

Instead of Essay for Mr. Littler -

Autobiography 1/1/36 -

It is perhaps necessary to state at the very beginning of my essay, that ^{an} autobiography is not so easy to write, unless one is a distinguished man of letters (e.g.) (like) G. B. Shaw or a famous personality, who makes History, like Lloyd George, or an inventor, whose achievements bear much on the trend of life, as the case is with Edison or Stephenson or Marconi.

Obviously, I am not the person to have such claims, as the aforementioned. And, the most essential, assuming that I (might) put before you something interesting from whatever point of view, it will be unavoidably destroyed through incomplete knowledge of the language, which is not my mother's, and through lack of style. It is well known that one who writes an autobiography must more or less be a stylist.

The work - I am sure you realize it - is too troublesome to carry out and, if it had not been for Mr. Littler, I should never have ventured upon such an undertaking.

But the subject, moreover, presents (and some) other remarkable difficulties: as a rule men are all egotists and like much to exaggerate in speaking of their own experiences and intellectual and moral achievements, if any and ^{to} audience, listening to a certain account of facts, are usually divided into two parts i.e. into those, who are

inclined to disbelieve in facts and things, they have not already experienced, (naturally ^{who} they) find themselves before something unknown, which is, we know, hard to believe), and into those, who, having lived events more impressive to themselves and consequently most important, will not listen to trifles without disappointment; and it is really dependent upon the speaker's ability to strike the happy medium. Nevertheless I must try with the hope that your magnanimity will help it. ⁴ assist me.

My life, in short, may be divided into four stages and so may its history. i. e. a) childhood b) migration to Limassol c) migration to Athens and d) back to Cyprus and teaching period in the Limassol Gymnasium.

I was born at Paphos, ^{Island of Cyprus} now a village, ~~of Cyprus~~ in the year 1901 and I hold myself happy for ^{Portmalo} ~~starting~~ ^{having begun} my life-journey ^(voyage) at the beginning of an enlightened, full of energy activities and democratic century. At a range my history will correspond to the history of the 20th century. But unfortunately I cannot say the same as regards my birthplace; for Paphos, although famous for its antiquities and the worship of the foamborn Goddess of Beauty, could not help me by its meagre and poor means of today. It has been the favourite place of Aphrodite, the wonder of wonders, but I could ^{desire} ~~get~~ no benefit ^{from} of this glory; not a bit. A village with 300 inhabitants without a school in the time of my childhood can only boast of deplorable relics of a glorious past: medieval castles, columns, churches, catacombs and heaps and heaps of stones.

Euripides's hymn to Paphos (ⁱⁿ *Bacchae*) and Homer's in "Hymn to Aphrodite" sound today as a ~~trist~~ mournful obituary:

"Love hath an island, (it refers not ^{to} the island itself but particularly to
And I would be there; Paphos, where the temple of Venus was)
Love hath an island,
And nurtreth there
For men the delights
The beguilers of care,
Cyprus, love's island;
And I would be there.

At Paphos she dwelth,
And wealth cometh there.

At float with the Kisses
That Ocean doth bear
From the hundred streams
Like a shower unfurled
Of the Rainless River
Born out of the world;
There are the hill-sides
On Earth most fair,
Pierian hill-sides,
And melody there,
the voice of the Nine,
Is borne on the air
Over the hill-sides
And I would be there —

Olympian hill-sides,
For Heaven is there
With spirits divine
And shining of fire;
And there are the Graces,
And there is Desire.

(By J. F. R.)