

ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ΣΕΦΕΡΗΣ

Giorgos Seferis

Nobel Prize in Literature 1963



1900 – 1971

This poem is the last composed by George Seferis and constitutes a complaint against the dictatorship and - much more - an emptied to violent punishment that should be attributed to the atrocious dictators.

The dictatorship, which was going through its fifth year,  
causing strong dissatisfaction to the poet,  
who through a random connotation conjures of  
the punishment imposed on Ardiaio  
- a fratricidal and patricide tyrant in Pamphylia -  
as recorded in Plato's Republic.

Always during the spring, at his days (March 25, 1971)  
on the anniversary of the liberatory revolution of the  
Greek Nation (March 25, 1821)

the poet chooses isolation  
instead of the Junta' s masquerade and parade.

In the little yellow flowers, called Aspalathos  
he distinguishes the certain punishment of Tyrants.

## ΕΠΙ ΑΣΠΑΛΑΘΩΝ

Ήταν ωραίο το Σούνιο τη μέρα εκείνη του  
Ευαγγελισμού.

πάλι με την άνοιξη.

Λιγοστά πράσινα φύλλα γύρω στις  
σκουριασμένες πέτρες

το κόκκινο χώμα και οι ασπάλαθοι  
δείχνοντας έτοιμα τα μεγάλα τους βελόνια  
και τους κίτρινους ανθούς.

Απόμερα οι αρχαίες κολόνες, χορδές μιας  
άρπας που αντηχούν

ακόμη...

Γαλήνη

-Τι μπορεί να μου θύμισε τον Αρδιαίο εκείνον;  
Μια λέξη στον Πλάτωνα θαρρώ, χαμένη στου  
μυαλού

τ' αυλάκια.

τ' όνομα του κίτρινου θάμνου

δεν άλλαξε από κείνους τους καιρούς.

Το βράδυ βρήκα την περικοπή:

“τον έδεσαν χειροπόδαρα” μας λέει

“τον έριξαν χάμω και τον έγδαραν

τον έσυραν παράμερα τον καταξέσκισαν

απάνω στους αγκαθερούς ασπάλαθους

και πήγαν και τον πέταξαν στον Τάρταρο  
κουρέλι”.

Έτσι στον κάτω κόσμο πλέρωνε τα κρίματά του

Ο Παμφύλιος ο Αρδιαίος ο πανάθλιος  
Τύραννος



Today, once again during the spring,  
we, the students who participate in this Project,  
remember the Poet  
and try to remind to all types of Ardiaio - Tyrants of nowadays  
that the thorns of Aspalathos still remain ready ...  
None of the Tyrants has ever been left unpunished.



## On Aspalathoi

Sounion was lovely that spring day the Feast of the Annunciation. Sparse green leaves around rust-coloured stone, red earth, and aspalathoi with their huge thorns and their yellow flowers already out. In the distance the ancient columns, strings of a harp still vibrating...

Peace. What could have made me think of Ardiaios? Possibly a word in Plato, buried in the mind's furrows: the name of the yellow bush hasn't changed since his time. That evening I found the passage: 'They bound him hand and foot' it says, 'they flung him down and flayed him, they dragged him along gashing his flesh on thorny aspalathoi, and they went and threw him into Tartarus, torn to shreds.

In this way Ardiaios, the terrible Pamphylian tyrant paid for his crimes in the nether world.

(translated by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard)



# Erasmus+

*This plan was financed with the support of the European Commission. This publication binds only his author and the commission is not responsible of the use which could be fact of information it contains.*