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MASTERS OF THE ARTS

JOHN WILLIAMS
MARIA FARANDOURI
THEODORAKIS
SONGS OF FREEDOM

And Guitar Pieces
Seven Songs of Lorca; Three Songs;
Four Epitafios for Solo Guitar



ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ
ΟΙ ΦΙΛΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΗΣ

ΑΙΜΑΝ ΒΟΥΔΟΥΡΗ

ΜΕΓΑΛΗ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΗ
ΒΙΒΛΙΟΘΗΚΗ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ

ΔΩΡΕΑ

Αρξείο Γ. Σαββίδου

**JOHN WILLIAMS/MARIA FARANDOURI
THEODORAKIS
SONGS OF FREEDOM**

Side 1

SEVEN SONGS OF LORCA (Beginning)

(Arranged for Voice and Guitar by Stephen Dodgson)

- I. TOU PIKRAMENOU
- II. ANTONIO TORRES XEPENTIA I
- III. ANTONIO TORRES XEPENTIA II
- IV. XAMOS APO AGAPI
- V. I KALOGRIA I TSINGANA
- VI. TOU ANEMOU

Side 2

SEVEN SONGS OF LORCA (Conclusion)

VII. I PANDERMI

FOUR EPITAPHS FOR SOLO GUITAR

(Arranged by Stanley Myers)

THREE SONGS

(Arranged for Voice and Guitar by Stephen Dodgson)

- I. TO YELASTO PEDI (Theme from "Z")
- II. SILVA
- III. IRTHAN I ANTHROPOI

MIKIS THEODORAKIS

Born in 1925, Mikis Theodorakis came of age during the Nazi occupation of Greece. He was first arrested as a young student for resistance activities against the occupation forces. After liberation and during the Civil War, he was again arrested, this time by the Monarchist regime, and sent to an island prison. When freed, he left for Paris and completed his musical studies (started in Athens) at the Paris Conservatoire. Between 1953 and 1960 he lived in Paris and composed classical music (symphonies, sonatas for piano and violin, suites and ballet music). He returned to Greece in 1960, founded a folk orchestra, the "Athens Little Symphony Orchestra" and the Symphony Orchestra of Piraeus, and started a new movement in Greek popular music. His work, drawing on the Byzantine roots of traditional folk music and shaping a new form of Greek modern music, was, from the beginning, immensely popular, despite the fact that it was banned by the State-controlled radio. He also tried to bring to public attention the relationship between art and the problems of Greek society through numerous lectures, seminars and articles.

In 1963, Theodorakis founded a political organization called "Lambrakis Democratic Youth" (named after the left-wing deputy assassinated in that year, whose story has been shown in the film "Z"). In 1964, he became a deputy of the left, until 1967 when the military coup d'état obliged him to go underground. A few months later he was arrested, tortured in the infamous Bublina Street police station and then imprisoned. He was released in 1968, re-arrested a few months later, and sent into exile in a remote village at first, and later into a prison camp. His health badly deteriorated and the Colonels, giving in to international public pressure, were obliged to release him in 1970, on condition that he went into exile. He has since been a protagonist in the fight against the Junta both through his music and his political activities.

MARIA FARANDOURI

Maria Farandouri started singing at the age of sixteen and was discovered by Mikis Theodorakis, who found in her the ideal interpreter of his music. She became very popular in Greece, being a leading member of the movement started by Theodorakis in the 1960's that completely transformed Greek popular music. The cultural and political significance of this movement for Greece was immense, not only because it returned to the Byzantine roots of Greek music and revived folk music but also because it was linked to the best contemporary Greek poetry, a large part of it being openly political. It was through these extremely popular songs that the Greek public came to know and enjoy the best of its poetry. (The one or two best-known poets could expect to sell at most two to three thousand copies of their books, but their poems became known and sung by millions as a result of this movement.)

Maria left Greece in 1967, when the military regime banned Theodorakis' music. She held over 300 concerts and sang this banned music in all the Western and Eastern European and

Northern American countries, reminding the world of her country's plight. For the last few years she has been living in London, where she has sung at the Albert Hall, the Royal Festival Hall, the Elizabeth Hall and the Plaza, Saville and Cambridge theatres.

SEVEN SONGS OF LORCA

The seven songs from Federico Garcia Lorca's cycle of poems "Romancero Gitano" were set to music by Theodorakis in March 1967, a month before the military coup. They were freely translated into Greek by Odysseas Elytis, a major contemporary Greek poet.

(1) "He with the Sorrow" (*Tou Pikramenou*)

On August 23, go and tell the man of sorrow: Tonight come out in your garden and cut all your flowers, sign a cross on your door and write your name underneath. Take candles, learn how to cross your hands, and, in the wilderness, taste the night's coolness, because in less than two months you will wear the dress of death.

(2) "Capture of Antonito el Camborio on the Road to Seville" (*Antonio Torres Xepentia I*)

Dark as a green moon, he walks slowly and gracefully. His shining blue-black curls fall to his eyes. Half-way on his path, he plucks round lemons and throws them into the water till he makes it golden. And half-way, the *Guardia Civil* takes him away, under the branches of an elm. The gypsies, who used to go alone on the mountains, have now disappeared! The old knives are rusty under the dust. At nine in the evening, they take him to prison while the sky shines like a foal's flanks.

(3) "Death of Antonito el Camborio" (*Antonio Torres Xepentia II*)

Voices of death rang out, ancient voices that besiege a virile carnation voice. He dug boar bites into their boots. In the struggle, he made slippery legs like a dolphin. He steeped his scarlet tie in enemy blood, but there were four daggers and he had to succumb. Antonito Torres Heredia Camborio, dark as a green moon, virile carnation voice, who has taken away your life? Ah Antonito el Camborio, worthy of an express! Remember the virgin because you are going to die. Ah, Federico Garcia, call the *Guardia Civil*! He spat blood three times and died on his side. A Gypsy angel rested his head on a cushion. Others, in weary shame, lit a candle...

(4) "Lost Through Love" (*Xamos Apo Agapi*)

What is shining in the high galleries? Shut the door, my son, it has struck eleven. The trembling night knocks at the window panes, pursued by the thousand dogs that do not know her, while a smell of wine and amber comes from the galleries. Breezes of wet pipe and sounds of ancient voices echo in the broken arch of midnight. Sadly, the women of the valleys carry the blood of man, calm blood of cut flower, bitter blood of young thigh. Seraphs and gypsies play the accordions. Seven cries, seven bloods, seven double poppies, the dull mirrors break in the high galleries...

(5) "The Gypsy Nun" (*I Kalogria I Tsingana*)

Silence of chalk and myrtle. Mallows in the grass. The nun is embroidering wallflowers on a straw-colored canvas. How beautifully, how delicately she embroiders! On the straw canvas she would like to embroider flowers of her own fancy. Two knights are galloping in the nun's eyes. A dull noise loosens the vest of her bosom, and, as she looks at clouds and mountains in the wild distance, her heart breaks. Her desire flows on rivers in space. But she goes on with her flowers, while standing in the breeze, the light plays on the slats up above, in the shutters...

(6) "The Wind and the Gypsy Girl" (*Tou Anemou*)

Dressed with the moon's silver, gracefully dancing, the young gypsy girl comes from the wilderness. But the never-sleeping wind, the wild man, sees her and starts to sing to her: "My little one, let me raise your skirt and touch your sweet belly." Frightened, she runs and he, with a shiny sword, runs after her. "Listen to the wave moan as the valley becomes pale and the shadow plays the flute in the dark air. Run, little gypsy, run, the wind will get hold of you." She enters the first house and recounts her story as the wind, like a wild animal, runs in the cold and, in his rage, beats the house and bites the roof-tiles.

(7) "Pandermi" (*I Pandermi*)

The cocks' crows dig in search of the dawn, as Soledad Montoya comes down from the black mountain. Her copper-yellow flesh smells of horses and shadows. Her breasts, anvils of light, moan round songs. "Soledad, who are you looking for alone at this hour?" "I'm looking for the one I want, but tell me, what does it matter to you? The man I'm looking for is my joy and my person." "Soledad, what pain, what agonizing pain you suffer!" "What im-

mense pain! I run about the house like a mad-woman, dragging my plaits from kitchen to bed." "Soledad, wash your body with larks' water, and leave your heart in peace! Down there the river sings: festoons of sky and leaves. Oh, pain of gypsies, pure and ever lonely pain! Oh, pain of hidden river-bed and far-off dawn!"

*Greek translation of the Spanish word "Soledad." It is difficult to translate into English, meaning the woman who is isolated, left completely alone.

FOUR EPITAPHS FOR SOLO GUITAR

(Epitafios 2, 3, 4 and 5)

The four songs from the cycle "Epitaph" are:

"Locks of hair," "One day in May," "You have set, my star," "You were standing in front of the window."

The background is as follows:

Greece, May 18, 1936. The tobacco workers' strike has spread to the whole country. At Salonika, seven thousand strikers march toward the Prefecture when, suddenly, the police open fire on the procession with machine-guns. Thirteen workers lie motionless on the ground—murdered in cold blood. Dozens of wounded groan. In the midst of them, a mother, kneeling over the still-warm body of her slain boy, utters heart-rending cries, strokes him gently and weeps floods of tears. (Theodorakis has set to music the lyrics that the Greek poet Y. Ritsos dedicated to this event.)

THREE SONGS(1) "The Smiling Boy" (*To Yelasto Pedi*—Theme from "Z")

(Theodorakis has set to music a number of passages from the verse-drama "The Hostage" by the Irish writer Brendan Behan. Although "The Hostage" deals with the Irish troubles, the Greek people applied the songs to their own struggle against the tyranny set up in Athens after the coup d'état of April 1967, and, in particular, "The Smiling Boy" was taken as referring to the death of Lambrakis.)

One August morning, before dawn, going out to take the air, I saw a girl crying on the flowery ground. "My heart is broken, the smiling boy is gone." Cursed hour, cursed moment: Our people have killed the smiling boy. If he had died beside the commander, if he had been killed by an English bullet or by the hunger strike in prison it would have been an honor to have lost him.

(2) "Silva"

(The following song was written by Theodorakis in his cell in Bublina Street police station. It is part of a wider collection written at the same time (September-October 1967) that he has named "The Sun and Time." Silva is a woman's name. She was imprisoned in another cell and tortured for her participation in the Resistance.)

Rivers of the skies, underground torrents noisily fall—Street of Dreams, Omonoia Square. Silva, Silva. Their waters blonde, two mattresses blonde, two mattresses green. In the middle, I. Red ray of light, feathers, harmonicas, sound of water, moons that dip and sink and drown. Bars, prison bars, Silva, Silva.

(3) "The One Who Was Taken by the Road" (*Irtihan I Anthropoi*)

(A song from the cycle *Arkadia II*, composed in January 1969 to the verses of a Greek poet, M. Eleftheriou. Theodorakis was at the time in political confinement at Zatuna, a remote mountain village.) The law took the one and became cloud and smoke. The road took the other one, and he became everybody's sorrow. People in black came with darkness in their hair and those with rain in their hands and thunder in their glance. Laws have taken our life and our songs have become smoke. Our dreams were taken by laws, and roads have taken our life and our love. They search the soil and the trees and then they search into my heart. But, they find the wound still open in my eyes and tears.

(This is a literal translation. A possible interpretation is the following: The persons referred to in the first two lines represent those who have been arrested and those who have simply disappeared. Others mourn their loss, but feel that one day they will avenge this loss. The current rulers of Greece have made laws that have sapped the very life of the people. By means of these laws the rulers hope to control the people, to know them completely. But they do not need to look so closely into the hearts of the people to find sorrow at these events; it is apparent in their faces.)

Engineering: Robert Auger

Library of Congress catalog card number 73-750787 applies to M 32686.

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