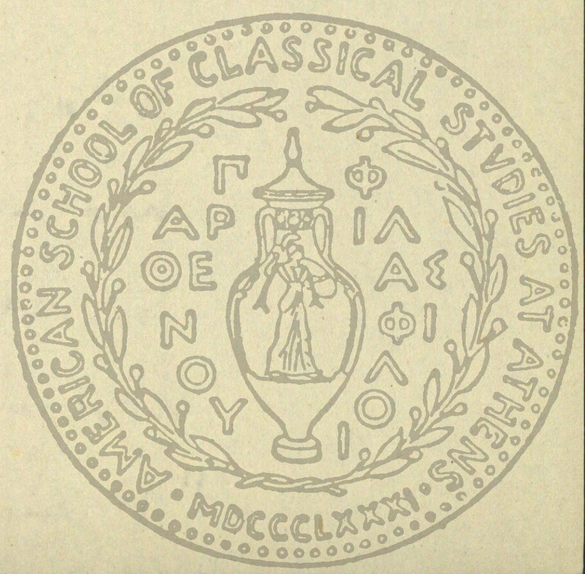
He was born and bred in London and felt his being somehow interwoven with that of the great city; especially now in Cambridge he often felt homesick for it and often did he whispered with emotion: "Dear, dear, old friend". But he never connected it with the word "gay". The Turk's remark, so unexpected, scandalised him, amused him, it almost seemed unrespectful to him. ~~Did~~ Were there parts or facets of London that he didn't know? And he asked with some fear:
"Where did you go! What did you see!"
"Nothing, nowhere, only to a restaurant. I had lunch with a friend"
"Oh, I see" said Antony relieved and assuming his sarcasm again. His "friend" must have belonged to the female sex, so both the Turk's enigmatic attitude and London's gaiety could be explained
"I understand very well and I hope I'll see you again

But now I must go"

"Surely we shall meet at the College"

"I'm sure."

And Antony went up to Richard, having not noticed that his host was that very moment talking to the Greek Sirt. When he realised it, it was already too late. He could no more avoid the introduction.



Often Hero went to see her friend next day - on a Sunday - she found Madam Photakos still in bed, though it was near noon. The room was dark.

"What is it, Maria, aren't you well?" asked tenderly.

The other didn't answer. Hero went to the window to pull the curtains. But a harsh and wild voice coming from the bed made her stop.

"I don't want any light. The sun kills me. I can't stand it any more. I can't —"

And her phrase faded in sobs.

"There is no sun today at all" remarked Hero pulling the curtains open. "As for light, I want some myself. Do you think I shall stay here with you in this terrible darkness? You know how I hate darkness both inner and external. Light saves us." However, this time light didn't save her from the horrible sight of her friend lying motionless and as if about to die on her bed. Her face was swollen and red through crying and tears rolled down her cheeks. following the

deep, dark furrows of her wrinkles.

"It was very pleasant yesterday" Hero began, having made certain of the appalling condition of Madam Photakos. "I can see many victims."

Madam Photakos could no more retain her immobility.

"I dont care at all, not at all, I tell you." she shouted with despair.

"If you don't care, I do. Richard has got it badly. Did you see him when he was helping me with my cape! He was about to faint, and he was not only emotionally disturbed. He was trembling with desire. I was really sorry for him, I felt pity."

"If you felt pity for him, it should've been difficult for you to relieve him immediately. It doesn't cost you anything. His room was there, next door. Oh! my head, my head! I think I'll die..."

But "you didn't ask me whether I like him" Madam Photakos muttered something between her teeth, something incomprehensible.

Prostitute

"Bitch, do you think it does you honour to be treated like that? Street girls are more respected than you"

Hero was standing infront of the mirror, combing her hair with a comb she had just taken out of her handbag — a big brown handbag that hung from a long strap worn over her shoulder — completely ignoring her friend.

Madam Photakos opened up her red, faded eyes and fixed them on the girl's shining, black hair.

But it was Hero who spoke first with hard voice and a hard light in her eyes:

"If a stranger in the street made advances to me, I wouldn't follow him. While you ----"

Madam Photakos' faded eyes shone with fire: the fire of sacred wrath.

"Of course you would never follow him. Because you have no senses"

"I, have no senses?" asked Hero trembling all over as if the very core of her existence was being offended and injured.

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ΑΜΕΡΙΚΑΝΙΚΗ ΣΧΟΛΗ ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΩΝ ΣΠΟΥΔΩΝ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ
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"If I liked anybody, it was that young Turk. Did you notice his smile?"

"Hm, you noticed him too?. You have designs on him as well! But I won't let you. No, I won't let you. I'll do everything to stop you. It isn't right.--- It isn't right.--- "

" My dear Maria, what are you saying? Who can stop me? When the people concerned are willing, who can do anything about it?"

" Aren't you counting without him, though? "

"What! The Turk? But haven't I told you? Of course, how could you know. Yet you must have noticed that he offered to help me down the dark stairs. Well, did you think that nothing would happen down those fifty steps while walking in the dark, almost in his arms! I tell you I was embarrassed"

" And I tell you, I don't want to hear any details"

"I didn't know what to do. He held my arm so tight that I felt like screaming. It was like pinching me. This young Turk is so daring"

"Don't make me laugh! What are you saying, my dear Marion? 'I' have no senses!"

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