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The Blackboard

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[The professor is at the seat of a spacious auditorium. He slowly erases the big blackboard from the equations previously written on it, while at the same time the students gradually sit on their seats. Once they are quiet, he starts talking to them]

– [Professor:] Good morning, guys... It's nice to be in a full auditorium for a change...

[There is soft laughter from the students. The professor continues]

Of course, it's no accident. As I told you last time, this will be the final and most important lesson of the year, and if anyone would want to have any hope of 'passing', of 'moving on', he wouldn't succeed without understanding today's lesson.

I imagine you all thought it was about the exam subjects. {He smiles} Maybe so it is. However, today we will not talk about mathematics. I tricked you into meeting here, all together, at the end of the year, because I wanted us to have a nice

conversation, since we might never meet again. And because you are still young – you are still children in my eyes. The adults have stagnated, ossified, resigned. But you still have life ahead of you. Life with its joys and disappointments. With its hopes and fears. With its light and darkness.

Well, fellows, today we're going to talk about "values", and other "endangered species", if they ever thrived. So, I hope you'll forgive me for spending the last two hours of the year on something of no practical importance... Just put the blame on me for a little wasted time...

So... Today's lesson... "Values..." The blackboard is empty, the chalk is intact, and the words are many... Who would like to start these "wasted two hours"?

[No one answers for a while. Then a student {*gender doesn't matter*} speaks first...]

"***Truth***"

[The professor writes the word with the first letter capitalized and the rest small somewhere on the left of the board. Then, just below it, he adds the word "***Honesty***". He afterwards turns to the students and asks]

– [P(rofessor):] Are they synonyms?

– [A student, after a while:] No.

– [P:] Why?

– [The same student:] One can speak honestly, but be ignorant of the truth.

– [The professor adds the word "***Knowledge***" on the board below the previous ones and asks again:] In what else do they differ?

– [Another student answers:] In the depth...

– [Some other student comments:] ...We have an oceanologist among us...

[The class laughs]

– [The professor, smiling, writes the word "***Depth***" on the board and then he turns to the previous student and asks:] That is?

– [The student continues...] Honesty mainly has to do with everyday life. Truth is something superior, something greater...

– [The professor writes the words "***Superiority***" and "***Magnitude***" on the board and continues:] That is?

– [S(tudent):] It is universal... It is "there".

– [P:] There, where?

– [S:] Everywhere.

– [P:] And then why doesn't everyone see it?

– [S:] It isn't always visible...

– [Another student adds:] Either our eyes are blurry... Or even our minds...

– [Another student adds, laughing:] Or the atmosphere is dull...

– [A student adds, she also smiling:] Or we don't want to see it that much...

[The professor writes on the board in an adjacent column: "***Clarity***", "***Lucidity***", "***Truthfulness***".

He then turns to the student who made the last comment and asks her:]

– [P:] Why wouldn't we want to see the truth?...

– [S:] Truth is 'hard'... You slip away easier from the lie...

– [The professor turns to the rest of the students and asks them:] Do you agree?

– [Another student:] It also follows you. We are always followed by our choices...

– [P:] Then?

– [S:] Let's say that in this world you have more friends when you lie...

– [The professor adds the word "***Friendship***" on the board and turns to look at him again, asking him:] Have you?

– [S:] We are less alone, pretending.

– [P:] Are we?

[Then he turns again to his students and asks them]

– [P:] Do you think there is any meaning in this list we're filling? After all, it is a list that will soon be deleted.

– [A student says, instead of answering:] Duration.

– [The professor writes the word "***Duration***" on the board and continues:] So, is there any meaning in this list that will

last so shortly?

– [A student adds:] Substance.

[The professor adds the word "***Substance***" on the board]

– [Another student answers the previous question:] The list will last shortly, the values won't...

– [The professor smiles. Then he says:] And what if we don't apply them? If they don't get inside us? If they never become real?

– [Another student speaks:] "Action"

– [The professor writes "Fulfilment of Values" on the board and right afterwards erases it, and writes the word "***Action***", saying:] Let's keep things simple. [As soon as he finishes his sentence, after a slight pause he adds the word "***Simplicity***" on the board.

Then he moves away from the blackboard which still has only a few words, looks at it and turning towards the auditorium asks]

– [P:] The next word?

– [A student says:] ***Love***.

– [The professor writes the word in a new column and asks:] What is love?

– [A student answers:] A word on the board...

[The students laugh]

– [Another student:] The words have the meaning we give them...

– [P:] Words are often bigger than the meaning we give them...

– [another student *{ano.S}*:] Love is offering.

– [ano.S:] Love is understanding.

– [ano.S:] Love is self-interest in disguise...

– [ano.S:] Love is unselfishness...

– [ano.S:] Love is mother's milk...

– [ano.S:] Love is a commodity like everything else...

– [ano.S:] Love begins where carnal lust ends...

– [ano.S:] Love is pure.

[The professor writes the words "***Unselfishness***" και "***Purity***" on the board]

– [ano.S:] Love is elusive.

– [ano.S:] Love is a mirage; we love something that isn't there.

– [ano.S:] Love is sacrifice.

[The professor writes the word "***Sacrifice***" on the board]

– [ano.S:] Love is all around us.

– [ano.S:] Love sleeps in the deep.

[The professor interrupts the flurry of answers with a gesture, and adds:] I hope you will meet it one day, and when you do, that you will have the Magnitude and the Lucidity to discern it... *{He points to the two words he had written earlier on the board}* However, there is the love we give and the love we take. And the world is not always generous, nor just...

[He writes the words "***Generosity***" and "***Justice***" on the board, below others or in a new column, it doesn't matter anymore as the words increase in number, and turns back to the students and asks]

– [P:] Is Justice also 'universal'?

– [A student answers:] It should...

– [P:] But...

– [The same student continues:] But people are neither objective, nor impartial...

– [P:] But... [while writing the word "***Impartiality***" on the board]

– [S:] Often the greatest injustices were baptized 'just', and the common understanding of justice was not always 'fair'. The history of humanity is 'adorned' by a series of discriminations...

– [P:] That is?

– [S:] Discriminations on color, sex, origin... People and their morality were judged not by their actions, but by directed social prejudices.

– [The professor writes the words "***Judgment***" and "***Morality***" on the board and asks:] What is Morality?

[The class is silent. Then someone says:]

– [Student:] A word on the board...

[The class laughs...]

– [Another student:] An unknown word... [Students laugh again]

– [ano.S:] A tortured word...

– [ano.S:] A stretched out word... [The class laughs]

– [ano.S:] A devastated word...

[Another student adds:] Not my favorite word...

– [P:] Why?

[The student replies:] It isn't in fashion... A romantic relic, a wreckage of the past... A word forgotten...

– [P:] Why?

– [S:] Because it's very strict. Because it's wagging a finger and tells you, "This is allowed, this isn't..." Because it goes against human nature...

– [The professor looks at the word on the board and continues:] Yes, there is no morality in nature, it is a feature of man. So yes, it goes against his animal nature. But on the other hand, maybe it is what makes him human. I'm not so sure if you mean morality, or the fleeting morality of the times. If you look at the face or the dozens of masks they put on it... Usually those who couldn't bear to face it. Who misled those around them and themselves.

So here we go again... What is Morality?

– [A student:] The Good.

[The professor writes the word "***Good***" on the board]

– [A student continues:] The Right.

[The professor writes the word "***Right***" on the board]

– [Another student continues:] What is Just... Superior... Lucid... Words we wrote earlier... To be able to speak the Truth. The courage to speak, to act, to live, to submit to a higher purpose. To step aside, to let pass what's better than you.

[The professor writes the words "***Courage***", "***Purpose***", "***Stepping aside***" on the board. Then he asks again]

– [P:] What else is Morality?

– [A student:] The "motivation".

– [P:] That is?

– [S:] The motivation behind actions.

– [The professor writes the word "***Motivation***" on the board and asks again:] That is?

– [S:] If the motivation is to give or to take. Morality says 'Give', self-interest says... 'Take'.

– [The professor asks, while at the same time writing the word "***Giving***" on the board:] Don't the two mix?

– [S:] Usually when they mix, self-interest wins... No matter how it may call itself.

– [P:] How does it call it?

– [S:] Love, truth, goodness... All the words we wrote earlier.

– [P:] So motivation determines everything. If this is cheap, all the words we have written are false. Golden-dressed rubbish.

– [S:] Yes.

– [P:] So what is the *Purpose* of these words?

– [S:] Not to stay words.

– [The professor points to the word "Action" on the board and asks:] Do you think such a thing is possible or is it a futile effort? A lost game? A holey ship? An illusion of permanence...

– [S:] It depends...

– [P:] On what?

– [S:] On us. On our choice.

[The professor writes the word "***Choice***" on the board and asks again]

– [P:] Once?

– [S:] Each day.

– [ano.S:] But each day, echoes the previous one...

– [P:] Unless we choose to change... [He writes the word "***Change***" on the board]

[The class remains silent. Then a student says:]

– [S:] I think it's time for a break... It's my choice...

[The class laughs...]

– [P:] We won't have a break this time...

– [The student adds:] Everything has a break...

– [Another student comments:] Not everything... Life doesn't...

– [And he answers:] There is sleep...

– [The other student tells him:] ...As there are those who "sleep" forever...

[The professor intervenes...]

– [P:] We won't take a break, but anyone who wants to, can take a break for as long as he wishes...

[Afterwards he writes the word "**Freedom**" on the board while at the same time pronouncing:] ...Not to be confused with the lack of every rule...

Anyway, I don't think I'll keep you busy for long...

– [The previous student comments in monologue:] What does all this have to do with mathematics?
With real life?

[Finally no one leaves the room. The professor continues after a while]

– [P:] Is good or evil superior, and why?

– [S:] There is no answer to this. Each one decides according to the quality of his "self"...

– [The professor writes the word "**Quality**" on the board, and asks again:] That is?

– [S:] Villains themselves, baptized their actions good, throughout the centuries. The greatest crimes were committed, rivers of blood flowed in the name of good. The good of man, the good of society, the good of God.

– [Another student adds:] The biggest lies, were told in the name of Truth.

– [A student adds:] The greatest injustices, are based on the substrate of 'Justice'.

– [P:] If nothing else, at least, even those who usurped, who counterfeited, who claimed exclusivity in the good, the true and the just, never uttered that they serve the evil, the false, the unjust... Nor even they, would bear themselves as such... Perhaps this is an indication of our innate ability to discern what is superior, even if we can't follow it...

– [A student continues:] As if, immersed anywhere in the water, we know within ourselves in which direction the oxygen is, our body retains its memory... Even if, addled, we may wander in vain, or drown, without finally getting out to the surface...

– [P:] As we previously said, concepts go beyond the words that describe them...

[Afterwards he stays silent for a while. Then he asks]

– [P:] Who would like to add the next word on the board?...

– [A student says:] Beauty.

– [The professor writes the word "**Beauty**" on the board, and adds:] Inner and outer. And we all know which one is superior...

– [A student adds smiling:] Either we reach it or not...

– [P:] ...without this meaning that the one is excluding the other... [After a short pause he continues...] Does something without practical value worth the effort and time?... A mug does the same work, however it is made...

– [A student notices:] The mug will be judged for its beauty, and the liquid it carries, for its value... Each will quench other needs...

– [P:] The beauty of things, and the beauty of spirit... Each radiates its own glow... The glow of the stars, and the glow of the sun...

– [A student says:] Beauty abounds in nature...

– [P:] The economy of symmetry, and the beauty of colors...

– [ano.S:] If emotions help us understand concepts deeper, and beauty affects emotions, then beauty and art have everywhere meaning...

[The professor writes the word "**Art**" on the board]

– [ano.S:] The sense of beauty is relative. It changes with time... With education... People don't have the same criteria

for beauty...

[The professor writes the word "**Education**" on the board]

– [ano.S:] I think everyone deep down knows the quality of his work...

– [ano.S:] ...Perhaps...

– [The professor points to the word "Quality" that already existed on the board, and adds:] If something is to be made, let it be made as beautiful as possible for its creator...

[He writes the word "**Creation**" on the board, and continues:] After all, everyone always comes face to face with himself...

[The class falls silent]

– [P:] Who would like to say the next word?

– [A student:] Faith...

– [ano.S:] Faith is not a value... It is a poor substitute for Knowledge... Unless you mean credulity or trust... Are these what you mean?...

– [The student doesn't answer. The professor intervenes:] I think he wants us to talk about the unknown. I think he wants us to talk about God. So, next question:
What is God?
Let's define the undefinable...

[The students laugh. For a while no one answers. Then someone starts, and the voices, smiling, multiply:]

– [S:] God is love...

– [ano.S:] God is the generative attraction...

– [ano.S:] God is a well-selling brand...

– [ano.S:] God is the sun that rises and sets...

– [ano.S:] God is the unembodied soul of the universe...

– [ano.S:] God is a legal drug...

– [ano.S:] God is our invincible father...

– [ano.S:] God is an allegory for perfection...

– [ano.S:] God is the end of the game...

– [ano.S:] God is the solution to the riddle...

– [ano.S:] God is the Great Absent...

– [ano.S:] God is the darkness of the universe...

– [ano.S:] God is us...

– [ano.S:] God is our excuse...

– [For a while no voice is heard in the room. Immediately afterwards another student at the back of the room adds:] I know who God is... but I'm not going to reveal it!

[The class laughs loudly. When it finishes, the professor continues, smiling broadly:]

– [P:] Wisdom in silence:

"...Wearing down is the scripture of the world..."

as a poem says.

[He then writes the word "***Wisdom***" on the board and, turning to the class, asks]

– [P:] What is Wisdom?

[Again, the students don't answer. The professor encourages them...]

– [P:] Come on, use your imagination.

[He writes the word "***Imagination***" on the board, as the students' voices begin...]

– [S:] Wisdom is saying more with less.

– [ano.S:] Wisdom is to make the invisible visible.

– [ano.S:] Wisdom is the silencing of noise.

– [ano.S:] Wisdom is the dream of Knowledge: Knowledge dreamed of Wisdom...

[The professor writes the word "***Dream***" on the board]

– [ano.S:] Wisdom is the view of the Whole.

[The professor starts to write the word "***Wholeness***" on the board]

– [ano.S:] Wisdom is the hope of mankind.

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[The student has just finished his sentence and the professor completes the word 'Wholeness' on the board, when an abrupt sound echoes through the auditorium; the sound of a chalk breaking.

The students stop talking.

The professor looks at the broken chalk in his hand. He is talking to himself:]

– [P:] It lasted long enough, not to say 'a lot'. Either way, it would soon be over...

[He then turns to the students, holding the broken chalk in his hand, and speaks to them]

– [P:] My time has ended.
I could have written more words, I could have written less.
My time has ended. Yours hasn't.
And this is where our discussion might well end. There is no reason for anything more.

But since I probably won't see you again, I feel I'd like to tell you one last thing before I left – maybe you've heard it before...

[For a while he stays silent, looking at them. Then he starts to speak]

– [P:] If one is given, if one conquers a pair of wings, within a species of creatures attached to the ground, then there are two or three little things that will happen.

The first thing that will happen to him is that sooner or later he will fly.
Initially low, then higher up. How much higher, it will depend... On the wings he wore; on their magnitude and strength. On the winds... There will be updrafts, to help him climb to the clouds. There will be downdrafts or rains that will be pushing him to the soil. And there will always be gravity. To land him or bring him down if he closes his wings.

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[The class remains silent. He continues:]

The second thing that will happen with a pair of wings, is the benefit he will reap.

He will break away from the shadows around him. The shadows of this world, with the innumerable shapes.
He will get closer to the light.

People with their problems and achievements, with their habits and anxieties will seem smaller to him, their wide streets –those in which he himself also walked a little while ago– will seem narrow to him, this flooded labyrinth a prison, and its exits fake, for he will now know that its only exit was upwards.

The third thing that will probably happen is that he will be punished. Others, the great mass, will simply not care, after all, most never lift up their gaze. Some, very few, may rejoice in him, seeing him slip away into the horizon. Before getting back into their stride.

But most of those who will finally understand, will innermostly or openly mock him. They will stone him. They will shoot him. And if he happens to escape punishment for his insolence, and lands again beside them, calling them to follow him to a higher world, how many do you think will change

and put on their own wings to fly with him, as friends and companions?

And how many will never forgive him for his audacity and for the sky that will still be reflected in his eyes, and will not see in his approach an even better opportunity to kill him?

You are still young. Your body has not yet undergone the deformation of gravity and in your gaze infinity still shimmers.

Your wings, those unready, rudimentary wings await above all the blood of your heart to be blooded and strengthened. To dare to defy every wind. The choice of your course and the height of the flight lie ahead of you.

Don't be afraid of the sun.

Have a nice day...

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[The students begin to leave the room in silence.

The large board has several words.
The professor calmly looks at it for a while. The students have left. Then he takes the sponge, and slowly erases it from one end to the other.

When he has finished he quietly leaves the room, while other students have already started entering.

The blackboard is empty]

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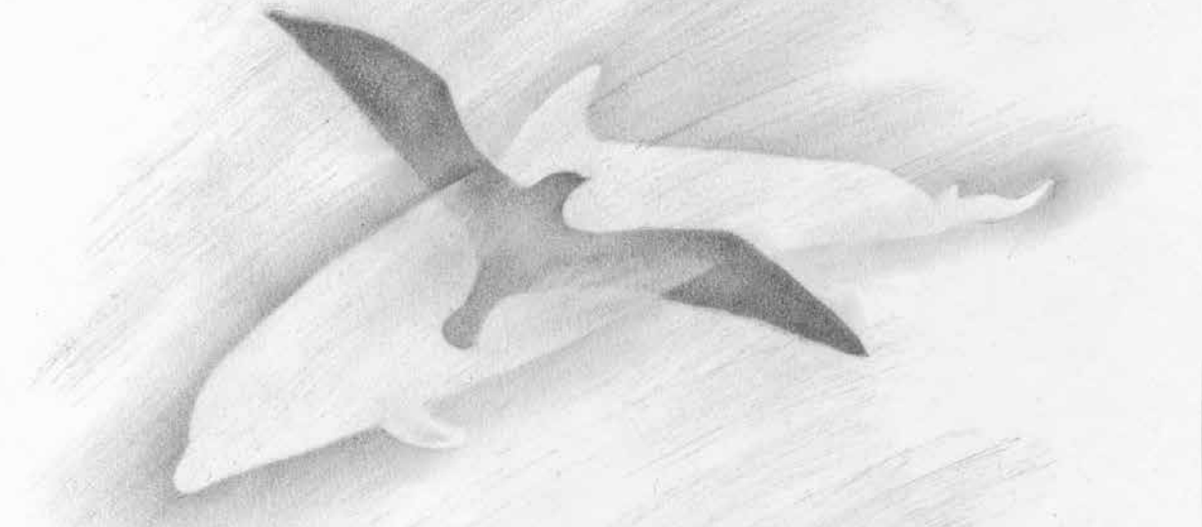
The Dolphin and the Gull

(When two suns meet,
then two worlds unite for ever.)

...A dolphin dreaming of the world above the surface of the sea and a gull drawn by the depths. Met on a sunset, when the sun meets its reflection on the water, they will leave for a trip of knowledge, against the constraints of their own nature.



— I will fly for you...
— And I will swim for you...

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Touch me...

...We are only the two sides of a coin. Tell me about you! Tell me what you look like. I am the other side of you...

...It sung the first notes and stopped full of shame. It wouldn't want to be seen, to be heard! It was a melody for younger pianos...

...And it was my first time seeing so many gathered blue planets. White and blue, with yellow suns at the edge of their dream...

...A book with no name and content, that was shouting to the other books and was calling them near it, till tears dissolved its empty pages...

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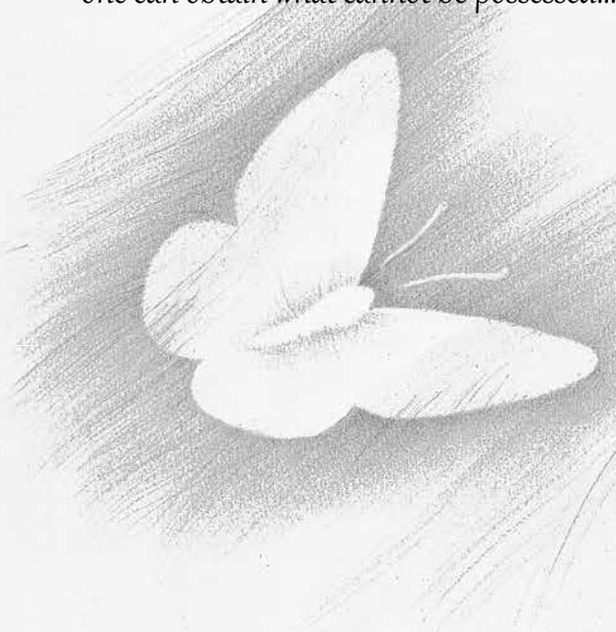
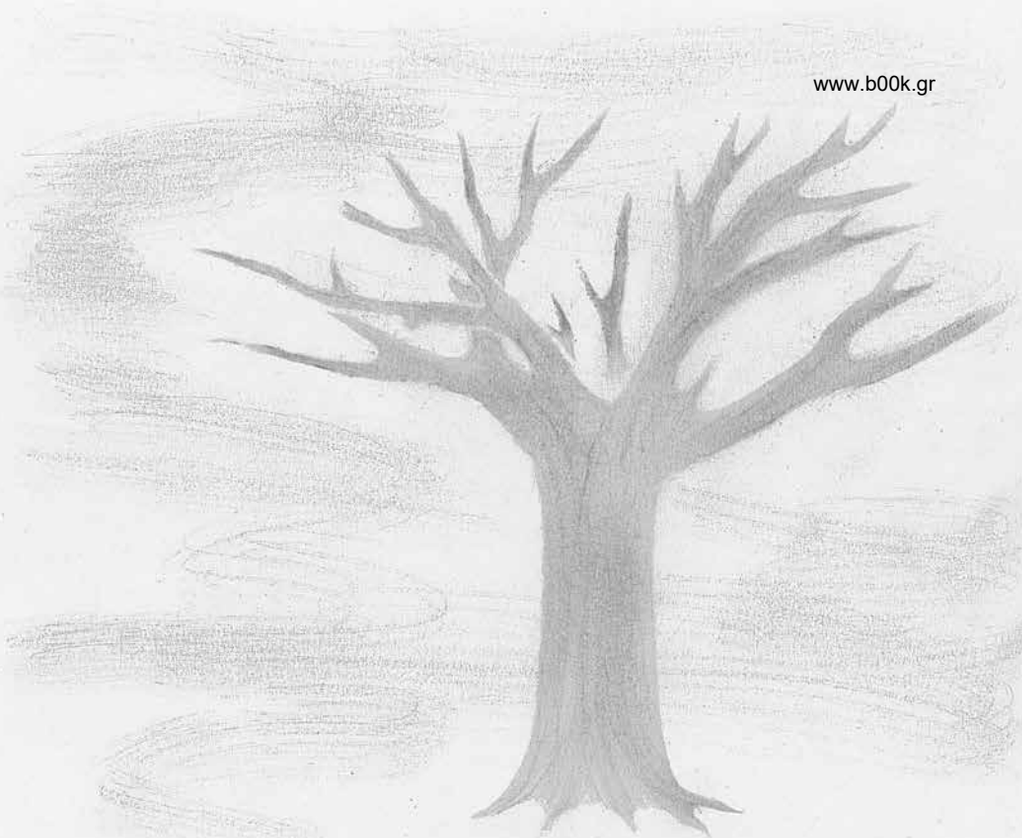
The blue butterfly

(...To those whose small bodies, big wings they wear...)

A butterfly of strange beauty drawn to her destination. Enriched by the forest voices, she will enter an impressive castle — an immortal world of butterflies, ruled by a gentle king. He will trap her. He will take her to his tallest tower. Undisclosed there, in numerous frames on his wall, is the rarest collection of precious butterflies.

She will be forced to choose either to fly for him in his gardens or to be put to death. He will be forced to see that no one can obtain what cannot be possessed...





...I've always been waiting for you. Before everything,
I felt deep inside me that you'd come someday...

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The Underworld
— bilingual edition —
lyrics

Back at the playground of our youth,
playing with words, we lost the truth,
Forgot it somewhere in the mud,
while growing old, and growing sad...

Φύγε από τη γη (Οι άνθρωποι νεκροί...)
— δίγλωσση έκδοση —
στίχοι

Στης νιότης πίσω τη δροσιά,
μέσα στην παιδική χαρά,
Με λέξεις παίζοντας και πάθος,
ξεχάσαμε σωστό και λάθος...

The two flowers

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Everywhere Absent
— in film version & in play version —

I dreamed of Man as a fortress no wrong could conquer, no scheme seduce, no evil penetrate. A tree no wicked wind could bend. Each one, a Sun of Wisdom...

The Mountain of Immortality

— I saw in a vivid dream, a voice telling me that high above the joys and passions of men, is the Mountain of Immortality. No one knows where to find it, nor what it hides at the top, it told me... But everything in this dream moved me to walk upwards... Fate, is this path that I took the right one, is this the mountain, that I'm searching for?

...I see the earth weaving the forms of men and animals, and death unweaving them. I see a fabric of shadows and colors, struggling to escape from the loom and from its warp. That tries to create a form unknown to it, to find a melodic tune beyond the repetitive hum of the machine, a road superior to the snakelike entrapment of the shuttle...

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The books, the lyrics and various extras —including additional information on "To All the Young"— are provided in several languages on...

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(written with zeroes)