

Isadora, Elvis, Beatles and I

Stories for the... cinema

Some of Isadora Duncan's words are quotations from her biography.

I would like to thank my sister for presenting me with a book about dance.

This story has been written because of that book.

***To my children,
Spyros and Matilda***

I am listening to a wonderful melody and a very good dancing instrumental piece on the radio, and I remember two sentences I've read.

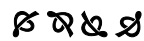
One is from the excellent book by Elias Venezis "Aeolian Land".

"... And they heard the austere rhythm of the primitive land, the tabors and the flutes, that invited the bodies to awake and dance".

And the other is from Isadora Duncan's book.

"... If I don't put a motor in my soul, it's impossible for me to dance".

So I begin this story.



I walk towards Isadora Duncan's house, on top of Byron's hill. I have the earphones of my portable radio on and I listen to an Indian melody. I follow the rhythm whispering softly, when suddenly I realize there's a 'bright' shadow right behind me. I am terrified, my legs are frozen. Since I was little I've been afraid of ghosts, but I never ate the soup, despite all the scary stories that grandma used to tell me to make me eat my food. I begin to walk faster. The shadow does the same.

"Is there an Indian admirer following me and I haven't notice him?"

What else can I do? I make jokes with myself, I try hard not to panic. Despite all this, I turn back my head, tremulously, and then I see a woman's figure, an ethereal vision, an aerie entity without any shoes on, which is wearing a multi-pleated robe. Her hair is beautifully decorated with a small oil-tree branch. I can not discern her face.

"What's this? Is she an ancient Goddess? Have the Gods descended to earth from Olympus?"

Her walk is light and I can hear the ripple of her robe. It's like a dance. I continue to walk, pretending that her presence doesn't bother me. Little by little my fear vanishes and I begin to feel better. I decide to walk slowly, so as to give the chance to this vision-ghost to come closer. That's exactly what happens. The distance between us gets

smaller, the female figure comes closer and, when we are one next to the other, our eyes meet. She smiles and greets me with a slight nod of her head and I, a little embarrassed, do the same. She seems to be very friendly. I watch her intensely.

“That’s strange, she looks like Isadora Duncan, or am I mistaken?”

She smiles to me once more.

“Is it Mona Lisa’s smile or is it Isadora’s smile? Who is she anyway?”

When a street light falls on her face, no sound comes out of my mouth, for I am thunderstruck. She is Isadora! I have to make an effort to keep myself from collapsing on the ground, from passing out.

“Is it possible that she’s come to welcome me?”

I am so astonished that I don’t know what to think. We stand one opposite the other, like statues. Despite our bewilderment, I catch her eyes as she sees my portable radio-recorder.

The circulation comes slowly back to my body and I walk closer to her. I take off the earphones and I place my portable radio-recorder in her ethereal hands, because I am certain that she’s going to love the music. But she hesitates, she doesn’t know what to do with this unknown to her object.

- Don’t be scared, you’ll listen to some music, you’ll like it. Take it, it’s a radio, I explain to her and I offer her the device.

She takes it hesitatingly but with a warm smile on her face. I help her to put the earphones in their place and I turn on the sound. Music diffuses through all her being and she starts to dance there, in the middle of the street. Her expressive, harmonious movements fill up the place and upset the neighborhood. The lights of the houses turn on, the window-shutters open. There’s turmoil in the area.

I look at her, amazed, and I wish this dreamy scene would never end, for it is surely a dream. The sensual dancer continues her dream-made dancing with harmonious asymmetry, poetry and freedom. It is exactly like the description of her dance by so many authors. After a while she stops, she hands me back my portable radio-recorder, thanks me warmly for the chance I’ve given her -to dance once more here, in this place- and she asks me.

- Where’re you going?

- To your house, at Kopana’s hill.

- Really? That's where I'm going. Do you come here often? She asks me with interest.

- No, I've never been here before. I've wanted to visit it for some time now. It's something like a pilgrimage for me, because I love dance, especially modern dance.

Her face lightens up instantly. I am sure my words have filled her with enthusiasm.

- One of my wishes is being fulfilled today. I wanted to come once again in this place, after so many years, to walk once more at Acropolis, to sit on these rocks for hours on end, to admire the monuments, to dance again in the theatre of Dionysos and in the Stadium, to...

She can not continue because her excitement makes her voice tremble. She takes my hand and she urges me to walk with her.

- Come, let's go and pay homage to the place where I've dreamed my biggest dreams.

Now I am the one who's trembling with her touch, because of the emotion and the thrill of such an unexpected event.

"I must be dreaming".

We walk uphill, slowly, towards her 'temple'. The wind caresses our shining faces while the moon shows us our way with its light. Holding my portable radio-recorder with the other hand I try to find a radio station that plays classic music, because I think that this is the most appropriate kind of music to accompany her dance -although I'm sure that Isadora likes everything new- but all the stations are playing rock.

"But why are they all playing rock music today? What's the matter with them?"

We continue our walk silently, when suddenly lights begin to flash in front of us. It's like lightning without thunder. We put our hands in front of our faces, to protect our eyes from the strong lights. In a few seconds the flashing lights stop, so we put our hands down. We see a human figure standing in front of us. Now it is very clear. It's the King!! My God! It's the King of rock-en-roll. It's Elvis!

I can see his shining black hair, the forelock that falls on his forehead, his lovely little cheeks, his childishly sulky look, his white-silver kitsch clothes, his charming smile. With great difficulty I manage to mumble.

- Hello king. Hello king.

- Hello honey.

He comes closer, embraces and kisses me. I collapse on the ground, but, thank God, I come round immediately. I open up my eyes and see his face over me, looking at me worryingly. He helps me to stand up and asks me.

- Are you OK?

“Shall I faint again?”

- Yes, yes, I’m fine. Thank you, thank you, I mumble.

- Thank God. You’re alive.

- Yes, I’m alive after all.

- What you listening to, baby?

I stand dumbfounded by the unexpected encounter (*the second one for today*), unable to utter a word, and the only thing I can do is to hand him my portable radio-recorder, which he takes without a second thought.

He puts on the earphones and the moment he listens to the music, his face lightens up instantly. He whispers the song and then his velvet, deep voice becomes louder. He starts shaking his hips in his unique, amazing and sensual way. Isadora, seemingly lost in her thoughts, stands a little far off.

“Oh, how I wish I had a camera to video-record him.”

When he finally stops, he is sweaty and panting. The dancer with the passionate temperament goes near him, lifts the lower part of her robe, and sweeps the perspiration off his forehead.

- Thank you very much, my beautiful lady.

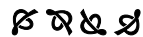
He bows at her and he kisses her hand.

- Isadora, may I present you the king of rock-en-roll, Elvis Presley.

- Nice to meet you my king. I am Isadora Duncan, a daydreamer and a dancer.

- And I’m glad to meet one of the most talented and pioneer priestesses of dance.

We propose to him to accompany us, and this fills him with enthusiasm. So now I am in the company of two semi-Gods, one of them being the star I’ve been dreaming of getting married to, when I was twelve years old. It took him a little longer to come, but better late than never, as they say.



The streets are empty. At first we walk silently, but we soon begin to chatter. The atmosphere gets friendlier. Of course, I haven't forgotten to introduce myself to these two "holy images" that accompany me, and to tell them a few things about myself.

Isadora's emotion the moment she sees the imposing building on top of the hill becomes obvious. When she reaches the entrance she stops, kneels and kisses the marble. It's a sacred moment.

Inside the first room there are three impressive black and white photos of her. Elvis admires her expressive dancing movement that the photographs have captured.

- There're very nice photos, Isadora

- They're the best photographs of my life. Dance is life. When you dance, you are alive, isn't it so?

- That's exactly how it is, my Lady. Music, dance, that is life.

- Come on; let's go in, says Duncan.

We open the first door and we enter the dancing room. Isadora, walking on her toes like a ballerina, says with a theatrical expression, which, after all, becomes her.

- Oh, how I would love to turn the clock back, and to be the owner of this mansion once again, to make rehearsals, to have my favorite students, my musicians, my loving family.

- I'll sing for you, my beautiful lady, and if you feel like it, dance with my music, so you can re-live those unforgettable moments.

- Thank you, king.

"A little less conversation satisfies me".

As his voice becomes louder and fills the room, as if to break the windows, plethoric Isadora moves with flexible, modern movements that show what a great dancer she is. The singer-idol becomes excited and follows her dance. Her pelvis and her legs move with a vitality that spreads trough all the building, and when they look at each other their faces lighten up. It's a mixture of passion and dance.

The next song is 'Surrender'. His voice goes up and down softly, with a sensual tone. Their dancing movements become more smoothly. I watch them in amazement. They are fantastic. I am very lucky to be able to watch these scenes. In the end I deify them with my applause.

“I wonder, is it possible that these two would have fallen in love with each other, had they lived during the same period? Who knows?”

The two idols go out, to the terrace. I don't follow them, instead I stand at the balcony-door and I watch them. The moon is shining and it's as if it's smiling at us. Isadora leans on the rails and admires the view. Lost in a magic spell, she shows at him Acropolis that is at the same height with the mansion. Elvis admires the monument, as it stands over the capital, illuminated. He expresses his regret because he's never been here before. Isadora believes that in her previous life she must have lived in ancient Greece and danced in one of the plays written by Aeschylus, Sophocles or Euripides.

She says to the rock-star.

- If you had lived in ancient Greece Elvis, you would have been one of the Gods of Olympus, Apollo or Hermes, or a mortal, a winner in the Olympic Games. You'd have been a king then, as well.

- Hail King!

She addresses him loudly, like an actress in an ancient tragedy and places a golden wreath, made of myrtle leaves, in his black hair. As it shines on his face, he becomes even more beautiful, he becomes an honored king.

“Where did she get the wreath? Did she take it from the archeological museum of Vergina?”

Elvis is left speechless by this display. He blushes like a small child. The dreamer takes his hand and they walk together. After a while she says.

- When I saw the Greek sculptures in the British museum and the Louver, which expressed harmony, balance and freedom, I found what I was looking for. They affected my dance-art. I got liberated from the tyranny of the classical ballet. In a few words, I found my way.

I interrupt her impulsively.

- You know... we're trying to bring back to Greece these marbles that are now in England.

- And you're doing very well. That's exactly what I thought when I saw them for the first time. I thought, what a pity that they are not where they belong. They would look so much better in their place, at Acropolis.

- We would love to have you on our side in this fight. I'm certain your efforts would have an enormous effect in this tremendous struggle in which all Greeks participate.

- I promise you that from now on I'll become a passionate defender of your side.

- I would like to help also, if the Greek people want me to, adds Elvis.

- Of course, we would like that. Your help will be valuable, King.

We go back, in the room. The two myths sit comfortably on a red couch, in the middle of the room. Isadora leans her head back in reminiscence. Elvis notices her melancholic look and whispers to her a love song, *'Love me tender'*. The tone of his voice calms us. Now memories come rushing in from the old times. Duncan breaks her silence talking about Greece in an ingratiating way. I am impressed and touched as I listen to her paying tribute to my country.

- Greece is a Holy Land, a country that never sleeps, which I've adored. It's a country with a burning heart and great civilization.

- I'm sorry that I've never had the chance to give a concert in Greece. A concert in front of such an art-loving audience would have had a great success. It's a pity. I made a tour throughout Europe, but I never came here. On the contrary, you've been here before.

- I remember our first visit here with my brother and the rest of my family. We went aboard a ship in Italy and we sailed across, to Greece. We wanted our journey to be like the one Ulysses had made. When we first set foot in Greece, we were all very thrilled. We passed through many well-known places, Karvasara, Agrinio, the ancient town of Stratos, where we paid homage, Messollogi, Patras and, finally, Athens. We were very anxious to visit the Parthenon. As we were walking up the stairs of Propylaea we were in an ecstasy. It was a spiritual pilgrimage at Parthenon. Later we discovered this hill, which was called 'Kopanas', and, because it was at the same height as Acropolis, we decided to build our palace here.

- You did the right thing, since you were admirers of the ancient monuments, and especially of Acropolis, Elvis interrupts her.

Isadora continues her recollection.

- We made our rehearsals at the hotel of England. I wanted to combine the choral of Iketides with the rhythm of the orthodox ecclesiastical music. Athens was then, as it always is, in the middle of a revolution. This time it was a struggle between the palace and the students about the language they would use in the theatre, contemporary or ancient. Crowds of students demonstrated, waving flags, in favor of the ancient language. The day of our return from Kopanas, they surrounded our car and they cheered us because we wore our ancient robes, and they

wanted us to follow them in their parades, where they demonstrated for ancient Greece. Of course we went along gladly. From this meeting the students got inspired and prepared a show at the Municipal Theater. Ten Greek students, dressed with colorful ancient robes, sang chorals from Aeschylus in ancient Greek and I danced for them. All the students were delirious with joy.

From far away we can hear Aeschylus' chorals. Very slowly they seem to come nearer to the house at Kopanas. Isadora runs to the window, very upset, trying to listen. And, once more, a miracle! She begins to dance. The lights on the houses turn on and the window-shutters open.

I turn on the stereo, I choose some CDs, I put them on, and we talk about music. They disagree. I take no part in it, I only listen to their intense conversation. In order to calm things down a little, I choose a waltz. I turn the sound on, because I want them to dance. I succeed. Elvis gently puts his hand around Isadora's waist, they move to the middle of the big room and they begin to swirl around it. One follows graciously the other. It's the nicest scene; it's like watching a movie. There's magic in the air. This lovely couple has put its spell on me; they are two myths, together in such a harmony. The lights of the houses turn on and the window-shutters open. I run to one of the rooms, I take a guitar, and hand it, happily, to the king. "*Are you lonesome tonight*", he sings.

- Today nobody is lonesome, Elvis. We are a big, unexpectedly happy company.

"I listened to it all the time on the radio and I remembered it."

In the red couch the conversation continues. They are remembering all the beautiful moments, the triumphs, the successes and the love affairs of their lives. As the memories come one after the other, a tear runs down Isadora's eyes. The rocker gently wipes off the tear and tells her.

- We're lucky because we've spent our lives in arts, and also because we've failed and succeeded, we've been adored and hated, we've loved with all our hearts and we've felt intense pain.

- Yes, Elvis, we're lucky, and if I 'd the chance to be alive once again, I'd do exactly the same things. I'd change nothing. I regret nothing.

He plays '*Marguerita*' in order to soften up the sadness in the atmosphere. The sound of his guitar and his voice calm their faces. It's a romantic moment.

“He could’ve changed Marguerita for Isadora, too bad the king hadn’t thought of that”.

Isadora, obviously satisfied and pleased by all that, gets up and goes to the other room. We realize that she wants to be left alone with her memories for a while. We both respect her wish. Now I am left alone with the king.

- It’s time I dedicate a song to you, my sweetheart.

- To me? Which one?

- Darling, listen. One night with yououou...

I am so excited.

“Wow, wow, all the nights, baby...”

I would love to dance in the middle of the room, wearing a fine-woven dress, or to dance in the arms of my lover. My thoughts and my fantasies get interrupted as Isadora enters the room.



I leave them alone to talk. I get up and go to a corner, holding my portable radio-recorder. As I fall half-asleep, I am listening ‘Yesterday’, by Beatles. I sing along, although I’ve always preferred ‘The long winding road’. A knock on the door brings me back to reality.

“Who can it be at this time of night?”

I go to the front door, weary but also curious. The moment I open it, blaring lights dazzle me, so I can’t discern the faces of the two people who are standing in front of me. Only when the lightning stops, I see two male figures, two men in suits, short-cut hair, wearing hats, with happy faces. They are John Lennon and George Harrison. Oh, yes. More ghosts. Third epoch-making event.

“Should I faint again?”

But this time I hold on to myself and I don’t fall on the ground.

- Welcome, welcome, I mumble.

And I keep repeating it, because I am so terribly upset.

- Welcome, welcome, welcome.

They hug me warmly. I'm in heaven and they're on earth. I take them by their arms and we go inside the room, where the other two semi-Gods are sitting. The moment Elvis sees them, he gets up, amazed. They greet each other like old friends. Of course I introduce the two newcomers, the two great musicians of the greatest rock group, to the dancer.

- May I introduce to you two more legends of the music Isadora, John Lennon and George Harrison.

The Beatles bow in front of her.

- I'm so glad to meet two more very important people!

This unexpected meeting upsets all of us. I am so thrilled and so happy that I don't know how to react. Oh, I wish I could spend some time with them, even a few moments. I wish I could enjoy these precious moments without asking for explanations about their visit. Surely, Isadora's house is the most appropriate place for the meeting of the Gods. As we are all together in a cozy atmosphere and the pleasant sound of happy voices fills the room, Lennon grabs a guitar, caresses it, kisses it and yells.

- OK, guys, let's play the guitars!

The king jumps up and takes another guitar, and George, more shyly, takes the third. Isadora becomes very excited. They sing '*Heartbreak hotel*'. It is a frenetic rhythm. It is a scene from a concert, only a stage and an audience are missing, but Isadora and I are doing our best as substitutes.

Suddenly Elvis stops, places his guitar against the wall, takes Isadora by the hand and they both get carried away in a rock-en-roll dance while the other two continue to play rock. She follows his steps readily, the brio and the movements excite her, besides she likes everything new, free and flexible. The couple enjoys the rhythm and I follow it, stamping my feet on the floor. George and John sing louder and we all create a pandemonium of gaiety. It's a real rock party. And as the music and the sound of our feet on the floor fly out of the house and over the city, the lights of the houses turn on and the window-shutters open. The city is awakened for good.

Then we cool down. We relax with slow songs by Beatles, like '*Michelle*', '*Girl*', '*And I love her*', '*Let it be*', '*Hey Jude*' and '*Lady Madonna*'. With this song ends our mini concert-party on Kopanas hill. The lights of the houses turn off, the window-shutters close. The city rests quiet.

While the Gods were having fun, and because "a bear can't dance with an empty belly", as the Greek saying goes, I have an idea. I am going to cook for them. It's late, and they must be hungry by now.

I go in to the kitchen to cook traditional Greek food, mousaka and meatballs with tomato sauce and garlic paste. On second thought, no, I won't make garlic paste because it might be heavy for their stomachs. So I begin my personal dance, that of cooking, and I manage just fine. Soon everything is ready. Then I spread a beautiful tablecloth over the table, I light candles to create a romantic atmosphere and I invite them in.

- Come on, everything is ready.

As they come near the table I realize that these people have had luxurious lives. I wonder what they'll think of my dinner, I am anxious about it. It's the best I can do, I think to myself, after all they came down to my city uninvited.

- Oh dear, what a nice surprise, George says.

- Please sit down, make yourselves comfortable, I tell them, a little tensed.

They are all waiting for Isadora to sit down first. George, always a gentleman, holds the chair for her to sit.

- Please sit down, my lady.

He addresses Isadora like a true gentleman. The priestess sits down graciously. We all do the same. I offer to serve them.

- No need to do that and get tired, my dear, says Lennon. We'll do it ourselves; we're not ashamed.

And they begin to eat; they seem hungry like wolves.

"They seem so very hungry, don't they feed them up there?"

- What a delicious dinner says Elvis.

They all agree.

- Yes, yes, it's very tasty.

- Thank you very much, thank you, thank you.

"Of course it's tasty. We're in Greece, with all its delicacies."

At one moment Lennon winks at me cheerfully. I wink back. He is in high spirits.

"Is it possible for him to get inspired by me and to write a song?"

- Would you like some wine? We've excellent wines in my country.

They all accept gladly.

Time passes by excitingly. We salute each other with our glasses, "cheers" and "cheers", and "here's to your health", and so

on... Isadora gets a little dizzy by the wine, her cheeks become red, she's very cheerful, as we all are.

I ask them to hand me a guitar. Lennon eagerly gives me his. I play a rebetiko (an old popular Greek kind of songs). My loving friends get excited and that gives me courage to play one more song, singing along this time. They sing with me. Elvis and George accompany me with rock cords. It sounds nice, a rock rebetiko. We are the "rockers of rebetiko". Great! I continue with a zeibekiko (A popular Greek dance in 7/8). They accompany me with their guitars. Now we are "rockers of zeibekiko". Isadora dances. I urge her to get up on a table. She does what I tell her, and she has no problem to dance up there. Her inspiration and improvisation create a kind of aristocratic zeibekiko with a wide range of classical dancing variations. The lights of the houses turn on, the window-shutters open. Everybody is clapping hands. Oh, the king has climbed on the table, too. Opa, opa, what a kefi (gaiety).

I raise my glass.

- To your health, I salute them in a loud voice, raising my glass.

- Cheers, cheers, cheers.

All together now.

"I wonder, if I play 'The willow' (old Greek folk song), will they dance tsamiko (Greek folk round dance)?"

But, I'd better stop all that nonsense. It's a beautiful atmosphere, I don't want to mess it up with stupid ideas, especially now that the Beatles are getting ready to play some of my favorite songs- 'Imagine' and 'Woman'. Elvis is preparing to play 'It's now or never', a song that touches me deeply each time I listen to it, because it was my mother's favorite. I remember the nights she used to sing it, whenever I put on that record on the stereo, the nights we eagerly went to watch movies with the king, and the nights she shouted at me to turn off the stereo, because it was time for me to go to sleep. The melodies surround the city. The lights of the houses turn off, the window-shutters close, people are asleep.

The king wants us to go for a night walk around the city.

- Well, what do you say, dear friends?

- It's a great idea!!! The rest of us reply, expressing our joy for this unexpected proposition.

But how will we go to the center? There are no buses so late at night and it would be very difficult to find a taxi. Elvis reassures that there's no problem, he'll make his limousine appear. Indeed, in a few

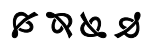
minutes we hear the sound of a car braking outside the house. We all run to the window. A white, open Cadillac is waiting for us.

‘Wow! It’s a fantastic car!!!’

They put on some better clothes in a hurry. The two Beatles and Elvis put on their leather costumes (they are such dolls!), Isadora a short see-through, ancient robe with many folds, looking eccentric but also very sexy. I have no extra clothes to wear, so I remain with the same. We rush to the door, ready for our walk in Athens, in this city that we have defaced with all those ugly, roughly-made structures, but which, fortunately, is getting better and prettier as time goes by.

“Should I hand them cell-phones, so as not to loose them?”

Well, Ok, it was just a thought.



The king is the driver, George, since he loves racing-cars, our co-driver, the priestess of dance and dreamer Lennon sit at the back, and I sit on the hood, because there’s no other place left for me to sit. Elvis starts the engine and our tour begins.

- Which way darling? Lennon asks me.
- Lets go down Embethokleous street guys, to Panathinaikon Stadium.
- Ok sweetheart, Elvis replies.
- I remember this place very well. I’d been here in a demonstration honoring Venizelos.

Fifty thousand people participated in it, as well as all the Orthodox Church. When the King appeared in the Stadium accompanied by Venizelos, they all cheered them. I can still see these images with my mind’s eyes.

- Let’s hurry, I want us to go there as soon as possible, Isadora says.

The Cadillac runs following sometimes a rock and sometimes a rhythm-and-blues rythm. The streets are empty. The radio plays a crazy, exciting song that makes you want to dance. As we get near the Stadium, Isadora shouts.

- Stop, stop.
- Stop, stop, Lennon shouts also.

We jump out of the car and enter the playing field of Kallimarmaro Stadium. Magic stick touches the city and the marble seats become filled to capacity with thousands of enthusiastic people. We begin to dance in front of the cheering crowd. The lights of the houses turn on, the window-shutters open. The moon seems to participate in our show, shedding its beams on us, like a limelight.

Isadora dances ecstatically. I carefully watch her feet and I try to dance like her. I can't do it, so I'm left with my own, awkward improvisation. Elvis hugs me and we swirl round the stadium. George follows us and so does John. Triple dizziness. The first because I'm dancing with the semi-Gods, the second because in my age all this rolling around makes me feel nausea and the third because of all the commotion.

We salute the enthusiastic crowd, get in our Cadillac that climbs the pavement as it speeds up and arrive in front of Zappeion building, where the king stops the car. Isadora jumps out of the car, and, as she becomes deeply moved once again, she shouts.

- Here it was, here it was.
- What was here, my lady? Lennon asks her.
- Venizelos allowed me to use Zappeion Megaron.

So here it was where we made our daily rehearsals and here I worked with my students, trying to inspire them a dance worthy of Acropolis. Our plan was to train a thousand children for a festival honoring Dionysos, which was to take place in Stadium. I had believed then that I would be able to establish a school in Athens. How I wish I could make another effort and make my dream come true!

A grand black piano is at the entrance of the majestic building. It seems like a movie star with an impressive toilette, waiting for her driver to take her to the hall where a reception will take place. With quick steps the rebel song-maker John walks up the stairs, sits at the piano and plays the first notes. It's a mazurka by Chopin. He urges Isadora to dance.

- Mythical dancer, dance like you used to. Dance as if you had a rehearsal.

Isadora dances with her personal, pure way, with simplicity and passion. The garden's lights, the streetlights, the lights of Lycabettus, Acropolis and Stadium begin to wane. Everything follows the notes of the piano and harmonizes with our mood.

Magical stick touches the city and crowd gathers around us to watch a show it has never watched before in this capital. One can discern in our faces the admiration, tension and commotion of this

evening. It's so wonderful! Even the best director of the world would be jealous of all this.

When Lennon finishes, he walks down the stairs, and, very moved, hugs her, lifts her high up in the air, and makes a triumphant round with her.

- Viva Isadora, viva Isadora, he shouts, and the crowd repeats his words.

- Viva, viva Isadora.

It's a real triumph.

Our next stop is Syntagma. The soundtrack from the movie '9 ½ weeks' is on the radio. I often listen to it on radio programs late at night, 'Leave your hat on, leave your hat on, leave your hat on'. The lyrics and this loud music make us all feel a little lightheaded, again and again. Duncan sways sensually in the car. As the streetlights fall on her, the harmonic curves of her body can be seen under her dress. We ecstatically admire the scene.

- You're the most lovable woman on earth, Elvis tells her.

"He's absolutely right".

The night is beautiful, and as time goes by, it becomes magical. We park in front of the hotel "Grande Bretagne". The renovated building is huge, a whole block by itself. We go inside, to the luxurious bar with the magnificent crystal chandeliers, to have a drink. We make ourselves comfortable in the huge armchairs and enjoy our drinks, served in expensive glasses placed on white-laced towels and accompanied by fresh, delicious nuts.

- Here they had allowed me to use a big lounge and I worked there daily.

I wanted to combine the choral from Iketides with movements that would express the rhythm of the Orthodox Ecclesiastical music.

- Do you mean that you wanted to combine ancient tragedy with the church? George asks her astonished.

- If you had succeeded, the result would have been light years ahead of its time. Am I right? Lennon asks her.

- We were so dedicated and so convinced about the correctness of these theories that it never crossed our minds to look at the comical mix of the religious expressions, Isadora answers.

- It wouldn't have been comical, George disagrees. He gets up, sits at the piano and plays 'My sweet Lord'

The magic of the melody fills the hall.

Having enjoyed the extravagant laziness in Grand Bretagne, we arrive at Monastiraki. The smell of souvlaki makes my mouth water, by I dare not suggest stopping and having a bite. We continue our walk through the narrow streets of Plaka. They all agree that it's very picturesque. When we arrive at the church where I was married, we light a candle and say a prayer in front of the icons.

- All the rest can wait, but the search for God can not. We must love one another, says George serenely, looking at an icon of Jesus.

I find myself once more in this holy place, and I remember my marriage, my parents, and my father's hometown. I ask Isadora about her journey to Mesologi, during her first visit to Greece, as she has written in her autobiography.

- I never forget my journeys. I arrived in Mesologi because I wanted to pay homage to the town that so bravely resisted the enemy. My heart is in the reliquary with all these martyrs who gave their lives and they taught the whole world the immortal beauty of Greece.

- I distinctly remember reading these words in your book. You stayed there for a very short time; still you expressed my father's hometown essence better than anyone did.

- Is your father's hometown near Athens? George wants to know.

- No, it's not. It's a small town with a great history, I explain proudly.

Isadora continues.

- In Mesologi we paid tribute to the ardent heart of Byron that now is kept in the sacred reliquary of this heroic town, the earth of which is wetted with the blood of its martyrs.

The town, the people of which, men, women and children, were massacred in their hopeless effort to escape through the enemy lines of the Turks, still has something of the tragic atmosphere seen in the famous painting by Delacroix "The exodus of Mesologi". Byron died in Mesologi, in April 1824. Two years later, again in April, almost on the anniversary of his death, all these martyrs were resurrected in the dark land, along with him who was ready to sacrifice everything he had for their freedom. There is nothing more touching than the death of Byron in that brave town of Mesologi. Because, it's true, sacrifice is never without avail.

With Isadora's soul-stirring narration we arrive at the foothill of Acropolis without even noticing it. The eccentric dancer kneels and reverently kisses the ground, while a tear runs down her eyes.

- No matter how many times one sees this monument, it is impossible to be indifferent in front of its greatness, she whispers with awe in her voice.

- I've never seen a most beautiful work of art; it's amazing, John says.

- Superb says George. One can create a whole album only by looking at this great heritage.

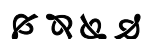
Its time to go back.

We arrive at the square, get in our Cadillac and in a few minutes we are at Hilton hotel. It's five o' clock in the morning. We make a stop there, to take our breakfast in the modern café. Of course, I have to drink three cups of coffee to get myself together. Inside the café there are many young people, who are having their morning coffee. The conversation is on education and schools.

- I believe that most of the schools are like prisons. A child has such wide horizon, it sounds almost like a joke to put him in school, in order to learn to be competitive, says John.

Isadora agrees with him and adds.

- I, too, believe that school education is completely useless. I was educated during the nights, when my mother played for us Beethoven, Schuman, or read us Shakespeare and Keats. Remembering the lessons was nothing but a barbaric incomprehension for children. I still remember the misery of having to sit on a hard bench with empty stomach, frozen feet and shoes with holes. My teacher was for me an inhuman monster whose only purpose was to torture us.



We are back at our base in dawn, exhausted but very happy by the night's adventures. The Beatles announce us sadly that they have to leave. I don't ask them why they are in such a hurry, I'm sure there must be a good reason, maybe they have to go to a rehearsal.

I kiss their sweet cheek goodbye.

Bye-bye loving baby, see you soon, John tells me.

- Good day and best wishes my dear, George says to me.

They promise that they'll come back again one day, as soon as they've finished with their work.

So, we're once more the three of us. We relax in the small 'palace' during the early morning's peaceful hours. Isadora is lying on the colorful, fluffy carpet, and I am by her side.

I ask her.

- Would you ever dance the 'seven veils' dance'?

- I used to dance my own dance of the seven veils', but I was not Salome, I never wanted anybody's head. I wasn't a vampire, I was a visionary she answers proudly.

I ask her about her death. She doesn't want to reveal anything.

- That's my big secret.

- I promise I won't tell.

I assure her in a low voice. She remains silent.

I stop asking her questions; I don't want to be impolite and rude. It's all very quiet. The window is open. A morning breeze comes down from Ymittos and cools the day's early moments. The Athenians are still asleep. Presley sits on a corner and caresses the strings of his guitar. He composes a song. Our conversation acquires a musical background, the soft thrumming of the chords by the rock star. He is inspired by Isadora's figure. In ten minutes he has finished.

- My ladies, may I have your attention please? Listen to this, I think it's a bit like a sonata by Chopin, with a little rock in it.

"Rock mixed with Chopin, what's this? Rock-Chopin?"

The great lady of the dance stares at him with a smile and waits for him to play. I open up my ears, I, too, am very curious to listen to it. I press the button of my recorder, in want to tape it. Within only a couple of seconds we are impressed. It's truly a fantastic melody. I think then that if the record companies hadn't exploited him and if he hadn't made all these mediocre movies, Elvis would have given much more quality to the world. When he finishes the song, his passionate audience, we, applaud him vividly.

Isadora begs him.

- Play it again, sing it again, I like it very much, I want to dance with it.

The king, glad because of her admiration, plays once more the song for her, this time as better as he can, and she dances, improvising the most beautiful dance of her life.

"This is the world's most precious diamond. I'll have such a rare tape in my possession and such a rarer image in my mind".

When the two unearthly figures start talking to each other again, I get up and go. This time they have an intense disagreement. I don't want to listen to them fighting. They'll work it out without my help, I think to myself. Besides, their conversation will last forever. I am not going to tell anyone about this meeting, who would believe me, anyway?

I put on again my portable radio-recorder's earphones and start walking back, towards my home. I keep changing radio-stations. What

station should I listen to? What kind of music? If more semi-Gods should appear where will I put them? It'll be a real nuisance. I think tomorrow I will ask them if we could all go to New York, I would love them to show me this city I long to visit. We'll see what we will do the day after tomorrow. Maybe I will, in my turn, invite them on a cruise to our beautiful islands, so that they can admire the unprecedented beauty of my country.

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A Bougatti speeds on the streets of Riviera.
The veil is round the neck, it slips, it gets tangled around the wheel, it becomes a snooze for the dancer's neck and it suffocates her.
In the bathroom, on the rocking chair, the dead king's body.
A special 38th waits for him at the entrance of his house.
Great John leaves his last breath.
In the house of a friend, remarkable George leaves his last breath.

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Every day, on the hill of Kopanas, one can hear coming from Isadora's palace the songs of Elvis, John and George. Isadora's figure appears and dances, we sing and dance to their rhythms, honoring those great people who have put their personal seals on the last century.

Love tender, love me true... Imagine...

THE END