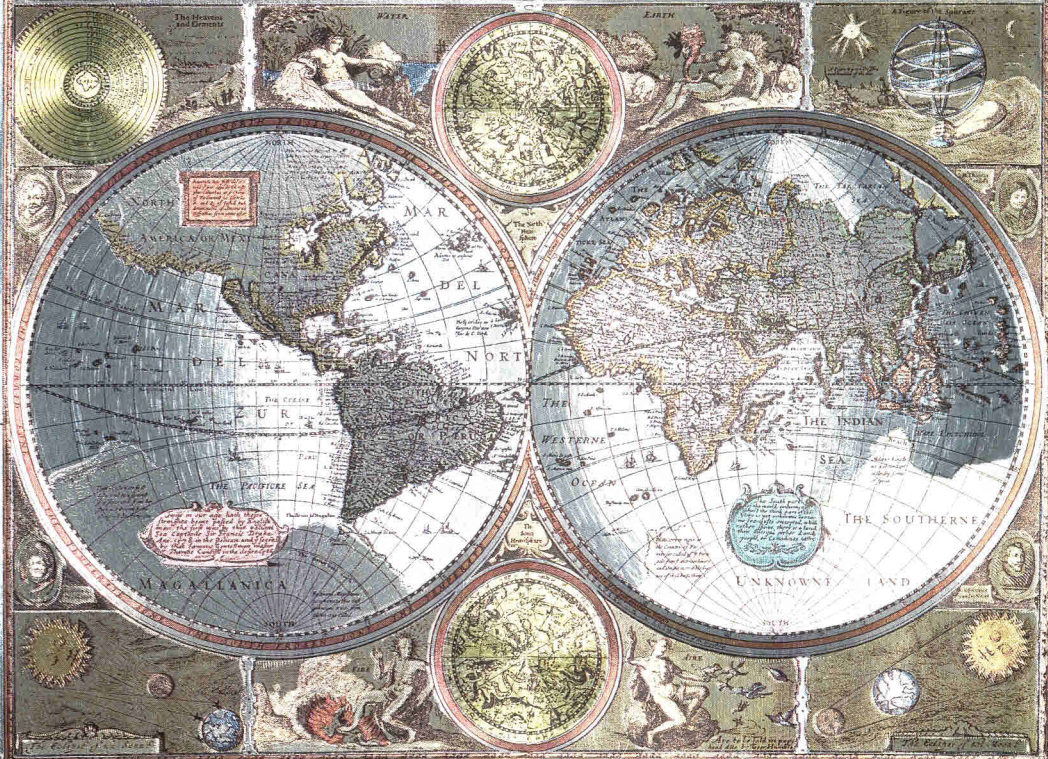


Tfeyjy Kartip.

Το πρωτοβιβλίο Καρδινάλιος Συρρι-
λμής, Δοξολογία και Αγιμνία.
Διελγεί ενόθεν τα εφ' όσον
World Literature Today και
Οργάνων τα Βρετανία Νότιοι. Η
Εφημερίδα (εξ) τα Καθώς Ευρωπαϊκά τα
1994

A NEW AND ACCVRAT MAP OF THE WORLD Dearene according v^y true's Descriptions late's Discoveries & best Observations i have bene made by English or Strangers

1626



Dearest Susan & Elli:

Here are a few mementos of our unforgettable few days in Oklahoma together. You have added a magical dimension to our life-space by simply sharing our home & surroundings with us for a few days. We certainly hope to see you back here again. I would like to request, Elli, that prior to your departure from New York, please send me a complete resume/bibliography of your accomplishments & honors. I would like to have it on file. Also, please, do not go off without giving us your address & phone numbers.

We wish you and all your family the merriest of Christmases & we hope the year 1993 holds marvelous surprises & the best of fortune for you & all of our people.
Holiday Greetings

AND BEST WISHES FOR A NEW YEAR OF HAPPINESS

IN A WORLD OF PEACE

P.S. Elli: Thank you very much for Desdemona's Soliloquy in Famaqosta... she may be speaking to herself. But I assure you someone is listening. I hear her very clearly. If I could only get my soliloquy to connect with hers!

With our love,
Sela & Janita
XX XX

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

A Literary Quarterly of the University of Oklahoma
Founded as *Books Abroad* in 1927



Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

13 October 1992

Panos Peonidou
340 W. 57th Street Apt. 8H
New York, New York 10019

Dear Panos:

I find your note today upon my return from a lecturing trip in Michigan. I hope you are not too lonely without Elli.

I send along a copy of the latest issue of the journal. You already have seen the part on Elytis, which I sent to you at proof stage. Here it is in context.

My wife and I had dinner with Yevtushenko about a month ago. I brought him some trahana my mother had sent me from Australia. He was ecstatic. He and Masha will be here with us on November fifth. His address is as follows:

Yevgeny Yevtushenko
1365 E. 26th Street
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74114

His fax number is (918) 742-1315.

I sincerely hope that the next round of UN talks proves productive. I will give you a call this weekend when I am passing through New York. I will be lecturing at Stoney Brook but I won't have the opportunity to get into the city. I am flying in and out of MacArthur Airport on Long Island with only an overnight stay. I have to be back here for a number of meetings next week and also to prepare my lectures for the University of California at the end of this month. We are definitely planning on seeing you between Christmas and New Year when Juanita and I will be in New York.

All the best,

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

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*Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature*

23 October 1992

Panos Peonidou
340 W. 57th Street Apt. 8H
New York, New York 10019

Dear Panos:

I send along a review of a couple of books on Cyprus in *TLS*. I am very interested in the second book, Andrea Malecos's edition of J. P. Foscolo's photographs published by the Cyprus Popular Bank. Can you help me purchase this volume either by sending me an address of where I might order it or requesting that a copy and the bill be sent to me at my home address (608 Shadow Creek Court / Norman, Oklahoma 73072/USA)?

Many thanks for the news release on the University of Cyprus. I wish I had been invited to participate in the festivities. A couple of years ago I was invited to the University of the Eastern Mediterranean in the North. I did not go because I refuse to go to the North if I can not also go to the South. Now that we have universities in both parts, I would find it easier on my conscience to visit Cyprus in a professional capacity. At any rate, I am very proud that we now have a University of Cyprus and, hopefully, I may get to see it for myself.

Any news on the UN deliberations? I look forward to contributing concretely to the implementation of the accords and I hope both sides will be alert enough to the virtues of having Cypriots involved in the solution of the problems of Cyprus, especially those of us who have some distance and a true moral and ethical commitment to principles of conviviality. Please keep me posted.

Has Elli come back yet? I will call next week after I return from California where I will be lecturing the last week of October.

Fondly,

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19 August 1992



Elli & Panicos Peonidou
2 West 67th Street, Apt. 14F
New York, New York 10023

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Rebecca West
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Y. H. Zhao
(U. London)

Dear Elli & Panos:

Welcome back! Thank you very much for your card from Germany. It made us wish we were with you.

I have read the Sepheris/Philip *synomilia* with great pleasure. For me it is a recognition scene since the literary personages discussed there are those that inhabit my private and professional life, and even intrude into my dreams. Sepheris is a wonderfully literate man and he cultivated the art of conversation which, alas, is an art that is being practiced less and less. The fact that the word *interview* has replaced the Greek coinage *synomilia* is symptomatic of how little we speak to each other meaningfully and how we have turned into voyeurs of our cultural life. I am reminded of Hölderlin's lucid ravings in his lunatic's tower where he kept harping on the verse "since we have been a conversation / and hear from one another." Heidegger adopted that verse in his reflections on poetry, but he never shut up to listen to what anyone else had to say.

Brother Panos, I have also read a number of your reviews in your collection of literary critiques. You have a very incisive sensibility and I swear you are a cryptopoet who respects poetry too much to romance it, much less to make love to it in versification. I wonder how you ever courted Elli who is a walking poem! Thank you for sharing your reflections with me.

I am sending you various things to welcome you back closer to me (New York is closer than Germany). I send copy of the page proofs of some poems from Elytis' latest book and an accompanying commentary by the translator, Jeffrey Carson. Here you will find the same Dionysios Solomos to whom Sepheris pays homage in the *Elliniki paideia* he delivers to Ann Philip when he speaks of the birth of our modern Greek poetry. Elytis too recognizes Solomos as the founding father. The proofs I send you are from the Summer issue of the journal which will be reaching you in early September. I also send you two articles of mine. The first is on the encounter of cultures, Columbus, and the writing of America. This is my guest-editor's introduction to a special issue of *Annals of Scholarship* (N.Y.). The second deals with the contemporary Chilean novelist José Donoso and the cast of literary characters that Sepheris discusses so well with Ann Philip. How I envy Ann Philip! I wish I knew Sepheris. This article is part of a chapter from my latest book which will be published next year. A copy is reserved for you, of course. I have just read the first proofs.

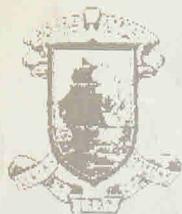
That's all for now. You do have to recover from your journey, so I won't tax you any more.

Affectionately,

110 Monnet Hall, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0375, USA
Phone: (405) 325-4531 Fax: (405) 325-7495

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

A Literary Quarterly of the University of Oklahoma
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Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

6 April 1993

Mr. Panicos Peonides

&

Mrs. Elli Peonidou

Limassol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Family:

Thank you very much for your fax which I found this morning. You make me so home sick, if I were not so busy I would sit down and drink a bottle of wine all by myself and play my laudo until it wept. Of course I remember my Saint's Day, March 25. And of course I remember flavounes (I had to help my mother grate the cheese and I had to brush them with egg after they rose and before they went into the fourno. And I remember too dying eggs with boiled dry onion skins. As for your Vasa's vintage this year, just save a bottle, you never know.

Yes, I am serious about Lyon. But, as always, there seems to be a hitch. Aixé is graduating from her university on the May 23 and I have to be in Oregon with Juanita. Before I can get to France, it will be May 26 and that's already too late. I want to participate in next year's Congress. I am going to write to your friend Robert André and send him a copy of the latest issue of WLT. By the way, your copy should be arriving soon. This is the Russian issue. Tell me what you think when you get it. It's a shame that I cannot come to Lyon, because this topic is one which interests me very much and we should do a special issue of WLT on it. In fact, I will be giving a seminar at the universities of Geneva and Lausanne, Switzerland at the end of April on the topic of "Transnational Literature." It would have been a perfect follow-up to be in Lyon with you. Please tell Robert André that I would like very much to be invited as a speaker to the next Congress, depending on what the topic is, of course.

Please tell Melina to call Aixé as soon as she arrives in Oregon. They may have more to talk about than ever before. Aixé just declared her intention to get married this summer. I am still trying to cope with the news and recover from the shock. I wish you were closer so I could talk to you about all this over a glass of Vasa wine.

More about the jury Neustadt forthcoming. For now, just think of whom you might consider nominating for the prize. So far we have jurors from Australia (the poet Chris Wallace-Crabbe), Spain (the poet Angel Gonzalez), Russia (Zoya Boguslavskaya, if she doesn't change her mind), Guyana/England (the novelist David Dabydeen). I will keep you posted. There will be about twelve jurors. Nominations of candidates should reach me by August 1.

With love,

110 Monnet Hall, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0375, USA
Phone: (405) 325-4531 Fax: (405) 325-7495

*Just spoke to Zhuyga. He received your
fax but he has been out of town. He'll
be in touch.*

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

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Djeral Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

31 March 1993

Mr. Panicos Peonides
&
Mrs. Elli Peonidou
Limasol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-⁵32-7121

Dear Family:

Many thanks for your fax of last week. We have just finished with the Puterbaugh Conference here, the culmination of a very intense two weeks. Other than this we are fine.

Please tell Melina to call our daughter Aixé when she is in Oregon. Aixé is in Portland at Reed College. Her address is 3638 S.E. Yamhill, Portland, Oregon 97214. Her telephone number is (503) 239-4830. I am sure they will have a great deal to talk about. Unfortunately, I cannot come to the wedding. In July I have to be in Paris, in Barcelona, and in Bellagio, Italy.

Yes, please, do send me information on the Lyon Congress of the IALC. I am very interested in the topic. This is a subject I am now working on and will be discussing at the Rockefeller Center in Italy in July. I may be able to come to Lyon in May, if I have no conflicts on my calendar. What are the official languages of the Conference?

As for the Neustadt Prize, the jury will convene here in Norman between the 17 and 19 of March, 1994. Elli, I will send you a ticket so that you can arrive here March 16, the day before the deliberations begin. If you want to stay longer than the 19th you are welcomed to stay as long as you like. Please let me know. For now, please put March 16 as a travel date on your calendar. We hope Panos can come with you, of course, and we will furnish him with the best Oklahoma-Cypriot hospitality, but, alas, we cannot pay for his airline ticket.

Juanita is doing well. We had dinner with Zhenya last week and he and Masha are doing fine. Zhenya finished his novel!

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Love,

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6 December 1993

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Y. H. Zhao
(U. London)

Mrs. Elli Peonidou
Box 544
Limasol
CYPRUS

Dear Elli:

You shall be receiving a package, now being mailed to you via U.S. Air Express, that includes selected reading materials from the work of the 1994 Neustadt Prize candidates. We have followed the suggestions and contributions of the jurors in the acquisition and preparation of these materials for the jury. We expect a couple of additional items from the publishers. As soon as these arrive, they will be shipped out to you.

In the event we do not have occasion to be in touch between now and the end of the year, I want take this opportunity to wish you and yours all the best for the holiday season and for the new year. I am delighted that 1994 includes the chance for us to see each other again, and I look forward to that felicitous occasion in March.

Affectionately,


Djelal Kadir
Distinguished Professor of Literature

DjK/vv

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11 October 1993

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Y. H. Zhao
(U. London)

Mrs. Elli Peonidou
Box 544
Limasol
CYPRUS

Dear Elli:


Enclosed please find the statement of nomination from each member of our Neustadt jury on his/her candidate. We are now in the process of gathering a selection of materials from each candidate's work. We hope to send these materials to you in a few weeks.

As you know, one of our candidates, Toni Morrison, has just been awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. It will be interesting to see how our jury deals with this unprecedented development. Our laureates have often been awarded the Neustadt Prize on their way to the Nobel rather than on their way back from it. We shall see what happens in March.

I hope the fax I sent you in Athens reached you. Once again, I thank you very much for the copy of EREYNA and for your wonderful translation of my poems. Please give my love to Panos and to Melina. She looks beautiful in her wedding pictures, which is not surprising, of course, considering who her parents are!

All is well here. I am getting ready to travel to Atlanta and New York for about ten days for lecturing. Juanita sends her best, I shall write again at greater length after I return from New York.

With best wishes,


Djelal Kadir
Distinguished Professor of Literature

DjK/cdh

encs.: nomination statements

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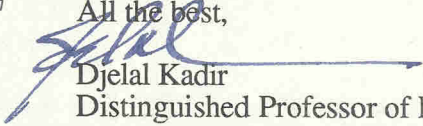
Dear Elli:

I send along the bio-bibliographical roster of jurors and candidates for the 1994 Neustadt Prize as prepared for press releases and as it will appear in the Winter issue of our journal. With your kind participation, we have a distinguished group of jurors and a stellar cast of candidates. The jury will convene here starting on Wednesday evening, March 16, when we shall host a dinner at home so that the jurors may become acquainted (or re-acquainted in some cases) prior to the beginning of our deliberations early the next morning. We hope to have an announcement on the outcome by Friday afternoon, March 18, so that the news media can pick up the results for week-end reporting. Friday evening we shall have a reception at home and the banquet in honor of the jury will take place on Saturday evening, March 19.

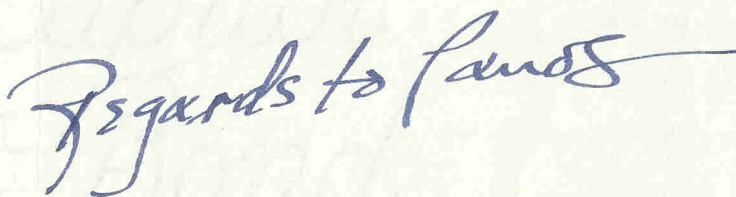
We are sending you a round-trip ticket with this communication. Unfortunately, our fiscal means and university regulations only permit us coach-class bookings. Just in case you have exhausted the reading materials we sent you, enclosed please find a couple of late arrivals for two of the candidates.

We look forward to your arrival.

All the best,


Djelal Kadir
Distinguished Professor of Literature

DjK/vv



Compensatory Gestures

for elli

In silent and unpredictable ways, sooner or later,
the laws of reclamation will claim their own.
When you least expect to be discovered, you are
found out, taken in, frisked, stripped of the patinas
you diligently layered over your pastoral furtiveness
with urbane application and ironic deference,
smiling all the while with the courtly obeisance and
inscrutable gaze characteristic of your island and the
moving faces of its ancient statuary.

You whose itinerary has spanned the globe, always
in search of the mulberry's shade, the aroma of
orange blossom, the buzzing sounds of August's
fervid harvest, and the awful moan of winter's
laboring sea, you have suddenly been unmasked,
discovered from afar, not even seen, just detected
the way some creatures discern each other's
whereabouts by ultrasound or infrasense, faculties
that congenitally bind certain species across
time warps and around bent space.

In vain you have spent years combing the horizon
of human faces in that melancholy attempt that seeks
the eyes that echo one's displacement, loss, and
incurable gregariousness typical of detached
geographies and of pelagic human islands.

And now, out of sight and beyond earshot, when
you felt most secure in your vulnerability, you are
surprised in your redoubt even as you continue to
doubt, though no longer with any sense of despair,
the possibility of ever finding or ever being found.

Unseen and unseeing, you have finally been tracked
down by claims whose summons you have managed
to deflect for years, discovered in the language of
poetry which is not the language of ethos but the
implacable language of anagnorisis.

djk
5. VI. 92

Compensatory Gestures

for elli

In silent and unpredictable ways, sooner or later, the laws of reclamation will claim their own. When you least expect to be discovered, you are found out, taken in, frisked, stripped of the patinas you diligently layered over your pastoral furtiveness with urbane application and ironic deference, smiling all the while with the courtly obeisance and inscrutable gaze characteristic of your island and the moving faces of its ancient statuary.

You whose itinerary has spanned the globe, always in search of the mulberry's shade, the aroma of orange blossom, the buzzing sounds of August's fervid harvest, and the awful moan of winter's laboring sea, you have suddenly been unmasked, discovered from afar, not even seen, just detected the way some creatures discern each other's whereabouts by ultrasound or infrasense, faculties that congenitally bind certain species across time warps and around bent space.

In vain you have spent years combing the horizon of human faces in that melancholy attempt that seeks the eyes that echo one's displacement, loss, and incorrigible gregariousness typical of detached geographies and of pelagic human islands.

And now, out of sight and beyond earshot, when you felt most secure in your vulnerability, you are surprised in your redoubt even as you continue to doubt, though no longer with any sense of despair, the possibility of ever finding or ever being found.

Unseen and unseeing, you have finally been tracked down by claims whose summons you have managed to deflect for years, discovered in the language of poetry which is not the language of ethos but the implacable language of anagnorisis.

djk
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Rebecca West
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Y. H. Zhao
(U. London)

Dear Elli & Panos:

I am most grateful for your wonderful telephone call. It was a pleasure to speak with you and I look forward to the time when we might meet "face to face," as Elli's interviews would have it.

I took some time over the weekend and read through your poetry, Elli. I am enchanted with the surface texture (the apparent simplicity) and profound lyricism of your poetic voice. You are deceptively simple, and you are frightening in your captivating charm, in the Greek sense of this word that is so abused in English. I am enchanted by the title of your book, I am captivated by its proemion. Obviously you weave well, Elli, as well as any Penelope who has had Arachne for a teacher, if not a model. If the first poem, the proemion, is to be what the Latins called an instrument of *captatio benevolentia*, you succeed beautifully. You have stolen my attention and managed to make me thirsty for the waters that I sense flowing in the subsequent pages. A good poet is by definition a kleptomaniac and a running brook at once. If a klepsidra is the thief of water, its blossom is the poet's words that redeem the stealing. You absolve yourself admirably, my dear sister of cartography and geographical childhood. You prove worthy of the eponymous eros you appropriate from our mythoi, and you touch in your reader, in this reader at any rate, strings that resonate in deeply buried poemata, and your book becomes more than the doubly quintessential book on any page 55, including your own. I am most grateful to the fates that threw my itinerary across your path that has now changed my path irremediably.

It is now Monday, early morning, as I write this note to you before my work day begins. And it is raining for the first time in over two months. In my village of shepherds, of wheat farmers, and orange growers, there could be no more auspicious activity than one surprised by rain. The klepsydras are smiling.

My fraternal greetings to both of you.


Djelal

Telefaxed 30.11.92
3:29 P.M.

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Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

30 November 1992

Page 1 of 5

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Permanent Mission of the Republic of Cyprus

Telefax: 212- 685-7316-- Open Letter for the Eyes of Two

Dearest Elli and Panos:

Thank you for your wonderful letters that I find this morning upon my arrival at the office. It was indeed a profoundly moving experience to have my exilic house turned into a Cypriot home by your presence and by the presence in me and Juanita that your company has evoked. You have baptized our home with the warmth and humanity that one feels when one draws close to the breast of his own kin. We are most grateful to you. If we have been able to do for you just a fraction of what you have done for us by gracing our lives with your friendship and your company, then we are very happy indeed. We feel strongly that ours is a lifetime friendship and we shall have numerous occasions to be together.

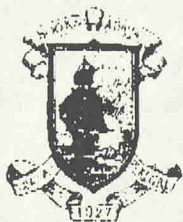
As promised, I dare send along the poems to which you so generously have given so much of your energies. I am not sure it is really worth your effort. I have never written for publication. My writing is simply the soliloquy of someone who has had to learn to converse alone in so many ways. It is frightening, I must confess, when suddenly one discovers company. It is like singing to yourself and realizing that someone might have been listening all along. I hope you will not take my ruminations too seriously as poetry.

We shall talk soon.

Our love to you both,

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

A Literary Quarterly of the University of Oklahoma
Founded as *Books Abroad* In 1927



Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

30 November 1992

Page 1 of 5

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Permanent Mission of the Republic of Cyprus

Telefax: 212- 685-7316-- Open Letter for the Eyes of Two

Dearest Elli and Panos:

Thank you for your wonderful letters that I find this morning upon my arrival at the office. It was indeed a profoundly moving experience to have my exilic house turned into a Cypriot home by your presence and by the presence in me and Juanita that your company has evoked. You have baptized our home with the warmth and humanity that one feels when one draws close to the breast of his own kin. We are most grateful to you. If we have been able to do for you just a fraction of what you have done for us by gracing our lives with your friendship and your company, then we are very happy indeed. We feel strongly that ours is a lifetime friendship and we shall have numerous occasions to be together.

As promised, I dare send along the poems to which you so generously have given so much of your energies. I am not sure it is really worth your effort. I have never written for publication. My writing is simply the soliloquy of someone who has had to learn to converse alone in so many ways. It is frightening, I must confess, when suddenly one discovers company. It is like singing to yourself and realizing that someone might have been listening all along. I hope you will not take my ruminations too seriously as poetry.

We shall talk soon.

Our love to you both,

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Our love to you both,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Djelal".

Francisco de Osuna para Teresa de Cepeda
(Poema nunca enviado)

Tengo miedo del miedo
que tus ojos dicen tenerme,
Esos ojos de ciervo
que me acusan, imperdonable,
no de algo que haya hecho
sino de algo que pudiera
estar a punto de hacer.

De manera inexcusable,
tengo miedo del miedo
que dicen tenerme tus ojos.

Confesiones de Abelardo

Se me estremecen las palabras
al verme visto y escuchado
por la sonrisa furtiva
de tus ojos en fulgor.
Desarmado e indefenso
como crío de ave en muda
me expone tu mirada
a la intemperie de culpas
que ocupan, inapelables,
los recintos más recónditos
donde radican los principios
de una historia de estirpe
en génesis y perdición.

San Sebastian en marco

Fugitivo y cazador,
huyendo entre las flechas
de tu vista implacable,
me encuentro enmarcado
en la mirra demorada
de tu mirada en flor.

Huyo, inmovilizado, para
perderme en tu pupila.
Cautivo complaciente,
busco la gracia y amparo
bajo el arco de tus cejas
donde me fijas, amoratado,
con martirio y placer.

Pablo frente a Magdalena
I Corintios 13:12

Si es verdad que los ojos
son las ventanas del alma;
si, como dice el sabio,
el cuerpo es calabozo y el alma
la presa en pena;
al asomarse mi reflejo
por tu pupila sin fondo
¿quién se asoma a la ventana
la presa o el alcaide?

*Pablo Before Magdalena
I Corinthians 13:12*

*if it be true that the eyes
are the windows of the soul;
if, as the wiseman says,
the body is prison & the soul
is the captive in mourning;
when my reflection flickers
in the bottomless pupil of your eye,
who is leaning out the window,
the prisoner or the jail warden?*

Pablo frente a Magdalena
I Corintios 13:12

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PANICOS AND ELLI PEONIDOU

From: Djelal Kadir <kadir@psu.edu>
To: PANICOS AND ELLI PEONIDOU <peonide@cytanel.com.cy>
Subject: Yiassas
Date: ὉὈάάάά, 9 Ἐἰἰἰἰἰἰ 2001 10:54 II

Dear Elli and Panos,

We are thinking of you. The letter from the government you sent arrived yesterday. The property search indicates that under my name in Ayios Theodoros there is nothing. I am much relieved. I have very mixed emotions about owning property when so many people are displaced from their homes and land from the south and from the north. I have made my peace with not having any land claims, and I think I prefer to live with the stronger claims that our land makes on me. I don't want to own any of Cyprus. Cyprus owns me.

We spoke to my mother and father in Australia to tell them about our trip. My father is not feeling very well. But they both remember everyone in Cyprus and are very happy at the way we were received in the north and in the south, especially in Ayios Theodoros. As it turns out, my mother does remember Angeliki as an infant and my being nursed by her mother after she was born, but she continues mixing up Iannoula and her mother Sophia, because Sophia was a strong presence and very close to the family. She says that Sophia's husband, Cleovoulos Hadjidimitris, Angeliki's grandfather, was the friend of my grandfather Tahir (my mother's father), and my mother says that Cleovoulos was the one who took me to Apostolos Andreas with my grandfather and baptized me. My father also says that Giorgos, Angeliki's husband, is his first or second cousin. So, my sister Angeliki ended up marrying one of my cousins!

I confess, I feel very close to Angeliki in a very mysterious way, and I did from the first when we met at your home in Limasol. There is something mystical about her, and its a quality not altogether absent in me, as you probably know, though I am not religious. I am a very reserved person, and I sense she is also, but I do wish there had been some discrete and correct way to embrace and hold her without scandalizing everyone. I also did not want to compromise Iannoula, who was a bit uncomfortable, and I wanted to be sensitive to her and respect her privacy and discretion. By the end, both Iannoula and Angeliki were holding on to me, and I really think Iannoula knew all along (John Corbidge, who has the ability to see through everything like a Druid shaman, said as much!). I will get in touch with Angeliki very soon, though, as you suspect, I feel like I am always in touch with her.

Thank you very much, once again, for everything, but especially for this.

Juanita spoke with Ulrike a few days ago. I will try calling Nicos tomorrow to wish them good luck on the house closing and a good journey to Cyprus. Our love to you both, and please give our warm regards to everyone. —Djelal

PANICOS AND ELLI PEONIDOU

From: Djelal Kadir <kadir@psu.edu>
To: PANICOS AND ELLI PEONIDOU <peonide@cytanet.com.cy>
Subject: Re: So good to hear from you
Date: ἈάδδΥñā, 4 Ἐἰῶἰ8ἰῶ 2001 4:32 ἰἰ

Dearest Elli and Panos,

It was marvelous speaking with you yesterday, especially now that we can visualize you in your beautiful home/art gallery. I will be forever grateful to you both for all that you have done for us and for being the force behind this big step in my life. I have yet to assess its significance, but whatever this significance may be, it will always be because of you. We love you very much and we are most grateful. We look forward to our next reunion at Thanksgiving in front of our fireplace.

Today, I spoke with Stephanos, finally (they were away for the weekend), and I am much relieved to learn that he is better and that they will be visiting us in July during the time I will be here between Spain and Italy. Also, John Corbidge's "tube" arrived this afternoon. I will send him a fax tomorrow to thank him. I had promised Cousin Mary a copy of my lecture, but I can't locate her e-mail address. If you have it, please send it to me so I can keep my promise. I am most grateful to her for driving you to Nicosia to my lecture and also for driving us all to Vassa. Please give her my regards.

Well, now I must turn to my lectures for Spain and to the doctoral theses of my graduate students.

We send you our love, Djelal

H. Djelal & wife for his wife

ELLI PEONIDOU
POBOX 544
LIMASSOL CYPRUS

15-6-93

My dear Djelal,

At last I am sending you my suggestion for the Neustadt Price. I must confess that it was not an easy decision for me to take. After all who am I to say who is the best? Do I know them all? And what about all those wonderful talented poets and storytellers whom we never met and most probably we never will, who live somewhere in the depths of Africa or in some little village of China or India or in the North Pole? you ~~put~~ placed me in a really odd situation, you witty Cypriot shepherd. But still I take the challenge and instead of proposing an easy, wellknown ~~name~~ ^{internationally} I propose a ~~modest competitor of ours~~ ^{modest competitor of ours}, a ~~real thinker~~ ^{real thinker} philosopher whose poetry, ~~I must confess~~ ^{I must confess} I treasure as one of the few

things that make me proud about our ~~island~~ ^{tiny island}. Montis is by ~~and one of the top in the greek poetry~~ ^{and one of the top in the greek poetry} and I feel confident that my ~~bedding is on a strong case~~ ^{bedding is on a strong case}.

I Don't know if you have heard of Costas Montis, but even if you have, I'm sure you didn't have the chance to read ^{in extent} his poetry. In a separate mail you will get some translations ^{in English} well as ~~a few poems in greek~~ ^{book dedicated to you by the poet}. I hope you will spend some of your ~~free time to read it~~ ^{which by the way is the final list of the members of the Jury?}. I will really appreciate it if you let me know when you receive my ~~letter as well as the poems and the reviews~~ ^{letter as well as the poems and the reviews}.

Have you received the tapes from the Lyon ^{Congress?} ~~Symposium~~? Panos was really busy with the interviews and I think he collected quite interesting material. We really missed you there, it was a friendly international gathering and the weather was fine. In Paris we met most of our friends and then we celebrated Panos' birthday with the big son, Andreas, in Bonn. It was quite refreshing. And now, here we are, back home, preparing for a grand wedding, according to the bride's wishes. Writing invitations (about 1000) and planning every tiny detail. My parents are very excited because ~~they missed my wedding 30 years ago~~ ^{the adventures around it}, if you remember ~~the adventures around it~~ ^{the adventures around it}. Panos is the ~~only one that feels miserable because he is no more, in the centre of the attention~~ ^{only one that feels miserable because he is no more, in the centre of the attention}.

Melina is leaving for Oregon next Tuesday, the 22nd. She will call Aixe by all means. Now they have another thing in common, "Married People Society!!" And we say for ever good ^{the} bye to "Young Parents League". The wedding, if everything goes well with the Russian Emigration Office, ~~because the groom needs a new passport~~ ^{because the groom needs a new passport}, will take place on the 22nd of August. ~~A good reason for you to visit Cyprus. Why don't you reconsider it?~~ ^{A good reason for you to visit Cyprus. Why don't you reconsider it?} By the way, I am sending you some material about your village.

That's all for now. Please kiss sweet Juanita, the Mother in Law on behalf of two Parents in Law To Be.

Elli. The magazines with your poems has not come out yet!

internationally
all means an uncontested first in the Cyprus poetry and one of the top in the greek poetry and I feel confident that my bedding is on a strong case.
French & Spanish to be distributed to the members of the Jury

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21 April 1992



Elli Peonidou
2 West 67th Street, Apt. 14F
New York, New York 10023

Dear Mrs. Peonidou:

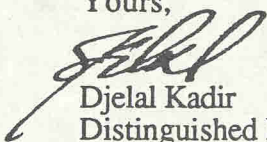
What a delightful surprise to hear from another Cypriot on poetry. I am greatly indebted to my friend Vassily Aksyonov for this wonderful gift.

I would be delighted to look at your essay on illicit love affairs with poetry. Having had a few of my own, I am always pleased to encounter another co-conspirator. I must confess my total ignorance about Cypriot poetry. My training as a comparatist is primarily in the literature of the Americas—English, Spanish, and Portuguese—, and in literary theory and cultural studies. Unfortunately, we do not have the wherewithal to translate your essay. Even if I could find the time to venture the translation myself, I am afraid I am utterly inadequate to the task since my Greek, like my Turkish, was arrested at age twelve when I was sent off from my bilingual village school in Ayios Theodoros, Larnaca, to the American Academy and then to a British boarding school. All of my literary formation since then has been in English and, subsequently, in Spanish, French, Portuguese, and in the classical languages. I do have some familiarity with Greek and Turkish poetry, but only through translations, alas. And although I do read both my native languages, I do so with the bittersweet experience of forgetfulness and remembrance at once. By all means, then, do send me a translation of your essay into English. We have had little coverage of Cypriot literature in our journal. I would like it very much if you could be the one to redress that omission with some regularity through reviews and occasional commentary.

I am sending along the two most current issues of *World Literature Today*. The Fall 1991 issue on Manuel Puig is the first issue under my editorship. The prefatory material on valedictions and introductions may give you some idea of my own tastes in poetry and music. The Winter 1992 issue, just released, includes a couple of commentaries on current Turkish prose in which you might have some interest. The authors in this case are, like us, hopelessly lost to any orthodoxy or caricatures of patriotic dogma. You may find the essay by the Turkish-Greek-Parisian-Jewish poet Edouard Roditi on Paul Celan of some interest. Roditi is a walking archive. He has lived most of his seventy-some years as a literary character in the cultural history of Paris.

I would be pleased to read some of your own work. I trust you will be in New York for some time since you have recently arrived. If the fates allow, perhaps we shall have the opportunity to meet in person at some juncture. In the meantime, my most affectionate Cypriot greetings to you and to your husband.

Yours,


Djelal Kadir
Distinguished Professor of Literature
Director, *World Literature Today*

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Djeral Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

18 May 1993

Mr. Panicos Peonides
&
Mrs. Elli Peonidou
Limasol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Family:

I am back from Switzerland, where I took with me your last letter and photographs of Ayios Theodoros. I intended fully to write to you from there, but I have not been able to write and tell you how I feel. I still cannot. The photographs of the sad skeleton of my village, the news that my most significant human link to my Cypriot childhood has died leave me confronting very profound questions and personal sentiments I cannot express. The only thing that did not tie me to Sophia was an umbilical cord. She was my mother in every other way. Some day I may be able to write about it. For now, I feel profoundly orphaned. I love you very much. I have to be Stoic, as always, like a good Cypriot.

Have a safe journey to Lyon. Regards to Robert André, to whom I am writing today and sending a copy of the Russian issue of WLT.

Geia Xapa,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Geia Xapa'.

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

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Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director

12 April 1995

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Limassol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Panos & Elli:

Thank you for your letter of March 30. We are delighted about seeing you in New York. We will have an early birthday celebration for you, but hopefully it will still be meaningful enough to make you feel good on June 3rd.

We are arriving in New York the evening of May 23 because my meetings at New York University begin the morning of the 24th. We will be staying in The Village also, at the NYU Law School Housing at 240 Mercer Street. So we will be neighbors! We will telephone you at Sheila Schulman's as soon as we settle in. We will want to see you as soon as possible.

If we did not have to teach and give exams on May 2nd, we would fly to Luxembourg to be at the premiere of Theodorakis's "Electra." Perhaps we will get a chance to see it another time.

We just finished with the Puerbaugh Conference. We had a number of literary friends and colleagues from Latin America here for two weeks. We are both exhausted but feel very fortunate to have all of these wonderful people in our life. Most of all, we feel fortunate to have you as our friends and family.

Love to you both.



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Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

2 June 1993

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Limasol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Panos:

We wish you a very happy birthday and many happy returns!

I hope your visit to France was a success and everyone in Cyprus is well. Our greetings to Melina. Aixé is waiting for her in Oregon. We returned last week from her graduation in Portland, Oregon. She will be there all summer and next year. She is getting married on June 11 in a field of wild flowers with her friends. A very unconventional affair. We shall have a family celebration in August.

Our love to you and Elli.

Ferdinand Kadir
Djelal

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Distinguished Professor of Literature

18 June 1993

2/17

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Limasol, Cyprus

Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Panos:

Thank you very much for sending me the taped interviews from the AICL Congress in Lyon. I have begun listening to them this morning. We shall find a way to use this material once our secretarial staff has transcribed them and once we have the French and Russian translated. I shall keep you posted on our plans.

Please tell Elli that this morning I received her faxed statement of nomination and look forward to receiving the materials she sent by mail. I append a list of the Neustadt jurors as of today. There may be one or two additions to this list.

Geia Xapa,

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New York, New York 10023

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Yours,


Djelal Kadir
Distinguished Professor of Literature
Director, *World Literature Today*

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Djeral Kadir, Editor/Director and
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14 December 1992

Page 1 of 3

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Permanent Mission of the Republic of Cyprus

Telefax: 212- 685-7316

Dear Panos:

I send along this "Conjectural Poem" for you and Elli. It will be interesting to see what our mainland Greeks think of it. It has fallen to my destiny to simply carry out the last wish of Dionysios Solomos.

Letter and photographs are in the mail.

Our love to you both,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Djeral'.



Djelal Kadir
 The Edwin Erle Sparks Professor of
 Comparative Literature
 Director, Council on Inter-American
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3. III. 2000

Dear Ellie & Panos,

Here is a short article for a book celebrating the poetry of this marvelous Greek-Australian poet & teacher. Summary of the article in Greek at end.

Panos, I have not received the W&T review of your Millennium yet. But I look forward to it.

You may not receive this until after your return from Athens. I hope you had a good trip & congratulations, Elli, on your new books!

With much love,

Djelal

Department of Comparative Literature
The Pennsylvania State University
311 Burrowes Building
University Park, PA 16802-6203

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Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

15.X.92

Dear Paul:

You probably receive The Athenian
already. just in case you have not seen
this article on our island, i send you
a copy.

i hope everything is going well for
you. Hopefully the UN talks are proceeding
with some success.

All the best,
Djelal

The Final Verses of Dionysios Solomos

As dawn breaks over the Heptanesos,
I have yet to deliver Missolonghi from its siege,
and my poem "The Free Besieged" remains
in nagging fragments that yearn to be an epic.

Waylaid by Byron's memory and
the circuitous cerebrations of Hegel, Schelling, and Schiller,
I have neglected the more demotic prompting
and more forthright pilgrimage of my school
books: Dante the divine comedian.
And I have strayed, too, from my clandestine readings
of the cursed Ottoman Sheyh Galib, whose paired rhymes
had me trembling, suspended between earth and heaven.

Like that splenetic Florentine and that ecstatic Dervish,
I pen these my final verses in my own people's language,
trying to echo the muse in the vulgate of my country folk.
I now look unabashedly into the mirror of my earthly history;
at the hour of dawn and at life's twilight,
mirrors have an implacable penchant for being merciless.

My Germanic readings scatter before the more
substantial ironies of the Divine Comedy;
and my piercing eye of a Hellenic aristocrat
has an unmistakable Turkish cast to it.
My labors of a Romantic rebel will follow their own course.
And, perchance, a handful of verses from my many fragments
may find its way into the national voice of my newly liberated land.

For now, I gaze into the more immediate arithmetic
of a neglected ledger that seeks its balances in this
merciless mirror that becomes more transparent
and more permeable with each labored breath.

My Italian paideia and Germanic affinities slowly
dissipate, leaving my Greek sentiments in diaphanous clarity.
Stripped of all its foreign patinas, my Hellenic ethos
for whose purity I sorely yearned, reveals the translucent
deputation of an ethereal ideal scrubbed to evanescence.
Am I now more Greek, or did my Greekness assert
itself with greater substantiality as it negotiated the
turgid admixture of alien languages and cultures
that surrounded me since my childhood?

As I pen these verses, the lines on this coarse paper
also fade into clarity. Having yearned for the purity of my
own ethos, could it be that its attainment exacts from me
the price of this pellucid vision that sees me walking,
inexorably, through the permeable clarity of this mirror
in which self identity becomes so transparently identical to itself?

My only hope for these terminal strophes
is that they be found by an equally strayed
pilgrim whose peripeties run through the sundry
pages of a dispersed geography and heterogeneous
scripture. May he be yet another of our cursed wanderers
whose veins carry admixtures of race and politesse
as desultory as the readings the fates have willed upon us.

(Akrotiri, 1857)

ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΟ ΚΑΘΕΤΕ

ΟΙ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΙ ΣΤΙΧΟΙ ΤΟΥ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΥ ΣΟΛΩΜΟΥ

Καθώς η αυγή χαράζει πάνω απ την Εφτανησό
μου μένει ακόμα να απελευθερώσω το Ηερολόγγι από την πολιορκία
του
ενώ το ποίημά μου " Έλευθεροί πολιορκημένοι"
εξακολουθεί να είναι κράμα από αξιολυπητά αποσπάσματα
που λαχταρούν να γίνουν έπος.

Παιδευμένος στη μνήμη του Ευρώνα
και στους περιστροφικούς στοχασμούς
του Χαίκελ, του Σιελλε και του Σιλλερ
παραμέλησα τις πιο πηγαίες προτροπές
και το πιο ειλικρινές κι ευλαβικό ταξίδι
των σχολικών μου βιβλίων: τον Δαντη, τον θείο Κωμωδο.
Έχω αποπλανηθεί επίσης από τα λαθραία αναγνώσματα
του καταραμένου Όθωμανού Σείχη Γκαλίπ
που οι ζευγαρωτές ρίμες του
μέ έκαναν να τρέμω αιωρούμενος μεταξύ γης και ουρανού.

Όπως εκείνον τον δούτροπο φλωρεντινό και τον εκστατικό δερβίση
γράφω αυτούς τους τελικούς στίχους στη μητρική μου γλώσσα
προσπαθώντας να εναρμονίσω την μουσα στα λαϊκά ασματα
Τώρα δίχως αιδώ κοιτάζω μέσα στον καθρέφτη της γήινης ιστορίας
μου.

Στην αυγινή ώρα και στο λυκόφως της ζωής
οι καθρέφτες έχουν μια αδυσώπητη τάση να γίνονται ανελέητοι

Τα γερμανικά μου αναγνώσματα διαλύονται μπροστά στους
καταλυτικούς σαρκασμούς της θείας κομωδίας
και το διαπεραστικό βλέμμα μου του Έλληνα αριστοκράτη
έχει το αλανθαστο τουρκικό στίγμα μέσα του.
Τα έργα μου του Ρομαντικού επαναστάτη θα τραβήξουν τον δρόμο
τους

και πιθανόν μια δράκα στίχου μου από τα πολλά θρυμματα
να βρουν το μονοπάτι προς την εθνική φωνή
της νεοσπαλευθερωμένης μου χώρας.

Πρός το παρόν ατενίζω την πιο άμεση αριθμητική
ενός παραμελημένου καταστιχού που αναζητά την ισορροπία του
μέσα σ αυτόν τον ανελέητο καθρέφτη που γίνεται όλο και πιο
διαυγής
και πιο διαπεραστικός με κάθε επώδυνη ανασα.

Η ιταλική μου παιδεία και οι γερμανικές μου αγάπες σίγα σίγα
διασκορπίζονται αφηνοντας τα ελληνικά μου αισθήματα
σε διάφανη καθαρότητα.

Απαλλαγμένο από κάθε είδος ξένης σκουριάς το ελληνικό μου ηθος
που την αγνοτητα του οδυνηρά λαχταρούσα
αποκαλύπτει τον διαυγή εξαγνισμό ενός αιθέριου ιδανικού που
εσβυσε.

The Final Verses of Dionysios Solomos

As dawn breaks over the Heptanesos,
I have yet to deliver Missolonghi from its siege,
and my poem "The Free Besieged" remains
in nagging fragments that yearn to be an epic.

Waylaid by Byron's memory and
the circuitous cerebrations of Hegel, Schelling, and Schiller,
I have neglected the more demotic prompting
and more forthright pilgrimage of my school
books: Dante the divine comedian.
And I have strayed, too, from my clandestine readings
of the cursed Ottoman Sheyh Galib, whose paired rhymes
had me trembling, suspended between earth and heaven.

Like that splenetic Florentine and that ecstatic Dervish,
I pen these my final verses in my own people's language,
trying to echo the muse in the vulgate of my country folk.
I now look unabashedly into the mirror of my earthly history;
at the hour of dawn and at life's twilight,
mirrors have an implacable penchant for being merciless.

My Germanic readings scatter before the more
substantial ironies of the Divine Comedy;
and my piercing eye of a Hellenic aristocrat
has an unmistakable Turkish cast to it.
My labors of a Romantic rebel will follow their own course.
And, perchance, a handful of verses from my many fragments
may find its way into the national voice of my newly liberated land.

For now, I gaze into the more immediate arithmetic
of a neglected ledger that seeks its balances in this
merciless mirror that becomes more transparent
and more permeable with each labored breath.

My Italian paideia and Germanic affinities slowly
dissipate, leaving my Greek sentiments in diaphanous clarity.
Stripped of all its foreign patinas, my Hellenic ethos
for whose purity I sorely yearned, reveals the translucent
deputation of an ethereal ideal scrubbed to evanescence.
Am I now more Greek, or did my Greekness assert
itself with greater substantiality as it negotiated the
turgid admixture of alien languages and cultures
that surrounded me since my childhood?

As I pen these verses, the lines on this coarse paper
also fade into clarity. Having yearned for the purity of my
own ethos, could it be that its attainment exacts from me
the price of this pellucid vision that sees me walking,
inexorably, through the permeable clarity of this mirror
in which self identity becomes so transparently identical to itself?

//...

My only hope for these terminal strophes
is that they be found by an equally strayed
pilgrim whose peripeties run through the sundry
pages of a dispersed geography and heterogeneous
scripture. May he be yet another of our cursed wanderers
whose veins carry admixtures of race and politesse
as desultory as the readings the fates have willed upon us.

(Akrotiri, 1857)

Pablo frente a Magdalena
I Corintios 13:12

Si es verdad que los ojos
son las ventanas del alma;
si, como dice el sabio,
el cuerpo es calabozo y el alma
la presa en pena;
al asomarse mi reflejo
por tu pupila sin fondo
¿quién se asoma a la ventana
la presa o el alcaide?

*Agios Poulos Before Magdalena
I Corinthians 13:12*

*if it be true that the eyes
are the windows of the soul;
if, as the wiseman says,
the body is prison & the soul
is the captive in mourning;
when my reflection flickers
in the bottomless pupil of your eye,
who is leaning out the window,
the prisoner or the jail warden?*

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

A Literary Quarterly of the University of Oklahoma
Founded as *Books Abroad* in 1927



Djalal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

7 November 1994

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Limasol, Cyprus

Page 1 of 5
Telefax: 011-357-5-32-71-21

Dear Panos & Elli:

It was a pleasure hearing your voice. I am sorry you had to call back for Elli's birthday. Elli, we shall make amends when we are together next, which I hope will not be too long in the future. We wish you many happy and healthy years and many lines of poetry.

I send along three recent poems for the French anthology. If you find them usable, fine, if not, you will at least know what I am writing lately. The first is a poem to Dimitris Tsaloumas, the Australian-Greek poet from Leros. The second is an apocryphon I attribute to the Sufi Master and mystic of the 13th century Djelaleddin Rumi. The third, like the first two and like everything I write, alas, is a love poem--a sequence twelve quatrains the Persians call rubaiyyat. Ideally, of course, these should be published in their original English as well as the translations, as with all poetry. Please let me know if they can be used. If not, please don't worry.

With love,

DIMITRIS TSALOUMAS READS A SELECTION OF HIS POEMS IN GREEK & ENGLISH

The sketch on the cover has the quality of a photographic negative, a stare of startled eyes deeper than the bay of Leros. There is a recriminating intensity to the bushy brow and imperceptible smile. Here is the visage of a citadel suddenly glimpsed in the middle of nowhere, welcoming oasis and impenetrable fortress, solitude that beckons and battlement that rises to hold the wayfarer at bay.

I open to the title page and read the dedication: brotherly and unambiguous. And I wonder in my halting Greek whether *adelphos* could also be another form of the unequivocal *adelphikos*. These oracular verses have rocked the thoughts of sleepless nights, nights filled with excruciating attempts to decipher a graphic echo that emanates from an exact contemporary of my father, 1921 model, as he is wont to say with the same thin smile and fathomless depth of startled eyes that have the gaze of an orphan begging the love of unconditionality the fates have forbidden to immigrants and orphans for time immemorial.

I re-read the verses, familiar and unapproachable, simultaneously haunting and fugitive. I remove the tapes from their encasement, stack them next to the books, re-arrange them, place them back, unheard, in the recessed space of their packaging. I finally have to admit my islander's superstitions and primeval fears that led our ancient ancestors to coin the term *apotropeia*. And I try to understand what it is that frightens me in disembodied voices trapped in unbreachable distance, to understand what it was that kept me for twenty-one years from going "home" to the antipodes to see my father's face.

There is a profound self-indictment in all this, echoed by the ambiguities that glisten in the bottomless mirror of that bottomless gaze framed by a brow a child might have drawn long ago with a clumsily held brush laden with paint; a portrait a younger poet might now sketch with adelpic equivocation and the unequivocal love of a filial embrace.

Djelal Kadir

Twelve Ways to Redeem A Fallen Angel

1

In your absence, I'm a hallow
reed resonant with desire.
Each drop of rain fills me
with a thought of you.

2

Thirst is yearning for the spring,
the spring's song sings its longing
for the thirsty. Mine is the tongue
afame, you the drop on a dew-clad leaf.

3

Is that a lunar crescent
filled with rose water
that beckons my lips from
the tip of your breast?

4

You are the sheath
for this flayed soul,
resonant chamber for the word
of this muted voice.

5

How shall I cross
this bridge between
our melded thighs and
the sky that is your eyes?

6

As the kernel seeks
the husk, the husk
longs for its seed.
The wind grazes both.

7

There is no mercy
in desire's fire,
only the promise
of longing's requital.

/...

8

I rage in this fire
of love's flammable word.
Move closer, my love, lest
the rain quench this tongue aflame.

9

The scale of justice is secondary
in love's indemnities.
Now one gives, now the other takes;
both are love's needy gift to love.

10

Look at the mirror in my eye.
Does it not show you the map
of the roads I have travelled
to reach your threshold?

11

Just an echo of desire's
rose glass, brittle as crystal,
clear as a drop on a rose petal,
I wait for your touch to flow.

12

A furtive moth in love's flame
a single color refracted by
your rainbow, I wait for the light
to catch a glimpse of you.

Djelal Kadir

The Last Confession of Djelaleddin Rumi

Far from confusing Love with love,
as the village elders have accused me,
I discovered the minimal liberations of mortality,
learned that human love lies in the
fleeting surge of the heart and the flight of the partridge,
in the urgent flutter of light that makes
the eye flash and the lip stiff with perplexity.

Momentarily, I shall pass from shifting sand to stone,
from the innumerable to the One, flawless beyond the flow.
Flooded by the Friend's light, I am now the effluence
dissipating into immutable muteness past shadow and sigh.

Our susceptibility to the ephemeral is human
love's tidal offering to the ultimate stillness.
Praised be the Merciful Divine that lies beyond all hazard.

Djelal Kadir

WORLD LITERATURE TODAY

A Literary Quarterly of the University of Oklahoma
Founded as *Books Abroad* in 1927



Djelal Kadir, Editor/Director and
Distinguished Professor of Literature

14 December 1992

Page 1 of 3

Mr. Panicos Peonides
Permanent Mission of the Republic of Cyprus

Telefax: 212- 685-7316

Dear Panos:

I send along this "Conjectural Poem" for you and Elli. It will be interesting to see what our mainland Greeks think of it. It has fallen to my destiny to simply carry our the last wish of Dionysios Solomos.

Letter and photographs are in the mail.

Our love to you both,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Djelal', written in a cursive style.

ELLI FEONIDOU
2 W 67 APT 14F
N.Y. N.Y. 10023

- TEL. 721-9657

APRIL 26th 1992

Dear Djelal,

I hope you don't mind me calling you by your first name. I wish you call me Elli, too. After all we are both Cypriots living in America, where things are simple and without too many formalities.

Both my husband Panicos and I, were delighted to receive your kind and highly inspired letter. We love making new friends. The only problem is that I feel very shy about my English. Please, be so kind to ignore the mistakes and the naivete in the language. It is most difficult for a writer not to speak fluently and sophisticatedly. Anyhow, I hope that through my poetry you will get an idea of my thinking. I send you a book of mine that I particularly love. I would like you especially to read the poem " Η Πατριδα μου".

We are so grateful to you for sending us your wonderful magazine. We both read your articles and were very impressed. You are like a champion swimmer in a rough sea. We noticed also what your predecessor, Ivar Ivask says about you. It is very flattering. We feel very proud that a compatriot is so much respected in the field of literary scholars. We liked his evaluation that "islanders naturally tend to be explorers, even world explorers," as well as his pinpointing your Cypriot sensitivity "to ethnic, linguistic and cultural ambiguities."

It is really amazing how our tiny island is at all times, wherever we go, a point of reference. I confess to you that I feel pain for it as I feel pain for my children when they are in trouble. I suppose it is not the same feeling that other people have for their great Fatherlands, for instance England, France, Russia, America, Kanada, Germany. There, the country is the one that supports the citizens. In our case, we have to support it, because it is so small and weak. The responsibility is so hard especially for the artists and the thinkers. For me personally, it is like an open wound that does not heal.

I was very glad to see that our dear friend John Brown writes for your magazine. We met him at international symposiums of writers and critics. As a matter of fact we have attended several such meetings and have quite a number of friends in many countries. One of my books in prose. "Προσωπο με προσωπο"

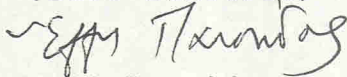
is a collection of articles-essays on friends artists and their homes. Among them Ritsos, Vrettakos, Theodorakis, Louis Aragon, Anne Philip, Adrian Mitchel, Evgeni Yertushenko, Andrei Voznesenski and others.

Now, regarding my article and its translation in English. I will try to find someone who could really make a good translation. If I succeed in solving this problem then I would be glad to contribute from time to time to WLT. At the same time I will try to find something about the cypriot literature in english an send it to you.

We would really be very glad if we meet in person. We have so many things to talk about. If you happen to come to New York please, do call us. We would appreciate it very much if we had a book of yours. My husband has a book on the greek-cypriot literature in the years after the independence (1960-1980). It is mainly a collection of reviews on concrete books and authors but again it is in Greek.

Warm greetings from my husband and me.

Yours sincerely



Elli Feonidou

Attention Mr. Djelal Kadiz

001-405-325 7495

ELLI PEONIDOU
POBOX 544
LIMASSOL CYPRUS

15-6-93

My dear Djelal,

At last I am sending you my suggestion for the Neustadt Prize. I must confess that it was not an easy decision for me to take. After all who am I to say who is the best? Do I know them all? And what about all those wonderful talented poets and storytellers whom we never met and most probably we never will, who live somewhere in the depths of Africa or in some little village of China or India or in the North Pole? You placed me in a really odd situation, you witty Cypriot shephard. But still I take the challenge and instead of proposing an easy, internationally famous name, I propose a modest compatriot of ours whose poetry, I must confess, I treasure as one of the few things that make me proud about our tiny island. Montis is by all means an uncontested first in the Cyprus poetry and one of the top in the Greek poetry. I feel confident that my bedding is on a strong case. I don't know if you had the chance to read in extend Costas Montis' poetry. In a seperate mail you will get some translations in English, French, Spanish to be distributed to the members of the jury, as well as a book dedicated to you by the poet. Which, by the way, is the final list of the jury?

Have you received the tapes from the Lyon Congress? Panos was really busy with the interviews and I think he collected quite interesting material. We really missed you there, it was a friendly international gathering and the weather was fine. In Paris we met most of our friends and then we celebrated Panos' birthday with the big son, Andreas, in Bonn. It was quite refreshing. And now, here we are, back home, preparing for a grand wedding, according to the bride's wishes. Writing invitations (about 1000) and planning every tiny detail. My parents are very excited because they missed my wedding 30 years ago, if you remember the adventures around it.

Melina is leaving for Oregon next Tuesday, the 22nd. She will call Aixe by all means. Now they have another thing in common, they are both becoming members of the "Married People Society!!" The wedding, if everything goes well with the Russian Emigration Office, will take place on the 22nd of August.

That's all for now. Please kiss sweet Juanita, the Mother In Law, on behalf of two Parents In Law To Be.

Would you please let me know as soon as you receive my letter and the other material?

Γεια σου και χαρά σου.



By separate mail I send my proposal for the Candidate and another envelope with the translations

Attention Mr. Djelal Kadiz - WLT
New York 7/6/92

Dear Djelal,

Please note that the article I have already sent to you by fax and ^{by mail} was translated by Ms. ELENI FOURTOUMI (Eleni Fourtouni), a Greek American writer, to whom I am very much indebted. In case of publication, please use her name as well.

We both look forward to receiving your book. Greetings to your wife.

Regards
Elly

ELLI PEONIDOU
2 WEST 87, 14F
N.Y. N.Y. 10023
TEL (212) 721 6937

14-5-92

Dear Djelal,

Your letter made me cry, really, not only because you were so generous about my poetry, but mainly because I felt ~~through~~ *in letters* your lines so much homesickness (vocto) for our little island and so much pain for the Klepsydra that stole your youth and your memories.

I am deeply moved by the fact that not only you read my book but also you went deep into it, a fact that must have been extremely ~~difficult~~ *difficult* for you. I wish I could write to you in greek, so that I could express all my excitement ~~about our~~ "meeting".

Both Panos and I agree that it is as if we have known you for ever. You are so familiar, I mean the spontaneous way you speak, the fact that you don't count your time by the minutes as most modern scholars do, and your sensitivity in certain details. All ^{and} these are characteristics of our people, the Mediterranean. We would also love to meet your wife. I think the Latin Americans have many similarities with us. Their literature is so full of myths and imagination... You are lucky that you had the possibility to study it. And having next to you such a lady, Latino "flesh and blood" makes things even easier.

By the way, I had a wonderful time reading all that precious material about Puig in WLT. I did not know him very well. Now I look forward to reading all his books. You see how important the role of such magazines is? And a Cypriot being the head of it. My God, it makes me so proud.

Djelal, I understand that you are leaving for Moscow soon. I am sure you will meet friends of ours there. The Russians are big-hearted people and no matter their problems they will make you feel at home. Please, give our regards to our friends Yuri Nagibin and his wife Ala, to Bella Aghmatylina and to Andrei Vosnesenski. You know, our daughter Melina, graduated last year from the Moscow Conservatory Tchaicovsky. She is a choir conductor. She is now working as a teacher of Music in high schools in Limassol. She is engaged to a young Russian who is still studying in the Conservatory.

Land of that special quality which the cypriots have

How about you, Djelal? Are you the interfering or the not interfering type?

The magazine with your poems is at the Printing House. I hope that in a few days we shall be able to send it to you.

In the meantime the people here are preparing for the Πασχα. Of course plenty of food and drinking goes with it as with all the cyriot feasts. Do you remember φλαουνες? My village's (Vasa) wine was a great success this year. We keep enough reserves for the friends that might visit. For instance yesterday we had a very strange visitor. A teacher from Bilbao, Spain, friend of a friend, a Professor whom I had met in Madrid some years ago. Both my friend and the teacher speak ancient greek!!! You can imagine our surprise when he started talking to us on the telephone in ancient greek!

I think this is enough for now. If you could read my letters in greek I could write pages and pages but english is difficult for me even to type. Anyhow, I want you to know that we think and talk of you very often, especially every time we drive to Nicosia and see the name of Αγιος Θεοδωρος on our way.

Αγαπητέ μου Ευαγγελε, στις 25 Μαρτίου ήταν η γιορτή του Ευαγγελισμού, η γιορτή σου. Να ζήσεις. Με την αγάπη και τα φιιλιά μας, του Πανίκου και εμένα.

ΕΓΓΗ

Ελλη

Djelal,
Just two words! I wrote to Zenia and faxed too the information that a novel of his was published in Athens and that the publishers are interested in his new novel too. They are even interested in inviting him. He did not answer. Did he receive my messages?

It will be great if you could come to Lyon!
Kisses to Juanita!

Panos.

PS. You know I start liking my new life. No engagements and all the possibility to dig inside, I am fully absorbed in writing, Memoirs etc. etc. P.

Attention Mr. Djelal Kadiz - 001405-325-7495

ELLI PEONIDOU
P.O. BOX 544 LIMASSOL
CYPRUS TEL. (3575) 354142

FAX. (3575-327121)

5-4-93

My dear Djelal,

Thank you for your fax of the 31th of March. Melina will call Aixe as soon as she arrives in Oregon. We are very excited with the thought that our daughters might start a new friendship. They are both artists, so they have so many things in common.

Djelal, it will be wondreful if you could make it to come to the Lyon Congress. The official languages are french and english. If you really mean it please let me know. We can write to Robert Andre, the president of the A.I.C.L. who is a very good friend of ours. He was in U.S.A. for one year some years ago, giving lectures to Universities. I am sure he will be delighted to have you as a guest at the Congress.

The Congress will take place from Sunday 23 to Thursday 27 of May, in the Hotel Lyon Metropole, 85, quai Joseph Gillet 69004. The address of the A.I.C.L. in Paris is: 38, Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques, 75014, Paris. Fax: 38\43370750. The dead line for participations is the 3rd of May.

Melina might postpone the religious wedding because now they are thinking of moving to Athens for one year. You see, Mikis Theodorakis offered her a position as an assistant choir conductor for the TV choir. If everything is OK they shall move to Athens as soon as they are back from Oregon. So next year it might be easier for you to be here.

Dear Djelal, thank you for the informations about the air ticket etc. The dates are fine, thank you very much. My only request is to be able to make a stop in New York on the way back. I miss that city terribly already and I would like to say hello to so many friends. Would you please give me some more informations on how the jury works all this time before the March meeting? Have you chosen the other members of the jury?

How is the House Operation going on? I suppose Juanita is very busy with the plans. I remember when we decided to built our house I kept the plans in my handbag for six months, calling the poor architect every time I had a bright new idea. Thank God the architect was a friend so he did not take it personally. But he was really fed up with me while he added Panos whose only interference with the house was to hang the paintings on the walls after everything was finished!

1)

Attention Mr. Djelal Kadiz-

FAX (405) 325-7495

Two pages

ΓΕΛΛΑΛ ΚΑΔΙΖ

ΑΠΟΚΡΥΨΑ

Ο Φραντσέσκο Ντε Βιούνα * για την Ιερέα Ντε Σερεά ** (Ποίημα που δεν εστάλη)

Φορούμαι τον φόβο
που τα μάτια σου βελχίνουν
να φορούνται

Αυτά τα μάτια του ελαφίου
που σιγά σιγά με αφοσιώνουν
όχι για κάτι που είναι
αλλά για κάτι που θα μπορούσα
να απολαύσω να κάνω.

Με τρόπο ασυγχώρητο
φορούμαι τον φόβο
που τα μάτια σου βελχίνουν
να φορούνται.

* Πυστικιστής του 13ου αιώνα.

** Ησπερία του 13ου πυστικιστικού σπουδαίου προτού γίνει η Αγία Ιερέα.

ΕΒΟΜΟΛΟΓΗΣΗ ΤΟΥ ΑΠΙΘΕΛΑΡΝΤΟ *

Εξουσία σου λέγεται μου
καθώς βλέπω το ενοχλο μου
εκείτο να παραδίνεται
στο παγγυλισμα
της φλογας των ματιών σου.

Γυρνήν χρυσάλλια
με εγκαταλείπει το βλέμμα σου
στην περιπέτεια της ενοχης
που εταχώνει
στους πιο αποκρυφους πορους
ως τις καταβολές του Ειδους
τη Γένεση και τη Πτώση.

* Ησπερία του 13ου αιώνα που εγκατέλειψε το ρομαντικό σχημα
γιατί ερωτεύτηκε την Ελσά. Ο βίος της οποίας τον ενοχίως.

1)

Attention Mr. Djelal Kadiz-

Fax (405) 325-7495

Two pages

ΤΖΕΛΑΛ ΚΑΝΤΙΡ

ΑΠΟΚΡΥΦΑ

Ο Φραντσίσκο Ντε Οσουνα * για την Τερέζα Ντε Σεπέδα ** (Ποιήμα που δεν εστάλη)

Φοβούμαι τον φόβο
που τα μάτια σου δείχνουν
να φοβούνται

Αυτά τα μάτια του ελαφιού
που δίχως έλεος με αφορίζουν
όχι για κάτι που έκανα
αλλά για κάτι που θα μπορούσα
να αποτολμήσω να κάνω.

Με τρόπο ασυγχώρητο
φοβούμαι τον φόβο
που τα μάτια σου δείχνουν
να φοβούνται.

* Μυστικιστής του 16ου Αιώνα.

** Μαθήτρια του στις μυστικιστικές σπουδές προτού γίνει η Αγία Τερέζα.

ΕΞΟΜΟΛΟΓΗΣΗ ΤΟΥ ΑΜΠΕΛΑΡΝΤΟ *

Ριγούν οι λέξεις μου
καθώς βλέπω το είδωλο μου
έκθετο να παραδίδεται
στο παιγνιδισμό
της φλόγας των ματιών σου.

Γυμνήν χρυσαλλίδα
με εγκαταλείπει το βλέμμα σου
στην περιπέτεια της ενοχής
που εισχωρεί
στους πιο αποκρυφους πορους
ως τις Καταβολές του Ειδους
τη Γενεση και τη Πτώση.

* Μοναχός του 13ου Αιώνα που εγκατέλειψε το μοναχικό σχήμα
γιατι ερωτεύτηκε την Ελοίζα, ο θεός της οποίας τον ευνοχίσε.

2)

Ο ΑΓΙΟΣ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΙΑΝΟΣ ΕΠΙ ΠΙΝΑΚΙ

Φυγας και κυνηγός
ελίσσομαι ανάμεσα στα φαρμακερά
βέλη της ματίας σου
παγιδευμένος στην παχύρρευστη
του βλέμματος σου ευωδιά.

Διχως αντισταση βυθίζομαι
στις κορες των ματιών σου.
Εθελοντής αιχμάλωτος
επαιτώ χαρη και προστασια
κατω απο το τοξο των φρυδιων σου
οπου με σταυρώνεις
με μαρτυριο και ηδονη

Ο Παύλος στην Μαγδαληνή.
1. Προς Κορινθίους 13:12

Αν είναι αλήθεια οτι τα μάτια
είναι τα παράθυρα της ψυχης
αν, οπως λέει ο σοφός,
το σώμα είναι η φυλακή και η ψυχή
ο αιχμάλωτος που πενθεί,
οταν το ειδωλο μου τρεμοσβύνει
στην απύθμενη κόρη του ματιού σου
ποιος σκύβει εξω απο το παράθυρο,
ο φυλακισμένος ή ο δεσμοφύλακας;

Τα ποιήματα γράφτηκαν στα ισπανικά. Η μετάφραση έγινε στα
αγγλικά απο τον ίδιο τον ποιητή. Ποιητική απόδοση στα
ελληνικά: Ελλη Παιονίδου

Οκλαχόμα, Νοέμβριος
Νέα Υορκη Δεκέμβριος 1992

Dear Djelal,
Here is the final form of the poems. Please let me know
if there is something you don't approve.
Love Elli

Ο ΤΖΕΛΑΛ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΝ ΑΓΙΟ ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟ

Όνομα σεβαστό, Καθηγητής.
Σπουδές, περγαμνές, τίτλοι, βιβλία-
στην Οκλαχόμα φυσιογνωμία απο τις λίγες.
Με γλώσσες μητριές πασκίζει να λιπώνει
τις ρίζες, να παραπλανήσει.
Αλλά ματαίως.

Στο μπακιρένιο μπρίκι ο καφές βαρύς γλυκός.
Απ τον ατμόν ορμάει το ξωτικό με γέλιο
σατανικό, την πολη καταπίνει
σπιτσια, πισίνες, κηπους, λιμουζίνες.

Αργά τη νύχτα όταν το φεγγάρι γίνεται λαούτο
νεραϊδες, νύμφες και θεές ευπόλυτες
στα σύννεφα στήνουν καρτζιλαμά .
Σάτιροι πονηροί του γνέφουν απο το θουνό.
Βοσκοί με τον αυλό που μαγνητίζει.

Σηκώνεται, βγαίνει με το κιλιμι και πετά
τίποτα δεν τον συγκρατεί, κραυγάζει
κραυγή μεγάλη
τωση που την κρατούσε χρόνους είκοσι και βαλε

Βγάζει απο το πανέρι πορτοκάλια, τα πετά
καθένα γίνεται νησί πορτοκαλί και ζουμερό
και πάνω ενα μελαχροινό κοπέλι.

ΕΛΛΗ ΠΑΙΟΝΙΔΟΥ
ΝΕΑ ΥΟΡΚΗ 27 ΜΑΙΟΥ 1992

Ο ΤΖΕΛΛΑ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΝ ΑΓΙΟ ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟ

Όνομα σεβαστό, καθηγητής.
Σπουδές, περγαμνές, τίτλοι, βιβλία-
στην Οκλαχόμα φυσιογνωμία απο τις λίγες.
Με γλώσσες μητρίες πασκίζει να λιπανεί
τις ρίζες, να παραπλανήσει.
Αλλά ματαίως,

Στο μπακιρένιο μπρίκι ο καφές βαρυσ γλυκός.
Απ τον ατμόν ορμαει το ξωτικό με γέλιο
σατανικό, την πολη καταπινει
σπιττια, πισινες, κηπους, λιμουζινες.

Αργα τη νύχτα όταν το φεγγάρι γίνεται λαούτο
νεραϊδες, νύμφες και θεές Ευπόλυτες
στα σύννεφα στήνουν καρτζιλαμά .
Σάτιροι πονηροί του γνέφουν απο το βουνό.
Βοσκοί με τον αυλό που μαγνητίζει.

Σηκώνεται, βγαίνει με το κιλιμι και πετα
τίποτα δεν τον συγκρατεί, κραυγάζει
κραυγή μεγάλη
τοση που την κρατούσε χρόνους είκοσι και βαλε

Βγάξει απο το πανέρι πορτοκάλια, τα πετα
καθένα γίνεται νησί πορτοκαλί και ζουμερό
και πανω ενα μελαχροινό κοπέλι.

ΕΛΛΗ ΠΑΙΟΝΙΔΟΥ
ΝΕΑ ΥΟΡΚΗ 27 ΜΑΙΟΥ 1992

ΤΖΕΛΑΛ ΚΑΤΙΡ Ο ΚΥΠΡΙΟΣ

Την άνοιξη του 1992 έγινε στο Πανεπιστήμιο Ραντκερς του Μιου Τζέρσεη, (ΗΠΑ) ένα τριήμερο Συμπόσιο με θέμα; Ο ρόλος της διανόησης στις κοινωνικές αλλαγές στην Κεντρική και Ανατολική Ευρώπη. Στο Συμπόσιο αυτό πήραν μέρος πολλοί κορυφαίοι συγγραφείς, Αμερικανοί και Ευρωπαίοι και ανάμεσα τους τρία βραβεία Νομπελ. Εκεί γνωρίσαμε τον ρώσο συγγραφέα Βασίλη Αξιονωφ, που μέλις άκουσεπ πως είμαστε Κύπριοι αναφώνησε: Πρέπει να γνωρίσετε τον φίλο μου τον Κύπριο Καθηγητή Τζελαλ Κατιρ. Και μάς έδωσε την διεύθυνση του. Ολα τα άλλα έγιναν φυσικά και αβίαστα.

Ο Τζελαλ Κατιρ είναι για τον κοσμο των Πανεπιστημίων Διακεκριμένος Καθηγητής της Συγκριτικής Λογοτεχνίας στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Οκλαχόμα, ειδικός στα θέματα της ισπανικής λογοτεχνίας και Διεθθυντής του περίφημου περιοδικού " Παγκόσμια Λογοτεχνία Σήμερα". Είναι επίσης ο Πρόεδρος της Κριτικής Επιτροπής που απονέμει το Διεθνές Βραβείο Νοϊ στατ για την Λογοτεχνία, που θεωρείται ισότιμο με το Νομπελ. Ο Κατιρ έχει προσφέρει πλούσιο έργο γύρω απο την λατινοαμερικάνικη λογοτεχνία, την θεωρία της λογοτεχνίας και την συγκριτική λογοτεχνία. Πρόσφατο βιβλίο του, ο Κολόμβος και τα ακραία σύνορα της Γής", μια ενδιαφέρουσα μελέτη γύρω απο την ανακάλυψη της Αμερικής και τα διάφορα συνεπακόλουθα. Ακόμη, ο Κατιρ δίδαξε και διδάσκει υστερα απο προσκληση σε διάφορα Πανεπιστήμια στην Αμερική, την Ευρώπη και την Αυστραλία, και είναι Συμβουλος σεπελλά Ιδρύματα και Οργανισμούς. Με δυέ λόγια, ο Τζελάλ Κατιρ είναι απο τους πιο φωτισμένους νέους διανούμενους της Αμερικής και τιμάε την Κύπρο γιατί πάντα δίπλα στο ένεματουπροσθέτει την λέξη: Κυπριος.

Για μάς ο Τζελάλ Κατιρ είναι ο νεαρός απο τον Άγιο ~~Θεόδωρο~~ Θεόδωρο της ~~Αγκυρας~~ Σκαρίνου που εφυγε σε ηλικία 14 χρονων το 1960 την επομένη μέρα της Ανεξαρτησίας για την Αμερική και ποτε δεν ξαναγυρσε στο νησί. Κι εμείς, επωσειπε, είμαστε οι πρώτοι κυπριοι που συνάντησε υστερα απο τόσα χρόνια, εκτός βέβαια απο την οικγένεια ου, που ^{την έβλεπε στην Αυστραλία} είχε μεταναστεύσει στην Αυστραλία μετα την τραγωδία του 1974

Ο Τζελάλ Κατιρ είναι ομολογουμένως μια σπανια περίπτωση κυπρίου που είναι μονάχα Κύπριος, χωρίς το τουρκο- ή ελληνο- μπρεστά. Γεννήθηκε απο Τούρκο πατέρα αλλά η μια γιαγιά του ηταν ελληνίδα. Κι ακόμη, όταν ~~πχκχ~~ σαν βρέφος αρρώστησε πολύ σοβαρά και κινδύνευσε η ζωή του, τον πήραν στον Απίστολο Ανδρέα και τον βάφτισαν για να γίνει καλά.. Και το

ελληνικό του όνομα ήταν, όπως λέει χαμογελώντας, Ευάγγελος..
Και κάτι ακόμη που τον συγκινεί πολύ σαν το θυμάται. Η μάνα του,
που ήταν μονάχα 16 χρονών σαν τον εγέννησε, δεν είχε γάλα να τον
θηλάσει κι έτσι το πρώτο γάλα το πήρε από την ελληνίδα Σοφία,
που την αγαπά σαν τη μάνα του για τι τον έμαθε τα πρώτα παραμύθια
και τραγουδια ελληνικά. Ο Τζελάλ λοιπόν, πέρα από τις πανεπιστημιακές
του γνώσεις, θυμάται ακόμη καλά τα τουρκικά και τα ελληνικά, τραγουδιά
ελληνικά αμανέδες και τραγουδια του Γουναρη και του Βαμβακάρη, παίζει
λαούτο και χορεύει καρτσιλαμά και τσιφτετέλι, μαγειρεύει τραχανά
που του στέλνει η μάνα του από την Αυστραλία φτιάχνει τον πιο
υγιεινό λαγόστιφάδο που υπάρχει και σε όλα τα φαγητά βάζει μια πρέζα
θυμάρι για να του θυμίζει τα βουνά της Κύπρου. Όμως δεν έρχεται
στην Κύπρο γιατί... (ποιο από τα δύο κομμάτια πρέπει να αγαπά;) η
Κύπρος τον πληγώνει ακόμη και σαν μνημη. " Θα έρθω όταν η Κύπρος
ενωθεί", λέει με την ηρεμη φωνή του.

Παντρεμένος με την Χουανίτα, μια γλυκύτατη αμερικανίδα, Καθηγήτρια
κι αυτή στο Πανεπιστήμιο, έχει μια κόρη, την Αϊσέ (τό όνομα της
μάννας του,) που είναι χορογράφος. Και στις πολύ μοναχικές του
ώρες, όταν δεν λειπε σε κάποιο ταξίδι ή όταν ησυχάζει από την δουλειά
του Πανεπιστημίου, γράφει ποιηση. Ποιηση που ποτέ δεν είδε το φως
της δημοσιότητας, ποιηση που δεν εκφράζει τίποτα την γράφει ούτε
στα τουρκικά ούτε στα ελληνικά αλλά ούτε και στα αγγλικά που είναι
τώρα η πρώτη του γλώσσα, αλλά στα ισπανικά. Υστερα από πολλή δική
μας επιμονή δέχτηκε να μεταφράσουμε μερικά από τα κκ "αποκρυφα"
του ποιήματα και θέλω να ελπίζω πως η διπλή μετάφραση διατήρησε
κάτι από τη μαγεία και τη μουσικότητα της πρώτης γραφής. Κι ακόμη,
ο Τζελάλ δέχτηκε να κάνει την παγκόσμια πρώτη του εμφάνιση σαν
ποιητής σε έντυπε τους πατριδας του της Κύπρου, στην ελληνική γλώσσα
που την γνωρίζει από τους ποιητές της, ξεκινώντας βέβαια από τον
Όμηρο και φτάνοντας στον Σεφέρη ^{του Βίτσο} και τον Ελύτη, και την μεγάλη του
αγάπη, τον Διονύσιο Σελωμέ, που του αφιέρωσε κι ένα από τα
τελευταία του ποιήματα, με τον τίτλο: " Οι τελευταίοι στίχοι του
Διονύσιου Σελωμέ" .

Ελλη Πατενίδου.

ΤΖΕΛΑΛ ΚΑΤΙΡ Ο ΚΥΠΡΙΟΣ

Την άνοιξη του 1992 έγινε στο Πανεπιστήμιο Ραντκερς του Μιου Τζέρσεη, (ΗΠΑ) ένα τριήμερο Συμπόσιο με θέμα; Ο ρόλος της διανοήσης στις κοινωνικές αλλαγές στην Κεντρική και Ανατολική Ευρώπη. Στο Συμπόσιο αυτό πήραν μέρος πολλοί κορυφαίοι συγγραφείς, Αμερικανοί και Ευρωπαίοι και Ανάμεσα τους τρία βραβεία Νομπελ. Εκεί γνωρίσαμε τον βόσσο συγγραφέα Βασίλη Αξιονωφ, που μόλις άκουσε πως είμαστε Κύπριοι αναφώνησε: Πρέπει να γνωρίσετε τον φίλο μου τον Κύπριο Καθηγητή Τζελαλ Καντιρ. Και μάς έδωσε την διεύθυνση του. Ολα τα άλλα έγιναν φυσικά και αβίαστα.

Ο Τζελαλ Κατιρ είναι για τον κοσμο των Πανεπιστημίων ^{είναι} Διακεκριμένος Καθηγητής της Συγκριτικής Λογοτεχνίας στο Πανεπιστήμιο της Οκλαχόμα, ειδικός στα θέματα της ισπανικής λογοτεχνίας ^{είναι κωλοχώρα} και Διεθθυντής του ^{μεγάλου} περιοδικού " Παγκόσμια Λογοτεχνία Σήμερα". Είναι επίσης Πρόεδρος της Κριτικής Επιτροπής, που απονέμει το Διεθνές Βραβείο Νοϊστατ για την Λογοτεχνία, που θεωρείται ισότιμο με το Νομπελ. Ο Κατιρ έχει προσφέρει πλούσιο έργο γύρω απο την λατινοαμερικάνικη λογοτεχνία, την θεωρία της λογοτεχνίας και την συγκριτική λογοτεχνία. Πρόσφατο βιβλίο του, " Κολόμβος και τα ακραία σύνορα της Γής", μια ενδιαφέρουσα μελέτη γύρω απο την ανακάλυψη της Αμερικής και τα διάφορα συνεπακόλουθα. Ακόμη, ο Κατιρ δίδαξε και διδάσκει υστερα απο προσκληση σε διάφορα Πανεπιστήμια στην Αμερική, την Ευρώπη και την Αυστραλία, και είναι Συμβουλος σε πολλά Ιδρύματα και Οργανισμούς. Με δυό λόγια, ο Τζελαλ Κατιρ είναι απο ^{είναι} τους πιο φωτισμένους ^{πρώτος} διανοούμενους της Αμερικής και τιμά ^{και} την Κύπρο γιατί πάντα ^{πάλι} δίνει στο όνομα του προσθέτει την λέξη: Κυπριος.

Για μάς ο Τζελαλ Κατιρ είναι ^{όμως η ο συμπληρωμα} ~~ο νεαρός~~ απο τον Άγιο ~~Θεόδωρο~~ Θεόδωρο της ~~Αθήνας~~ Σμαρίνου που εφυγε σε ηλικία 14 χρονων, το 1960 την επομένη μέρα της Ανεξαρτησίας για ^{ΗΠΑ} την Αμερική και ποτε δεν ξαναγυρισε στο νησί. Κι εμείς, όπως είπε, είμαστε οι πρώτοι Κύπριοι που συνάντησε υστερα απο τόσα χρόνια, εκτός βέβαια απο την οικογένειά του, που ^{την έβλεπε στην Αυστραλία} είχε μεταναστεύσει στην Αυστραλία μετα την Τραγωδία του 1974

Πρέπει να θυμάμε
Ο Τζελαλ Κατιρ είναι ομολογουμένως μια σπανια περίπτωση Κυπρίου που είναι μονάχα Κύπριος, χωρίς το τουρκο- ή ελληνο- μπροστά. Γεννήθηκε από Τούρκο πατέρα αλλά η μια γιαγιά του ήταν Ελληνίδα. Κι ακόμη, όταν ~~παρα~~ σαν βρέφος αρρώστησε πολύ σοβαρά και κινδύνευσε η ζωή του, τον πήραν στον Απόστολο Ανδρέα και τον βάπτισαν για να γίνει καλός.. Και το

εννοεί να

ελληνικό του όνομα ηταν, όπως λέει χαμογελώντας, Ευάγγελος..
Και κάτι ακόμη που τον συγκινεί πολύ σαν το θυμάται. Η μάνα του,
που ήταν μονάχα 16 χρονών σαν τον ~~εγέννησε~~, δεν είχε γάλα να τον
θηλάσει ~~κι έτσι~~ ^{και} το πρώτο γάλα το πήρε απο την ελληνίδα Σοφία,
που την αγαπά σαν τη μάνα του για τι τονέμαθεν ^{και} τα πρώτα παραμύθια
και τραγουδια ~~ελληνικά~~. Ο Τζελάλ λοιπον, περα απο τις πανεπιστημιακές
του γνώσεις, θυμάται ακόμη καλά τα τουρκικά και τα ελληνικά, τραγουδιά
~~ελληνικά~~ και τραγουδια του Γούναρη και του Βαμβακάρη, παίζει
λαούτο και χορευει καρτσιλαμά και τσιφτετέλι, μαγειρεύει τραχανά
που του στέλνει η μάνα του απο την Αυστραλία, φτιάχνει τον πιο
υ οστιμο λαφύ στιφάφο που υπάρχει και σ όλα τα φαγητά βάζει μια πρέζα
θυμάρι για να του θυμίζει τα βουνά της Κυπρου. Ομως δεν έρχεται
στην Κύπρο γιατι... (ποιο απο τα δυό κομμάτια πρέπει να αγαπά;). ~~Η~~
Κύπρος τον πληγώνει ακομη και σαν μνημη. " Θα έρθω οταν η Κυπρος
ενωθεί", λέει με την ηρεμη φωνή του.

Παντρεμένος με την Χουανίτα, μια γλυκύτατη Αμερικανίδα, Καθηγήτρια
κι αυτή στο Πανεπιστήμιο, έχει μια κόρη, την Αϊσέ (τό όνομα της
μ άνας του,) που είναι χορογράφος. Και στις πολύ μοναχικές του
ώρες, όταν δεν ~~λοιπε~~ ^{απευσιάζει} σε κάποιο ταξίδι ή οταν ησυχάζει απο την δουλειά
του Πανεπιστημίου, γράφει ποιηση. Ποιηση που ποτέ δεν είδε το φώς
της δημοσιότητας, ποιηση που δεν ~~εμφανίζεται~~ ^{την} γράφει ουτε
στα τουρκικα ουτε στα ελληνικά αλλα ουτε και στα αγγλικά που είναι
τώρα η πρωτη του γλώσσα, αλλά σταισπανικά. Υστερα απο πολλή δική
μας επιμονή δέχτηκε να μεταφράσουμε μερικά απο τα ~~απ~~ "αποκρυφα"
του ποιήματα και θέλω να ελπίζω πως η διπλή μετάφραση διατήρησε
κάτι απο τη μαγεία και τη μουσικότητα της πρώτης γραφής. Κι ακόμη,
ο Τζελάλ δέχτηκε να κάνει την παγκόσμια πρώτη του εμφάνιση σαν
ποιητής σε έντυπο τους πατριδας του της Κυπρου, στην ελληνική γλώσσα
που την γνωριζει απο τους ποιητές της, ξεκινώντας βέβαια απο τον
Ομηρο και φτάνοντας στον Σεφέρη ^{του Ρίτσο} και τον Ελύτη, και την μεγάλη του
αγάπη, τον Διονύσιο Σολωμό, που του αφιέρωσε κι ένα απο τα
τελευταία του ποιήματα, με τον τίτλο: " Οι τελευταίοι στίχοι του
Διονύσιου Σολωμου". Ελπίζω σε μια μελλοντική έκδοση να μπορέσουμε
να ~~τε~~ δημοσιεύσουμε ^{κι από 10 ποιηματα}.
Ελλη Παιονίδου.