

November 17 1973, Athens Polytechnic
Program of a theatrical reliving
at the high school of Glossa Skopelos

Juntas and liberators A couple eternal?

Alas to a nation that with every tyrant
it doesn't also give birth to a tyrannicide
Alexandros Panagoulis

I was happy my bomb missed him. He is a
replaceable puppet and I'm a fighter, not a killer
Alexandros Panagoulis

Titles of the episodes:

The bug

The present

The absent

The guards

The street

The apple below the apple tree

The apple tree over the apple

The in-laws and the outlaws

Choir rehearsal

Are history lessons a brainwash? A cinematographer's answer.

Upshot

“...In one sense I was happy my bomb missed his car by one meter. I'm not a killer, I'm a fighter. And to fight against a junta doesn't mean to kill its leader who is just a puppet buffoon played by foreign interests, nor to kill some of its quite replaceable policemen or soldiers, whom I would not stand the remorse to kill. To fight a junta means to disarm it, and disarming it means that a great number of soldiers will not obey their orders, and somebody telling them to do so means he proves to them that it is humanly possible to stand the consequences, as I did prove by only writing to your leader that he is a buffoon and a clown on all grace pleas and petitions you brought me to sign, in order for you not to expose your regime in front of international organizations which objected to my execution and at the same time for you not to look powerless in front of the people that you wanted to terrorize. My oration is not contempt of court martial, because you are not a court but bosses of torturers some of whom even have a sick thwarted surgeon's sexual imagination; and you are not martial either since you are deserters not soldiers; I deserted your army to serve my country, as I do serve it everyday in the torture chamber; you deserted your country by not deserting an army that receives orders against its country and its people. Alas to a nation not giving birth to a tyrannicide when giving birth to a tyrant.”



Alexandros Panagoulis

(Songs to be played during the arrival of the audience are the well known anti-junta resistance songs by Theodorakis. But the last song before the curtain opens for the first skit is the following , by Savopoulos)

Follow my eyes to see our country
a run down hut trying to play up and look like dandy
run down, run down, run down, no central heating
apply to good old immigration just for eating.

The people is on central sidewalks selling bagels
and lottery tickets, there's a better fate for angels
Dorothy's not among the country's calmest sleepers
virginal beds are sometimes sold to highest bidders.

Priests, philanthropists and ladies
be one of us and you will join the club of plenties.
What can you do to be unlike a corpse decaying
whether you're eighty or just twenty and complaining?

In soccer fields the country arrested is still sighing
in coffee shops jokes, decks of cards and state TV
this is no song, it's a roof leaking on the dying
a cigarette butt, cop in civilian shadowing me.

THE BUG

Iro (coming back from long shopping if we judge by the number of bags):

-Can you at least tell me what you've been hearing all day? Is it a policeman or a rocker that I have married? All day long with that headset! You want me to bring you your uniform so that at least I remember your job?

(Stamatis gestures that he doesn't hear her)

Iro:

-That much I do know! Yet, let me check. You know the puzzle with Theodorakis and the cop?
(Again Stamatis gestures he doesn't hear her)

Iro:

-Good! If he hears that he will either laugh or start yelling. Which one I'm not sure. Who knows these days the political beliefs of even his own people. Who dares to speak openly? But if he hears me he can't help reacting. Well, why did the cop whistle Theodorakis songs in the street?...To arrest passersby because they were listening to Theodorakis' songs since they are forbidden. Ha. Ha. Ha. Gee, what loneliness. I'm only talking to myself and only hearing myself. Yet from one point of view that's good, I can express myself more freely. It's all my father's fault who wanted to marry me to a cop, son of a rightwing friend of his, lest the opportunity for kosher stuff should be lost. My blindness is to blame too, I still wanted to receive the golden medal of the good girl, listening to her dad. Here's what all that led to. Me speaking my mind to him only when he has his ears plugged. Let me tell him something hairier but neighbors shouldn't hear that...

(Iro goes to close windows)

...we are even more afraid of them than they of us, the cop family. So? Should I try escalating or I'm playing with fire?

Iro:

(Rhythmically as in demonstrations, but not loud)

You beat up people of all ages
and get paid the cheapest wages.

No reaction, if he had heard that he would have beaten me even for no wages at all. So let me get it all out full volume.

**You get paid the cheapest wages
to beat people of all ages**

Aah! What pleasure! I really enjoyed this one.

(Suddenly Stamatis reacts. He removes half of the headset, she is startled)

Stamatis:

-OK woman, I know we don't get paid well, that's why I work overtime, and bring some work home. Our bugs tape people all day and then we listen to the tapes to see if they say something illegal or secret or conspiratorial.

Iro:-Was it James Bond that I married?

Stamatis:-Well, I shouldn't be boasting but...

(He puts on the headset again)

Iro:

-Phew! For a moment I thought I got caught! But he didn't hear the whole thing! Let me try another antijunta joke. Our vice president passes in front of our national poet's statue and he hears him speaking to him asking him why they gave marble horses to the generals' statues and not to the poets' too. He mentions it the president and he doesn't believe him so he takes him there and the poet's statue says "I asked you for a horse, not a mule"

(Stamatis gives no sign of life)

Iro:

-At deaf man's door take the door and leave, as the saying goes. Do I love that headset! Two birds with one stone! We pay those installments for our new living room and I can also talk freely. That's what I call conjugal communication. I'm going to make dinner, see you later night coppee.

(Stamatis removes the headset again)

Stamatis:-What did you call me?

Iro:

-I said something about night coffee. Keeps one awake. I'll fix something light for dinner.
(As soon as Iro leaves Stamatis removes the headset and talks to himself in low voice)

Stamatis:

-Fuckin' gadget, gives me an ear itch all these hours. I could hardly keep my cool and not laugh. Terrific jokes. Yet she may be fishing me. Am I going insane? OK, they told us at the seminar not to trust even our wives, but they meant she might be a leftist, whereas what I fear is her spying me on behalf of my department in the police. How much I want to tell her a joke I heard on that buggin' fuckin' headset, but can I trust her? Well, I mean even if she is not a spy maybe part of what she liked in me was being the rightwinger her father saw in me. I myself thought high of her beliefs when my father...Aaah! Forget all that! Anyway, apart from all that crap she was the hell of a girl when we were newlywed. And she thought as much of me. And here we are the hell of two shitheads speaking to each other only when the other is not listening, this fucking job has really made us weirdos talking to themselves. How I wish she had changed her beliefs like me. Fancy us sharing jokes and plans against the junta. Aah! Forget it. Such things don't happen in real life, only in serials. But I'm going to tell her that joke, even if I only mumble it to myself. When our president passed the slogan "Greece of Orthodox Greeks" the ol' man of democracy commented "Greece of Orthodox Greeks catholically protesting", as sharp as always the ol' man.

Iro:-Darling, what the ol' man said was fantastic!

Stamatis:(Startled)

-Aah! You were spying on me? Not cooking?

Iro:

-No, I was just coming to tell you dinner's ready because with that headset you wouldn't hear me and I just happened to hear you talking loud to yourself.

Stamatis:-How do you know I was not fishing you with that joke?

Iro:-Do you also suspect yourself now?

Stamatis:-Don't you suspect me too?

Iro:

-I would suspect that you were fishing me if you had only said jokes, but you also said some thing about our honeymoon. And if you could only hear with what voice you said them...you would be as sure as I am that you too are against the junta.

Stamatis:-Not so loud! We might have a bug.

Iro:

-After so many bugs you cops put everywhere you now suspect each other too?

Stamatis:-Say that again!...But not loud.

Iro:-Whom were you listening to?

Stamatis:

- Somebody we were bugging had a cassette of Mikis, "songs of struggle" it's called, terrific songs, it really beats me how the tall sent them from abroad, when his son came to see his grandpa we had searched his coat even in the inside for cassettes, we tore it up, somebody told us later he might have kept only the reel and rolled it around on of those big coat-buttons, they may be hollow. Well we didn't think of that.

Iro:-Are we going to hear it together too?

(They hear together "Beginning of Struggle" with their fists lifted)

Stamatis:-What if some bug's bug is hearing us?

Iro:

-His marriage with his wife is going to be saved like ours was just saved

Stamatis:-What d' you mean?

Iro:

-He'll take the good example from how we came to terms with each other and will come to terms with his wife too. Aah! Whoever is the guy you were shadowing and wherever he is, he did something good for us. What you think he's doing now?

Stamatis:-Maybe writing a poem. He's a poet.

Iro:

-Really? And they keep calling poets sissy? I think they're the ones taking the weather with all you after them. Does he know you have bugged him?

Stamatis:-He suspects it.

Iro:-What does he do about it?

Stamatis:-I think he takes it like you do.

Iro:-What d' you mean?

Stamatis:

-I heard him mumbling some verses as he was writing them, something about giving a good example to the bugs.

Iro:-Wow me! Great minds think alike!

Stamatis:-You think I may have married a poetress and not known it?

Iro:

-This should be underlined by some people in this very room who thought that their very wife spied on them. Will you do me a favor? Can you ask to become his exclusive bug so as not to miss that poem when he completes it?

Stamatis:-Are you very curious?

Iro:

-Are you very jealous? My poor little dumb-dumb can't think that now that I feel we're a real couple again I wouldn't have eyes for anybody else? That I only want to hear that poem to know how **my** words would sound if I had a talent for writing verses?

Stamatis:-In that case let's bug him together from now on.

(In the next scene the poet, **Mihalis**, rising from a table, holds a page in his hand and in another part of the stage the couple is listening to his reading wearing one headset each)

Mihalis:

-Hmm. Let's see how it comes out:

(he reads)

**My feelings are real brotherly and best
for all poor hounds who all the time surround my nest,
who, with snow or even rain,
my keepers all around the clock have been ordained,
who have to use their bugs and mikes to hear
whatever passes through my mouth or even near,
songs, swears, and jokes stupid or clever
within the kitchen or the toilet or wherever.
My brother cops and hounds you do remain
listeners and knowers of my every human pain,
you are and will remain the main witness
that my passion for my cause and that my sweetness**

are as constantly with me as I with them.
Words that otherwise would be forgotten,
all in your tapes have been recorded and safeguarded
and when at home in bed at least you're free to sleep
through whispers from your lips my songs can find some leaks.
My gratitude to you for this is really deep.
Dear colleagues, my colleagues, faithful and most dear colleagues.
Dear colleagues, my colleagues, faithful and most dear colleagues.

In the next scene the poem is heard played as a song in both the poet's and in the cop's house, the poet dances it alone and very energetically and acrobatically, on chairs and tables, the couple dances it tango-like with many fancy dance postures showing how much in love they really are too. In the protracted and ironic "Collea-ea-ea-ea-gues" they all have their legs raised to the same direction and same angle and in the manner of musical reviews, burlesque etc.

Follow up: Stamatis finally combined also tsamiko and zeimbekiko, Iro added ballet poses on toes and also she had the idea to put a red tablecloth on the dinner table in order to remove it and wave it to him like a toreador to make him dance in bull-like poses against its redness (symbolic of communism too of course etc)

(The song is by the German poet Wolf Birman and was put to music by the Greek composer Thanos Mikroutsikos)

Suddenly the phone rings at the policeman's house. He picks it up:
"Hello...What? I'm coming"
"What happened?"
"Turn on the radio and you'll see. I'm leaving. Oh! My uniform"

The phone rings at the poet's house. He picks it up:
"Hello...Didn't I tell you not to call here. I'm sure I'm bugged. Oh, you call from a booth. Then OK. What? Why didn't you tell me? I'm coming. Radio? Fuck the radio. I've run out of batteries. I'm coming there"
He puts on a jacket and leaves.

Iro turns on the radio, changes some stations and suddenly she hits on:

"This the Polytechnic. This is the Polytechnic. You are listening to the radio station of the free fighting students, of the free fighting Greeks"

Shouts of demonstrators around the Polytechnic are also heard on the radio. They also shout to people on buses passing by to get down and join them :

Down with the junta
Down with the junta
Show us solidarity
Show us solidarity
Get down from the buses
Get down from the buses
Bread schools and freedom
Bread schools and freedom

**CURTAIN FALLS AND REMAINS CLOSED BECAUSE
A LONG PART OF THE NEXT EPISODE IS PLAYED WITH CURTAIN CLOSED**

THE PRESENT

(A DVD player plays a scene where a teenager hearing on the radio the broadcasting from the Polytechnic stands up, finishes his coffee standing, kisses his mom and leaves. We freeze the scene where his mom sits and listens to the radio on the kitchen table.

The theater actors are still behind the curtain, we can only hear them like, at that time, the listeners to the radio could only hear the students inside the Polytechnic or the demonstrators on the streets)

Emmanuelle:

This the Polytechnic. This is the Polytechnic. You are listening to the radio station of the free fighting students, of the free fighting Greeks

The others shout:

Down with the junta

Down with the junta

Show us solidarity

Show us solidarity

Get down from the buses

Get down from the buses

Bread schools and freedom

Bread schools and freedom

We are united and decided

We are united and decided

This night will be the death of fascism

This night will be the death of fascism

People remember tonight it's now or never

People remember tonight it's now or never

Sit up and fight they're sucking your blood dry

Sit up and fight they're sucking your blood dry

People you're hungry why bow and not get angry

People you're hungry why bow and not get angry

You are in hunger go get some rope and hang'em

You are in hunger go get some rope and hang'em

MP, SS, you're people's torturers/ you're trash you're scum, the shame of this land

MP, SS, you're people's torturers/ you're trash you're scum, the shame of this land

Emmanuelle reads:

We need serum injections, fenergan, valium of two milligrams and of five milligrams injectible

Thanasis :

(sitting next to Emmanuelle and the common microphone but still behind curtains)

And we need lots of lemons. Tear gas has well started . We also need paper handkerchiefs, and plastic gloves and doctors, and whatever an organism needs in lack of air.

MP, SS, you're people's torturers/ you're trash you're scum, the shame of this land

MP, SS, you're people's torturers/ you're trash you're scum, the shame of this land

This night will be the death of fascism

This night will be the death of fascism

(We're still behind the curtains but the scene frozen on the DVD is the tank ready to break down the gate to Polytechnic. The shouts behind the curtain continue)

Voice of Thanasis:

(still behind curtains. Thanasis wears a uniform. He deserted and came straight to Polytechnic without even changing clothes):

The soldiers will not shoot their brothers. Long live the unbent morale of Greek soldiers. Let's call them to get down from those tanks.

All shout:

Get down from those tanks
Get down from those tanks

Isolated distant shots are heard
Pause.

Voice of Emmanuelle:

It's unbelievable. They tell us Greek officers shot Greek soldiers inside tanks because they refused to raise up arms against their brothers.

Suddenly the DVD becomes energized. The frozen tank moves on the screen and breaks down the gate of the Polytechnic and enters the campus' front yard. The curtain opens and for the first time we see the students, standing behind Emmanuelle and Thanasis A. who are sitting in front of the microphone on a table. Now they two also rise. The soldiers have not reached this room yet but we hear repeated shots from closer distances closer and closer and the sound of caterpillars of tanks rolling. The only slogan they shout before they start singing the National Anthem is:

This night your children are getting murdered

This night your children are getting murdered

(the loudspeakers transmit it for repetition into the campus yard and it is repeated as if by a single huge mouth heard on the radio too, like all other slogans so far, although the people in the yard are also running for cover)

Then the students in the room start singing the National Anthem:

***Freedom I can tell your face by your sword's horrible sight
dust and earth you count and measure by your cutting edge's stride...***

At "cutting edge's stride..." they are interrupted by soldiers jumping onto the stage after breaking into the theater room from its side doors with shots in the air and dashing with clubsticks on the shouters. To Thanasis who is seen in uniform and near a microphone two soldiers dash and take him away with one pistol at each temple of his. Same treatment for Mihalis the poet who was among the shouters standing and, as it seems, had been not only bugged but also known as face to some of the invading personnel. They hit and make arrests by putting handcuffs on people and letting them lying down and guarded by a couple of soldiers, and the rest to go to search other rooms too.

CURTAIN

THE ABSENT

(excerpted from the book by Kostoula Mitropoulou “The chronicle of three days”)

(On the stage we see students. On the side doors of the theater room which are left open two of the soldiers who were making arrests walk back and forth dressed in civilian)

On Athens December 3 1973 universities reopened:

Dimitris (somewhat lost, leafing and re-leafing his papers):

Andreas Zenakos (pause) Alekos Gavriel (pause) Evangelos Anakreontas (pause) Are these students absent?

Nina:

They're dead

Dimitris (angrily):

What's your name?

Nina:

What's your name? Who are you? We don't know you. Our professors are in jail.

Dimitris (with firm voice):

Starting today you will have with me eight hours per week.

(He leans back into his papers, then asks:)

Who wants to attend class today?

Vasilis:

Nobody

(students are leaving one after the other)

Dimitris (loud):

Where are you going? Come back to your class

Christos:

The class is elsewhere. You come there too. This class is full of dead.

Nina:

Teach to them patience and prudence if you insist. They'll sure hear you with full attention.

Dimitris (baffled):

Come back. There will be consequences.

George:

We know that

CURTAIN

THE GUARDS

(A jail setting. Some students are sitting on chairs with their arms handcuffed in front of them so they can use them e.g. to smoke as cigarette. Some of them are among the ones arrested in that microphone room. George, whom we also saw walking in civilian in the corridors of the school of the previous scene is the guard whom we now see standing in front of them and talking to them)

George:

If some of you wants to tell us, without any fuss, who made that radio station let him think of it and in one hour that I will pass again let him tell me. I'll come and put you in solitary cells so nobody who tells me is seen by the others. I just make this proposal for your sake, because the guard coming after me won't see things my way. I neither want to see you crippled or your mothers crying . Some colleagues in here just didn't give a damn if you end up dead. People who answer me always feel a great relief afterwards. If you want to feel relieved talk to me and we'll have coffee together. Until then have a cigarette. Here's a pack. I'll light it for you, you're tied.

(He approaches Philip S.)

Philip:

It's not the brand I smoke

Dimitris:

OK, you play good guy on Monday-Wednesday-Friday and bad guy on Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday and your colleague vice versa. And on Sunday you both go to church with your family. I've seen the movie again.

George:

Don't listen to him. He either confuses me with somebody else or he wants to play smart to you. (Kostas and Tasos enter. Kostas is one of the invaders of that night but was not seen in the corridors of the school during class. Tasos was seen both in the corridors with civilian and as an invader in uniform. Now they both wear uniforms)

Kostas (Shouting):

Hey! Why are you wasting your words with those fucking assholes? They'll think we're in some need of asking them, commies, to please oblige us telling us. Listen here: Truth begins.

Tasos (calmly but menacingly):

Listen: here we don't hug and caress. You're going to spit blood. Even tough guys who were on the streets for years and could get a trimming elsewhere, did spill the beans here. And you nerds and teacher's kids and mom's kids and butter-ass-kids, think you can take the weather in our place? You, for example: Do you know who I am?

Philip: No, I don't.

Tasos: You don't? Hlaaats! (=slap)

Kostas: Do you know who I am?

Vangelis: Yes, I do.

Kostas (howling): How can you know me, fucking idiot? (Hlaaats!) Do you know my job?

Vangelis: No, I don't.

Kostas (howling): You don't? Shithead! Don't you see I'm a torturer? (Hlaaats!)

Tasos to Vangelis:

So you are the one with the same last name as the shithead next door? You even have the same looks. Brothers eh? You big brother betrayed you, sucker! What kind of fucking families are you?

Vangelis: I don't believe you.

Tasos: Are you calling me a liar? (Hlaaats!)

Vangelis: In front of my brother you're not even a half-man. He can beat you up even with his hands tied.

Tasos (to Kostas and George): Take him downstairs and do to him what I did to his brother and he'll believe me.

Before they do that they do something else: They go and bring his brother who is Thanasis. They drop him on the floor handcuffed and take Vangelis.

Thanasis (towards the door): Leave my kid brother alone you stinking farts. He hasn't even finished high school...which you never even started.

(He rises and sees Tasos who is the only torturer in the room:)

Aaaah! My little birdie! Remember I told you that if we ever were alone we two I would beat the hell out of you even with my handcuffs on?

Tasos starts running. Thanasis starts chasing him around the chairs with prisoners. Phillip stretches his leg for Tasos to trip over and Thanasis falls on him and starts beating him with both his fists united since he's tied.

Look at the faggot, he doesn't even defend himself. You bloody cuntpad tell them to stop that on my brother or I'll kill you here and now. Ah! I found what I'll do. I'll keep beating you until you ask for help to bring them here. You have a whistle, don't you? All you shitmen have. I'll be beating you until you start whistling. I won't keep you from whistling. If my brother was not there I'd first kill you and then I'd make you whistle. I know a way. OK, we start.

Tasos, still lying down on the floor, face down, gets out of his shirt a whistle hung around his neck and whistles.

Thanasis: You blow well.

Kostas enters and starts laughing at his colleague:

Kostas: He did beat you up with his hand tied as his kid brother said? Hahaha! There's only one real man around here.

Thanasis: And that means you?. Remove my handcuffs and I'll beat and fuck all three of you together. Go bring that other weeping-fart, playing good Samaritan, too. Now you shut your traps eh? Scared shitless! Look at some men!

CURTAIN

THE STREET

(Setting : A street on some hour well after midnight. Yiorgos holds a spray and Yiannis holds a bucket)

Yiorgos: Are you out of your mind? You came with a bucket?

Yiannis: We're going to paint aren't we?

Yiorgos: We give ourselves away. Are you a look-out help or a loudspeaker for selling things?

Yiannis: We'll say we're wall painters.

Yiorgos: Who will believe us? Have you seen many wall painters working at 3 in the morning?

Yiannis: And what are you going to paint with?

Yiorgos: With the brush of the latest technology. It's called spray.

Yiannis: So you're the painter of the future?

Yiorgos: We didn't come here to have a chat. Be on the look-out until I write "BREAD
SCHOOLS AND FREEDOM"

Yiannis: Come again. I did like that one.

Yiorgos: Bread schools and freedom

Yiannis: What does it mean? Did you think it up by yourself?

Yiorgos: Is it now a time to talk about that? We'll wake up three buildings by the time you understand. Look what look-out they gave to me! Who ever took into the organization? Who guaranteed for what qualifications of you? Stop talking.

Yiannis: I won't stop if you don't explain to me.

Yiorgos: What have we got into! OK: If you have bread and you don't only think of hunger then you demand schools and education. And he who has education is not fooled and knows how to defend his freedom.

Yiannis: Aaah! That was nice. But it made me hungry.

Yiorgos: Because it made you think?

Yiannis: No; because you mentioned bread.

Yiorgos: Why am I listening to you? Go to the corner to see if anyone's coming.

Yiannis: To the corner forward or to the corner backward?

Yiorgos: I don't know. Say forward.

Yiannis: Forward the way you're looking at me or forward the way I'm looking at you?

Yiorgos: Get your bucket and get lost in either direction.

Yiannis (monologizing):

I play head-or-tails with my life.

He takes out a coin and tosses it to see in which corner he'll stand to look out.

As he goes around the corner for the look-out, Kostas comes round the other corner and noiselessly he approaches Yiorgos from behind and taps him with his finger lightly on the shoulder. Yiorgos freezes and the spray-writing stops at: BREAD SCHOOLS AND Also his spray falls from his hand

Kostas: So we just had sleeplessness and we just came for some night painting to help us go to sleep. Well-well-well, what do I see? Bread and schools. And after schools we'll also have freedom. You did learn your cute little poem and so did I. Enough talk; just a minute; I'll whistle to my colleagues and then first stop is at the police station for a very special sleepless night.

He takes out a whistle but in the meantime Yiannis the look-out has come behind him and although he is very short jumps high as if in basket ball and buckets him. His whistle falls down, Yiannis picks it up, and they both start running while Kostas tries to get the bucket off his head and bangs somewhere falling down with the bucket still on his head. Curtain closes and opens and we see the two runners stopped and panting.

Yiorgos: Fortunately you had the bucket with you. Now I know what the organization saw in you. Guts. This had never happened to me. How about to you?

Yiannis: I already had three whistles. And this is the fourth one.

Yiorgos (giving him five): Have you bucketed another three cops you champ?!

Yiannis: No, I always run into the same cop.

Yiorgos: Hahaaaa! Oh, how nice that too makes me feel. That's terrific! The struggle is now vindicated, as they say. You have seen that graffiti, haven't you?

Yiannis: Yes, but in our case something else applies even better.

Yiorgos: What?

Yiannis: The bucket is now vindicated.

Yiorgos: You like to joke too, you son-of-gun, eh? Let me kiss you...(smooch)...

They leave with their arms on each other's shoulder.

CURTAIN +CHOIR SINGING THE FIRST STANZA OF THE SONG "THE STREET"

Our neighborhood had its unique and famous story
not ink on paper, only some paint on some wall
with one word "freedom" our own street was full of glory
some say 't was written by some kids while playing ball.

Notes:

1. It is crucial for the cop bucketed here to be played by the same actor who played the "invincible torturer" of the previous episode since younger kids would otherwise remain either terrorized or "convinced" by his "manliness". So it was played by the same Kostas.

2. Yiorgos had also been played by Christos and by Vangelis P. with the corresponding Yiannis played by Yiannis X and Yiannis L. while Kostas was played by Kostas D. and Yiannis S. Tasos was then played by Yiannis P.

3. The reason why we say e.g. "Yiannis was played by..." rather than "the look-out was played by..." is as interesting as it is amusing: It's only remarkable, understandable and natural (and possibly "expected (at least by hindsight)") that kids entering high schools and seeing the plays by the kids finishing high school, when, later on, want themselves to play some of those roles they don't say "I want to play so-and-so fictional or even so-and-so real (even real-and-glorious) character but say "I want to play e.g. Mihalis (the kid who was incarnating the role they liked. Another factor: E.g. Emmanuelle was first played by her older cousin Tasa. That's why we here kept the names of the acting students and not some role names.

4. The coin toss to see which corner he would choose was an improvisation of Yiannis S. The basket-ball-like bucketing of the cop, in Jordan-like style too, was an improvisation by Yiannis L. (a kid whom Yiannis wanted to emulate choosing this role). A common improvisation, or rather initiative, of all students having played this skit was to dump the following protraction of the play (maybe for a good reason they all considered that leaving embraced and having the curtain fall, while choir was singing, was the best ending):

Yiorgos: Oh! The graffiti was left unfinished. If the spray had not fallen off my hand when I felt his finger on my shoulder I would say to go back and finish the job. You think they would be there expecting us to ever go back?

Yiannis: I did pick it up. It was next to the whistle.

Yiorgos: What! You're unbelievable. You're something else! OK, so let's go back. Letting things like "Bread schools and..." gives me a bad feeling. It feels half or less than half. The most important thing is missing. What will people say if they see it half?

Yiannis: That it was written with real risk. Its writer was either caught or had a narrow escape.

Yiorgos: Can't you find us a better reason for not going back there?

Yiannis: Now we are unarmed

Yiorgos: We were unarmed before too.

Yiannis: We had the bucket.

Yiorgos: OK, you convinced me. Yet I leave with a heavy heart.

Yiannis: You need a nut doctor.

Yiorgos: What would he say?

Yiannis: That you have unfulfilled fantasies. Oh! I know a cure. Just write "FREEDOM" on this wall right here and now.

Yiorgos: OK, that will help. I don't know what the other people will say when they see a half finished graffiti but I do know what the people of this street will say.

Yiannis: I know what you mean. I'll be whistling it while you're spraying. Don't jump up. I'll be whistling it to myself

Yiorgos writes "FREEDOM" while Yiannis whistles to himself and we only see his lips as if whistling without sound and his hand waving as if he's conducting. But we do hear the song: from the choir....

THE APPLE BELOW THE APPLE TREE

(Mihalis, the poet of the first episode who was arrested with the shouters in the Polytechnic, is in jail, in the same cell with the friend George C. who called him on the phone and was also among the shouters. They're both sitting on a bed. Suddenly George sits up and starts walking up and down)

Mihalis: Do you feel uptight?

George: What else could it be? Heavy stomach? It's empty for both of us, isn't it?

Mihalis: My uncle was right telling me that it's better to be beaten yourself than hearing others being beaten. It breaks your nerves. It was on purpose that they put us here to be hearing all that for hours. Let's concentrate to see how we can react. Panagoulis says that the best break one can give himself when in pain is to pass out. That's why the methodic among the military police men hit with self control so that they don't make you pass out. So the best thing is to make them so angry that they lose self control.

George: How did you recite by heart this whole theory? You sure are a culture-freak. Congratulations! You must have taken after your uncle, the intellectual. Through genes I mean, not through studying, since you've been playing as much football in the streets as the rest of us. So: If we make them angry we did solve our problem? Or we got a sure ticket to getting crippled for good?

Mihalis: No we didn't solve it, for I don't know how to make them angry.

George: What are you talking about? You did solve the difficult part and you got stuck in the easy details? Just tell them something involving their mothers or sisters and the four-lettered word and they'll fly off the ground with rage.

Mihalis: No, I can't say any such thing; it'll lower the level.

George: Listen to that guy! And how will we make them angry then? OK, I can only explain what you say by your going bananas with anxiety, just like me. Any different advice? From your uncle possibly? Let me sit down before my knees melt.

Mihalis: When we were kids my uncle didn't tell me such advice. Only after I got from high school to the university did he. He used to say that between you and the torturer there's a personal battle minute by minute, second by second. He tries to bend you, you try to keep straight. You bring to your mind some nice memories from nature or from girls and you say to yourself: Let's hold a little bit longer, let's hold a little bit longer/A little bit longer, let's now last longer/ let's just keep straight a little, control ourselves a bit, a little bit longer still/we'll see the almond trees flower, we'll see the almond trees flower, we'll see the almond trees full of flowers/ Let's hold a little bit longer, let's hold a little bit longer, we're going to see the marbles, they're shining in the sunlight, the sunlight will make sea waves glimmer / as the poet and the song go.

George: Oh, my God! You're in far worse shape than I am. You try to keep straight by murmuring poetry and chanting Mass. Is that some kind of yoga trick from India or you went completely nuts by anxiety? Forget about your uncle, tell me about Panagoulis' advice. He sounds a reasonable guy in comparison. And he's in jail now. Like us.

Mihalis: He writes in a poem "Let free the proud sobs of your pain but keep your mouth shut at the questions of the interrogation. Complete your offer. Go on having pain".

George: I got the picture. Invite him to your wedding and he'll wish you "many happy returns" as the saying goes. Tell me: Are you putting me on, or something? I just can't picture how you say that to a guy in pain. You go over him like a spaced out E.T. and recite poetry not even showing proper respect to his suffering?

Mihalis: (Jumping up from where he was sitting, and howling very wildly over George's head):

Hold strong don't tell them nothing. Stand under the baaar!

George (Startled so much that he falls on the floor): OK, you big! You convinced me, your uncle too, and Panagoulis. But above all the coach of the weightlifting champ who was shouting like that about the weight-bar convinced me. OK, I'll be thinking of you shouting like that to me; and

you too think of me shouting that to you, or think of your uncle or of Panagoulis. Or let's both think of the coach.

Mihalis: If enough of us stand and last a little, the people who want our signatures that human rights are respected in these jails will be unmasked and stripped down in front of the red Cross and Amnesty International and they'll have to release us whether they want it or not.

George: Yes I know: Consolation to the dying till they've given up the ghost. It's been nice chatting with you but let's see how we'll do on the act.

Iron bars opening and closing are heard

Mihalis: I've just thought of something decent to say to the MP-guards to make them angry.

George: I admire your timing. As if they are going to have a chat with us.

George G (with a grey moustache) and **Miltos** enter. First enter George G. , stops, then enters Miltos. Both prisoners shout at the same time as if they had arranged it:

**You get paid the cheapest wages
to beat people of all ages**

George G and **Miltos**, silent and with abrupt pushes get them out of their cell.

CURTAIN FALLS AND REMAINS CLOSED AS CHOIR SINGS THE FOLLOWING:

There's two of us, are you uptight?/the clock is striking eight at night/
the guard is near, turn out the light/I knew they would be back tonight/
Now I can hear, it's the headguard/the rest are near, the aisle is black/
silence in dark before they start/what is well known and they're good at/
The blows are two, the blows are three/they are one thousand twenty three/
that hurts in you, that hurts in me/but who's more hurt we can't yet see/
but who's more hurt in time we'll see/But we are two, but we are three/
we are one thousand twenty three/we ride the weather and the time/
weather with rain and time with pain/counting the hours with blood's drain/
and with the feel of our wounds' nail...

Let's go a little bit further, let's go a little bit further,
to see the almond trees flower, to see the almond trees flower, to see the almond trees full of flowers
Let's go a little bit further, let's go a little bit further,
we're going to see the marbles, they're shining in the sunlight, the sunlight will make sea waves glitter
A little bit higher, let's now rise higher,
let's raise ourselves a little, let's raise ourselves a bit, a little bit higher still.
A little bit higher, let's now rise higher,
let's raise ourselves a little, let's raise ourselves a bit, a little bit higher still.

The scent of thyme filled up the slaughter house we live in
the red of sky filled up the ceiling of our cell
you know the reason guys like you or me are living
we're cattle raised just to be slain each in its turn.
This noon again they came and took you to their office
I'm counting blows to know exactly how much blood
they'll bring you back and we'll be near behind just one wall
tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock
and what could mean this wordless message in between?
I still hold strong, I still hold good.

Then in our hearts begin parties and celebrations
tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock, tac-tac you knock, tac-tac I knock
After a while , behind curtain, irons bars with heavy metallic sound, resounding like shots, are heard, like every time MP men are going to make their appearance. George G. and Miltos bring into the cell Mihalis and George , with their clothes torn and bloody , and throw them with kicks and pushes to the cell's ground

Miltos: Go to hell donkeys' asses.

George G: Is your skin made of donkey leather? Hitting you makes our hand more hurt than you.

Before leaving the two MP men take their time have a discussion in front of the prisoners as if all this is just business as usual and routine they've grown quite accustomed to.

The two prisoners turn to their side and are listening to them more and more surprised:

George G. That's true. We do get the cheapest wages to beat people of all ages. I've been saying that since a long time.

Miltos: You complain? What should I say for doing it for free, just because I'm doing army service? I wish I had even those cheapest wages, to at least get some face in front of my fiancée who keeps calling me penniless, as if she herself had a dowry.

George G. There's also another side to the issue: Psychological wear and tear. Who pays that to us? I haven't received a bonus after years and years in the service. As if it's any pleasure for me to beat up every random bum and asshole and instead of hearing a "thank you" from the Service, having my people in my neighborhood thinking of me as a ruffian and changing streets when walking so as to avoid meeting me and telling me a "good morning". How much should I charge the Service for such social isolation? I do get angry but again I take it out on the bums. Whom should I beat up? Our boss? Do you think this might be the reason they don't pay us well? To make us feel angry and thus do our job better? Two birds with one stone? The Service does save money and has the job done better at the same time. What a fucking job! The worse they pay you the better you do it. What do you say?

Miltos: These are small details for me. Let me first get to where you are and then I worry for the extras. He who wants too much misses even the little, like the proverb goes.

They leave but without resounding iron doors, just squeaking. The prisoners remain on the floor while talking

George: So the only thing they didn't say was that we should also fight for the rights of their profession.

Mihalis: Is it possible that so stupid people do exist? At the beginning I thought I wasn't hearing well because my ears were ringing because of the slaps. Then I saw how attentively you were listening and I said myself that I do hear OK.

George: You noticed? Each was hearing only what he himself was saying. One was stuck with his fiancée not kicking him off for being penniless, the other stuck with psychological wear and tear.

Mihalis: He was so close to touching perfection that the only thing that was bugging him was the psychological wear and tear.

George: He must have heard the expression somewhere and he liked it and picked it up for his case.

Mihalis: A case of cerebral shakedown? Or abyss is the souls of man? Answer: Who gives a shit?

George: Their cheapness is so gross that it's like a painkiller. I feel as fit as a lark.

Mihalis: Me too. So why are we lying on our backs like turtles upside down? What are we?

Women after childbirth? Let's stand up!

George: Ouch! Aaah! Can we afford it?

Mihalis: Ouch! Aaah! We can't afford it.

George: I see the kind of lark you are.

Mihalis: The same kind as you.

George: Any Panagoulis verse for our condition? OK, forget it. It will sound like "Surgery successful. Patient dead", or "take him to a funeral and he'll tell you "may happy returns"".

Mihalis: Is Mikis OK? "That hurts in you, that hurts in me/but who's more hurt we can't yet see"

George: Such I can make up myself: You be like Christ I like Allah, the two of us all ouch and ah

Mihalis: You're fun! You think one day we're going to be saying this to our nephews and laugh?

George: You say them to your nephews. Like your spinster uncle. I'll be saying them to my gran'children. What an idea! Not having a family so as to be free to go to jails and exiles without making them unhappy. That's why people like him are always sour-face. I always preferred his friend who was telling us about the greaser's shit-bucket. Remember?

THE APPLE TREE OVER THE APPLE

(Based on facts from the books by Chronis Missios “Oh, well, you were killed early” and “Smile, you. Is it too much to ask from you?”, and from the book by Kostas Mardas on A. Panagoulis “Rehearsals of death”)

(Two of the students who just entered high school play Mihalis and George C., the two friends we saw in the previous skit. They have some similarity in the faces and the bodily build ups of Mihalis and George Mihalis’ uncle (a Mihalis too) and his friend George, chatting with him, were played by the older students Kostas K., Yiannis L, later by George M., Yiannis S.)

Mihalis: Uncle, tell us the story with that friend of yours.

Uncle: Going over the same again? I’ve told you ten times.

Mihalis: George hasn’t heard it.

Uncle: What a headache! You tell him that.

George: I want to hear it first hand

Uncle: So you want it first hand. And this means I should get my tongue dry and stiff by repeating it. Aah, if the greaser had ever imagined what a celebrity he would become!

Adult George: Hey! Is it the greaser’s story you’re bored repeating to the kids? Shame on you!

Uncle: But it’s become a full time job! He brings me one by one all his fellow students and there we go over and over again. It starts to remind me the proverb “To whom God gives no kids, the devil gives nephews”.

Adult George: OK, since God gave me kids but not nephews, I’m going to tell tem the story myself.

Mihalis: You too knew the greaser?

Adult George: I and you uncle were together all those yeas we were carrying rocks. We slept in the same tent and in the morning “counting grief by counting rock stones” as the song goes...

Uncle: Cut it out.

Mihalis: Was my uncle such a sour-face even then?

Adult George: Has you neck’s back tried his hand’s smack, so far?

Mihalis: No.

Adult George: Don’t try it in the future either. My neck’s back still remembers it after twenty years and it will still remember it for another twenty if I’m still around.

Uncle: OK, I wish you to live long so as to remember it, but are you ever going to tell the kids about the greaser or are you going to give a speech about us?

Mihalis: We want to hear about the smack. George wants to hear about the smack too. Right George?

George: Right.

Adult George: That’s a deal name-mate. Give me five.

Uncle: See to it that I give you five somewhere else. My palm feels that itch again. That stuff of ours is for us to just remember it, not to say it around.

Adult George: OK, kidoes, you do see what heat I’m getting from higher up. He feels itch on his palm, I feel itch on my neck’s back. So we were talking about the greaser: OK, we had our grief...I mean we were counting our grief ...OK, I mean we were carrying rocks at high noon, when we heard we would be visited by high officials of the state and their ladies, the guards told us to get in shape, washing, saving and all, they gave us decent food, even wine to be in good mood and make a good impression when the officials would deliver speeches on our glorious ancestors to make them a model for us who had started on a wrong track and help get us back on the right one, but the greaser was nowhere to be seen; suddenly, as an official was giving his speech, the greaser shows up as naked as born from his mother and carrying two buckets spilling shit over the brim ; but he has also smeared himself all over with shit. He goes near the platform and starts, in a plasterer’s manner, throwing handfuls of shit to the camp commander and the officials and their ladies and their guards, to all of them. The crapfuls were splashing on them, we were blue with laughter, watching the commander order soldiers to arrest him, and nobody

approaching him so shitty, slimy and loathsome he was the way he had smeared himself. What could the commander do? Threaten him? With what? Is a soaked man afraid of rain? He was already condemned to death. Would they beat him up? They had already exhausted on him every way of beating. So nothing worked with him. So the commander started threatening the guards with punishments and during all that the greaser, unhindered, was going on splish-splash plastering their suits and uniforms and faces, that's why he also was called "plasterer" after this. Then they they dashed on him, but the way he was smeared he was also slippery and they could not hold him; that's how he was named greaser too. Also he was smearing their faces too when they were approaching to an arm's distance. OK, they did beat the hell out of him later. But they had already done it before too, anyway. And now he had taken his revenge, on our behalf too, to his heart's, and to our heart's, delight. So he became a hero; or rather a celebrity, a hero he was already anyway, that island was full of heroes, but he became a celebrity too.

George: Did you ask him for an autograph?

Adult George: We did, but he said that his pen had run out of ink and that he only gave shitographs.

Mihalis: Uncle, you had not told me so many details. We were lucky your friend was here and told us everything. George, we're going to tell everything to the rest tomorrow at school breaks.

George: No, we're going to tell them at the game's half-time. Now let's run to the soccer lot early enough or they'll put other players in our places.

They leave running

Notes: 1. It goes without saying that especially the long paragraphs (short too) are not "actor lines to learn" but stories for actors to hear and then just recount them as they would recount some story they had heard.

2. The uncle's name was Mihalis too. Sometimes brothers and sisters of such people gave their kids their names to make them better feel they had a family, since their tribulations did not let them have their own.

Mihalis: How did you retain every single detail?

George: It's because every now and then I brought it to my mind just in case I could answer a question I had. How did the greaser think of it? How did he get all that idea? Where do such ideas come from?

Mihalis: I had that question too. I did figure it out, but only after many years.

George: Shoot.

Mihalis: He must have thought to himself: "You who are brazen enough to suggest, with speeches and all, that the true descendants of Leonidas and the 300 are you and not us who venture to get the snake out of its hole. You are up to the neck sunk in shit and wherever one touches you he soils himself. I mean that instead of answering us when we tell you to come out like men and say what is happening in our country in places like this so that everybody knows, you blackmail us by firing from their jobs our relatives too so as to make not only our own families starve and live on neighbors' alms but also the families of our relatives and friends and so as to make it look as if anybody who touches us is polluted. Whereas it's the other way around. If we touch you and get this kind of response, it's like we got soiled. Well, I'll make myself as untouchable as you and make you get soiled if you touch me anywhere, but I'm going to make it with real shit, not with power's shit like you do it". That must be how the idea occurred to him

George: That's why I always called you big! But now the question becomes how did you think of it? OK, that's what intellectuals are for. Ahaa! Now I too got an idea: The greaser must have thought to himself: "and then, to rinse shit away I just take a shower or a swim and that's it.

Whereas your shit is here to stay because it's stuck in your mind and in your soul; in order for you too to rinse it off you have to resign from the position you have climbed to and stretched out on, and kindly allow me to bet you will never do that. Besides, if you did, you would soon be put in our positions on the island and not on the stage giving speeches. So please kindly allow me to let you receive this crapful too: Splash! Now how did I think of it? Wow to me! And re-wow! Look at myself! Who am I? An art critic? You did make a culture-freak of me too! Sleep under the same tent with culture-freak and next morning you'll wake up being an intellectual yourself.

Mihalis: Look at him! His cackling over his egg is longer than his hatching. And your reflexes are world record. We slept together over twenty years ago and the idea only occurred to you now; Hmm! It was fun OK, but admittedly it also was quite an idea; I mean the one with “I’ll take a bath and the shit will be rinsed off”

George: So you did like that? Oh! I thought it might make your palm itch for another smack on me. Remember?

CURTAIN FALLS TO CHANGE SETTING

CURTAIN REOPENS

(George and Mihalis looking twenty years younger (i.e. at their mid twenties) and a third friend, Philip (played by Philip G.) are in suits, all three wearing neckties too (which George and Philip are loosening), coming out of a courtroom)

George: Did you realize what penalty we received? Can you figure it out? Each got five times a life sentence and four times a death sentence. How many times crazy or drunk are they? What are you talking about your honor? If you execute us even once why are we going to serve out the life sentence? And if we live to serve out even one life sentence how are you going to execute us? Let alone serving five life sentences. Can we guarantee you we can reach Noah’s age, or whoever it was who lived to be five hundred? Did you, by any chance, get drunk first thing in the morning? To pay all due respect to your court we dressed in our best clothes, I even borrowed my brother’s suit. And you, instead of honoring your own courtroom, came drunk? And then you went on us like “get that many years and deaths, just in case you felt a shortage”.

Enters George G. (without a moustache and looking twenty years younger too)

George G: Are you taking your time, chatting? Come to the cage-van quick; before I get angry. We’re going back to jail.

Mihalis: “Get angry”? You clown didn’t hear what sentence we got? From now on all you can do to us is to fart our balls.

George: You clown made the intellectual speak like us the dock-porters? I’ll let my union know that you want to make us unemployed.

The voice of his mother, Despoina, is heard “**Mr Policeman! Mr Policeman!**”

George G. (to Mihalis and George): I would show you but somebody’s calling me.

He returns with Despoina at his side:

Despoina: There is God. The shameless will find it from Him. God how do I hold myself up?

George: Oh, mom, c’mon! Cool it. Go home to calm down. You’ll also freak us out if you stay here. Come tomorrow to get the suit before I ruin it in the execution.

Despoina: **AAAAH!** (sudden, short and heart-rending because of the sudden image he caused her. And she falls down because she passed out)

HLAAATS! (Mihalis smacks George shouting to him:)

Jerkoff ! Is that a thing to say to one’s mother?

CURTAIN FALLS TO CHANGE SETTING

CURTAIN REOPENS

All three of them in a cell. No neckties. Low lighting indicates it’s just before dawn. They are dressed and sitting on the same bed.

Three heavy metallic sounds in a distance are heard. Resounding like shots. Philip speaks for the first time:

Philip: Well, well, well! Guess who is coming for a social visit!

Mihalis: Life goes uphill

George: Culture up to death! What would happens to a culture-freak if he didn't make such comments? Death by lack of air?

Rhythmic steps, as if by a small group walking synchronized, approach and stop in front of their cell.

George: Hello Georgie boy! Come on in! What's keeping you? Did we lock by mistake? We didn't mean to!

The lock is heard unlocking. George G., enters

George G:.....before opening his mouth he stares at each of them successively.....

Finally he says:

George G: Philip Ioannou

After a short pause Philip rises in a decisive manner , as if ready since long enough, saying to George G. :

Philip: Let's go.

George G. doesn't move , nor speaks. Philip goes to the door looks again at the guard and says:

Philip (more loudly): I said go.

When George G. starts moving Philip looks at the others and says:

Philip: We, have already said our goodbyes.

The others are as if frozen by gloom, and don't even sit up. When the door has been locked and the rhythmic steps start to go away, they spring up at the same moment and run to the door and sticking to it they shout at their top of their lungs:

Mihalis: Goodbye Philip brothaaaaa!

George: We'll remember you forevaaaaa!

Both aaaaa's (at the end of brothaaaaa and forevaaaaa are loud not only in order to be heard but also in order to cover the rising sob; in a way each aaaa is also the sob that it covers.

They drag their steps back to where they were sitting and sit in the low lighting in gloom.

While still walking George says:

George: Well, forever is relative. We mean forever until our turn. Any day now.

The steps are lost in the distance , then the door with the three metallic sounds is heard. A few seconds later we hear howled orders:

At readyy! Fire

Resounding shot of some guns in unison. Immediately after the shot the following song is heard by a cassette so as to contain the resounding instrumental, drum based, ending after the ending of the lyrics:

...It shines behind those iron bars
and life calls brothers buried
It shines behind those iron bars
and life calls brothers buried
Dead called to life by bells' toll calling to the living
Dead called to life by bells' toll calling to the living
This earth belongs to them and to us as long as we're breathing
This earth belongs to them and to us as long as we're breathing
With so many colors and so many leaves sun calls you to life
with so many nods and so many shouts freedom shines earth to sky
It shines behind those iron bars
and life calls brothers buried
It shines behind those iron bars
and life calls brothers buried
Dead called to life by bells' toll calling to the living
Dead called to life by bells' toll calling to the living
This earth belongs to them and to us as long as we're breathing
This earth belongs to them and to us as long as we're breathing

When some of us get killed, when some of us get killed
When some of us get killed, when some of us get killed
we and life continue to go uphill
we and life continue to go uphill

CURTAIN FALLS TO CHANGE SETTING AND REOPENS

A projector projects, at the same time, as snapshots on the wall of the cell facing the audience, two scenes we have seen: The three prisoners (George, Mihalis, Philip) sitting, facing entering George G., the guard, in his young age, then the two other young prisoners (George Jr. and Mihalis Jr.) sitting in the same cell facing entering George G., the guard, in his older age (with a grey moustache). It is kept on the wall for as long as the following song is heard from the choir.

Each one you see now you're going to see again, maybe on another ferry,
one's name may then be Tom or Dick, another's Harry.
Each one you see now you're going to see again, the way to tell it is them
will be a prouder way to walk on all roads of this world.

Each one you see now you're going to see again, again you're going to hate them,
one, strong and youngest won't be found,
for the most bitter turn he's bound,
the lonely one, lonely and brave and the most beloved.
This one you'll never find again, this one the world now misses,
you will not torture him next time nor his big heart tear into pieces.

This one you will not see again, this time he's safely guarded,
the stars are guarding him from you, his sun and moon are watching, too,
now that they've taken him from here,
the lonely one, the young, the brave, the one the most beloved,
for him only I,
I, I, I, I am waiting.

The last stanza is sung by the leader of the choir (Despoina A.) alone.
The projector now projects two short film at the same time, next to each other. George G. as young guard, is seen closing the prison door to the street outside behind the two young friends their personal things rolled under armpit, and George G. as graying guard, is seen closing the same door behind their two new counterparts. Both scenes under the song:

When I walk out of this jail's door,
nobody for me will be waiting,
cafés will empty as I walk in,
and old friends will have been migrating.

CURTAIN FALLS TO CHANGE SETTING AND REOPENS

The two young men will be sitting at a park's bench, then they will be talking in a hut with the two older friends, who were possibly in hiding as experienced organizers of anti-junta resistance. The encounter scene will be silent, then the two young men, on the bench again, will have the following conversation:

George: Now I see why our name-mates used to be so uptight about discussing those old days.

Mihalis: It was just coincidence that it was Philip and not one of them who was shot that night after which legislation changed.

George: Ever since, with every change in their life, marriage, kids etc, they would think of what Philip would be doing if not shot.

(Is there any kind of happy ending or catharsis for this story? The projector shows (as snapshots; not in motion) the faces of the two couples of friends thirty years after the fall of the junta, in two parallel photos. The younger couple is graying the older is completely white haired. Then the picture of the white haired couple becomes animated:)

Mihalis: What triggered all those memories we've been reminding to each other?

George: God bless the big tall, Theodorakis, who'll give the concert on the island itself, for those of us who are still living to show it to our gran'children and to pride in having helped a bit ourselves to the world's change.

Mihalis: To have concerts there where we know what was happening.

George: History's comeback as the big tall calls it. It turned out real. Remember when we were asking the guards what would they have to tell their gran'children? I mean us who did not plan to remain eternal bachelors. And the tall was telling the guards "When your tanks will have become rust, people will still be singing my songs. And even on this very island there will be a concert." Wow! Was it I who remembered that? Not you? Culture is contagious it seems. You're tall too, that explains it. You the tall ones, contact it to us*. Will we go to the concert! Hell, even swimming we'd go! I'll go with children and gran'children. Are you coming with our bunch?

Mihalis: My nephew Mihalis and his friend George, your name-mate, have also invited me. But we can make the two bunches join each other.

George: Who? The two brats who were asking us about the greaser on their way to streetfield-ball? What became of them? Are they now students? What am I talking about? We lost each other for so many years that I didn't ask you. They already were students when they had come to the hut, so now they have bunches with kids about to get married or even have gran'kiddies of their own. They'll be asking us again about our youth?

Mihalis: No, we'll be asking them about their youth. They have their own stories. Theirs was the Polytechnic's generation.

George: How years pass!

Mihalis: But...OK, "Drop it. It hurts", as the song goes.

George: I got it. That's what I too thought, but I didn't mention it because it always makes you either angry or spooked. Aaah, Philip, you should have seen the comeback of history, but you see, you were killed early, it was your number that came out on the lottery-wheel that night...Early? Early, my foot! It was only the next day all death sentences became life sentences. Yours was the last execution in the country for years to come...OK, I'm spooked too. I drop it. Tell me about our name-mates in the Polytechnic. What a generation that one too! Remember the kind of men we saw in those days? What a catapult Panagoulis was to his judges! And his guards sometimes were pleading with him, or sometimes they were crucifying him, to make him sign a petition for grace so as to spare the junta the obligation to either kill him and be exposed to the international community or to not apply the death sentence and look yielding to the people they wanted to terrorize. And on those petitions, instead of signing, he just wrote messages to their leader like "Hi arch-clown and arch-buffoon"; and they went from mock execution to mock execution just in case they could scare him. But they made more and more ridiculous asses of themselves, not being able to bend him even with subjecting him to Christ's passions as the expression goes or, rather, in his case it was not an expression. It was their everyday routine and practice for years.

Mihalis: It's like the proverb "May God keep you from what your strength can stand". Just imagine: he had said that before he got into this he was the kind of person who faints at the dentist's if he sees blood. You see he was a poet too, like those on the island. But when they started asking him about names and hideouts of the people he worked with he became a rock. They never got one word from him.

George: And Ritsos as young poet on the island?! When we asked him how he could stand as much as a tough guy like the greaser he said that to get used to seeing blood before ending there * We conclude that this Mihalis is taller than this George. To make the song "...you'll see them again" apply, all the Mihalises are chosen to be students taller than all their peer Georges.

he used to go to the slaughter houses. And Panagoulis' poems, since he didn't have pen and paper, started as poems on the wall written with blood. And some guards, seeing what he stood through, felt as such total zeros that they risked not only bringing him pen and paper but also smuggling the poems out of prison to pass around from hand to hand. Some people's will woke up only after they saw his will.

Mihalis: My nephew told me that in those times he was the idol of all the young and that the feeling somehow was that he was the one giving the people outside jail courage and support, not the other way around, and that when some of them were also caught they felt a giant was backing them from wherever he was, and was telling them to go on and not be bent by anything. A Chinese proverb says that if you try to silence truth through freedom, then the prison walls become loudspeakers and shout it louder. Wasn't this what happened here? The jailers themselves propagated the poems.

George: I wish I saw the face of that bigshot politician hearing that! I only saw his mug when he said that bullshit about "poets being lumps". Hey! You made me listen to Chinese proverbs? I thought proverb books were sissy stuff. Sometimes you even make me think that "culture-freak" is not an insult. By the way: Remember when in the trials of the torturers after the junta's fall that torturer was shouting that Panagoulis was very cruel to his torturers because he despised them and was swearing at them all the time and that he continued this in court by not calling him a mister? What a brain-shake! That clown was quite an event.

Mihalis: The craziest of all things was that he went over to congratulate Panagoulis for his oration as a witness, when he testified against him.

George: You only know up to there?

Mihalis: Is there a sequel?

George: You missed the best: he pushed his hand into Panagoulis' to congratulate him and when Panagoulis said "I again feel the touch of shit on my hand" he said to him "My Alekos, you had said that to me so many times that I've grown used to it". Is there a Nobel for brain imbalance? This guy sounded almost nostalgic as if sharing nice memories! Just fancy that one!: "You had said that to me so many times, my Alekos...". Oh, I just conceived a slogan to shout: "Follow the way, opened by the greaser". It must be because of the shit line I've just quoted. History repeats itself, "each one you see now you're going to see again" as the song goes. You're making a culture-freak out of me. Only when I'm with you I feel verses coming.

Mihalis: Strange: Only when I'm with you I hear about shit and feel I'm hearing about poetry.

George: So our collaboration does pay off. Oh: So the song "Each one you see now you're going to see again" was not only about predicting that we would get out of jail at some point, and our families would see us again because the trials that gave us life sentences were illegal, but also about predicting that the new generation would have the likes of us going on with the story we too helped go on.

Mihalis: Most true.

George: Let's go and have something to eat. Too much thought makes me hungry. Or better postpone more thinking for tomorrow? Or how about next Monday?

Mihalis: Do you want me too to surprise you too with a funny story that you don't know? If you knew it you would have mentioned it right now.

George: Shoot.

Mihalis: OK, Panagoulis had that cell specially built to be like grave with not even enough room to stand up. But it was in the middle of the MP camp's yard so as to have no neighboring cells and to be visible from anywhere lest he escapes or is approached by anybody. This positioning gave him one advantage. Every evening, when the soldiers who had an exit were preparing to leave, Panagoulis made a voice theater show playing two voices, the penniless folk comic hero for centuries, Karagiozis and the folk poor-devil symbol, Hatziavatis, to whom Karagiozis is always sarcastic for reasons depending on the title of each episode, e.g. for trying to be a newly rich, a charmer, an ass-kisser of some bigshot etc., and whom by the end he always gives a

beating. So Panagoulis put himself in the position of Karagiozis and the director of the jail in the position of Hatziaivatis and made a new episode every evening, specially timed to be just a while after the exit, so that the director seeing the soldiers not leaving, knew they did want to hear the episode and were not just passive listeners. To the beating that Karagiozis gave to his victim, Panagoulis added a fucking. So he was making all the time an ass of the jail's director who just could not do anything to stop it since he did not have any means with which to threaten Panagoulis. The only thing that had not been tried on him was to expel him from prison. At one point, under the pressure of international public organizations and foreign governments, the junta gave amnesty to all political prisoners and they had to announce to him too that he was free. But he said "Just for you not to think that you are doing me a favor, since I do you a favor if I leave, since you need to satisfy the people who pressure you, I will not leave unless you bring me French cologne and a passy of soldiers to give me honorary salute as I will be getting out of the yard". To at last get rid of him and of his evening voice-show the director, fed up, sent for the cologne and for the soldiers, most of whom did mean their honorary salute to him anyway. That's the way he got out. What do you say? Hasn't Panagoulis left you speechless once more?

George: He made my day and my night and my tomorrow day. And my week. And...Oh, this calls for a big-big treat to you who made my night and day etc by telling me all this. So I won't treat you dinner in a souvlaki stand. We'll go to a bouzouki place. I'll also treat you a basket of gardenias. I give them to you, you offer them to whoever you like, I can't make suggestions to you wild bachelors or monks, I've never figured which of the two you intellectuals are. Some, even good friends, have even said that you are either...Oh! What an asshole I am. What am I talking about after eighty years of friendship? And on such a day of celebration! Gaaad! What a story! Aaah, Philip, it's such stories too I feel sad you lost. Greaser, Philip, Panagoulis, to your health we'll drink, we'll wish you to live one thousand years...Well, where you are you'll live a thousand and a million...Oh, I also mean you'll be remembered for as many. Did I think of that too? Thanks for the story culture-freak...

CURTAIN FALLS

Until the setting changes (not much. This was a living room, now we'll only go to a living room somewhat less ascetic than an a leftist intellectual's)

A projector in the meantime projects on the curtain, or on a screen attached to it, the following paragraph, (or a student or instructor, among the ones who help students rehearse, reads it or freely renders it)

It has been customary in Greece since even antiquity to accompany the recounting of tragedies, after their catharsis, with comedies on related subjects. Like happy ending doesn't necessarily mean comedy as we saw, conversely, too, comedy does not necessarily mean happy ending, it just means not skipping the comic details that are a frame around tragic pictures, as frequently as the tragic details may be frames around comic pictures, since the separation into comedies and tragedies is made by human activities like classification, it is not made by life herself. The comedy accompanying the tragic trilogy "Prometheus fire bearer", "Prometheus bound" and "Prometheus unbound" was "Prometheus inadvertent arsonist". Is there any kind of comedy that can accompany the catharsis and happy end to the stories we saw of juntas and liberators and is as accurate historically as they were? Yes there is, and no need for bibliography is needed to confirm what we'll see; a mere glance at the memory archives of all of us about us, our families, and our relatives will show more parallels to all of the people we will now meet than parallels to the people we've already met.

CURTAIN OPENS:

IN-LAWS AND OUTLAWS

(Cast: Mom played by Rosa, dad by Vangelis, mother in law by Kelly, couple (Iason and Effie) played by Panagiotis and Vaso. Later Rosa was played by her younger sister Olga and Vaso by Emmanuelle)

(Setting: Living room)

Vangelis:

-That was it! She's going to hear it even in jail! Everybody knows. Our only daughter has made asses of us in the whole neighborhood. And it's not just the neighborhood. In the office even the chairman knows. A director like me who had never given the least...Aah! here we are now, a director looking for acquaintances in the police...I even called up that asshole cousin of yours who had trapped us out of that inheritance. I don't even want to remember what he told me.

Rosa:

-What did he tell you? His daughter's father in law is in the police. He could help.

Vangelis:

-Nope! He said that our so smart and cute daughter has no right to make an ass of him too just because she liked the company of bums. What we let her become a student for? That's what he asked me. He kept his daughter at home until marrying her. That's a daughter's place. Her place is not near students with whom God only knows what they discuss and what they do when they are together.

Rosa:

The good-for- nothing idiot is again talking out of jealousy. He's never talked good of anybody! And quite a bargain of a husband he did find for his daughter. Drugstore assistant. Big deal!

Vangelis:

-Jealousy or non-jealousy, it's me who will be losing face and asking for favors with the kind of upbringing you gave your daughter.

Rosa:

-Aristidi: read my lips. Cut all that about upbringing. My kin did not include fellahs like your cousin Miltos. And you almost insisted on our daughter making his valuable acquaintance because not having married and not having kids he wanted to see his nephews and nieces. What was Miltos looking for in exile islands, Aristidi? And why was he caught among the first this time? And why was it your daughter who would visit him in jail to take him cigarettes? Don't you think they have a record on her? Or even on you? And **you** have the nerve to talk about **my** kin? And the upbringing **I** gave her?

Vangelis:

-OK, OK, that's beside the point right now.

Rosa:

-Oh yeah? When it's about **your** kin it's beside the point?

Vangelis:

-Woman, quiet down. We got to figure what to do.

Rosa:

-Sorry Aristidi, you're right. I'm just too upset, and the least detail gets on my nerves...And what about our in-laws? Have you thought of that?

Vangelis:

-I've told you not to see them as our in-laws until you see the wedding.

Rosa:

-You and your jinx! Bite your tongue.

(Knock-knock on the door. Rosa opens and says:)

-Oh! You name her, you see her. We were just talking about you, fellow-mom-in-law! Coffee?

Kelly:

-Such a problem in your family and you find the time to talk about me? Aaah! Youths today have lost their minds. I've not sat down since early morning visiting people who might be of help. But I'll tell you straight because I never lie. I absolutely disagree with the kind of upbringing you gave your daughter. May God forgive me for what I'll say but I'm only striving for my son who has lost his sleep and not for you daughter who, after all, asked for it. I almost reached divorce with my own husband. Agisilaos has not talked to Iason for two days. He started softly "Iason, son, a student with a scholarship like you having company like that!" and in no time they were quarreling at the top of their lungs, and I was running around to close windows, these are not the days neighbors should hear a family's political arguments. But I tell you to your face. If it becomes a matter between me and Agisilaos I'd rather my son left your daughter and be spared...

Rosa:

OK, I do see your point, but don't stretch it that far! Effie was disoriented in a way that Iason could have been disoriented too.

Kelly:

Yes, but Agisilaos was always watching over. A real watchdog.

Rosa:

D'you hear that Aristidi? And if he was such a watchdog over a son, imagine what a watchdog he'd be over a daughter!

Vangelis:

-To the point!. Come to the point! Any acquaintance found finally?

Kelly:

-Fortunately. Iason's godfather is a general. He called up the prison director and he said that it's up to him to let Effie out. But we should be giving a hand too.

Vangelis:

-We?!

Rosa:

-In what way?

Kelly:

-Some foreign journalists will be visiting the jail. Effie speaks good English. You can tell her to speak on behalf of all prisoners and say that the jail conditions are good. And to be smiling not look down or worn out, nobody will be mistreating her. Take her a bowl of her favorite dish to improve her mood.

Vangelis:

-She's real pig-headed, but I do have something in mind that is worth trying.

Rosa:

-Why don't you say to Iason to come along? I too have something in mind but Iason with us will make everything easier. I'll tell her to dream with him about their household, I'll tell her about the furniture you and I ordered, I'll tell her what joy it's going to be for all of us if they give us the grandchildren we're waiting for.

Kelly:

OK, but don't overdo it because she's a smart girl and she'll give you the cold shoulder. You cook Effie's plate and I'll tell the general to ask when visitors are allowed.

**Curtain falls to change to the setting a jail's visiting room setting.
Waiting for it to re-open we hear the following song from the choir:**

We're law abiding citizens our own business we're minding
we never had any mix-ups for which we should be hiding
we just cared that our interests to our way would be coming
and all our deals, medium or small, like clock were always running.

The way the things have now turned out, prison with chain and fetter
a rebel in the family makes us look worse not better
a rebel in the family makes us look worse not better

What shame what shame this kid brought to our name,
what shame what shame this kid brought to our name.

Curtain reopens

(Prison, wire net between parents and imprisoned daughter)

Rosa:

-But my little girl always liked meatballs. Even as a baby. What's wrong now? Is it out of solidarity to your fellow prisoners you don't eat? Oh, my poor little baby! Always sacrificing herself for others. How well I understand you! You take that from me. I'm such a humanitarian myself. Share them with everybody. That's why I cooked them in our big pot.

Vaso:

-Mom, are you out of your mind? Do you really mean to tell me to take your meatballs to the prisoners and then all play happy to the foreign journalists that will come to ask about the jail conditions?

Rosa:

-Oh, well, our nation is poor and can't feed all prisoners good dishes, but out of kindness it allows relatives to bring their own food. Don't you at least recognize that?

Vaso:

MOM! Do you know what's going on in here? I'm only not telling you to spare you some deep worries.

Rosa:

-Is this a way to speak to your **MOTHER?** Aristidi, say something, too! Am I supposed to say everything myself?

Vangelis:

-You the young forget one thing. It's not you who'll change the world. If the world was going to be changed by the young it would have already been changed since we ourselves too have been young. And what did your uncle Miltos accomplish? He impaired his health, his life is full of wear and tear and the grand total sum is zero. No result. No change.

Vaso:

-Let's leave that subject or we'll have an argument and this is not what I want. You are quite upset already, I see no reason to stop saying "hi" on top of that. OK?

Rosa:

-Listen to the way she's speaking to her parents themselves! Aristidi what was the idea of bringing up Miltos at this hour? Baby, listen, Iason adores you, get out of here and marry him. He's right here out of the door longing to talk to you. We leave you two little birdies say all you so much wanted to say to each other. So we don't say good bye yet. Say your own things and we'll be back.

Vangelis:

And hey, man, be a realist. You're an idealist? You want to change society?. Right on! I'm with you! I congratulate you. I admire you. But find first a position with power and prestige so that your opinion can count and so that what you propose can make a difference. Be somebody.

Amount to something.. How are you going to do it? Are you going to kick on the pricks barefoot? More pricks than kicks, as the saying goes.

Rosa:

-OK, Aristidi, OK! Well done! And quite enough! Let's leave now, the kids will have so much of their own to talk about. Let's go.

Act three

(They go out, Iason comes in almost running)

Iason:

-Effie, are you alright? I haven't closed an eye. Shit! What am I talking about? Is it **my** staying up that counts or **yours**? In this hell! Fortunately my godfather is a general and they allowed me to see you.

Effie:

-Iason, it's not enough to stay up about me. Solidarity to me can't help much. It's on the night of the invasion to the Polytechnic you should have stayed up. To express your solidarity to the struggle like we all did.

Iason:

-Effie this is no time for heroism. Things will only change gradually. Foreigners will also help. **We** can help too by taking our degrees and finding positions with power and prestige.

Vaso:

-How will the foreigners help? Finding even prisoners well-fed with borrowed meatballs?

Iason:

- Effie, you're something else! You never lose your sense of humor!

Vaso:

-I don't lose it so that my folks not lose their sleep. I would pity them if they could even imagine what goes on in here. But I wouldn't hide it from you.

Iason:

-Don't tell me. I heard about it. Did they hit you too?

Vaso:

-If that is the only thing you care about I don't answer you. Why don't you ask whether they hit others? Must it be my turn before you care?

Iason:

-If I only had some high position of power and prestige and resign and make asses of them in front of the foreign journalists!

Vaso:

-But you even went along with my parent in the plot of deceiving foreign journalists with those meatballs! Are you **that** influenced by them? Are we going to implement things we were taking as jokes? You know what my mother used to say to my uncle Miltos? Vote for the right for the time being until we straighten out our finances and when the elections can't rock the boat anymore we can all vote left and straighten out our beliefs too.

Iason:

-Oh, Effie, joking even in jail! I can't help saying it again. That's why I admire you.

Vaso:

-No, I'm not joking. And find something harder to admire. It's in this jail that my eyes opened. In your school not everybody has been caught. The organization is still in business. The kids are still there. Waiting for you like for others.

Iason:

-So what do you propose?

Vaso:

-Make up your mind. Don't waste your time visiting me here. Do something against the junta and if you get caught you'll feel me near you either in this jail or in any other. But try not to get caught so that you manage to have some action. If you only dream of our household and our moms' furniture and of their grandchildren and of positions of power and prestige, then just find another bride. With some dowry too.

Iason:

-Effie I don't recognize you.

Vaso:

-**I** wonder if **I** ever knew you.

Iason:

-Effie, I'm not saying this in a bad sense. I mean I admire you and I'll think very seriously everything you've told me.

(Suddely mom rushes in, outraged, dad is following, obviously they were eavesdropping)

Mom (Rosa) to her daughter:

-You shithead made a moron out of him too and he sits and listens to you instead of slapping you back to your senses? We had hoped he would take you out of here and this idiot has almost signed in here. I knew all those come-and-go's with Miltos' cigarettes in jail would not have a happy ending.

Vaso:

-Iason, please just take them and go away before I say any words I don't want to.

Dad (Vangelis):

-But visitor's time has not ended. You're still free.

Vaso:

-I end it myself. And concerning "free" just forget it. The prisoners are you out there, not us in here. Bye. And have a nice freedom.

Curtain falls under the sound of the song "The free and the beautiful live behind bars"

(All the beau-, all the beautiful and free now
live behind, live behind some prison bars...)

Instead of bowing to the audience before leaving , the actors all go on stage, the choir also joins them there, and all of them together sing “Sun of Justice” which most of the audience knows and can sing with them:

Sun of Justice

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my country
my country.

Her volcanoes have rows of vines with blood-red wine
her high mountains are proud and eagle-like
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white shine
when her sky is blue and bright.

I reach with my two bitter hands behind old Time
Holding in their strength the Thunderbolt of Right
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals
shouting threats and splashed with blood.

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my country
my country.

A minute's silence for the fallen students

National Anthem by actors, choir and audience

Departure of the audience

(under the sounds of a happy and sunny song , “The ballad of Andrew the hunchback”. See next page:)

Andrew was sleeping rocked by sea,
cool in the shadow of his tent boat,
breeze just caressed him and his dream
was full of sun and full of girl's talk.

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

Hot summer noons Andrew and we,
a crazy bunch in scream and laughter,
we dived and swam in open sea,
never so glad before or after.

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

Then came old winter's bad long face,
our crazy team went back to city,
something pushed your heart out of pace,
hold on, old Andrew, what a pity!

Jennifer, Kathryn, Marie and Joey,
Jennifer junior, Jacqueline and Erie,
oh how this life is full of joy,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry,
you dance and beat, poor heart, with hurry.

The material after this page is distributed in Xerox form by way of theater program as home reading. What is missing from it, compared to the theater program, is in other files.

Upshot:

Many people wonder sometimes if the events in the Athens Polytechnic on November 17 of 1973 were the reason of the fall of the junta. Some wonder in order to learn, because they were then small kids or not even born; others wonder in order to answer that that sacrifice had no meaning because it had nothing to do with the fall of the junta; and others wonder in order to answer that this sacrifice did have a result because it was the beginning of the end of the junta. Some, thinking in a more coolheaded way and not through discharges of an emotional charging up, whether positive or negative, answer to this question that this sacrifice, like also the events in the Athens Law School and the events in the funeral of George Papandreou, were what exposed the junta to the international public opinion which the junta was trying to convince that Greeks, in their majority, did accept the dictatorship; and, therefore, that these events canceled the plan of the junta to create a situation in which political parties would, supposedly, do exist, mock elections would do take place, but behind everything, the junta would again be the supervisor, coordinator and decision maker. It is also natural to wonder about the result expected, and about the answer given to themselves, by those young men who in those three days had closed themselves in the Polytechnic without knowing if they would get out alive or if they would even end up in one of the junta's torture chambers. Many of them had the hope that in this way they might contribute to the awakening of the awareness of many fellow citizens or to the activation of those of them who needed no awakening. Many had the hope that in this way they might help to brief and sensitize the international community. Some might have heard that some foreign journalists, prior to the events in the Athens Law School about ten months ago, had written that Greek youth was the most docile youth of Europe and did not walk in pace with the movements that disputed the establishment and had started to often stir other nations. Some were responding to concrete political analyses and a conscious political stance, others had been awakened by the ordeal suffered by a beloved person who, more conscious and more active than them, had made some act of resistance and happened to have been arrested. Some were just acting on pure Greek sense of honor towards either solidarity or giving a message of defiance to any Papadopoulos who had dared to threaten, during the events at the Law School, that he would bust the head of any student who would dare to obstruct the work of the "revolution" (this was the name he called his dictatorship). So we see that there were many different motives that led different young men to the Polytechnic. One realization however was common to all, maybe without being easy for all to put in words. This realization, which also constitutes the answer to if this sacrifice was going to have a result or if it finally had a result, was written with spray on the Polytechnic's wall and was given through a phrase from Kazantzakis' "Saviors of God" and made the round of the world through the photographs of the foreign press. This phrase, that was transmitted to all foreigners, but not always translated, was "Don't ask if we win or lose. Go on!". This is the phrase that gives the meaning of the events at the Polytechnic. When the time has come to give one's all, then the only thing that makes no sense is to weigh the results, the consequences, what you gain or what you lose. When the fighters of 1821 wrote on their banner "Freedom or death" did it cross anybody's mind that if he died he would have lost or been defeated? When they started for a battle wishing each other "have a good bullet" did they consider the killed a loser? The killed of such fight were also considered as winners by ancient Greeks. These things lead us to discern in the Polytechnic the answer to one more question: many times, many people ask if the modern Greeks are really the descendants of the ancient Greeks. The answer is easy to put in words but difficult to put in action. Descendant of an admirable ancestor is not he who went to a microbiology lab and made a blood test or DNA test and checked that his blood or DNA do resemble the ones of that ancestor. Descendant is he who can do something equally admirable. Otherwise, even if the same blood runs in his veins, it will be a shame, not an honor, to say he had him as an ancestor. It is in this sense that the fighters of 1821 proved, with the blood they gave to fights and not to microbiology labs, that they were indeed descendants of the ancient. And the young men in the Polytechnic did prove they were descendants of the ancients and of their grandparents of 1821. These things also lead us to answer a third question: The foreign press had asked if the Greek youth could walk in pace with the youth of other nations. Let's leave behind the proud answer that, after the Polytechnic, Greek youth might give inverting the question to "can the foreign youth walk in pace with the Greek?". So let's leave behind this question and let's ask: "Between peoples which that do not have common ancestors what makes them consider each other as a brother people?". When things inside each country are orderly, what makes them brother peoples is the harmonic collaboration and the peaceful solution of common problems or of the differences separating them. But when things inside each country are disorderly and violent, then what makes them brothers is the similar fights against similar enemies. Let's not forget the verse of the Turkish activist-poet Nazim Hikmet "With every new dawn my heart is shot anew in Greece" written when political prisoners

both in Turkey and in Greece were treated in the same way by their corresponding governments. Thus a meaning of the Polytechnic is also the fraternization of Greek youth with other youths that had equally difficult problems to confront. Finally let's answer one more question: "But is it only in this way, through uprising, that students must respond? Must they not strive, through the content of their studies' field, to bring about results in the country's development, thus helping both themselves and the whole of society? The question is almost funny, and its answer goes without saying, yet we must pose it again and again because it comes up again and again in a new form, since we often see young men in revolt to appeal to that 1973 uprising when they destroy educational and research equipment of the Polytechnic in the process of demonstrating for their problems (unemployment, repression by the state etc) Their problems are both existent and to be respected but their analogy with the problem that the students of 1973 dared to pose and to confront is far fetched. The students of the Polytechnic of 1973 were exactly the ones who would not face an unemployment problem. A degree from that top-competitive institution at that time carried great weight and prestige jobwise, its BS's five long and hard years of study being equivalent to a master's degree from abroad. In a sense its students were so-to-speak pre-accommodated. And they de-accommodated themselves by their own hand to put themselves into tribulation because they judged that it was necessary and demanded by the circumstances. But let's not emphasize any further this issue since resistance was a common concern of all who dared to rise up and not only of some elite. There's only one difference to be noticed, besides the fact that the destructions of equipment and of other public property in 1973 were made by the invading soldiers and police and not by the barricaded people: The destructions now are made with the use of the legislation for campus asylum while the uprising at that time did involve utmost risk. It was expected that not only policemen with club-sticks would be used but also soldiers with firearms and even tanks. And they were used. Wasn't there hope that the soldiers themselves would object and disobey orders? Yes there was such hope, and there were such soldiers; some crossing over to the students' side with all expected consequences, and some disobeying orders to shoot; some of them were executed inside the tanks by their superiors. So the circumstances at that time were completely different. But let's return to the question about whether in such times the students should give priority to uprising and not to their studies, even if somebody told them that studies too are a way to contribute to the common good, since they do not only help towards their own private professional settlement but also towards the country's development. In one short sentence the answer is: In so disorderly circumstances the concern over the common good cannot be expressed in the way it is expressed when all is, be it just relatively, business as usual. But more intensely, and in an incomparable way, this answer has been given by, again, Nazim Hikmet in a poem which Yiannis Ritsos chose to translate and Thanos Mikroutsikos chose to put to music. Let's hear it sung after we first read it:

Of stars and men

What now, I have to say and let you know,
 somewhere in Indies within the city of Calcutta
 they put in chains a man, a man like you and me
 they put in chains a man like us as he was walking.
 That's why I don't and I will never condescend
 to raise my eyes to see what shines in starlit spaces.
 You'll counter: Our earth is just a teeny weeny moon
 and there are stars that shine so bright your mind spins dizzy
 Well, whatever all those stars may be I stick my tongue out to their brightness
 For me, the most amazing thing,
 the most imposing, the most grand, and most uncanny
 is man obstructed in his walk, a man when put in chains
 any man in flesh and blood who now is being arrested,
 is man obstructed in his walk, a man when put in chains
 a man in flesh and blood who now is being arrested.

Similar is the answer to the question "How come that Greeks who produced such super-brains in antiquity did not give an equally high percentage of great scientists in the more recent centuries?". But a great spirit is not detached from his times. Actually, the greater it is, the more titanically it lives the disorderliness of its times. E.g. let's not forget that the social and historical unrest of Beethoven's times did find its way into his musical inspirations. Similarly here, with four centuries of Turkish occupation, the spirit gave men like Solomos and Kalvos, not men like Archimedes, Newton, Einstein, Gauss, Riemann, and Edison. And

descendants of Solomos and Kalvos were men like Kazantzakis, Sikelianos, Ritsos, Elytis and so many others. With the argument “what would be offered by the self-sacrifice of men who would have so many results if they implemented the content of their field of studies?” (as if those who would be inspired by their example in the difficult decisions would not also be inspired by their example in the less difficult matters, like studying hard, to take over their struggle in that too in better times), OK, with this logic neither the Polytechnic’s uprising should have existed, nor the Sacred Battalion of students should have sacrificed itself in the beginning of the revolution against the Ottoman Empire. And Kalvos’ Ode to the Sacred Battalion should have been lamenting them and not consider blissful the dust covering them in their graves, nor to end with a mother’s prompting to her children to imitate the students of that body. The logic of sacrifice is as simple as it is relentless: To live life with all those little joys that make one say about her “it’s worth it” and for sun to continue to exist, or “for sun to return”, it sometimes “takes thousands of dead at the wheels” and “takes the living giving their blood”. Otherwise, even the smallest joys, the simplest iridescences of sun in the wine in a glass, the best or simplest tastes, the most everyday caress from a passing breeze, that make man say life is worth living, “Axion Esti”- “praised be” as Elytis puts it, become an object of indifference and of consumption in the inept way of the uninvolved type of tourism. The women of Souli, fall one by one, dancing and with their babies in arms, over the cliff, not because they do not consider life desirable. On the contrary, their dance song’s first verse is “bye-bye poor world, bye-bye sweet life”. But they feel certain that if they go on living in a world without freedom, then those same things that seemed to give to life her sweetness, the simple things they now say their goodbyes to, the fountains, the thickets, the mounts, the slopes, in a while will make life something bitter, not sweet. If all this is not lighted by the sun of freedom then the end is better. “These trees are not comfortable with less sun, these hearts are not comfortable with less right” is what Ritsos writes about this. To live a life worth living sometimes a fight with no gradations and no intermediate alternatives is necessary, in which “Axion Esti” is said about life’s sacrifice as it was said before about life. Either freedom or death. This was the sensation that touched the hearts of the boys and girls in the Polytechnic and in a while it overtook them completely and, as they would say later, it made them feel they were parts of something greater than the partial ego of each of them. So much greater that it did not matter anymore to each of them if some partial ego, their own ego, was lost. “They rose high, very high; hard to go back low again, hard to see their height too” Ritsos wrote for the fighters of one generation before the Polytechnic’s. But these verses became valid again because such crest moment come and come again without belonging to individuals or to periods. Conversely, individuals and periods, if they can be worthy of it, belong to such moments. “Each one you see now you’re going to see again, one’s name may then be Constantis” or Tom or Dick, “another’s Mihalis” or Harry, was writing for the Constantises and Mihalises and Toms and Dicks and Harries of his generation the poet Katsaros and Theodorakis was putting to music. And we saw then again indeed in their name-mates of the Polytechnic’s generation. Already since the beginning of their gathering they had felt an overcoming of the ego like the one Ritsos has described with the words “...here it’s not a matter of whether I am above you or you above me, here it’s matter of all of us being each above himself...” and they ended up with the absolute self-transcendence where, as we said, each one of them was connected with something which, as if it was metaphysical or cosmic, overcame them all and kept them company and gave strength to the ones that had to lose their lives saying among their last words “it takes strength to die when you’re nineteen”. This was what gave them the strength to walk unarmed against the tanks. The same strength that the “free while besieged” of the previous generation had, for whom Ritsos had written “They ran out of bullets and gunpowder and now they’re filling their cannons only with their hearts”.

But we will not have completed our recall to our memory of those persons and of those moments if we do recall to our memory one of them all, who opened way before them and who was to them example, source of inspiration and source of strength with all thing he was going through concurrently. Five years before the events we are talking about, a young man who had earlier been himself a student of the Polytechnic too, made the first act of resistance. He missed nearly killing Papadopoulos, the junta leader. It would be morbid to mention here the forms of torturing he went through, like morbid was the imagination of those who thought them up and morbid were their reactions in the torturers’ trials after the fall of the junta. Here let’s only mention that when, later, he was asked what he considered he had offered he said “if pain is a form of offer, then this is what I offered” and that in a poem of his that from his cell he addressed to all others being tortured he was writing “Complete your offer. Go on having pain”. Panagoulis, about whom we are talking right now, was the first move that was a credit to Greeks. A rumor says that some “anti-junta fighters from abroad” tried to contact a member of IRA wanted by the British and pay him to come and kill

Papadopoulos and that he slapped the whole of Greece by saying “What sense would it make if a foreigner killed Papadopoulos on pay? If Greek liberators do not show up then Greece does not deserve freedom”. Panagoulis did not even know that such things were being said when he was making up his mind to take up all the actions needed towards his bomb attempt (one and a half years after the coup d’etat). The murder of his brother by the junta triggered a state that was very intense in him, something like whispers from heroes poked and kindled his soul with verses like the following:

In Greece today

Extinguished fire that’s always burning
 gravestone that covers grave with no dead
 looks from some eyes that are full of dried tears
 people’s thoughts hidden nodding to you.

Beliefs and hopes that their last are breathing
 Spirit and Truth that are now in jails
 Holy endeavors floating like shipwrecks
 Voices of people nodding to you.

A grain of wrath to the soil is falling
 A struggle’s message breeds pairs of wings
 A sparkle’s light shows up in the darkness
 New fights and struggles nodding to you.

The first dead

The funerals are over. Shed no more tears
 The first dead are going to be leaders of hope
 The rest they now need is unity and struggle
 Beginning of struggle have become the first dead.

The first dead are now fertilizers of freedom
 A flower of fire comes out of their graves
 The answer to this message is unity and struggle
 Beginning of struggle have become the first dead.

In other words the fertilizer of freedom that the first dead became, became for him beginning of struggle in new fights and also verses prompting others too, verses that, smuggled out of prison and put to music by Theodorakis, were passing around from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth, nodding, prompting, encouraging, supporting, and stating clearly the facts of life. In his interview after the fall of the junta he described very epigrammatically his motives, with which would agree every Irish counterpart of his too: “Alas to a nation not giving birth to a tyrannicide when giving birth to a tyrant.” Of course, the story of Panagoulis is very well known, and not only here where books like “The cell of poetry” and “Rehearsals of death” were written. A big book, first in English and then translated in many languages, titled “A Man”, was also written about him, by a famous Italian journalist. How does this story connect with the story of all those boys and girls who were “the movers of history” in that historical event now called “the Polytechnieo”, all those “anonymous” who made that Polytechnieo possible and who go with expressions like “every Constantis and Mihalis” or “every Tom, Dick and Harry”, and of whom Ritsos sings “we were reading the world’s history in first names”? How does the story of “those whom we saw and we’ll see again” connect with the story of him whom only the arms of poetry are wide enough to embrace, and whom only She awaits and gifts him, like the ancient myths, a place among the constellations of the anthropomorphic celestial firmament? The answer is given by, again, Mihalis Katsaros in, again, the same poem, “you’ll see them again”, that Mikis Theodorakis put to music and Grigoris Bithikotsis sang.

You’ll see them again

Each one you see now you’re going to see again, maybe on another ferry,
 one’s name may then be Tom or Dick, another’s Harry.
 Each one you see now you’re going to see again, the way to tell it is them
 will be a prouder way to walk on all roads of this world.

Each one you see now you’re going to see again, again you’re going to hate them,
 one, strong and youngest won’t be found,
 for the most bitter turn he’s bound,
 the lonely one, lonely and brave and the most beloved.
 This one you’ll never find again, this one the world now misses,
 you will not torture him next time nor his big heart tear into pieces.

This one you will not see again, this time he’s safely guarded,
 the stars are guarding him from you, his sun and moon are watching, too,
 now that they’ve taken him from here,
 the lonely one, the young, the brave, the one the most beloved,

for him only I,
I, I, I, I am waiting.

The upshot:

“How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man ?”
Bob Dylan

“...In one sense I was happy my bomb missed his car by one meter. I'm not a killer, I'm a fighter. And to fight against a junta doesn't mean to kill its leader who is just a puppet buffoon played by foreign interests, nor to kill some of its quite replaceable policemen or soldiers, whom I would not stand the remorse to kill. To fight a junta means to disarm it, and disarming it means that a great number of soldiers will not obey their orders, and somebody telling them to do so means he proves to them that it is humanly possible to stand the consequences, as I did prove by only writing to your leader that he is a buffoon and a clown on all grace pleas and petitions you brought me to sign, in order for you not to expose your regime in front of international organizations which objected to my execution and at the same time for you not to look powerless in front of the people that you wanted to terrorize. My oration is not contempt of court martial, because you are not a court but bosses of torturers some of whom even have a sick thwarted surgeon's sexual imagination; and you are not martial either since you are deserters not soldiers; I deserted your army to serve my country, as I do serve it everyday in the torture chamber; you deserted your country by not deserting an army that receives orders against its country and its people. Alas to a nation not giving birth to a tyrannicide when giving birth to a tyrant.”



Alexandros Panagoulis

Bibliography: Chronis Missios' "Oh, well. You were killed early", "Smile, you. Is this too much to ask from you?", Kostas Mardas' "Rehearsals of death", the newspaper pages dedicated to Che Guevara in 2003 and also their pages dedicated to Makronisos that same year on the occasion of the concert of Theodorakis there, our student Anastasia's idea for the skit 'The Present', my colleague G. Daglas' suggestion and his pages on K. Mitropoulou's "The Absent" for the context of a school anniversary; also previous 17N-73 anniversaries one of which we present in the sequel (its overlaps with the "upshot" we had seen are obvious enough for the reader to know what to skip and when).