Stoupa, September 2026

Beloved Nikos,

beloved George,

I am writing to you from Stoupa. From the very place where, more than a century ago, your paths crossed. Where the sea meets the mountain, where stone, sun and olive trees still hold within them the stories of people.

I am writing to you about 2026. About a world that has changed so much since then and, at the same time, perhaps so little.

People today have achieved things you could never even have imagined. In an instant, they can speak with someone on the other side of the world. They travel faster than ever before. They have access to extraordinary knowledge and endless information. And yet...

They do not always know how to speak to the person standing beside them. They have thousands of "friends" on their screens and often feel alone. They have more things, but not always more time. They can see the whole world through a small screen, yet sometimes forget to look at the sea. They live at great speed and are afraid to stand still, even for a moment.

And perhaps this is the great paradox of our time... We have learned how to conquer the world, yet we struggle to conquer ourselves.

Nikos, throughout your life you spoke of freedom. Not only freedom from others, but freedom from fear, ignorance, inertia and the false certainties that imprison the human being.

Today, our prisons do not always have bars. They may be a screen. A prejudice. Fear of what is different. The need always to be right. The anxiety to be seen rather than simply to be.

And you, George — you who never wanted to watch life from a distance, but to plunge into it with your whole being — what would you tell us today?

Would you perhaps tell us, "Do not be so afraid to live."

Laugh. Love. Dance. Travel without knowing exactly where the road will lead you. Sit together around a table and talk — not in order to agree, but in order to know one another. Put the phone aside for a while and listen to the sound of the sea.

Perhaps you would remind us that life is what we dare to live, not what we plan.

And perhaps, Nikos, you would remind us that freedom is not a gift bestowed upon us.

It is a path.

And perhaps, George, you would tell us that along this path we must stop from time to time, look at the sky, listen to the music and dance. Because our world needs both thought and action. The mind of Kazantzakis and the heart of Zorbas.

Today, as humanity faces wars, fear, loneliness, social divisions and a natural world desperately asking for our attention, here in Stoupa we want to do something simple: to listen to you once again.

Not as statues of the past.

Not as two names in a book.

But as two living voices that can still make us ask:

How do we want to live?

What does freedom mean today?

What does it mean to be human?

And ultimately, what matters more... to have more, or to live more fully what we already have?

That is why we created these three days in Stoupa. In the place where your story still meets the sea, the light and the people.

We want to walk in your footsteps once again. To speak about you, but above all, to speak with you. To bring 1917 into 2026. And to see whether the questions born then can still help us find answers for tomorrow.

And if somewhere there, between Kalogria and Stoupa, between words and music, between thought and dance, we suddenly sense a presence...

we will know.

Kazantzakis will be watching us, and Zorbas will be smiling.

And perhaps then we will understand that, however many years may pass, there are people who never truly die.

Because as long as there are people seeking freedom, as long as there are people who love life, as long as there is one person who dares to rise and dance, Zorbas lives.

And as long as there is one person who never stops questioning, struggling, creating and searching for meaning, Kazantzakis lives.

And so, we are waiting for you, to meet you once again in Stoupa.

Where it all began.

With love and profound respect,

Maria Theodorakea
President, NARTURA