

G. B. ANGIOLETTI and S. ZAVOLI

NOCTURNE AT KNOSSOS

DOCUMENTARY

Music by M. Labroca

R A I - RADIO ITALIANA

1958 - ITALIAN production

(musical on film)

G.B. ANGIOLETTI and SERGIO ZAVOLI

Documentary about the work of G.B. Angioletti and Sergio Zavoli
Music by Mario Labroca
Sound Techniques by Emilio Invernizzi

NOCTURNE AT KNOSSOS

Documentary

(Music by MARIO LABROCA)

Compendio della Musica - Volume 1

Il Concerto (in Green)

RADIO ITALIANA presents:

(musical call-sign)

NOCTURNE AT KNOSSOS

Broadcast documentary by G.B. Angioletti and Sergio Zavoli

Music by Mario Labroca

Sound Technique by Manlio Angiolari

VOICE I - "...placemus ventos et Cnossia regna
petamus" (1)

VOICE II - In the evening which was falling from
the violet mountains of Crete, the wind
came to meet us more gently. But
Virgil's quiet invocation was quickly
drowned by the noise of the ship anchor-
ing, out at sea...

Hooting of the sirens

Commands from the Captain - Voices of sailors
and boatmen (in Greek)

"Όλο δεξιά....όλο δεξιά

(To the right! To the right!)

Ἄνάποδα ὀλοταχῶς, ἀνάποδα ὀλοταχῶς
(In reverse! In reverse!)

Βάρκα.....ο.....βάρκα
(Ahoy there, boat, ahoy!)

Ἄκοῦς Ταβέδο
(I say, listen!.....)

Ἔρχομαι
(I'm here!)

Ἔλα λίγο
(Come on.....)

Ἔλα φέρ'τή σκάλα
(Come here, bring the ladder!)

Ρίξε τὸ κάρβο
(Throw down the rope!)

Ἔλα πιό κοντά
(A bit closer.)

Πάρ'τον

(Catch!)

Καλά είναι

(Ready!)

Sounds of men clambering down into
the boat

Ὅρστε Κύριε

(Take a seat, sir....)

Σιγά

(Gently... Careful there!)

Περάστε

(This way.....)

More shouting between sailors and
boatmen

Ἔλα δίπλα

(Come closer!)

Κατέβα κατέβα

(Come on down, come on down!)

"Ελα

(Hurry!)

Αύσε τόν κάβο

(Cast off the rope!)

(Sounds of the boat moving off)

VOICE II

Γειά σας

(Good evening!)

"Ωρα καλή

(Welcome!)

Γειά σας ὦρα καλή

(Greetings!)

Γειά χαρά

(Good luck!)

(Here we are!)

VOICE II

While the west was still red in the sunset, already in the east the moon was waking the pale shadow of Knossos... Following the calm rhythm of the waves, the oldest of the boatmen began to sing.

(Not out!)

(Words and song of the boatmen)

Song

(It's jammed... I can't get it loose!)

"Ελα Γιάννη

(Well, Giovanni?)

Μπονάτσα

(Dead calm.....all is still.....)

(Song)

VOICE II

- The rocks, serried and crumbling like banks of sponges, appeared through the opal veils of the moon. The surf came dashing ever more noisily against the oozing stones, streaming with spray which shivered like molten glass... The boat was continually caught by the swaying of the sea; the rocks drew us towards them and the waves urged us back... We held our breath, as if in some bewitched impatience: we were about to set foot in the ancient cradle of our civilisation....

Φτάξαμε πιά

(Here we are!)

(Boatmen speaking)

"Οπα

(Look out!)

Πάλι στρίμωξε και δέν βγαίνει

(It's jammed... I can't get it loose!)

VOICE II

(The sound of the surf and the boat.
More speaking by the boatmen)

Μην ανησυχείτε είναι ο Μανώλης

(Don't worry, there's Manoli!)

Ὀπλα

(Oh..... up!)

(Calls from the boatman)

Νεττάραμε Μανώλη

(Here we are at last!) Manoli!.....)

Ὁ δρόμος ἐλεύθερος

(All clear now!)

VOICE II

- We had landed. In front of us, in the shadows, a hill covered with olive-trees interspersed with tall, erect cypresses, loomed up tranquilly. The old boatman looked at us smiling, as if to say good-bye... He felt our perplexity.

VOICE II

Πάρτε τὸ μονοπάτι καὶ βγῆτε στήν Κνωσό

(Follow this path up, and there you are..)

the fields were a breath of myrtles

and of wild mint; the night, by now

VOICE II

- Up there, for Knossos? Aren't you coming with us? Come on, do!

Ἐγὼ ἐκεῖ πάνω δέν βγαίνω ποτέ οὔτε μέρα οὔτε νύκτα.

(I'll never go up to Knossos, neither by day nor by night.....)

VOICE II

- He says he isn't coming!

Μήν ἀνησυχῆτε εἶναι ὁ Μανώλης

(Don't worry, there's Manoli)

(Calls from the boatman)

Μανώλη.....Μανώλη

(Manoli!.....Oh, Manoli!.....)

VOICE II

Νᾶμαι ἔρχομαι

(Here I am.... coming!)

VOICE II

- He's calling the boy up there with the goats....

(The sound of footsteps, the little bells on the goats, Manoli's arrival)

VOICE II

- Now the mule was climbing patiently up the stony path. There was no longer any light on the ground; from the fields came a breath of myrtles and of wild mint; the night, by now very dark, sent us its voices from the island's most secret places...

VOICE II

You are called Manoli?

Ναί Μανώλη

(Yes, Manoli.... My name is Manoli...)

VOICE II

- Are you afraid of coming to the palace at night?

VOICE II

"Όχι δέν φοβοῦμαι

(No, I'm not afraid...)

VOICE II

- And where will you leave your goats, Manoli?

'Εκεῖ κοντά

(Here, nearby.)

VOICE II

- Manoli, aren't you afraid even in the full moon?

"Όχι οὔτε μέ τό φεγγάρι δέν φοβοῦμαι

(No, I'm not afraid even in the full moon)

VOICE II

VOICE II

- The fisherman, Manoli, he's your friend?

Ναί φίλος μου εἶναι ὁ Παναγιώτης

(Yes, Panajotis, he's my friend...)

VOICE II

- The fisherman's name is Panajotis... Manoli, is it far to Knossos?

Ναί ὕστερα ἀπὸ τὸ μονοπάτι εἶναι ἀνήφορος
καὶ ἐκεῖ πέρα εἶναι ἡ Κνωσός.

(Yes, when we leave this path we have
to climb up a slope, and then there's
Knossos.)

(The men and the mule can be heard
walking along the stony path)

VOICE II

- Manoli took us up to the fabulous palace. He gazed at us with his flashing black eyes, as if to confirm that he was really not afraid of the phantoms of the night.... But even the little goatherd who had brought us here already belonged, in our eyes, to some other time: brother to the fleet-footed messengers that the good King Minos, some forty centuries earlier, used to send down to meet his guests coming from the sea...

Ὅλα ἐδῶ πέρα εἶναι ἄσπρα

(Oh, everything all around is white..)

VOICE II

- Speechless in front of so much whiteness, Manoli stopped short; a vast setting of mighty walls, snow-white columns crowned by red capitals, peristyles, terraces and deserted courtyards, in between them the deep blackness of the caverns.... The palace! In the moonlight the great, square blocks of stone glimmered with a tenuous phosphorescence, the huge staircases towered up as if to skim the horizon, the dark entrance-halls seemed to swallow up vague flying figures.... Bats perhaps, or owls, or the

- uncertain spirits born of the full moon....

A horn-owl, hourglass of the night, continued his lament.

(Voices in the night - the sound of footsteps)

VOICE II

VOICE II

- We entered the royal palace and followed the path taken in days of yore by the processions, around the long grey wall of the house of Minos. Like priests bringing the images of the goddesses wreathed with serpents, we descended a deep flight of steps. Suddenly, in an empty room, our lamp picked out the throne of the "first legislator of the peoples".

'Εδῶ πέρα εἶναι ὁ θρόνος τοῦ παλίου Μίνωος;

(Here..... Is this the throne from the days of Minos?)

VOICE II

- Yes, the throne of old King Minos. Come and sit on it.

"Οχι ἐγὼ ἐσεῖς νά καθήσετε ἐδῶ πέρα

(Not me!...You come and sit here!)

VOICE II

- Later on we will, Manoli. Thank you. Sit down.

VOICE II

(Exclamations from Manoli while he sits
on the throne:)

Οὐμ εἶναι ὠραῖα

(Oh, it's very comfortable here!)

VOICE II

- How do you feel?

Ὅποιος ἔπρεπε νά μπῆ ἐδῶ ἔπρεπε νά πάη νά
κάμῃ λουτρό καί ἔπειτα νά μπῆ ἐδῶ μέσα πού
εἶναι καί ἕνα μεγάλο φίδι καί δυνατό.

VOICE II

(Whoever entered this room had to dip
himself in this basin and then come over
here where there was also a large,
strong serpent.)

VOICE II

- And do you know why there was a ser-
pent here?

VOICE II

Ναί ξέρω γιατί ἐδῶ πέρα ἦτο φίδι καί
ἐπροστάτευε τόν βασιληᾶ πού ἦταν σάν θεός.

(Yes I know, the serpent was here to
protect the King, who was like a god..)

VOICE II

- The king was like a god. And do you
know what that means?

Ὁχι

(No.)

VOICE II

- Because here, four thousand years ago, King Minos ruled over everything, and it was God who told him what to do.

Καί τί ἔκαμε ὁ Βασιληᾶς ὁ Μίνωας ὅταν καθόταν ἐδῶ πέρα ὅπως κάθομαι κι' ἐγώ;

(And what did King Minos do when he was sitting here, like I'm sitting now?)

VOICE II

- When King Minos was sitting where you are now, everybody came and knelt before him, and besought him to be good and just, to be a great king, because in those days, Manoli, the king of Crete was the greatest ruler of the seas....

Μά τό νησί μου εἶναι μικρό

(Oh no! It's small, my island!

VOICE II

- Yes, Manoli, now your country is small, but it was once very powerful and all the lands, even Athens, learned their laws from this palace...

(Musical background)

There, where the little goatherd of Heraclion was now sitting, there sat in olden times the king who, because of his enlightened justice, was chosen by Zeus to rule over the even vaster and eternal realm of the shadows...

But what secret struggling, how much virile and innocent blood, gave birth to the legend which still fascinates and enchants us?....

You, Ariadne, deeply in love, here you wandered, watched by the horrible monster; and, involved in the daring conspiracy with Daedalus of the lively mind, with Theseus of the brave heart, restored to Knossos its happiness. The Minotaur, thirsty for warm young blood, was killed. You fled, Ariadne; gay and distraught, you never saw the triumph of a human law which shone for centuries over the most glorius of the seas.....

(Come, (Background music closes)

Ἐλᾶτε θά σᾶς δείξω ἕνα μέρος

(Come and look!.....I'll show you a place where you can get lost...)

VOICE II

- You want to take us to a place which only you know about and where people get lost? Let's go then, Manoli!

Ἐλᾶτε ἔλᾶτε

(Come along, come on!)

VOICE II

- The night unveiled for us the traces, now laid bare, of that first victory of genius. Everything was prodigious.. The palace leapt into life at every doorway. Manoli called to us, running

(Here are the storehouses...Columns... paintings...)

ahead. From the rooms which led on into the other, from the corridors which abruptly became blind alleys, from the courtyards which closed themselves up like prisons, there came an echo, the whisper of a snare, of a shadowy mystery which drew us on and which, with a light step, the little goatherd disclosed before our eyes: the labyrinth! After a moment of bewilderment, Manoli rushed into the maze of shadows.

(Steps....Storehouses again...Windows..
Uh...huh...)

(Sounds of running footsteps in the background during the whole of the following passage.)

VOICE II

Ἐλᾶτε ἔλᾶτε

(Come, come here!)

Λίγο ἀκόμα καί φθάσαμε.....

(Come on, come here!.. We'll soon be there....)

Νά παρακάτω.....ἔλᾶτε ἔλᾶτε

(There, farther on... Come on, come on!)

Νά ἐδῶ πέρα εἶναι τό μέρος δέν σᾶς ἀρέσει;

(There now, it's here...Do you like it?)

Αα. ἐδῶ εἶμαι στήν πόρτα

(Ah!..I'm here, near the doorway...)

Ἀποθῆκες.....κολῶνες.....ζωγραφιές

(Here are the storehouses...Columns... paintings...)

Κολῶνες.....ζωγραφιές.....τὸ λουτρό
 (Columns.....Paintings.....The bath...)

Οὐ κολῶνες ἀποθήκες καὶ ἄλλες ἀποθήκες
 (Columns...Storehouses...More storehouses)

VOICE II

Σκάλες καὶ ἀποθήκες παράθυρα...οὐ...οὐ
 (Steps....Storehouses again...Windows..
 Uh....huh....)

VOICE II

- As in far-off days the young Cretans fluttered about in the dance of Daedalus to present a poetic image of those harmonious caverns, so the little guide ran from room to room, now close to us, suddenly far away; again he was beside us, like lightening he was gone again, always calling out the wonders of his discoveries; a column... a painting... a swimming pool....an altar.... And we followed his enthusiastic shouts, in our turn advancing and retreating, to find quite suddenly that we were lost, running here and there only to get back, try as we might, where we started from, continually passing between the huge jars of oil and wine, jumping over the ditches where the treasures were hidden, pausing awhile in front of the sanctuaries and the painted images... Women in long robes, their breasts proudly bare, opened wide their enormous black eyes... On the backs of bulls, young men and girls hurled themselves into

VOICE II

VOICE II

their mad acrobatics.... The pale blue
alabaster creaked under our tread....

Κι'αὐτός ποιός εἶναι;

(And here, who is this?)

VOICE II

- It's the little prince, Manoli. You
see how beautiful it all is? You see
the flowers all over? Look, everything
here was covered in lilies, and the
whole palace was painted like that....
Hold up the lamp, Manoli. There, you
see that blue monkey? That orange bird,
all those red lilies? Do you see them?..

Τι'ὠραῖο πού εἶναι αὐτό πρᾶμα

(Oh, how beautiful it all is!)

VOICE II

Τι'εἶναι αὐτό;

(What is there here? And here?...and
here?...and here?...and here?....)

VOICE II

- What is that sign? You can run over
the whole palace, Manoli, and you will
find it everywhere: they are the two
axes which were the king's symbol.

Πῶς εἶναι κομμένο

(But here it's all burnt!)

VOICE II

- Yes, it's all burnt, Manoli, because
one night the enemy came and set fire
to the palace.

Πῶς κι' αὐτοὶ ἔκαμναν πόλεμο;

(What, even these men were at war?)

VOICE II

- Yes, they went to war, but only to defend themselves.

Μ'αὐτές τίς ἀσπίδες;

(With these shields?)

VOICE II

- Yes, Manoli, with these shields.

(Rumbling of a shield as Manoli beats upon it. Music above the noise of the shields.)

VOICE II

- The Minotaur had risen up again, as evil always breaks out when man places too much confidence in his own justice.... The monster returned to Crete to take the most pitiless revenge... Little goatherd, you have seen here the glorious symbols of peace... But on these terraces where, four thousand years before you were born, the boys used to play on the swings, in these gardens where the girls used to pick up the lovely red lilies for the princes crowned with plumes of glowing colours, in these sanctuaries where the goddesses used to sit protected by lions, in the shaded light of the porphyry lamps.... Here where Ariadne became posthumously glorious... Here, one night, the men from the forests beyond the sea descended... The monster bellowed

in his raging fury, mowed down, destroyed and sacked....

(It's so bright here, you could even read....) (Brief pause)

VOICE II

Manoli had his eyes wide open. He touched the stone still black from that far-distant fire.

VOICE I

The rumbling shields were not defence enough, a terrible clashing of swords broke out on all sides, women's cries, the doleful howls of fugitives....

(Musical background)

And then, silence. A silence as deep as in the rocks where the bones of the dead have turned to stone. Knossos became an element in Homer's legend... Until a man of our own time, who believed the poets, brought back to life the splendid palace of that happy era. Once again, the victory has gone to genius and to love.

(It will) (The musical background closes)

VOICE II

Ἐλάτε πάνω, ἐλάτε ἐπάνω, ἐλάτε

(Come on up, come on up. Come!)

(Sounds of footsteps)

"Έχει τόσο πολύ φως έδω πέρα και μπορείτε να διαβάσετε
(It's so bright here, you could even read....)

VOICE II - Yes Manoli, there's light enough to read by....

VOICE I - "There are nights when the upper air is windless and the stars in heaven stand out in their full splendour round the bright moon; when every mountain-top and headland and ravine starts into sight, as infinite depths of the sky are torn open to the very firmament; when every star is seen, and the shepherd rejoices...." (2)

(Brief pause)

Σέ λίγο θά ξημερώση, έγώ θά γυρίσω πίσω
(It will soon be day. I must go back)

VOICE II - Yes dawn is breaking. We're going back too, Manoli. The brightening of the sky lit up the east. The stones of the palace were livid, as if new death succeeded the ephemeral resurrection of the night. The horn-owl's last mournful calls heralded the lively songs of the coming day. The phantoms

VOICE II

of Knossos returned to the profound sadness of Hades under the immobile, ecstatic gaze of Minos.... But perhaps Daedalus was already flying towards the sun, and the lovely Ariadne sunk into her last, fatal slumber....

(Manoli will always remember you...)

(Voices of the day - Crowing of cockerels- Descending footsteps- Manoli singing)

VOICE II

VOICE II

- That's a pretty song, Manoli.

Εύχαριστῶ τραγουδῶ πάλι

(Thanks. I'll sing it again)

VOICE II

(Manoli sings - The sound of surf)

Κυτάξετε ἡ θάλασσα εἶναι ἄσπρη

(Look, the sea is white!)

VOICE II

- You're right, Manoli, the sea has turned white. Good morning!...

VOICE II

Ἐγὼ πρέπει νά σταματήσω, ὁ Παναγιώτης σᾶς περιμένει ἐκεῖ κάτω.

(I have to stop now. Panajotis is waiting for you down there....)

(1) Virgil - Aeneid, II, 115

(2) Homer - Iliad, VIII, 762-770, English translation by E. V. Rieu.

VOICE II - Yes, we know that you have to leave us now.

'Ο Μανώλης θά σ'α θυμᾶται πάντα.'Αντίο.
(Manoli will always remember you...
Goodbye!)

VOICE II - And we shall always remember you.
Goodbye!

'Αντίο. Νά ζήσετε χίλια σρόνια καί μιᾶ μέρα.
(Goodbye.... May you live a thousand
years and a day!)

VOICE II - A thousand years and a day to you too,
Manoli.... Panajotis!.....

(The sound of the surf)

PANAJOTIS - Καλημέρα.....καλημέρα
(Good morning!..... Good morning!...)

VOICE II - Good morning!....

(Blasts from the ship's sirens-
Musical finale)

RE-ANNOUNCEMENT
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- (1) Virgil - Aeneid, II, 115
(2) Homer - Iliad, VIII, 762-770, English translation
by E:V: RIEU.