

Occasional Paper 10

Left Melancholy in the Greek Poetry Generation of the 2000s

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1. The landscape of the Greek arts underwent many tectonic changes during the 1990s, most of which became obvious in the next decade. For example, popular music gradually died while film started rising in popular and critical respect. Of all the arts, poetry has witnessed the most impressive growth and has been unanimously identified with the crisis of the 2010s. A poetry of the crisis has been featured in anthologies and special issues carrying its name. The most probing and consistent crisis discourse continues to be articulated in poetry, especially that written by people born between 1974 and 1985. Yet its writers and their translators always hasten to clarify that most crisis poems do not deal directly with the current crisis, and many of them were even written before it. But if poetry is the exemplary crisis art right now, what kind of crisis is it talking about?

2. I have been arguing in my blog, [Piano Poetry Pantelis Politics](#), that there is no poetry of the crisis. Since the mid-2000s there have been three major poetic trends, which I would define as follows:

a) *Poetry on the crisis*. It takes the economico-political crisis as its explicit topic, denounces its causes, and laments its effects. It represents an activist and interventionist writing, with society as its moral horizon.

b) *Poetry in the crisis*. Its topic is the debilitating impact of the crisis on the lives of individuals, families, and groups. It chronicles survival and integrity under conditions of austerity and precarity, with identity as its ethical horizon.

c) *Poetry after the crisis*. It is attuned to the Left Melancholy that has followed the double crisis of revolution and representation in the 1990s. It re-imagines revolt under conditions of post-emancipatory [disengagement](#), with the [common](#) as its political horizon. It is this kind of poetry that has attracted the largest amount of attention and on which I shall focus in this occasional paper.

3. The 1990s were almost in all respects a low point for Greek culture: Most composers of quality popular music fell silent one after another, the novel grew realist and formulaic, film disappeared, theater lost its relevance, architecture never measured up to the challenge of the 2004 Olympics, and the poetry generation of the 1990s sunk as soon as it appeared. The period culminated in the opening and closing ceremonies of the Olympic Games which functioned more as a nostalgic farewell to the ruling cultural conglomerate of the Generation of the 1930s that had re-invented, sustained, and funded Greek identity nationally and internationally for longer than the second half of the twentieth century. This essentially memorial double celebration also represented both the triumph and the exhaustion of the Leftist ethnocentric project that was inaugurated around 1971 as a most unfortunate response to response to (in lieu of a critique of) the Rightist nationalist project of the 1967 junta. At that historical moment of 2004 everything proclaimed as authentically Greek and progressive had been anthologized, canonized, monumentalized, and sacralized. There was officially no need for anything new or different.

In a gesture of unintended yet powerful symbolism Lina Nikolakopoulou, the most popular and influential writer of song lyrics (and the true heir of Nikos Gatsos, Lefteris Papadopoulos and Manos Eleftheriou) who had written the scripts of the Olympic ceremonies, simply stopped writing lyrics. Scholarship worked in tandem, with corresponding success, to ensure that the human and social sciences would help sink Greek universities below the top 300 in the world with a proud, self-affirming insularity that would be reiterated after every new announcement of global rankings.

4. The 1st Athens Biennale of 2007 under the wishful title “Destroy Athens” was an imaginative but timid and ultimately ineffective way to overcome this morass of anti-intellectual self-satisfaction. Another project of deterritorialization took place in the terrain of mood, where autonomous disengagement was now practiced as Left Melancholy. Its pocket guide (2006) quoted Hardt and Negri on the crisis of post-modernity: “Crisis is coextensive with the postmodern totality of capitalist production; it is proper to imperial control. In this respect, the decline and fall of Empire is defined not as a diachronic movement but as a synchronic reality. Crisis runs through every moment of the development and re-composition of the totality” (Hardt and Negri 2001, 385). Despite its deterritorializing promise, local participants in the Biennale were content to demythologize commercialized Athens and advocate the rediscovery of an authentic one. Interestingly, poetry was the art that made the most out of the project in that its makers did what other artists did not dare or know how to do: Poets joined forces, skills, and critiques to experiment with alternative spaces and occasions. The result was the official emergence of an entirely new dynamic configuration—a collaborative and performative literary assemblage of idiolects and frequencies, the Generation of the 2000s and its post-crisis poetry.

5. This large group of writers may be defined chronologically as a generation, stylistically as a school, thematically as a trend, socially as a network, literarily as a configuration, or culturally as an assemblage (which I prefer), since no single term can capture its fluidity. More important are the many distinct characteristics that make it unprecedented in Greek letters. For example, its writers constitute the first global generation (in comparison, say, with the national one of the 1880s or the cosmopolitan one of the 1930s), which has English as its second, though near native, language, and German as its third. Most have college degrees and command a substantive body of systematic, in-depth knowledge of a field. Most are involved in serious, learned critical writing through reviews, essays, papers, and more. Such characteristics give them a unique focus, commitment, and rigor that no poetry generation till now has exhibited to such a degree.

6. The current crisis does not appear explicitly in their work because it is not as thematized as it is in the poetry *on* the crisis. Their work does not hold a mirror to Greek reality and denounce those who control and exploit it. Austerity and poverty are rarely mentioned, social ills are explored from a critical distance rather than through empathy and indignation. Private pain and existential anxiety are refracted through fragmented subjectivities. Readers are not invited to recognize themselves and confront their traumas. Poets are fully aware of the incommensurability between language and reality—of

Words’ unbelievable sorrow, once their realism
is transfused, like a sign, into your visions.

(Giorgos Lillis 2008, 68–69)

7. This is poetry of twisted syntax, time, and politics. Its central feature is a pervasive Left Melancholy over

dreams shipwrecked
with that merciless
“what’s-the-point?”

(George Prevedourakis 2016, 53)

The term “Left Melancholy” has been in wide circulation for the last several years among activists and theorists, and it may carry a negative or a positive connotation. It is part of the extensive vocabulary of disengagement used, especially since the 1990s, to describe varieties of disillusionment among trends of revolutionary radicalism, primarily the trends of political messianism and the artistic avant-garde. Drawing on Freud’s famous essay “Mourning and Melancholia” (Freud 1957), Left Melancholy as a critical term posits that people who suffer, thinking that the revolution has become out of reach (due to external defeat or internal failure), may cope with their bitterness in two ways: They may mourn, go through terrible pain, accept, and overcome the loss; or they may grow melancholic, never let go, internalize the treasured object, and continue living with it despite its absence. The poets of the 2000s developed their own melancholia when they realized very early on that the revolutionary ideal in both politics (emancipation) and art (vanguard) are out of reach and may never return, like the *deus absconditus*, the hidden and departed god of German Protestant intellectuals.

8. Their Left Melancholy is not a subjective feeling but a philosophical [mood](#). [Melancholy](#) is not a personal pathological condition, as Freud suggested, or a solipsistic exercise of bourgeois self-indulgence. It is not the kind of loss of a political goal or ideal that results in a stylized defeatism, aesthetic pessimism, and denunciation of action. Drawing on Hamlet, the ultimate modern melancholic, we may say that it stems from an awareness of cosmic theatricality, of *theatrum mundi*, which haunts the heroes of English, German, and Spanish baroque tragedy, a sense that “All the world’s a stage, And all the men and women merely players” (as Shakespeare tells us in *As You Like It* II.7). While Walter Benjamin criticized a certain melancholy among contemporary Leftist poets for its sentimentality, he reserved a central place for this notion in his view of modernity. In *The Origin of German Tragic Drama* (1928), his book on the *Trauerspiel*,

Benjamin combines melancholy and its deep acknowledgement and responsibility towards loss, together with work—and more specifically with philosophical work. Thereupon, Benjamin does not view work as what should be directed towards a detachment from the object, aimed at rendering it absent, so that the subject will be become free again. Rather, work is aimed at presenting the object, giving it a voice and consequently redeeming it The object will not be disposed of but presented and given a voice, and thus saved In other words, the work Benjamin is proposing is that of rendering the object *present, and not absent* (as the mourner does). It is a work that lacks neither the pathology of melancholia, nor the normality of mourning—it is a sad work, in that it is still, almost heavy, lacking the libidinal-life energy, which makes melancholy so destructive, and mourning

so easily parting (Ferber 2006, 15).

A congealed “significance is attained by *retaining* the loss,” Ferber continues “rather than by overcoming it” (18). The paramount question is how to dispose of the past without losing one’s singular investment in it.

9. The past weighs heavily on the poets’ shoulders in many forms. It may be the burden of family history:

We stayed awake
in the quiet of our small room
stubbornly, whining
like children treated unjustly
waiting without dinner
to grow up all at once
in one night
and finally receive
the explanation for their unjust punishment
and the world.

(Danae Sioziou, “The Guards” in Van Dyck 2016, 189)

It may be the burden of literary history which needs Russian revolutionary poet Mayakovsky to get rid of George Seferis and Odysseus Elytis:

Where might you be now, Vladimir,
now that both of our Nobels
have become clashing rocks
No one is setting sails any longer for the journey
no one is sailing for the blue
it frequents all on its own in great altitudes
and old loves.

(Yiannis Stiggas in Chiotis 2015, 133)

It may be the burden of national history, as expressed in two poems with dates on their title:

every other generation civil wars
and purges
and starting again from scratch every time.

(Z. D. Ainalis, “September 3rd 1843” in Van Dyck 2016, 225)

Not even this age is an age
for poetry: we are still paying
in the coin of Civil War.

(Stamatis Polenakis, “Poetry 2048” in Van Dyck 2016, 233)

Time to annul heroism:

You, stranger, announce to the Lacedaemonians that
I changed my mind.
I take back all of my lines
all that I've said and haven't said all these years,
years of my youth.

(Éno Agolli 2015, 7).

The new generation is stuttering:

We are c-c-cut off vi-o-lent-ly f-rom f-rom the womb of of-fff Hi-sto-ry. And-we-
re-main alone a-lone alone to con- con-fro-nt our gh-osts and-night-mares.

(Michalis Papantonopoulos 2015, 19)

The unbearable burden of the past suggests that time itself is an illusion:

Time past and time present are a man's palms.
He aspired to master time future.
He does not know; time has never existed.
Time is the shadow side of night. A mirror
That stands in front of a mirror,
And breaks into pieces.

(Harris Psarras 2012, 19).

A katabasis to the world of myth no longer provides clear answers either:

When I arrive there I know I'm at the end of the thread.
Theseus or Orpheus?
In either case a story of betrayal.

(Katerina Iliopoulou in Hirschman 2015, 51)

"The statues are sleepwalking in the chambers of the immortals" (Dimitris Eleftherakis 2013, 32) upon one's homecoming. It is futile to repeat the old rite.

And since that is how it was destined to happen,
known to all who deal
with myths,
why the re-enactment,
the ritual?

(Dimitris Petrou 2016, 36)

The new poets have inherited failure:

the previous owner of these wings
collapsed straight away
before even considering
flying.

(Prevedourakis 2016, 106)

They know the meaning of devaluation:

I have to admit that once
we were numbers
and advanced operations
but we were subtracted again and again
before long we were left without a sign.

(Thanos Gogos 2014, 8)

They have also themselves experienced defeat:

The defeat that we thought
is not ours
greater as it was
than its shadow
smaller as we were
than the sum of our parts
located us on the map.

(Fanis Papageorgiou, "Decommissioned hour," unpublished)

Working on such an infertile ground, their art is barren:

Grass—dry—
already grows in our works.

(Petros Golitsis 2009, 11)

10. The poets know well how the power of authority operates:

Always according
To the fairy tale known to all,
The king was naked.
Only things happened a little differently.
He did appear stark naked
During an official festivity

But not because he was purportedly tricked
By some scalper.
His nudity, well known to himself and his environ,
Was his power's silverware.
With it he humiliated everybody:
Both to see him in a way they did not wish to
But also to refute the whole thing.

(Maria Topali in Chiotis 2015, 105)

They know that the grip of rule has total command:

The perfect grip of a hand
that is no longer of any use
landscapes the present.

(Theodoros Chiotis in Chiotis 2015, 43)

Allegories of powerlessness haunt their world: "I have a small box in which someone is always being slaughtered" (Thomas Tsalapatis in Chiotis 2015, 117). They also grapple with the [compromises of the Left](#), exactly as the Generation of the 1950s (whose work they admire greatly) did after the defeat of the Left in the Civil War in 1949:

However much you react at first
And try to keep your corners
Sharp
Though that break in your voice betrays you
In the end you'll agree
To let others arrange your elimination.

(Thomas Ioannou in Van Dyck 2016, 209)

They too are guilty of compromise:

Slow and steady of step
Faithful servant of law and order
Dogged follower of the straight and narrow
I freeze into my assigned position
Rusty of joint.

(Elsa Korneti in Siotis 2014, 47)

People need to adjust and be mindful:

Be careful of the danger that rises every morning from the mountain
keep your distance and give it names to exorcize it.

(Anna Griva in Van Dyck 2016, 101)

But for how long can they rely on excuses?

Such an aggregation of acquittals ends up seeming rather suspicious.
It constantly underlines the inkling of a crime. [Whose?]
It multiplies it, obscures it, silences it. [What?]
It constitutes by itself the beginning of new crimes. [Really? But how? How and where? Whose?]

(Vassilis Amanatidis in Chiotis 2015, 36)

11. Those writing after the crisis hold no firm political convictions. They have lost faith in freedom:

Goodbye forever to this brief
age of freedom.
Farewell unforgettable days and glorious nights
and leaves scattered by the wind.
We were young, we hoped for nothing
and we waited for the morrow with the blind obstinacy
of the shipwrecked person who casts stones in the water.

(Stamatis Polenakis in Van Dyck, 233)

At the end of another routine day,
past midnight I said falteringly “*freedom*”
and set the alarm clock at 7.

(Prevedourakis 2016, 9)

They cannot prepare for a revolution:
We look at our own hand
Crossing through to the other dimension
Just seconds ahead, wound up
It passes us the baton
(We barely touch it): carbonised – This revolution hails from some other land.
Delete the date.

(Theodoros Rakopoulos in Chiotis 2015, 101)

The semiotics of rebellion is very different now:

I go back immediately to the narration of the events that took place when I was
touring the life-giving paths of Noitacoffus.
Three whole days, refreshing, vital days, I wandered and met almost all kinds of
revolutionaries and “revolutionaries.”

I met those with the A on a patch (I asked them “What is Durruti ?” “A croissant,” they told me)
The others with the A on the lips (“Los Solidarios Nosotros, Durruti Column, Friends of Durruti,” they answered)
And those with the A in their eyes (“Dignity, Freedom,” they were saying).
To combine the last two adds authority to the revolutionary circles.

(Gogos 2014, 14)

12. Post-crisis poets use strange figures to dramatize their identity as writers. They portray a lonely musician playing deep below:

It started raining at the bottom of the well
interminable rain for centuries—so it seemed
And music, ah a wonderful music flooded the universe
Nobody could tell
nobody listened
only the music defeating chaos
and a pianist alone looking back and forth
at the keys and to the deep.

(Dimitris Athinakis 2009, 29)

They picture an acrobat walking up high:

You will confess, you will declare that
it was magic
(artistry
over the void)
and that she was yours,
yours when,
a riddle amongst the rocks,
once upon a time
going under.

(Eftychia Panayiotou in Chiotis 2015, 28)

They depict an immigrant caught at the border of her native country opposite another one, where her family lives:

When the one side opens the border
the other, not rarely, keeps it closed.

(Zafiris Nikitas 2015, 13)

They are constantly gyrating in a vertigo that goes nowhere, suffering the torments that, according to Pascal, Jesus inflicted upon himself in his agony:

Me I turn
Me I circle me I erase
Me I caress
Me I contort
Me I blow.

(Dimitris Leontzakos 2014, 8–9)

In their world, “chaos is the order order is chaos” (Konstantinos Papacharalampos in Chiotis 2015, 207).

13. What the future holds is totally unclear and a lot of ambivalence holds sway:

My generation tends to come through crises
probably due to the fact that we speak many languages
the unexplainable randomness of chaos
puts things into our words
We are the ones who started laughing
to finish crying.

(Panos Ioannides: “Reflection,” unpublished)

Uncertainty prevails:

We are entering at last the underage phase of risk
the left condition of my chest, History;
love petrifies wars, our anguish mocks everything
The voice refuses to die
it avenges with a future, absent certainty.

(Yiorgos Alisanoglou 2016, 93)

Yet defiance persists undeterred:

All things feasible make me weary
they always sober me up
even more so their art form
namely politics
I’ve always preferred
the non-feasible
the unattainable
much as I was reproachfully dubbed
apolitical.

(Kyriakos Syfiltzoglou 2007, 24)

This kind of resistance refuses to take a stance:

Thetis
the one in position
perhaps
always the one who posits
as we know even she
who refused to be placed.

(Phoebe Giannisi in Van Dyck 2016, 117)

Overcoming requires not Freudian mourning but deep burial of past glories:

We lay wreathes and weep,
but we are what we burn, we are what we bury deep.

(Yiannis Doukas in Chiotis 2015, 139)

Poets are still wondering—is there

Love beyond love,
poetry beyond poetry?
Is there man
after the end of man?

(Achilleas Katsaros 2016, 39).

Where might lie the ground for affirmation?

I enter into you (homeland)
I travel to you
without names
always distant
always in me pulsates
limitless other
from birth
fatal encounter
affirmation.

(Katerina Iliopoulou in Chiotis 2015, 154)

Can poetry seek a new symmetry out of wreckage and chaos?

I have no more than a life
And scattered dreams from previous lives to offer
But it is at the altitude of dreams where the battle takes place
I am with no one and this means I am with the majority

It's the new symmetry
We know nothing but we will not retreat yet
Because nothingness has been uttered
And the time for something has come.

(Nikos Erinakis in Chiotis 2015, 202)

In a bold move, readers are invited to help writers discover and reach their goals:

I am writing
(you can see that by yourself).
When I'm done nothing superficial or clumsy
will remain.
Everything will serve a purpose.
The purpose escapes me, however
while you are reading me it is fulfilled.

(Charilaos Nikolaidis 2015, 73).

Poetry's future is a collaborative one.

14. Instead of mourning the loss of revolution and compensating for it through realist accommodation, like so many Leftists before them (from the Romantics of the 1790s to the Modernists of the 1920s and the Postmodernists of the 1970s), the poets who were already post-Syriza well before they voted nervously for the party that came to power in January 2015 remain melancholically committed to the possibility, indeed the necessity, of revolt in radical poetics and politics. After the defeat, they advance not a compromise (as the price of mourning over irreparable loss) but an unfailing engagement with autonomy (precisely because of the melancholy over [failed governance](#)). This is the ideological standpoint of their poetic practice and political conviction that enables them to combine the two in ever expanding domains of cultural activism that have been remapping the literary terrain.

15. The Greek poets of the 2000s, the arresting post-crisis generation, have a strong civic awareness and are very interested in the [public presentation](#) of their work. To them, poetry making does not end with writing verses but extends to the domain of their circulation broadly understood. When it comes to their work beyond the page, they are involved in how it appears in public—not in *how* it is received but *what* exactly is collaboratively created. They have been experimenting with illustrating, illuminating, supplementing, reciting, composing, enacting, dispersing, linking, accompanying it, and so on. In addition, they favor medial hybridity, boldly mixing arts, media, codes, and genres. The most innovative part of the large-scale literary, critical, and translingual project in which the Generation of the 2000s has been consistently engaged for some ten years now is the *performative production of poetry in the space of appearance*. Public readings and book launchings often aspire to be neither well-behaved presentations nor well-worn happenings but non-hierarchical [performative](#) gatherings attended by people from all paths of life who like to show, share, shake, and shine together. Their popularity turns single events into series and cycles of readings. Never have Greek writers summoned so much support for each other,

and solidarity with their readers.

16. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the production of their work can hardly be discussed without serious consideration of its personal and collective engagement with the idioms of [music](#). Historically Greek poets have had very little to say about music, and even less about [musicians](#), because they valued (what they understood as) the Being of painting (image) more than the Becoming of music (sound). The new generation of poets has transformed this iconolatry by cultivating a remarkable affinity for music of every kind. Whether they compose, sing, [whistle](#), share, store, quote, or analyze it, they are actively involved in music (re)making. Some excel as certified song writers and accomplished performers while others as commentators, collectors, and specialists. From classical to jazz and from rock to ethnic, no genre is uninteresting to them: Their taste is inclusive, their reach global, their command encyclopedic. Not that they have lost their other artistic interests, which now extend to new technologies and media, but their central domain is above all a multivocal, multilingual soundscape. This is especially evident in their public appearances, which incorporate visuals in the performance: Whether they converse and recite in bookstores or radio programs, the soundtrack of their presence often incorporates new and old music which does not illustrate but argues. More and more writers of the Generation of the 2000s are likely to appear before an audience not with an actor, whose theatrical recitation will authenticate the sincerity and beauty of the poems, but with musicians who collaborate with them in an [intermedial performance](#).

17. The Left Melancholic poetics is producing rhizomatic work that expands into several fields, disciplines, and sciences such as (in random order) political science, law, anthropology, sociology, economics, topography, biology, and medicine. Coming right after the crisis of revolution and representation at the end of the last century, the Generation of the 2000s is composing a de-centered and de-constructed poetry—not one that has lost its (Symbolist) center and (Modernist) structure but a poetry that is consciously taking center and structure apart to expose the discursive origins and disciplinary regimes of their truth. Specifically, the network of these writers, most of them in their 30s, has been cultivating in verse and advocating in prose the following:

- i. A poetics without organic territory—with no “lost motherlands,” sea primevalism, mountain laconism, or island tribalism.
- ii. A poetics without national canon—with no towering figures, obligatory quotes, pious anniversaries, or demotic authenticity.
- iii. A poetics without social institutions—with no normative ties to traditional family, school, church, or army.
- iv. A poetics without Left accountability—with no specific country, party, figure, or date as standard references required by historical teleology.
- v. A poetics without political eschatology—with no revolutionary, emancipatory, Marxist, or messianic covenant and coming.

18. The ground up abolition of center and symmetry, of hierarchy and oligarchy, has cleared space and soundscape for a remarkable polyphony that highlights the assemblage’s adventures in tonality. Here are two aural features that make the new poetry unique. First, its cross rhythmic syntax that seems to move between Alfred Schnittke’s late-classical “polystylism” and Ornette Coleman’s late-jazz “harmolodics,” streaming simultaneously in

different directions, instead of producing a comfortable flow. Second, its contrapuntal rhymes, both internal and external, that develop an unresolved dialectic with semantics, matching verbal elements that normally do not go together, thus again disorienting a reassuring flow. The combination of these two techniques produces a sense of melodic confusion—a need to re-read again and again to make sure that you “got it right,” as well as an encouragement to “do it yourself,” making your own verses in ways that they too will surprise more than please:

There is no poetry
there is only poetic reception of texts.
Poetic reception is a kind
of aural prejudice.
It is an affirmation of metaphysics
in front of boring corpses of signifiers.

(Alexios Mainas 2014, 22)

19. Most importantly, these aggregations do not just assemble people who enjoy making poetry together—writers, lovers, critics, painters, listeners, musicians, physicians et al. They gather the [refugees](#) from the [multitude](#), those displaced from, and disaffected with, Dionysian [insurgencies](#). They assemble a commons of the melancholics who do not entirely fit in the barricades of the *aganaktismenoi/indignados*, the demands of the demonstrations, the occupations of the squares, the celebrations of the OXI referendum, the affirmations of the Gay Pride parades, and the provocations of avant-garde events. Thus they are working toward a commons by seeking out [comrades](#), performing identities, practicing [solidarity](#), appearing in public, and above all experimenting with autonomy. In short, they are looking close to where they live for people who want to be simultaneously citizens and [friends](#).

20. The more Greece, together with the rest of Europe, seems to resemble Weimar in the 1920s, the more its younger intellectuals discover the Vienna of the time that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was declining together with tonality—Joseph Roth’s fiction together with contemporary poetry, theater, music, press, painting, architecture, theory, parks, and much more. To their despondent and restless wonderings [Nachtmusik I](#), the second movement of Mahler’s “Song of the Night” in his 7th symphony (1904–1905), provides not just the tunes, both celestial and sardonic, but the very instrumentation for their Left Melancholy. I can see Greek young men and women in a town that may be Austrian, British, German, American, or Greek leave late a bookstore, a bar, or a bed and go out together for a “walk at night.” They gather as the opening horns call each other. The movement’s unsteady march marks their steps as the watchful moon envelopes them in an *Stimmung* of melancholy. Selana knows:

Eternal mistresses
choose an ephemeral lover.
Faithful to the mortal nature
of love, to the idea of a setting sun.

(Konstantina Korryvanti 2015, 29).

The youth talk about friends they miss and new ones they have made, directions lost and envisioned. They are bewitched by the soundscape of fragmentary dances, birds, and cowbells by which woodwinds and strings make sound feel both rustic and grotesque. The mixture of major and minor keys confuses the evening patrol of the young intellectuals talking poetry and politics interchangeably. While tremendous anxiety over their “thrownness” into the crisis prevents them from becoming attuned with the world, at least they manage often to harmonize their moods and share their own immanent [attunement](#). As they reach the outskirts of town, with their resolution musically and philosophically questioned by an enigmatic pluck of the harp at the very end of Mahler’s movement, they fade into silence and the chiaroscuro used by Romantic painter Caspar Friedrich to envelope [friends and comrades contemplating the moon and possibly plotting another unrest](#).

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LINKS

New Tang Dynasty Television (NTD) reporting on Greek poetry demonstration

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jYNWe6fF5VY>

Phoebe Giannisi, *Tettix*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d2fj3nqY9JQ>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zp6vC1En8rQ>

Jezra Khaleed

BandCamp, <https://jazrakhaleed.bandcamp.com/>
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International Poetry Day, 21 March 2016, Larisa

George Gogos
 Dimitris Petrou
 Danae Siozou
 Kyriakos Syfiltzoglou

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MiiWdABx70w>