

# Ορόδωρος Καρρυσκίδης

Εγγυησάμην ὑποχρεωσάμην  
ὡς ἂν ὑποχρεωσάμην Σανδῶν.  
Εγγυησάμην βίβλια ἐλάττωσαν  
καὶ ἐλάττωσαν.  
Εὐχριστὸς ὡς ἂν ὑποχρεωσάμην  
λαρικήν ὀδύνην Κίωρα  
πρὸς τὸν Σανδῶν

Ευχαρίστηση 15.12.1995

Αγαπητέ Πανίκο,  
με μεγάλη ευγνωμοσύνη στο όνομα έρχομαι  
να β' ευχαριστήσω για το όμορφο  
δελτίο σου. Η μόνη ευχή μου είναι,  
ότι περνούσατε δύσκολες μέρες  
με μια υγιεινή και υγιεινή το

Jaivaro us puripar us gvarinas  
mau.

Tupa uaitus upifubor co ppoipura.  
Kipura ita du ipur us pdray bus  
koudia, an uon du du gvarinas  
gvaris i gvaris

Oja na uayis gvaris us ipur  
Dadupis Kipuras

# THE P·E·N

A WORLD ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS

SWEDISH CENTRE · FOUNDED 1922



Ερωτήματα 28. 6. 1991

Αγαπητέ μου Πάριος,  
Χίτες βεβαιώσω για να είκο μυστα  
αγροπορία μου. Το χάρμα να  
"οδοιπορία" του εδου και ναυτο, αλλη  
επιβουραν τοτα γίρω μου εδου  
και, ερωτο ναυτο και πηγορμα.  
"Ενα αναγίτες να πηδρια να εουδρια  
PEN, διοριμαα ερεβουζου να εταρτα  
Πορτορμα εδου και περμα ανίρω.  
Εε γωμαε γαρπηε ερωα ορμα ναγα  
και γραγα και να εδου εχουμα  
και να να.

Με γίγια και κωιρμαε

Οδωρηε Κεγγερεδω



Ilavicus Ilavovibus

T. K. 544

Limasol

Cyperus

Kaprechukun

Theodor Kallifatides  
Bellmansgatan 7  
11820 Stockholm

Stacidium

14. 1. 1998

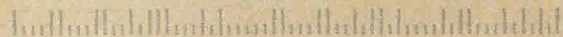
Αγαπητός μου Έρνος,  
ευχαριστώ πολύ για το βιβλίο  
σου, και όπως τα προηγούμενα  
είχαν γράψει από αιτίες, βίβας,  
βιβλίου, γουρτί και θρίψα.  
Δηλαδή θα πειν όπως πάντα.  
Με αγάπη και για τους δύο σας

Θοδωρής Κυριακίδης



Elli Peonides  
127, 70th St.  
Brooklyn 112 09  
N.Y. U.S.A.

11209/1129



Aphrodite had ruled this island. There were temples and cult places everywhere. There was an abundance of myths, many of them very beautiful. They dealt with her loves. One of the most beautiful concerned her brief, but intense infatuation with the young Adonis. It was a deadly love, since Aries, consumed by jealousy, killed Adonis who died in the arms of his mistress in the ancient city of Idalion where the anemones still grow - that is to say, the blood of Adonis. Even Zeus reacted to this terrible deed. He saw to it that Adonis was allowed to return to the living once every year to visit his divine mistress.

I had a final encounter with Aphrodite, and this time it was truly a private encounter, for it was in her bath. But that will have to wait. There were so many other things to do on the way. First I wanted to spend a day away from gods, goddesses, churches and saints. I did not want to dwell on the past. Though that is often difficult, especially here on Cyprus.

I intended to try, however. Northwest of Paphos lies the wonderful Coral Bay. I took along two volumes of poetry by the Cypriot woman poet Elli Peonides and drove off.

I wanted to get back to the twentieth century. The poems brought me back, with a vengeance. A powerful, sensuous poetry. I had met Elli Peonides at one of the innumerable peace conferences frequented by authors during the eighties. I visited her and her husband in their home in Limassol. They received me with a warmth that only Cypriots are capable of.

Many guests have been to their home. In their guestbook I found to my great surprise some lines by Gerd Andersson, the famous ballerina and one of my absolute favorites among dancers. It is a small world.

The Peonides couple and I sat on their porch drinking the incredibly delicious retsinated wine that her family grows, talking about peace, Cyprus and poetry.

- Lefcosia is the last divided city in Europe, said Panicos Peonides. Before, there were Berlin and Lefcosia. Now it is just Lefcosia.

The Cypriots themselves refer to their capital as Lefcosia. Everybody else calls it Nicosia.

I asked to what extent Cypriot writers have been affected by the Turkish occupation.

- Affected?, they said with one voice. We hardly talk of anything else!

I had received the same answer from the novelist Giannis Katsouris, whose wonderful novel Styliarios Anabasis I had just read.

Now was the time to speak up, clearly and unambiguously. Formal aspects were secondary. First the great wound had to heal.

"Postmodernism and things like that are for those who do not have to wonder who it is knocking at your door in the middle of the night", someone had said, I don't remember who. This insight had hit me like a blow. It was not just sorrow at having lost a third of your country - first and foremost it was fear. Fear that what had happened before the indifferent eyes of the world might happen again.

- Now you understand why we attend as many peace conferences as possible, said Elli Peonides smilingly as she served us a delicious cheese pie. I smiled back as if I understood - but I did not. It is hard to understand somebody else's fear. Maybe the hardest thing of all. We are able to understand it when someone is in love or sad, but we do not understand someone's fear unless we, too, are afraid. Fear makes us alone.

Being a writer on Cyprus is obviously not easy. There are no professional writers. Everybody has to do something else to earn their living. Their audience is much too small, and even though Cypriot authors write in Greek they do not have access to the Greek market, other than in exceptional cases.

They therefore have to keep the tradition alive on their own. And they do. Their tradition is powerful and ancient. Some of the Classical commentators maintain that Homer himself was born on Cyprus. Of course, no one knows for certain. Others claim that a Cypriot epic poet, Stasinos, married Homer's daughter and that Homer gave his works to his daughter as a dowry, since he was a poor man.

Only fragments remain of Stasinos' epic works. They show that poetry has existed on Cyprus since the twelfth century BC, and probably before that. A tradition like that does not die out easily. In spite all military occupations, in spite of all the problems. Once Man has learned to sing it takes a lot to silence him.

- It is frightening to think that I am using the same words as Sappho, Elli Peonides said.

I lay there on the warm sand of Coral Bay reading her poetry. I did not notice much of that fear. I guess you learn to live with that as well.