



## 1. Fernando Pessoa, Ulysses

Myth – nothing, everything. Brute

Sun throwing skies wide

Is a myth, brilliant, mute –

The dead body of God

Living and nude.

This man who here came ashore

Was by way of not being.

Came? Was here before.

Did us proud by not being.

Made us, what's more.

So legend trickles, tries

To seep into real life.

And runs, can fertilise.

Down below, life – half

Nothing – dies.



## 2. Pavlos Xioutas, Trips

I sink in my thoughts and I forget everything  
or travel on the wings of the wind  
and I get lost like a drop in the ocean  
I feel glad to live alone, me and myself,  
a crazy lark that spends his life to kiss the Dawn.  
I could not bear people  
if I were missing those trips  
and every day would be the same with the others,  
identical, without any sense.

Translated by Michaelia Andreou / Sotiria Papamargariti



### 3. K. P. Cavafy, Second Odyssey

A great second Odyssey,  
Greater even than the first perhaps,  
But alas, without Homer, without hexameters.

Small was his ancestral home,  
Small was his ancestral city,  
And the whole of his Ithaca was small.

The affection of Telemachus, the loyalty  
Of Penelope, his father's aging years,  
His old friends, the love  
Of his devoted subjects,  
The happy repose of his home,  
Penetrated like rays of joy  
The heart of the seafarer.  
And like rays they faded.

The thirst

For the sea rose up with him.  
He hated the air of the dry land.  
At night, spectres of Hesperia  
Came to trouble his sleep.  
He was seized with nostalgia  
For voyages, for the morning arrivals  
At harbors you sail into,  
With such happiness, for the first time.

The affection of Telemachus, the loyalty  
Of Penelope, his father's aging years,  
His old friends, the love  
Of his devoted subjects,  
The peace and repose of his home  
Bored him.

And so he left.

As the shores of Ithaca gradually  
Faded away behind him  
And he sailed swiftly westward  
Toward Iberia and the Pillars of Hercules,  
Far from every Achaean sea,  
He felt he was alive once more,  
Freed from the oppressive bonds  
Of familiar, domestic things.  
And his adventurous heart rejoiced  
Coldly, devoid of love.

Translated by Walter Kaiser



#### 4. K. P. Cavafy, Ithaca

As you set out for Ithaca  
hope the voyage is a long one,  
full of adventure, full of discovery.  
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,  
angry Poseidon—don't be afraid of them:  
you'll never find things like that on your way  
as long as you keep your thoughts raised high,  
as long as a rare excitement  
stirs your spirit and your body.  
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,  
wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them  
unless you bring them along inside your soul,  
unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope the voyage is a long one.  
May there be many a summer morning when,  
with what pleasure, what joy,  
you come into harbors seen for the first time;  
may you stop at Phoenician trading stations  
to buy fine things,  
mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,  
sensual perfume of every kind—  
as many sensual perfumes as you can;  
and may you visit many Egyptian cities  
to gather stores of knowledge from their  
scholars.

Keep Ithaca always in your mind.  
Arriving there is what you are destined for.  
But do not hurry the journey at all.  
Better if it lasts for years,  
so you are old by the time you reach the island,  
wealthy with all you have gained on the way,  
not expecting Ithaca to make you rich.

Ithaca gave you the marvelous journey.  
Without her you would not have set out.  
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaca won't have  
fooled you.  
Wise as you will have become, so full of  
experience,  
you will have understood by then what these  
Ithakas mean.

Translated by Edmund Keeley/Philip Sherrard



## 5. Odysseas Elytis, Aegean Sea

Love

Archipelago

And the bow of the foams

And the dreams of seagulls

In the tallest mast the sailor flaps

A song

Love

The song

And the horizons of journey

And nostalgia's echoes

On the wet rock fiancée waits

A boat

Love

The boat

And the carelessness of the wind

And the sail of hope

In the lightest wave the island welcomes

The return

Translated by Sotiria Papamargariti



## 6. Pantelis Michanikos, In the cave of Cyclop

Odysseus was tied under the ram's belly.

(It is not, of course, a poetic image).

We are in the cave  
and death stands at the door.  
The heartbeat will pass  
underneath the palpable  
of Polyphemus.

"My ram,  
I will make golden horns for you  
to copulate with brilliance  
the goats of Polyphemus.  
But now  
stretched your rugged body  
and get me out of the death's door.  
Completely blind Polyphemus does not see light  
and the sun is shining out of the cave.  
There I will kiss you on the forehead  
and caress your groin".

He said, and giving a strong tweak  
on ram's rear  
Odysseus dared  
towards life or death.

Translated by Sotiria Papamargariti



## 7. Leopold Staff , "Odys"

Niech cię nie niepokoją  
Cierpienia twe i błędy.  
Wszędy są drogi proste  
Lecz i manowce wszędy.

O to chodzi jedynie,  
By naprzód wciąż iść śmiało,  
Bo zawsze się dochodzi  
Gdzie indziej, niż się chciało.

Zostanie kamień z napisem:  
Tu leży taki i taki.  
Każdy z nas jest Odysem,  
Co wraca do swej Itaki.



## 8. Juhász Gyula, Odysseus búcsúzik

Ez Ithaka, a szürkülő sziget,  
Borús olajfák árnya rámborul ma  
S egy tűnt gyerekség fonnyadt koszorúja  
Övezi át ez elhantolt szivet.

Ez Ithaka. A nyáj lágyan kolompol,  
Vén kondás ballag gödölyék után,  
Álom porába hull a délután  
S a tenger mormol, mint fáradt komondor.

De én e tájon túl emlékezem  
Calipsóra virágos éveken  
S eszembe jutsz: Circének édes éje

S a szemfödő alatt is fölzokog  
A drága múlt és sírván gondolok  
Aranyhajú szirének énekére.



## 9. Quote from the novel *Kiklop*, written by Croatian author Ranko Marinković (1913.-2001.)

“Ja sam čovjek začet u sljepilu strasti, u mraku utrobe, porinut u vrijeme za mučno trajanje. Dali su mi na put radosti i boli (više boli, manje radosti) i dva oka da gledam mučenje i dva uha da slušam jecanje najmukotrpnijeg bića koje je izmislilo i plač i smijeh. I usta su mi dali da žvačem gorki zalogaj. I jezik da govorim: jao! Dali su mi ruke da gradim i rušim, da grlim i ubijam! I noge da bježim kad me progone, i sam da progonim. Imam srce da bih trpio jače od svih životinja. Imam razum da bih se mogao nadati sutrašnjemu danu koji bi mogao donijeti nešto radosti. A kad radosti ne bude, opet ću se nadati i lažima ispunjavati misli svoje da bi mi san pao na oči. I sanjat ću da sam ŽIV ZAUVIJEK. Ali probudit će se tada Polifem-kiklop jednooki, i navalit će golem kamen na spilju moga sna i neće biti izlaza. Zgrabit će me nešto strašno, ogromno, i probudit ću se u rukama ljudoždera...”



## 10. KOLLARI BAĞLI ODYSSEUS, DÖRDÜNCÜ BÖLÜM

<p>1 When the black ship has arrived Ayage Island by escaping From the stream of Okeanos River Among the olimpian sea We've pulled him into the shore and Sunked into sleep since waiting olimpian twilight The twilight which has rose fingers Who has borned in morning fog has found The dead of Elphenor who is lying Face down firstly on the shore We've burried him with ceremony which is mournful We've listened Kirke sincerely and by drinking weather-beaten wine</p> <p>2 The most olimpion of goddess, Kirke, who has lovely braid said: "You, Odysseus, you are two mortal You had seen Hades when you were living You had seen joyless country that the sun hasn't rised You had been in the darkness Ithaka was keeping you alive That the island you're trying to find From the pillar to the past for a thousand year in the Olimpion sea The unshakable base of the mansion The daughter of Ikarious, Penelopeia Your virtuous sperm Telemakhos Your whole ideal and love Ithaka</p>	<p>3 Listen to me well that I will say you I will tell everything as so So don't stay alone in the middle of the sea again Because of new evils. You will meet firstly with mermaids So keep yourself from them You will be captivated by their wild melodies So Ithaka hasn't been disappeared completely After you climb over mermaids You'll meet two ways to go Which of them is yours? So you have to know it.</p> <p>4 In fact I had never seen Ithaca There was no Penelopeia and Telemakhos But Ithaka was an imagination in my mind The most olimpian of goddess I will find my way that Kirke hasn't said yet However I want to reach there on purpose now I will listen to music of memoids, I said and I've crushed a candle comb with a bronze dagger's edge I've shut padder's ears one by one I've tied myself to the mainmast</p> <p>5. An alone melody, so deeply Which is coming inside Begins to rise slowly I was singing that wild, magic songs to deaf sailors Only I could hear the melodies Kirke, wise goddess, hi to you! I've passed myself unharmed</p>
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