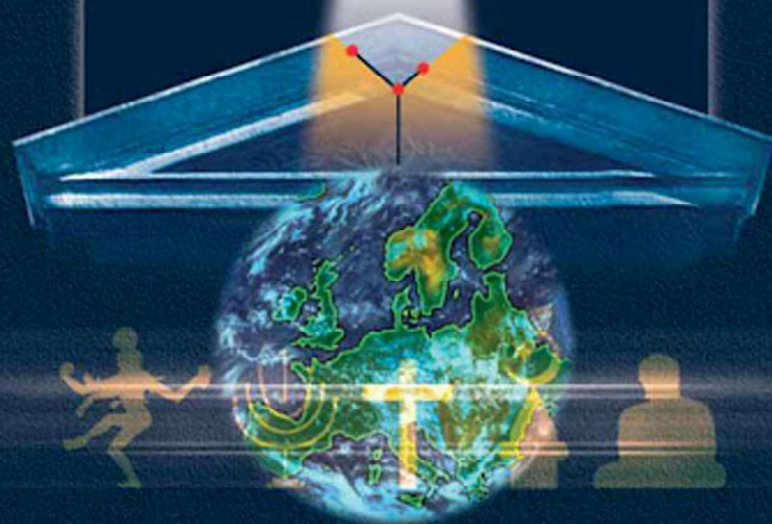


EKAREYS

That Light

ذلك النور



Author's note



When the Vlachs in the region of Trikala became Greek citizens around after 1912, the name of my family that was Ramadan became Paliokostas
Later, several members of the family took back the original name Ramadani.
The Ekarevs nickname is derived from the name of the village I was born which is Ekkara Fthiotidos.

Confession to the Institutions
Phenomena of spiritism
during the drafting of my speech
Poetry by ages in a quick flashing of my life
Ekarevs

Introduction

Since March 1997 I started to be lead by an <energy> to a public, in-depth, confession to the institutions, which I completed in early April, and I made it openly the Holy Monday of 1997.

I would say that I am a hard working citizen into the free market, and I had never interests in religious worship. I felt the special experience that was with me, for a period of about forty days, the presence of the Spirit of (Jesus).

Today as I am writing this introduction, in September 1998, I still feel that my sense and my interests have changed completely. I am convinced that my brain penetrated by some rays of light, in particular three special ordered series. I also think that it's selfish, but looks to me necessary to refer to memories of my life, because maybe some of you who have special knowledge in psychology, as scientists, maybe can give me your own interpretations to all those things, which I will gladly hear.

You will find also a particularly aggression against ecclesiastical and social institutions, which dictated to me by this Presence, and I have written down, having them fresh in my memory, as I wrote in details immediately after my experience.. Giving for publishing this book, I'm sure that is the minimal response to the great honor I felt that I accepted. I also want to say that although I had never experiences and particular interest in public speeches, I am going to start with the issues that I mentioned before I made this strange speech, which I announced with posters that were posted in public places in West Attica.

Holly Monday of 1997 at 20.00, in the temple of Institutions in the Municipality of Ano Liosia, into the hall "Melina Mercouri" Main Entrance.
Speaker Ekarevs

Topics:

1st: Descriptions of experiences after the civil war in Greece, and the social marginalization of the child at that time speaker, from the position of persecuted communist family, proposals through the Albanian society of the marginalized economic refugees in Greece to the nation of Albania, in order to avoid a civil war and to begin the development.(After the collapse of pyramids in 1997 Albanian people got arms and started fighting and shooting each other)

2nd: Ethical, social and anti-development problems from the social phenomenon "Interpersonal lending Relationship " and from confessed position, describing events of some personal experiences. Proposals in order the institutions to be interested for making a co –operative Bank for Western Attica in Ano Liosia, and a small stock market for lighting funds in order to be done modern socialized S.A companies

3rd: Suggestion to the craftsmen of the wider region to create a democratic association, to increase strength with maximum participation for meaningful social volume, requiring modernization of the state bureaucracy, and decentralization of institutions, particularly with informing by a newspaper the great unappreciated sister majority of industrial workers, for joining forces and defense against the obvious injustice against them, from the floppy organized social groups. At the end of the speech will be distributed forms with proposals for participation in establishing by the speaker a Greek-Albanian interests SA company , and a minimum participation of the municipality for moral cover, and to be opened for participation to all craftsmen of the region, with an initial capital illuminator the branch of the National bank in Ano Liosia

Please be sitting in the First row: Representatives of the Albanian society, simple People or institutions man, relatives, representative of the mayor, former workers-benefactors of the speaker. Second row: Businessmen, friends and craftsmen from the wider area. Next rows: Municipal Council men and every one interested to hear. Duration of the speech one hour.
Everyone is invited

Or we would accept the existence of invisible spirits-and forces of good and evil-that gave me strange sensations and possibilities, or the case of phenomena which I will describe, are belonged to the field of illusion. And because the large group of my "around family and friends' struggled, using the weak partner of my life (my wife) , to exclude me from the public appearance and confession, proposing to force me by using handcuffs in order to give me psychoactive drugs., Would be concluded that the largest proportion of the society consciously denies the existence of good and evil, like floating spirits. It is considered as madness to say the truth for activities you have done, not only in the topic I mentioned in my speech, but also in many others such as marital fidelity, sometimes sexual changes with friends of the couple for social coverage, relationships even within the family, encouraging young girls to make relationships with older men, having in mind the blackmailing later, using the supposed value that the money earned only by dirt behaviors, giving the false impression that we too are in the same moral level, and by this disorienting youth from the real values of loyalty, productivity and deprivation for getting prosperity.

There are so many and endless topics of decline in our society, which afflict many young kids trying to alter their consciousness, which have pure and divine origin, in favor of a concept that wears values and faith, leading them to serve those people, who mostly exhausted from over-capacity, are in the point of individual and, by extension, social governance and economic power that certainly is unfair their position in the consciousness of the workers, who are called to serve this people, whom creates the free competition, and both sides live into a simmering hostility, which definitely hurts the productivity calm, and happy improving of the economy and society, to a real development and prosperity.

It is certain that I did not go mad, because those beautiful days, I am afraid that I will not be fortunate to have similar again, I continued the efforts to complete my speech covering also my productive responsibilities with such a beautiful mood!!.

Then only negative wasn't the response of my fellow citizens to the excessive divine goodness that conquered my soul

I'll make a quick reference to the memories of the difficult journey into the life, for my survival, in order to convince you, that what I have experienced wasn't an illusion of exaggerated devotion to the worship of Christ. Because you will meet a person who grew up in the street, unprotected, into violence, with not interests at all to religious institutions and types.

I was born in Ekkara of Fthiotis central Greece, in the mountainest village in the province of Domokos, fifth in the row of brothers and sister from an unwanted conception. My mother on the day of my birth, was trying to support with her belly the donkey's load as she was coming from Domokos, having both sides of monkey with merchandises in this transfer, if the one side will be a little down the hole load is in danger to be down, and needs support and reaffixing, when it starts to be down. These events have been told to me by my own mother when I was approaching puberty, and was complaining about my cracked nose.

I was born in the barn just immediately as my mother arrived from Domokos. It was before Christmas of 1946 or 1945 and my mother did not even manage to go to the room. As you know those years were very difficult, and I hope my mother does not regret that brought me to the world, because a new mouth by my birth, was a new problem for the big poor family. The declaration of my birth became in 1946 in an other bigger village with the same name, three kilometers down to the plain of Thessaly.

For my mother- Stavroula, who was convenient and kind person, I have not special memories of affection. Perhaps the new view that the child feels if you love and want it from the first time even as an embryo, has some serious elements of truth. Contrary to my father for whom I have so strong memories of affection. He worked until 1947 as a switchman on the railroad. From the work of my father lived, except than us five siblings, and his mother "BABA Vangelio" and four sisters, because his father, our grandfather Spyros had died from accident, he was hit by a thunder while guarded his sheep flock. .

This proud vlach man my grandfather Spyros, had dared those years around 1909 to go to work in America, because he felt humiliated by the relatives of my grandmother Vangelio, whom he married with the system of rapture, while she was going alone to another village in order to visit her relatives. So he went in those years as an immigrant to America and worked in a shoe factory. After three years he returned back to prove his worth and to support his country in the Balkan wars 1912. Then he bought a flock of sheep but unfortunately when he got shelter from the storm under a tree, died by a mortal struck of a thunder.

When my father came back home from his work I was springing up with an exclamation "ba, ba, ba" and he was responding to me "mo, mo, mo ". After a while he lost. The Civil War brought him away from his job at the mountains. When the civil war finished he went to jail without communicating with anyone from the family. At that time I remember how my aunties gathered wheat at the property of the landlords, when they mowed the wheat, and stared anxiously if could be some grains fell to earth, and they were anxious maybe would not be enough to collect to make some bread for the surviving of our big family.

It was the only survival stuff along with some birds, beating with talent, by mine fifteen years , older brother George with his sling. He never lose even a bullet and was the sole support of our grand mother Vangelio because her son was in jail, and the eldest grand son the Spirakis had been sent by the state to island Leros for reintegration and to finish the high school, that he left during the civil war..

George, Dimitrakis and I stayed back, unable to support because of the young age, with the remaining female population, Aunt Sophia, who married in Omvriaki with a foreman in the mines, a little older, George Tantis, the like a boy aunt Lenio , working and irresistibly talked loudly and disagreed with her mother, the beautiful aunt Panagiota, who married the Thanasi Papara after tough competition for her heart, and the little <<different>> aunt Chrisoula, which was the last daughter of our grandmother .

Early survival

Survival at that time was so difficult that cannot be imagined by the current people.

I remember that the main food was sliced of Mpompotas (corn bread) that warming up by the fireplace in the mornings, and then the ointment with fat, saved from Christmas when we had the tradition to kill a pig, and to save it's fat for the rest of the year. With this we survived up to the next morning, except if could happens to get a spoonful of steaming milk powder in foil cups, from the cauldron of the school, along with a slice of yellow cheese. These were sent by the Ultra(the name from an American org. that supported Greeks after and during our civil war)

I remember the two holy hands painted outside of the holy boxes, which on the one side was painted the Stars and Stripes flag-American-and on the other the blue and white(Greek one), that since the time we were young children, from the photos of 1821 we had learned to respect. Our hands were spread out there in front of the cartons of Salvation. There were periods that I spent in the village Omvriaki, in the home of my aunt Sophia, who was in a better economic position than us, with her beautiful daughter Tasoula, and her steep reticent brother, Demeter Tantis. I found love there, cleanliness and food but though just three years old, I felt humiliated and foreigner!!.

I preferred to be in my village, where I felt affection every where around me. I was still too young for school when my mommy let me there, the only one school where we were different ages together, because there was only one class.

I remember Leonidas, the son of Apostolakis <Barba-Giorgoula>, and so many other children. Our school was above our church the Agia Paraskevi, and I remember the huge walnut tree in the yard, that so generously was given us it's shadow. Our teacher, mr.kolokithas was our touching of knowledge, a parent, our hope and affirmation. From every where I felt love, apart from a couple of families who had learned from my aunts that, they had false testimony in the trial of my father.

The only hard thing I remember was when an older child that had come, he was a bumpkin too, who came in the school recently, he cast me down and hit me in the ribs with kicks. He was older than me and I thought that hit me because I was in a hurry to answer questions from the teacher, and he got angry because I was an infant and he on the forth class. But now on second thought I think that may he have heard for my father, something, the opposite of what I knew about the trial myself, and by this way he wanted to avenge a five year old very hungry child , with great kicks that I still remember them. I have forgotten him personally, also because the next year he left, because at that time the newer shepherds was something like migratory birds. All other glances were cherished, up to worshiped for the little one, who began to read from his five, one inch hungry little man, who in the first report to school on "what you want to be when you will grow up" My desire-although my great misery-was to offer either as a doctor, saving people from their illnesses, whether as priest, to save them from their sins. Only that life brought me to become a last for shoes maker or wooden soles maker , but one of the best. Suddenly, and while the only memory of my father was the ba ba ba, arrived a message in 1954 or '55 that the democratic prime minister mr. Plastiras got him out of prison. When we went to welcome him something scared me, and I looked remotely from inside the bushes, in the region of Karakofolia before our village where I was hidden.

Later when I approached him, he seemed to me no hungry, and during the night unreal. He told me that we will make together something like carved wooden boxes and flutes, like the ones he used to make in prison, and said that we could have good time.. But it lasted for a couple of days. The coming time was difficult, and we had decided to move to another village.

Omvriaki

We went in Omvriaki, in a house next to the stream that was unsuitable for residential, property of the President Mr. Kokkinos at that time. I think that for all cared my father's sister Sophia, along with her husband, the reticent Uncle George, our savior. Who was foreman in mines, in mines also worked and Spyrahis our oldest brother, who had turned meanwhile from the island Leros. He was our favorite, very short poet, who the Queen of Greece Frederica had given him a pen as a praise gift, because he was the best student. Trophies and thrills of the big brother, with the irresistible fury to offer, and love of poetry and flirting. 21-22 years old then with permanent flame of love, together with waste. The pressures of my father were continuous, because he had to marry his daughter and to make for her a house. I remember the words and the mediation of my mother to support Spyrahis. She said "he is a child Kostam he will understand' later '.

My father had made a book fund with revenue and expenditure and I listened often to tell Spyrahis: "Son, you can get whatever you want, but you must write down income and expenses. We need to build the house. Your sister is working as a maid in Lamia city and we must bring her here and to support her to marry. " "Ai, Kostam " said my Mama Stavroula, "not push the boy, God is great." « God is God Stavroula but we also have obligations." Of course I resent if he send me for any job, but I could not deny anything to him. In church on Sundays he was left chanter, opposite Zomianiti the right chanter and grocer, who had a daughter with the name Thomais and a son with the name Nikolaki, who later became monk. We catechism and discipline. At Sundays noon we had excellent food. We took from the Kyritsi the bellies of sheep, Mama Stavroula wash them thoroughly, cropping in small pieces, and she cooked them with a little sauce. There was enough bread on Sundays, but the rest of week we ate pickled green tomatoes-from those that fell before ripen-bean dry, without oil. We had the same system permanently. This policy, however, brought progress.

Was taken the plot across the Kokkinaious (in-law family later) Uncle Apostles, single-word man with the tall aunt, Paraskevi, whom I remember since I lived in the aunt Sofia and I was throwing stones to her, when she sounded me with the name of my uncle Tanti..

So my father (Uncle Kostas) became owner almost a year after he came out of prison. Dry with no oil beans, all the week, tripe with sauce in Sundays, discipline, work, in church chant, holly trees in the afternoons carrying by the <<red>> (the name of our donkey), the stones from the mountain bearing progress: the foundation of the house.

Towards the end of the same year became land redistribution. Then this word looked great as the word Oultra. So in some fields of the former lake Xeniadon, which had long since dried up. Was given three thousand meters for each person who has not any. We had no even a Metter. Then my father (Uncle Kostas) and my mother (Kyra Stavroula) along with their five children were seven people $7 \times 3 = 21$ thousand sq.meters. we became land owners with our own vegetable garden. People said that the Americans did land redistribution. I was thinking that they have done the second nice work after Oultra. So I was considered that I offered to the family only with my existence. I have three acres of field, I'm not only good in the school, I am a land owner! too. Then we bought a goat, Takis-the immediate elder brother- finished the primary school, serious-serious and pretty boy, got a job as a waiter at the Nikos Kiritsis cafe store. The priest of the village Papa xynotyris with his three beautiful daughters, the older ones called her vivacious

(like her father- who didn't let any nice woman without making her sex, this bad priest) (I didn't like to believe them, I heard him singing, the beautiful melodic hymns, and passed them from my ears into my soul and disperse the melodies in the whole body and taking off my soul to heaven), With Phroso, we were classmates and Voula her younger sister who was like a small angel, and I was in love with her, when I was in the fifth or sixth grade.

In greetings(orthodox church teleturgy), before Easter, the chants, the beautiful priest, the left tired chanter and me waiting that somewhere I would see Voula or Phroso from afar, made my heart writhe through the mixed sounds of church and erotic stirrings of this age. I imagined myself in heaven with Voula, caught hand in hand, among the angels and the 'white clouds of spring, the blue sky, and divine love.

The priest (Papa xynotyras) advised my brother Dimitraki to go to religious high school in Lamia to become a priest like him. Dimitrakis at that time was in love with the daughter of priest Phroso. I remember that even when I went to the first class of the high school in Domokos, he had given to me a letter to give it to her .The handsome Dimitrakis was then a student in religious school, he was proud wearing his school's special hat, and seemed like an angel demure when jaunty rose and chanted with his youthful and clear voice Byzantine chants. He had an older friend in the same school, the poet, Kostas Biliris, who when I went to the last grade of primary school, and he was an squad leader in the camp and I was there too, he gave me to recite his poems during some festivities .. Of course at that time I did not dare to tell him that I had written poems on various subjects, but mostly patriotic ones, such as:

The bones that YOU left

The Bones that you 'left then in this world
And you sacrificed your life for our freedom.
Your glory bones that stayed years! days!
When your Bodies were crushed from the enemy bullets.

Your descendants will never leave these
priceless and unrenowned on earth to be rot.
Do not think freedom giver, unrenowned will stay
light, glory, eternity in our life are going to give.

March 25 (the date of the Greek revolution in 1821)

Twenty-five of March today, nature is celebrating
twenty-five on the day, the sky is singing

Why all people today are passing with glory and pride
And are walking to the church slowly and gracefully?.

Twenty five of the March, our big celebration
and the blue and white flag has been erected everywhere .

This day the angel went to Jesus mother Mary
The Archangel to tell her the coming of Messiah.

This day was chosen by heroes ancestors
and they began fight, unaided, and alone.

In any place you go the breeze is blowing sweetly
like today, the priest at the church <<Holy Lavra>>,

He blessed the winners
who wanted with vow to fight for us
with a cloth (flag) and a gun.

The NO

(in 28 of October of 1940 the Greeks refused to Mussolini to pass our land saying NO)

When stepped to our land with glory the Mussolini
Lift up your hands to everyone suggested.

The Italian scared and his hair stand up
in thoughts was considered, after hearing the NO.

Didn't you know that Greece is preferring
to fight for honor and to reply NO?

Sunrise

The clouds moved around and the sun started to raise
The Sun with HIS sunbeams greets our land.

the flowers greeting HIM stooping and shy
with their sweet fragrance
and they thank him too, with their gold pickerel.

And into 'plain the farmer raises his head
And with his sweaty forehead greets the sun.
His horses whinny, thanking the omniscient

By his tired mouth slowly he is saying:
Thank you, dear God, thank you Creator
and he begins his work.

Domokos 1957

My love for Spyro and Biliris was so great that became a dream of my life to be a poet or a writer, so I kept my little poems in a notebook. Which my brother Dimitrakis save from my messy character, and he gave them back to me when I asked.:

In a small corner

The breeze was blowing cold in frost
When my steps brought me in a small corner
My eyes wept, and I lost my voice
When I heard please "help me, charity!"

I looked in the corner and I saw a lady in black
with a child in her arms bathed in tears
Help me muttered, with tears and sobs
and the child whining "Mom I want bread."

When I went closer she rips my guts
after talking to her nicely and she started to tell me her story.
That she lost her husband in a tempest
and God created her to live in misery.

Luck heartless and hard, how did you behave to this lady!!,
Please give me the child I said, to be nourished by me.
She answered loudly, no I do not give my child
Even if I lost everything I want to keep my honor.

Athens, summer of '56 or '57

It was the summer I was in the first class of high school when my brother Spyros turned back home from the army service, I was at my 12. He showed us a photo from the army with Michael Stathis, and told us, that he was the son of industrialist from Athens. Spyros advised me to go to Athens to see the city and to work in a kiosk for the summer. My father Uncle Kostas from the previous night was restless and he told me: 'You must go son! You go on the bus to Lamia city, then take a ticket for Athens and when you will arrive expect for Spyros to come, and to pick you up.. Spyros(my oldest brother), meanwhile, he had become the right hand of a sewer contractor, sewers at that time were made untidy, under the responsibility of the Municipality of Athens.

I arrived in Athens in the afternoon, around 3:30 pm. The time became 6:00 p.m and Spyros didn't appeared. I started to get worried and think what would I do if he would not come. I looked around me and the city seemed foreign, inhospitable with these tall buildings that squashed my soul. I asked the bus agency up to what time remained open, if I could find a job, or if I could stay there at the night. But finally my favorite Spyrakis arrived shortly before closing, along with a cousin, who had brought with him and a driver, and so my heart went into it's place. Spyros asked me "How do you like the Athens sibling," "Well, not so great!" I Respond to him. Spyros never forgot the hard gaze unmoved, and he laughed and embraced me with his special warmth, that know only those people who meet him, because he loved all people without exception.

Today I am able to respond to a University psychology professor, who once met randomly, expecting both the cars of our service of kilometers, and he gave me some explanation about the soul. He had to reassure my concern because I am an extroverted character, telling me that is better to see positive that I can take out the truths of my soul, he told me that "is vented the psychic space". So I could say in relation to the balance, that the soul has three poles, emotion, reason and the will. When one of the three excel beyond the limits, means sickness of the soul he said.

Today I would have answered to this professor that in the soul of Spyros was perfect balance, although he has only feelings, but able to absorb vibration from over logical or heroic souls, souls who have excessive will. Possible psychologists have to borrow a term from the Jesus Christ or the Apostle Paul and to use it in their science, they said <<First love and then do what ever you want>>." Perhaps at this level the soul rises from the site of realistic, to the divine space of poets and angels.

We should then to add the view that beyond the balance of the triptych of the soul, exists and Serenity of Love, because rarely I remember this man wretched. I would say quite the opposite because the balance stemmed from the optimism, that in its turn, derived from love. .

Next day Spyros took me and we went to the Post Square in kiosk where I got a job. Someday I want to try an ice cream cone, but I had no money. So I kept a single penny from a card I sold, but it was not enough for buying it.. The following day the boss was sitting into the kiosk and I was selling from the merchandises that were out of the kiosk. When a customer came I stole another penny from the change that I should give him.

And then I remember when the customer left, the way that my boss looked at me from inside the kiosk!! I was ashamed so much but I was afraid to confess my action, I got a lofty style and I swore that never, never I will steel again in my life.

I do not remember if I bought them ice cream, but the humiliation I felt when the boss asked me for, was so great, that I felt it up to my bones and is like a live it even today.

The reason that made me feel so humiliated in this immature and critical age of my life, was the need of consumption. **The great plague of values, the theft from the masses of the poor, the great offense of ensconced, the mother of corruption, the need and humiliation, the logic of compromise in the bed of sexual transaction, the sister of bribe in the office of the Minister The gun in the hands of the thief, the lie testimony of the policeman, the acquit of abuser from the judge, the deduction from the cash of Candle in the church, the collapse of values and principles, are rooted in consumption**

My boss certainly did not fire me up to the end off season. Maybe he read in my eyes my behave in the future, who knows. But I could hardly meet his eyes. I believe that he said about to my brother Spyros in end of August.

The great Spyrakis, however, because of his great love and care for me, he never told me anything, not even as a hint..

On our way back to Omvriaki(my village) and during our traveling by bus, he showed me his love and tenderness. A journey of love, and high emotional engagement. He was different than the logical and rigorous Uncle Costas(my father). He was free and comfortable.

One more year in high school in Domokos, with beans for food that came on the bus, the half drachma for the small slice of white luxury bread, the philologist Mrs. Manglara, who showed to me great sympathy for my writing and my dreams for Athens.

My brother Spyros decided to open a factory along with his friend from the army Mike Stathis, who wanted to test his skills away from his father. Spyros believed and loved him. So they began by renting the factory with machines for making lasts for shoes of Zambetis at Themistocles street in Peristeri Athens.

"Let the boy come to Athens to learn the work and to go to night school," said Spyros to my father. My father found the idea great, he intended to marry our sister Vangelitsa, he had already made the house.

I then started to make new dreams. At that time I could not imagine anything better. I would be last for shoes maker, a work that evolved as the great love of my life. My brother Spyros, later returned to the village and married Mary, the daughter of aunt Paraskevi, who when I was a baby in the house of my aunt Sofia, called me tantouli and I threw to her stones. Maria was in love with Spyrikis, the short poet, who never stopped courting and sending poems, flowers, and promises to her, until finally she married him. So they rented the factory and the home of Zambetis that was over the factory and they started. His friend Michael married his girl friend Angela. In one room lived Spyros with Mary and in the other Michael with Angelika. I was fourteen and lived with them, at the factory and at home. In the evenings I went in the night school. And in Sundays we rented bikes and learned in vacant lots, the today Thebon high way... I forgot then the poems and I loved the Models of lasts for shoes. I with a classmate, son of a shoe maker we made a small shoe, I made the little last first myself. I had started from Domokos where I made tops with the chisel, in the little factory of carpenter Mr Nikolaoy, where I rent a room in his house as a student and I made them wonderful.

I even help in carpentry Uncle Basili Gouvas with his son George, with whom we were classmates and friends and we played together sometimes ping-pong in Christian union of youths, beneath the square.

After Achieving to make this little last on which we made the little shoe then began the assessment of my boss Michael Stathis, and my own love for the job.

In the village, however, as I imagine, began to comment negatively for the situation. "The kid works day and night" they said and reached the ears of Mrs. Paraskevi, who told to Mary, and she to my brother Spyro.

Spyros called me to discuss. "Come here Panagiotaki" he said with great love. "What work do you want to do? Do you get tired?" He asked then. "I want to be a writer," I answered. "Listen," he said. "You can become a miller and be concurrently a writer. But first you have to do a job to buy your food. " " can I do it here with you ? " I asked him. "Of course and you can, but I don't want to hear complaints from Mr. Mike."

From my early age I had a whim, I did not like to be told "go there and do this or that." I obedient, but I was grumbling mumble, something that did not like Mr. Michalis. But nevertheless I started making small works like gluing pieces to lasts, and so I became useful in production.

Later, when funds were needed especially for the construction of real estate for the factory, presented Aristides, a former ship captain. He decided to give money and to be a new partner in the company. So then they decided to buy a plot of land next to Sivitanidios school close to kalithea subway station.

Michael said wisely: " the shoe makers, as they get down of the station will see us going to Liakouri (the largest factory at that time for lasts) that was near the same station, and when will be angry with him, they will come to us."

Then came the day to make the foundation, we kept the tradition to kill a rooster, was there the mom of Mrs. Angeliki, present and Mr. Aristides, Mary and Spiro They were involved in large liabilities. Money should be made with hard work to be paid the new expenses.

The Michael worked endless hours in the fork, the last rasp for the point of the last (the front of the form), he did the last fine grating on the point of the last...I considered it as a sacred work, I told myself, I will try to be the best and one day he will put me to do that job. I on the fork, in the saw machine, the ribbon and copping machines, with hand tighten at that time, trying to imitate the speed of the bosses. In the work was also the Dionysakis the younger brother of Michalis, who always brought a new girlfriend. He made the pile of shoe trees beside the fork until you count to ten. The large black eyes and a stamp like an olive above his eye, torn it in two by a brawl, the athletic stature but also the knightly behavior, created me once in a while a tender fear when I saw him. I did pleasantly whatever he suggested, and he saw my admiration and showed respect to me. Many times took me and went to see water polo or boxing and I felt between them as immortal

Michael worked tirelessly, sometimes even until three in the morning. He had never scold me. He knew to respect his workers even this Mitsara the kaloupitzi with his big mustache, who had recently come out of prison he had stabbed someone and smoked and these different cigarettes ... you know.

Kostas Zoumpas with whom we worked together was the son of the best shoe designer in Greece George Zouba, he told me ones: "Hei jerk if you smoke these different cigarettes you can be in bed with Brigitte Bardot or the Vouyiouklaki." But I did not listen. I modeled the Dionysaki and Michael, who did not drink even wine, but they were tough guys, and bullies.

The colleague Kostas Zoumpas had a different personality. He combed his hair with sugar, he went out with <<night time>> girls, he offended the new boys with the rasp, so one day I became angry and I said to him: "Why do you offend the boy ?" 'And what do you care eh jerk?' he replied. "I care eh," I said. "Then we go out." "Yes, go outside." Thus fell a couple or three punches in quick. Run bloods from Costakis face he could not eat for about ten days-so we count the bravery at that time ... Then Michael (the boss) came out and gave us a slap to everyone, and there ended the misunderstanding.

The Clouds

Shortly before the incident with the Kostas Zoumpas came clouds in the relationship between Spyro, Michael and Mary. At that time we lived in New Smyrni (Athens neighborhood), in the house of lady Mary, who had the daughter about the same age with me Georgia, with big blue eyes and black hair. Spyros was responsible to the relationship with the customers, trying not to deprive anything to anyone,

Despite all this, was not enough to fight like Michael. He had and Mary..

That's when started some gossip for Mary, Michael did not like something to her from the beginning So he wanted to make Spyros suspicious. Sounded from around ironic insults like "Jerk wake up, wake up..hei...» Spyros embarrassed a lot and began to weaken.... Maria? I loved her as my mother and I started to feel mixed emotions like Pain, hatred, revenge, sadness, frustration ...

The Spyros still went out to the customers when he came back to the factory, was wearing a white form and continued to work in the last for shoes factory.

But to Spyros was obvious the grief and crash. He Kept on losing weight at an alarming rate, until we feared that maybe he could have tuberculosis.

In our way by removing from the house in New Smyrni to Kalithea, with their first baby in my arms, the little Roulaki, the atmosphere weighed and thoughts about divorce between Spyros and Maria started to become visible. Thick grief for Spiro. He was divided between two great loves. To Michael and Maria. He was totally confused. He felt crash and ridicule. Deadly hatred for Mike nested in my heart. Spyros wanted to leave from the work. He wanted his freedom and nothing else. Then Michael began to have doubts that Spyros had withheld money from clients. So the hatred grew up, I got love and interest by him but yet I felt like son in law in mine 15 years old. I Did not want his love. His brother Dionysakis was absent in the army, I didn't have him here to lean, to say my regrets to be lighten. .

My soul was filled with hatred and I wanted to go ... to go ... but I had become a specialist in my work . Interminable hours with artistic dedication, I caught the triangulated beech wood, when Michael was out, and I formed it in the saw machine and I hid it underneath.

I wanted to know to make models myself . When I brought the shape close to final one with the saw machine, only during the time when the boss was out, and then work at home in the Redi neighborhood. This time by wetting the wood to be soften, then old rasp, rough rasping at the beginning and after artistic one, to fix the model. It had been a life dream to make a last for shoes factory, and to close the Michael's factory.

From Kalithea we removed to Redi neighborhood. Spyros found a lawyer His only thought was to run away. He did not want anything else. We found a home in rent, in a block of houses for the workers at St. Anne in Renti neighborhood. Two bedrooms, forced but tender cohabitation, In one room was Mitsos Tsiringas with Tasia, first cousin, with his wife, and in the other Spiros with Maria. .

The company added Thanasakis the younger brother of Mitsos, who had a cleaning store in Nikea neighborhood . He was charismatic, smiling, around 17 years old. He was brought in Athens by Spyros too, because his father was during the civil war in mountains with my father, who was twin brother of My mother Stavroula.

Thanasakis had not managed to be into the Ecclesiastical School of Lamia, and his mother brought it heavily because she wanted to make him bishop. But Thanasakis, went to work in the laundry store of Germanakou, in the center of Athens, and Because he was polite, serious, measured and hard working, quickly gained the respect of his boss, and within a year he made his own laundry in Nikea.

My brother Spyros trusted him a lot. So did him the economic leader and he came to live with us in the same house. The uncle Apostolis, father of Thanasakis was in Tashkent in Russia. where he went at the end of the civil war.

Uncle Costas (my father) , visited us often with a head of cow as a gift (always practical), Thomas, the other brother of Thanasakis, my brother dimitrakis and occasionally my cousin Mimis Trevlos. Together there was.. place for all!! in endless moments of love and communication. I was making last models on the porch with the rasp and saying to myself: "Well, I am going to close the factory of Michael, I will make the biggest in the whole Europe!"

One day, and while I had left the high school in Kalithea and worked at Michael, he gave me a letter to give to my brother Spyro, because he could not find him.

Spyro had been replaced in the market by (Dionysis Mertinos), who worked before in nailing plates on the lasts for shoes, Benevolent man, polite but as Michael said a big liar, he always smiled to me, and I loved him.

The letter was put in an open envelope, So in my journey by metro I follow my curiosity to read it. He wrote for me that I was a good boy, and he asked Spyros to call him by phone to explain, what had become with the money he had gotten from customers. That was it! I couldn't afford it, and after a few days I left the job. I decided to work near Thanasakis my cousin in his laundry store, until I could get a job in an industrial laundry. Thomas, the brother of Thanasakis, said that I would learn quickly the work, and all together we will open our own. Thanasakis tireless had never let me to work to the clothes iron press ... but I cleaned the stains from clothes, I made fun with the young girls of the neighborhood ... so nice memories ... But my heart was in Michael factory. I thought ones to be an engineer special to embark on the ships later, but my heart did not let me free. It Stayed stuck in the last factory. The sounds of the machines, of the shoe trees, even today when I hear them, they sound to me as I hear the national anthem. Even during my sleep I saw Models of lasts for shoes

So I went back to Michael. He respected all workers but more me. He liked that I was productive and I started to get good weekly wages. So I helped myself to the crowded of mouths home in Rendi.

Then was born and Kostakis the second child of Spyros and Maria. I bought a bicycle and I went with it to my work in Kalithea through Tayros neighborhood. Some evenings, as and weekends I did extra work to the brother in law of Michael mr. Sotiris

We make repairs to the first point of the last making them by using hands and eyes, it wasn't easy for anybody to do that job, only three could do that in Athens at that time Michael, dionisakis, and me. It grows a lot my week wage, and I became a mini leader in the home of brothers and cousins.

The poor Spyrakis(my brother) had spoiled his relations with Laouraki (ex boss), because he left him to go to Michael, and tried to find his old relations with the municipality to make any subcontracted to sewer, by digging under the ground. It was then unreported the connection to central sewers of the Municipality, they encountered the main lines beneath the earth and neither cat nor damage ... Difficult years.

Some times visited us our brother George with Iphigenia, his fiancée, who was from the nearby village Sofiada Spyros made again good relationships with Laourakis, and his business started to go better. We Change the scenery then, the large household dissolved in Rendi. We went ourselves in the neighborhood of said Artemios, and Thanasakis with his brother Mitsos in Nikaia. It was now time for me to keep one job and to continue the night high school at Peristeri. So I choose to work near Sotiris the groom of Michael. It was difficult to find a craftsman like me, in the repairs of the lasts for shoes, that he did in his store.. My reputation was up to barba-Socrates, the father of Michael. "he was the best craftsman for us," commented then for me. "This kid has a good hand and a good eye." Then Panagiotakis took diploma from the teacher with praise! From the master of masters!

An other boy(bourekas) who worked to barba-Socrates factory in Gizy neighborhood, and used to come occasionally to see us in Peristeri told me, "My boss is a nice guy and very, very rich. To think about every Saturday brings the barber in his factory to shear him, and gets a roast chicken and eats all of it. ...

"" Good Lord, "I thought. "The whole chicken!" My memories was still fresh from the beans without sauce, pickled green tomatoes. Then my dream life became to eat a chicken myself.

I did it when I arrived at my 17 years but I didn't enjoy a lot because I felt pain into my stomach... I had never met this man(Socrates the father of Michael). But I imagined him like God of Art.

Once I decided that I had to go to school, so I informed Michael that I would leave and I will go to work to his groom Sotiris, for a few hours a day. "Where are you going?" Asked Michael. "To Sotiris" I answered. " does he knows that you will get out of here? " Yes, "I replied.

After a while I learned that became a brawl at the store of Sotiris in Psyri square with Michael. I knew the fights of Michael, there were not just words, were exchanged fisticuffs, opened noses, inverted benches. He told me then Michael: «the correct worker never leaves his work suddenly. Notifies his boss a month ago, to find someone else.. " So and I, as a perfect young man I stayed another month at work, I confess a difficult month, I Was continuing to work with great rasp, always instinctively.

There was no incident and later I said goodbye and I left. But I knew that my leaving hurt Michael a lot. Into myself I liked that, maybe because I realize that I have some value, maybe because I wanted to see him upset, I do not know exactly. Subconsciously at the end I enjoyed this month a lot.

Small subcontractor in psyri.

The job in Psyri was more comfortable. Other air. The wages came easily and when I'd had a lot of repairs I got enough money. In the evenings I continued normally in night school at Peristeri. There I became glued friend to the Gregory Noxos and Basil Tsirtsonis. They were the more handsome boys of the class, We were inseparable. What to remember first ! Our tours, madness, our heartbeats for the girls- I then felt in love with Mary and Gregory made the mediator. I felt free, and slowly was leaving and violence from my soul. The philologist teachers started to like me, and the poet started to wake up in to my soul, Thus ended the year so fast.

Next year and because the distance from the Gouva neighborhood where we lived together, to Peristeri was too far, I changed school and I went to St. Artemios in gouva. The friendship with Gregory continued. He worked in a technical office in mr. Dounakis in Klafthmonos square in Athens. He was about the whole day alone. So whenever I had no job at the workshop I went to his office. We were talking, and I found the opportunity to write my poems in typescript ... Which were found in the folder that was held by Dimitris (my brother).

The old man

In the old ruined church
with lilies near the temple
every evening a bowed old man
knees and kisses the cross.

Every night at the same time
Weary his steps drags
Looks like somewhere from another country
May a magician's rod gets him there.

Stoops, Stoops collecting flowers
He looks at them pure and shy
like a child tells them songs
and every passer-by, asks:

"Did you see any girl
as a flower with pure beauty?
If you saw her please come to tell me,»
But the stranger ... smiles to him.

Is he lover of a great hope?
Of a woman who is not existing anymore?
Is a King of a magical storm?
Or the madness without reins?

And when the moon appears at night
It's sweet light to scatter
and the first rays gracefully
the cage of the dead illuminates.

It can see there the old man bowed
Looking here and there
with glance lost, and sorrowful
as he is looking for something to find

Occasionally head up
Picking it up to look in the road
but with tears he bends it again
after sounding to the stars:

"Oh you sweet moon standing
Above all, and can you see all
To everyone praises you knit
Tell for me a word of anger.

For years now, perhaps twenty
maybe ten, fifty, one hundred
look at me without feeling hatred
You can see that is not my fault.

And to you my only one friend
That it happens you to know a lot
Only you illuminate the mill
The well known nest of lovers.

You know how courage to give
To the small hart full of love
Only you resurrect the love
with a look at a starlight.

I'll tell my big pain
because you will tell me of course.
You will tell me why I am melting
or as the others you will say "crazy man."

You remember me? I holded her hands
And the violets with the blow of the wind
As I fervently kissed her two lips
and it brought me life Into my blond.

That night in the beautiful nature
as I remember, two lips shyly
enchanted, sweet the drunkenness,
Her lips were asked me to learn a lot.

How many words did not say the body
how many strokes did not find the soul
I do not forget, I still remember
her sweet and warm breath.

I still remember the words
I love you, I adore you darling
even tell me you did not came to play
Tell me something, what happens .. bad man?

But my laughter was changed by nature
black cloud leans close
as if it wants to kiss the earth
and the sky curse spew.

Black tar and white hail
like spider covers the earth
in his wrath Zeus is shouting
and listens in horror the land.

Then embraced me tightly
and with fear is looking around.
How strange! Suddenly she leaves me
And in this curse she rushes.

Come my love Come I shouted
my poor bosom to see
Alone with out you I look like a tree
That has left from it's roots the land.

The wind got my voice
To make it a pale mist
and in the starry of the another day
to find my poor love that I have missed.

What evil! I not found her yet
My voice sweetly to tell her
And my lips that beautiful mouth
to seal it , with a kiss.

Tell me star pride of sun
During night my silent companion
Where is she? Little is The grace
To take her in my arms to live in 'hug!

Then suddenly seemed to Him
That the moon came close,
went and stood on the lily
that stayed paleness there in the corner.

And he is looking the Lily with awe
With a flick slowly pulls
And it's roots, as if out of duty
Unwillingly his hands pulls.

With his hands dig the dirt
that bleed in the hard earth
with his thought imagined yet
that may he would find her alive.

Dig, dig with hatred pulls
from the opening a cross,
You must know, he shouting, talking
like a mad in a silent wood.

Kneeling, bending, shouting.
With a voice strong, anguish
"Yes I found you my love he cries
There the old man, drops lost, and dead.

The Time,

Then the time changed
came the bees to expel the triangles
in the Frost of desert
night's storm.

But they left wounded
because of the chase
of the disgust generation
and the wealthy darkness.

Missed gathered
without hope fervor
these will reopen with a momentum one day
their numb wings ... loudly.

So life continued. Hot dates with Maria, who was crying because I changed the school We walked with Maria in parks Sunday afternoons, Sotiris gave me the keys of the store..... Then we baptized and Kostaki, the son of my brother Spyros, Spyros who now had regained himself and the poet within his self. Had opened his wings again. The bitter memories of Nea Smyrni had vanished for good But maintained a friendly relationship with the lad lord at that time Mrs. Maria, and her daughter Georgia who rent to us their house before we went to Kalithea. I went in the last class of the high school then, my wildness had started to calm down. I was glued to the Vangelakis Gkiordas, son of Uncle Dimitri a shoe cobbler. Vangelakis had his guitar and we not lose a chance to say songs of Theodorakis in secret. "Lay your mattress for two", "in the hidden seashore " and many others. The «lefty wind" was blowing in my heart, I read and menelaos Loudemis book "a child counts the stars" we were illegal, because of Theodorakis music, and led us ones at the Police Department on Hymettus. We wrote and verses in albums and then was laid out and a song of our own. The lyrics myself, and the music by Vangelis...

WITH OUT HOPE

Without hope I am Walking, hopeless
I walk without love, without joy
and all look forward to the outbreak of the storm
in cold momentum to hide my joy.

Pale the dreams pale and the storm
The dreams are lost but the storm lives
and comes and comes to extinguish the hope
and to take from my hands the life.

Come and take me in your arms
and cover me only you
with your celestial wings
and let my hope to be alive.

Vangelakis chanted occasionally in church. I do not want to hear for churches. I had never been there to hear how good he was, I had not heard him to chant. He played volley ball in the neighborhood team of Amintas and in the National Youth too. He was the good kid of Gkiordas family, Makis the tall charmer his older brother, and Nicephorus the younger one. We exercised in the horizontal bar in the courtyard and we were admired by the girls around. The glances dripped love, and we boasted. Sometimes in Sundays came and the beautiful Georgia to visit us. I had fallen in love with her madly. But it seemed a little vain, a view of course I had not only me. So I wrote some poems by her influence that probably came out a little hard.

Vanity

From the violence conflict of winds
enter the helium warm rays
and how ugly, into the warm hearts
and you bring cold, vanity.

If it grew in your heart and nourished
The dreams became wings, the hope action
but made the life to lose a lot,
dismissed the sweet love, that faded.

And it have you prey, lost, and drags you
Where it can, and wherever it wants can pull you
and if the love dares, Plucks it
At the crossroads of winds then brings you

Whatever you do, even if you go up there
and if you dwell in glories houses
It will fill your soul blues
your betrayed heart.

Wherever you go and even the whole earth you make in your own
if from your breasts is not coming affection
then by your self, will ask in your life
To find for a moment love, and then to die.

The Feathers ...

**"You have enormous strength, but you need some help
Should be put wings in your two backs "**

A dusty inscription that was forgotten
Into my heavenly soul, near in my being
I was told that from the Gods was engraved
but that without you would stay in the shade

Grasping it by your hands, two female hands!
cleaned the sky dust and the dirt
threw light into my soul, light of myriad stars
raised me up, and I sat near to your stallion ...

But I looked at you a bit, and then disappeared far away from you
my fate overcame high into the clouds
why suddenly your wings were found on my back,
my power opened them, and I went away.

My Soul

Some times the winds scatter my many dreams
sometimes are born more and warm my heart
some times wings of flowers are getting me to heaven
some times two black clouds are dropping me to hell..

The one has name loneliness the other melancholy
When one comes and the other is coming with wickedness
to lie me down sullen, bad, and imagined
Lost, pessimistic, and slave in fate .

I live shortly there, after I wake up, and I go farther of my weights
I pass the white clouds and my heart washed out
And proud winner in my winged steed
I say that I am strong, I can become important.

White, of rabies outbreak, seafood lions
Plowed my soul ... but you leave me and your Footprints
Stand, not agitate, bring me peace
let alone my heart, leading to starlight
forever to stay.

At the same time came the brother of Mary(my bride), he became a driver, he used to drive a tractor in the village, the only son of Mrs. Paraskevi comfortable villager aristocrat, very fast in his relations with the female gender. Together with his friend Galani besieging females.

It was then that he introduced me a girl from Kos. That summer, however, she went for a few days to her island. Then I wrote a poem for her leaving, but mostly my interest was to show it to my great platonic love Georgia, to see how she will react, and thus I cared to read it to her.

AS YOU ARE LEAVING

Leaving and from the mast you look smoothed
without cry with out tears, do not you pain?
your gaze is lost, you are dreaming
while I whisper to you.. do not forget me .

Oh, do not forget small white washed houses,
that alone near the sea have nests,
as much love and dreams you whisper
in the wild waves of the sea for us.

The same sea, my God let send you
flowers blooming away, wherever you go,
to smell them like sweet words of love
do not forget me, do not forget me.

It looked to me that were annoyed these vastly fondly her eyes, these when I staring at I thought that I lived in the sea, which was waiting me for magical journeys beyond human limits, to the loves of Odysseus and Gods. I fell asleep and dreamed a little amorous affection. I began to hope for something little, something trivial, even to catch a little bit her hand, especially after her own disappointment in the first year of the university . My love, however, remained platonic. It sufficed to me even a few touches that made me fly to the heaven, the long conversations with her, created to me illusions of happiness. I was in the last grade of high school, in the gouva neighborhood, when I met Kiki. We became very close friends .She was too upset because her boyfriend was missing in the army and sought to drown her pain and lust from his absence. My life flowed smoothly. There I was missing nothing. The old bitterness and hatred were forgotten for good. My life was full of colors, intensities, music, dance and irresistible belief in myself. I felt happiness, uplift.

My passion for last shoe factory remained quicklime, so I asked for Sundays the key from Sotiris store, and I made each time and a model, always handmade. I gave it as a gift to mr.iordanis who had a last factory in in Adrianoy str.in monastiraki, he could not made models by his self. So when one day he told me that a client picked a model of mine to give an order , my happiness was indescribable. My dreams and my ambitions kept me sleepless all night. "I will become the best, I will close Michael" I talk to myself.

When I was called in the army it was February of 1966. I didn't have in my mind to study. My mathematician teacher and the philologist mr Kostaras urged me to go to university, but I had other goals. To finish the army and then to open my factory , to be the best and maybe quit Michael's factory.

My service to the holly army institutions

When I stood to be enrolled in the army office at Rouf neighborhood, the warrant officer asked me "Where do you want to serve my boy? " "Where my country believes that I could be more useful," I replied. I saw emotion in the Warrant face and when my paper came, I saw that I was Ranked on transfers, writing center, trusted job!.

I was trained in Haidari. I was good soldier. Everyone respected and loved me.

But came the old wounds, the old political opinion of my father to overturn what I had managed so far. The envelope arrived in the hands of the army. What and if I had left from his protection from mine thirteen years? That didn't matter for them. So they changed my specialty- they humiliated me -and I became fitter of telephone lines. "Passalompichtis," as it was called then. The instructors began to look at me with another look.

The training was tough. we wore special sandals to climb, and belt to stay save in the columns which were filled with thorns. Towards the end of the training we carried with, our phone and Thompson gun. I was with the mitros (Demeter) from Trikala. He worked in the seep's fold before he joins the army, and he was quiet and serious. I began to think <<I am better here, more combatant, more man>>.

As the training finished I went to Alexandroupoli city near Turkey, in the 481 Battalion of transfers. Hard work in the winter. I Climb with the greatcoat over the columns. The telephone lines often spoilt, because of cold and air. The manual Phone hanged back and we turned by hand, the handle of the phone to communicate with another side of the broken line "Come on, what are you? 29th Infantry Battalion? "The other side dead. "Come on, are you the center?" binding little between the center and the 29. "Alright lads?" "Okay, let's go for more." Tough stuff, but I do not care much. I was good in my job and my Capt. Danis was absolutely satisfied with me. The transfers to those who had uncle in the state, or father who liked to kill communists were made immediately. For the rest like me it was difficult thing. Someday my sergeant told me: "You seem to speak politely, We will send you to the telephone center in the afternoons in the table. " obedient always me (Panagiotakis). They understood how I love my country I thought, my country for me is the blue of the sky, the mountains, Papaflissas, Kolokotronis, Adamantios Koraes, Kapodistrias, Palamas, Solomos is ... and the sergeant together. I respect all.

So when one went free of service because he was sick, the Capt.sent me to the center. I was always consistent and soft spoken. I gained his confidence quickly..

Later after their training, arrived some telephone operators. We had

a fitter of telephone lines (passalompichtis) someone with name Petrides ... Petrakis (I ask him to forgive me) I do not remember exactly his name, such workers, we must not forget them, instead we have to remember them and to shiver of obligation.

The warehouseman left with permit for vacation, so Capt. thought to put me in his position. "My homeland shows confidence" I thought. "It is so good who knows?"

The green soap in the warehouse was in large quantities, but the soldiers did not prefer it So one day someone told me "Hey, you are always penniless. You have never come even a day in the tavern. Do you want to find a merchant in Alexandroupolis to sell some soap to him, to get some money? "

But in my mind is nailed to the look of the kiosk owner to my twelve years in Klathmonos square. "Am not going to do the same mistake" I thought. "From that incident I don't like ice cream any more, and I will go to do the same mistake ... No thank you

"The next morning I went to the main sergeant and said:" mr.sergeant, I have too much soap surplus in my warehouse What to do? "Give it to soldiers," he answered. "They do not want it and it's too much." "I don't know Panagiotaki eh? Leave me alone, " he said and left. The quantity of the soap was registered under my name and I was afraid that maybe could take the <<smart>> guys. So the next morning I went to the captain. I ask him the same and he answered: "Cut it in half and leave it every morning in their beds." So I did. I made the soldiers mad . "Amman more jerk you are, uneatable" told me the most mates.

Someday has arrived the great moment of the inspection by the General of Division. He was tall, thin, and tough. I do not remember his name I am asking forgiveness from him too. He visited the warehouse with the captain. They found all tidy (although I'm not very good to these). "Very good the warehouseman captain, bravo!," said the General I Still remember the bravo, that got for me this unforgettable teacher of my motherland. Danis was his name I wished him to be happy in any place he is leading his saint walking steps. I think of him now and weep.

On the seventh class of the night high school equivalent to six-grades day ones, I had left some where in the middle to go in the army there in the guva neighborhood.

The summer had to get permission to give exam, along with others, to get my high school certificate. So I approached the sergeant and he in turn to Captain. He gave me my normal army permission one month because as he said, I was a good kid. So I turned by the slow train to Athens and I started reading.

The material was too much.. Then I read 18 hours a day. In verbally took on average 11 I went better in writing I got around 16-17. When I finished the exams as it was not enough my suffering, I stuck chickenpox from my nephews so the 10 days left from my permission. I increased temperature up 40 from the disease, and I was concerning for the pimples on my face, worrying that should spoil my face. Thus ended the permission time and I turned in Alexandroupolis.

Georgia and Boyla had lost, Kiki married, Vangelis had gone to the army and Spyraakis (my brother), as always drowned in his activities. The old scenery Had changed for good, clouds and wind in tables of the old gang, the tablecloths turned, the shutters of the room from the old loves hitting monotonous. Better in Alexandroupolis. There were a group with Giannakis Hatzimanolis, Manolis Asariotis and the strange Nick -what I remembered now! Nick he! had a behavior with particular impudence sweet said some, to me looked sweet vulgar . Fooling that he took photographs << look at the birdie! I am a photographer! he"Said to new solders, who came in the camp, for a month training, but we knew that the camera had no film inside. The brother of John from Livadia, who built condominiums and was the most handsome, and smart guy, having all the time money, used to say laughing : «The madcap Nick took from them in advance for the photos supposed to give them in the following days, after he went out and ate them to the tavern.

" They chased him for some time but in the end then they left end good.... all good.

For Nick who comfortably went in and out to the A2 office and took easily two ours exit permits. He used to say: "I said to Captain of A2 my prides that I'm going to watch some communists in the city" and exploded into laughter.

I always wondered how they had not captured him. How did not understand his untrustworthiness. I was worried for this phenomenon and I was shivered and scared. Of course I'd rarely taken two hours outputs but I didn't asked either. Besides, what to do? I had no money so I could spend. I did not smoke very ... The two hundred draxmas that had to sent me Spyros every month, which I'd trust him, he delayed, but I did not mind. I handle my situation. Once I received a letter from Spiros, That has been written with chewed-words,-that Georgia was dating someone with a car who went her up down . I thought: "What for, she to stay with me, a simple worker?" But I guess I was starting to forget her myself, so It doesn't matter me a lot. In the letter I sent to the Spiro was closing at the end with a poem, that has been lost, but I remember only the last verse.

And do not scratch my wound
That the dirt of beauty has closed
and of my thin heart the beautiful road
has been frozen as the people who are passing
crippled, and wretched Bodies
that were 'stripped by the terror of pleasure,
and they brought here the winter to step on,
some old sweet blooming earth.

Returning to the army than my normal permission , was waited a permanent place in the table as a telephone operator I had now become the best. Even when we went to collect the garbage of the camp, I was the most spirited of all. No kidding. My captain saw them and thought to discolor me from the past of my father, and then to give me an honorary permission for vacation.

One morning came and found me a soldier from the A2 office, and told me: «Captain Danis wants to write a speech about the Macedonian(during the civil war the communist tried to separate Macedonia) , which you will recite to the army hall" He gave to me a little paper where were written a few sentences. For this matter Macedonia I knew nothing. Only about Alexander the Great and Pavlos Melas. Moreover the guys who were going in and out of A2 do not like them much. So I said: 'What am I doing with these things?' He replied -"I don't know captain Ntanis told me to give it to you, I'll let you know when you will speak. I just to say something I agreed, I put the paper on a tip of my knapsack and after reading just the few lines I forgot it there.

But captain Danis had not forgotten it. So one evening the same solder rediscovers me and told me: "Tomorrow you will do your speech about the Macedonian in Hall." "Hei mate why you do not put anyone who knows of these things, I have no idea I am not a Historian I am Passalompichtis(fitter of telephone lines)"I replied.

"I do not know anything. Tell the captain tomorrow, "was his answer and left. I kept a secret hope, that Dannis would give me relief from my speech the next day.

Besides, there were so many who liked a lot to give lectures. Someone else would be found I thought . In the morning we were leaving with a little car, immediately after the morning report. The sergeant sounded no one will leave, we all should be presented in the hall and all you will leave after lectures. .

Then I approached Danis and told him: "There is no possibility captain to tell this someone else and I to go in my job?" "No, you will talk, "he replied.

" Mr. Captain, I do not know of such things," I said, but he went away obviously annoyed. But I nevertheless tried to go in my job. The sergeant, however, was adamant. "You will go to the center after the speeches.."

Then came the Major Castanas the commander of the battalion-had just arrived from Paris who served in the NATO-and Danis instructed. «Ekarevs will speak about the Macedonian What do I do? I stepped in front of the table, I took the piece of paper that had given me by the soldier from A2, and I read these 10 poor words that contained. My voice sounded barely. For a moment I looked at the captain and his gaze was making fires. When the sergeant took us to go in the center for work, he approached me and for the first time, he talked me angry: <<Hey stupid soldier you only know to work>>

"I Bowed my head and continued for my work. I realized how much I had embarrassing him, but I could not understand why he insisted I to speak?. Now I understand. I understand very well The time flew and new permission for a little vacation no chatting. I only had memories from Georgia, who had forgotten me for good , than my pals, and from the patsourismata in the telephone table. (Patsourismata was a word I had learned there in the table and meant<<erotic dialogue>>).

All were taken transfers except than me. My whole kingdom were the discussions I had on the phone with the girls, when we do not had exercises, or when it was jammed the center-some girls were waiting to talk to solders . So I was talking with a sweet voice and Athenian accent, and my mind was traveled with erotic fantasies. We had authority by working in the call office. All <<licked>>us to give them line to Athens. Even Brigadier we could fool. We could not give him line by claiming that the general is speaking and the lines were busy. Personal phone calls were free so we had become <<brands>>. **The dishonest power, is very dangerous and could drift you to use people, and to become an abuser, even as a telephone operator of a battalion!!** .

The cadets of the battalion gave to us even the keys of their homes to go with girls, my competition with Yiannis Hatzimanoli grew larger, on who would go out with most girls, he always had at least one more. Of course he was a man who liked night time . He had everywhere close friends, who covered him, he had also civilian clothes into the camp, for his during the night walks. I contrary was afraid of the institutions, did not like the night walks, and rather I was a workaholic and then I did not understand the contempt of my homeland.

Because you don't comply with instructions..

"sentence of imprisonment"

One day at 5:00 in the morning we had a war exercise. All the lines worked very fast . Beside of me was the mate the tall Kritsotakis , or the new (fish) Kaspiris I do not remember well. All were calling and we serve with priority. The chief of staff, Brigadier, General ... were calling all together. We had to react very quickly . One young radio operator soldier could not be in touch with the regiment Komotini and wanted to use the phone lines to see what happened.

"I heard him saying. "Come on center, give me Komotini. I have no contact with the radio "just a moment I replayed," I went in the line and I said: "Please shorten. And the line was given immediately To radio communication. " "Go on and talk with 29." I had said And in a moment I connected him .Soon, however, dropped the key beneath the lines, which meant that someone in this line had a problem with the communication..

Now I went again into the line and I heard the same voice, the voice of the new "Come on center give me the 29, I didn't speak ...

" He tried to talk toughly, for not to tease him because he was new soldier . After replying the line I asked him why don't you talk? The lines are necessary, you have to finish fast and at the same time I called with the key the 29 <come> answered the 29, nothing the new soldier, I sounded to him the 29 is stupid . " He didn't answer..., living in his world. "Come on said the 29 you know how busy we are" Whenever I lost my patience and I sounded "Talk stupid eh, 29 is ..." I didn't know him well yet even jerk I didn't call him. But behind me for my bad luck, stood the governor(kastanas). Short, maybe shorter than me, flabby, untrained with tummy, enemy of the communists, who regarded them as contaminants of the nation. "What did you say soldier? 'I was scared, I stood up and replied:" Speak eh stupid, I said mr Commander. " "Sit down and you have 5 days jail," was his reply. -"Yes sir!!!, I said,"

As he was leaving he who sat next to me, as he looked back to be sure that the major didn't hear, although he was new said: "from where came this man? The "jerk " considers worse than the " stupid"? Because if so, He had to throw a million days jail in a day " I did not even smile rather I would say horrified I remembered my friend captain Dani, who gave me the paper to make a speech for the Macedonian case, and I froze.

I knew that the governor don't like me at all. I was miasma for him, fellow and traitor. The other day, in reference to the battalion ,I still remember his voice thin and tough: «Ekarevs the good boy! Turned my child to the battalion and tell what you said? "So I did, I turned with the weapon on my shoulder and said:" Speak eh stupid. " "Louder," told the governor full of irony. "speak more stupid" I said with loudest voice. "Five days jail," he repeated. In front of me, stood the reserve officers a little bit smiling. When I went back to my previous position I noticed that beside him stood the assistant commissioner, an exercised cowboy with unfavorable shift from the LOK (special forces), with male voice to the bass, used to say: "Hey you, the men do not bicker like the little woman. they say ...a few words and throw strong fists ... "Along with the governor they appeared like a cartoon. Kastanas was around 1.60, with narrow shoulders, wide belly and hips. The deputy was 1.90 with broad, manly shoulders and narrow hips. Next to him stood the Tsangarakis, Capt. Of A2 office, flabby, but also tall, with correct analogies but unexercised, his voice seemed a bit like Kastanas. Next stood the great Danis, moderate in stature but very exercised he always looked at me with sympathy and was like to say <<You know only to work without complaining>>."

So time went on, and it seemed to me endless this time. I did not get a single license except my regular for the high school exams. I saw someone named Giannouloudis who every 15 days made in the reference an application to leave ,and took at least one every two months. I for a Honor license deemed unsuitable. So one morning, before the report, and while the governor was missing, was concentration, Giannouloudis appeared then dressed nicely <<nail>> said for him the <<smart>> guys . I said to him ironically: "Again permission mr Giannouloudi? What happened great? You went mad in honorary permissions.

. "The corporal became angry he was 1.85, untrained farm boy-and took it differently . "Come on bad kid eh, not to give you any cuff ..." he told me. "Uh, no sir mr official and a cuff! 'I continued to deride him. That's when he made the mistake Giannouloudis and gave me a slap, not strong but humiliating. I kept the canteen for tea in my hand I didn't realized how I let it fall from my hand and gave him a left punch, and immediately a right one much stronger, in his face. The first startled him, the second knelt him down. First time I saw someone so frightened. When he got up he ran away. I saw him again after 15 days, when had finished his permit for vacation I noticed that his lower lip had a scar.

Since then whenever he saw me he changed direction. The next day the reservist officer called Samios, who had seen the scene and drove me in the reference of battalion. The governor lacked and the deputy governor was in his place. He looked at me as if to welcome, and said three days detention. For those who do not know the military difference between prison and detention, The detention in contrast of prison, it is not recorded down as a crime action and is not served extra the end of your service time. I will never forget this man! He could send you alone in a hostile battalion. He knew how to make the soldiers real men! I was thinking that if the governor (mr) Kastanas was in his position... he would send me at least to martial court ... My Jesus! I do not want even to think about! As this man did his duty as commander, had happened to me and an other grotesque story!.

It was 1966 to '67, just before the dictatorship. The King Constantine had come to watch the 25 of march parade. I as a messenger, had undertaken to leave for flying two doves, the exact time that our transmittal crate would pass in front of the officials. The pigeons had given to me from the morning to keep them ready.

Unfortunately I have a defect habit, I can not control my mobility, these who know me Since I was a little boy know that. Imagine that the train ticket on my route from omonia square to Kallithea were I worked, I fiddled it so much that became a rag.

I imagine that something similar happened with the doves, because when I let them to fly in front of the King, the one was felled dead. Fortunately not stepped by the followed vehicles, because it would be more embarrassing for the high officials. At that moment I froze! I thought: "If it was seen by the King, and send a message to learn what had happened, and definitely would learn about my father ...

My Jesus! Neither will get my finishing document from the army, I will not open my last factory ... Prison will expecting me for years!

"But nobody followed up the event. When after two weeks I said to sergeant for my agony, he smiled and told me: "Do not be afraid, the deputy governor is a stalwart. "Resurrection!

Meanwhile the governor mr Kastanas turned and the deputy postponed. My captain Danis always constantly in his position, and my relations with him always went smoothly.

Dictatorship.

In 21/04/1967 became the coup from the colonels. They became the bosses to us! The generals were numb and up to understand what had happened, but started to come and better food. after a while became a conflict with the Turks.

I continued as a transmitter and one day had to give a line to the King in person, when he had arrived in Komotini to inspect the armored of general Enserman, and wanted to speak with Lieutenant Colonel from Thessaloniki. I had a great experience, I was the oldest and the more experienced telephone messenger.

Now is the chance to fight for my country," I thought". In this way I want to become discolored in front at the battle, not with words, as it was chosen by my captain Dannis that time in the hall.. So I went for two days, with great pride, in the forefront. But you see? My bad news remembered again. , I was still for them a traitor, companion, dangerous! Another humiliation they sent me in the rear of the army. Neither table with telephones we had there. I became an Assistant!!.

Even now I am weeping when I think about. There are some things that never could be overcome!

Then was when the king rebelled, he wanted to make his own coup, against the Colonels. The royalist officers, and those in the rear, walked depressed near the sea. I remember a Corfiot, former commander, who was our leader at the rear of army, good man said those who knew him, he was tearful and walked with bowed head. The radio told constantly how the kid,(they meant the King) tried to make his rebel, but the braves are chasing him to leave from Greece. The general Enserman arrested, the colonel Georgios Papadopoulos with the palm, his big bird, had become master of the game.

Then slumped thousand communists in the trucks and were drove in exile. Frost Felled in my soul. They placed faithful to them soldiers, in the telephone center . I learned the news. The soldiers recorded dialogues like: "Mom bring and something to eat. " " Yes, my son -" " What happened did you sell the house? " " Not yet my child. " All these looking for them like coded messages.

The food could be weapons, the house was the slogan. Run and look for. The Greece had become mad hospital. Full of <<traitors>> in our country. They threw sugar in the petrol ... Run and look for. The mini-Hitler, Papadopoulos did whatever he wanted. The Dream of the Old Man of Republic George Papandreou dead, His son Andreas was accused as traitor with the events of "Shield" army org. All patriots went exile. Meanwhile about finished the 24 months I had to serve . Doctors of medicine unit that was in the same place, Had not forgotten the favors that I had made to them when I worked in the table of telephones, so the five days jail I had from mr.Kastanas. I got sick permission and I relaxed for five days and was the only ones, during my service in the army...and then I returned to Athens.

Athens 1968.Battle for survival

So I came home with the document that I served the army into my pocket, and tried to restart my new environment. Spyros, my all ways buddy told me: 'What are you doing, boy? I owe to you some money, why do not go to Michael, we have become friends again to learn some new machines he got? You will be bound with clients ... " " No, I am going to do my own job. I will do repairs "I replied.

The time while I was away in the army, In Sotiris store (the groom of Michael, Dionysakis the brother of Michal had gotten my position for some time.. Later Dionysakis made good relations with his brother Michael and he went to him. Sotiris, who didn't know the art, represented only the Michal factory, and made the plates for shoe trees.

Because there was not much money, I found a basement shop in psiri square Eschylu No. 32, nine steps beneath the earth. The sewer of the municipality passed above the height of the first staircase. The humidity was high, but the rent was low. "You know, the sewer loses a little bit 'told me the old spinster, who owned the shop. Only when the sewer blocked we needed two buckets to empty it. One to let it fill as the other empties in the toilets of the poor old man, who lived in the back of the old building . Shit of Athens with urine in the full liquidity. The basement has not been rented from then until today that in June 2012 I visited. I downloaded the saw machine with arms 9 stairs down and with the help of my brother Dimitrakis, who was then a graduated of the Theological faculty scholarship. We wanted the Tsokas (Dionysis Mertinos)-who had relations with customers. We found him. Dionysakis, "my hero" had replaced tsokas in the customers. Then 50%. 50% with tsokas let's go to melt Michael.

We rented a house in Agios Artemis and I started to work from 8 in the morning and I ended at 10pm. Meanwhile business of Spyros grew to better, and he involved to condominiums constructions, Barba Costas(my father) became retiring and he got a loan and bought from Spiros a very small basement apartment. His relations with my brother George in the village didn't go very well, so they came to us, with my mother lady-Stavroula. They choose me and Dimitrakis because we were still unmarried. After work I left straight for home exhausted and hungry. My expenses were nothing.

By the way, the food was undertaken by my father Barba-Costas. Our life was simple but stable. I started going from good to better, my father was very proud for me He bought to me and a ligkouafon for self-learning Italian, in case I could go to Italy to see how are shoe business there. My own money went all in piggy bank. In three months I amassed 250,000 drachmas. Was a lot of money at that time. Moisture of course tortured me at least four times .My shop was filled waters from the sewer-and I got brain cooling, my fever went up 40.5 c, but that was nothing for me. The least I worked was 14 hours a day with nonstop.

The good news arrived then. O Vassilakis kallipitzis, the brother of Mitsara not went well with the factory they opened, and became a fight between the brothers, and they tried to sell it. They have it to olive of Plato neighborhood, and they asked for 300,000 drachmas with the materials. I had this money, in contrary of Tsokas, who had not saved even a penny, because he supported his family. He said then: "Panagiotaki, you go on and from me whatever you want." So I found myself owner of Vassilakis factory. Our life, outside of work, flowed in good company with my brother Dimitris classmates from the religious school. I remember the Nikos Panayiotou, looked like Paul Newman, dynamic and restless. None of them wanted to become a priest . I loved them because they were incompatible to get fake fixed up to the theological institutions and they preferred the harder battle within the society. Because I believe that to get comfortable among ecclesiastical institutions, is the worst of all arrangements into life.

Dimitris my brother, went out with Georgia his today's wife. At that time I met some cousins of Georgia and Mary but the girls wanted time and expenses. I had no time and money to spend. Thus acquaintances do not move. Someday the Georgia told me: "Hey, come to the party of my brother Vangelis. There will come and a colleague from the school Midwives, a fanatic Christian girl, who recently disappointed from the behavior of her spiritual father and she is looking to get away from the <<shape>>.

Her name was Cornelia. She was a different kind of character than the usual. She looked like a bird that wanted to fly but did not know how. Schooled as a child to the monastery, but shocked by the behavior of the pastor, who tried and made sex relationships to any of the girls did not say no. From spinsters, nurses, up to high school girls, children of godly parents!!. The Cornelia had strong elements of purity and Christian faith, She loathed the pastor. I liked her and I started to besiege with momentum. She was shy and humble. The anxiety was growing day by day to conquest her ,This tension left some poetry.

Good night

A sweet goodnight I send to the stars gently,
to bring it to you while you are sleeping .
But why —why you do not remember, that
I want your thoughts In my poor hands?

Do not be afraid, that the hands of a honest worker
Do not hold beauty's of past (stupidity).
Nothing else, your fear brings boredom,
and pushes you to fall off the beautiful steed.

WHO?

Look beyond all black earth,
is burned out of the lie and hatred,
we smile but we keep back the knife,
closes the scene again blackness.

Look here sown thorns,
an anemone among them stands
and before it died is considering to choose, but what?
become a thorn? Or to die?
but if it dies? Thorns again..

Who the ploughshare into the land will buried,
to eradicate evil?
Who his huge eyes will stare
To show love in evil?

To give tender joy in pain, dreams in the sullen?
Smile and love to shout, and the strong beauty,
to clean the muddy waters to see,
beyond the lie what? Can we?
And if we can not, let perish, what is life

Nobody, all together should, the two of us first,
just go ahead and kill first the thorns if are in soul
and if anemone grows approached it.
We will grow it up together, but to see it, to believe it
I cannot to touch this distal dream
How I fear! I do not want it ... I love you.

"Perfect?"

As you see the bloodied eyelid of the night to look,
Into the 'winter heart with a smile ,
it 'irony frisk bitter, about this world (the bad)
and this? bad too, but is looking for the perfect.

Go forward Straight

You came close to me gently, like a dream
a humble great support.
Do remind me a world beautiful and secluded
and to mark the Resurrection.

Simple man awake and shook
What after bleeding rubbish you got
Keep up the kind and the great
look away, move slowly, not run.

As much you hurry in your rout
and your little stature are lifting
in this huge mess you are burring
so move slowly, and do not be angry.

Do not squeeze your teeth terrible, do not sound
in a weak person that swears and hates.
And as a weak man, do not not boil
Because life is incredibly short

Why are you looking at me? Do you not recognize me?
I wish I could can do it always
but you do not be afraid and bend
I have never tried.

And as you said we will give our hands
in a huge and erroneous goodbye
do not be afraid that we will couch a cold
in the night's north wind

Move slowly and humbly
In the middle of the street straight
and do not get angry in any misfortune
the truth will honor you by winning .

Look

Look at the moonlight, the night is going farther
The day waked up and the birds expel the stars apart
that slowly send light in the mess, that raises
celebrating the heavens, welcome our day.

In this mess inside me, not has been found a star
A little one, that even the dim light of it
to brighten with stillness, and an invisible hand
to keep steady my frantic pulse.

I'm tired from your heights, and your gleaming beauties
that you accent and telling me that I was born for there,
and then the frozen nights to throw me down again
my soul vixen, endless, bad.

I'm sick with you my soul, and your burning Suns
That when are displaying fever and king shine
and golden sea full crowned
Your waves hills of gold stun up my mind,

I am getting drunk and pass alone, and moving in the heights
And through your purling waters I can see the other side
Rubies it's gravels and palaces it's caves
Big smiling the sorryness and lashes the bells,
haven is my environment and I am the Captain
And all are waiting commands and charms, of me, the master!.

Ho yes your light disappeared, my sun where did you go?
Maybe you hided in the clouds, my God are getting darkness!
The moon will come definitely I will see to be walking,
No moon.. let me the light of the stars to be waited for.

Standing speechless in the doldrums you night, and look forward to
But little light I am the master servants where are the horses?
but a numb wind is answered in my loud voice ,
and I am feeling my legs tight in mud of ice .
For God brothers give me help , charity
I didn't kill into the hell to send me in a hurry!.
Please Help and give me light, water, and hope...
Wind was their response, in stillness and in chaos ...

My momentum charmed her. I was charmed by her selflessness and modesty. We started to meet each other once a week and to talk more often on the phone ... She was determined to be with me. she said: "I do not mind if you do not marry me. I'll stay with you for as long as you want me ... ".I was not afraid that maybe I will lose her because of my endless hours of work. Meanwhile my friendship, continued unabated with Vangelis. My feelings to escape were permanent. One day I said: 'Vagelakis what happened with your tall brother Makis?' "leave it " he responded " He met a lady from Canada, and took him in foreign lands.

" "What did you say my friend" I replied. "How I'd like myself to travel to Canada, ones to see and a foreign last for shoes factory!» Vangelis, who had learned some English said: "We can go in their chamber of commerce , to get addresses for the factories that make lasts for shoes, to write that you are a specialist How is it the shoe tree in English? "He opened the dictionary and founds the word: last factory. So we found three addresses of factories, we send letters to all and got by one a reply after a month. In a letter to the responsible person for the staff, He wrote that he would come to Italy for an exhibition and after that he could come to Greece to meet me. I took off!

Someday, Nick Tsitouras who worked in a orthopedic factory(mr kouns) brought to me a difficult anatomic wooden sandal of mr Bekerman. We achieved to make the soles, they made the uppers and we got great success. Spyros (my brother) was surprised because he did not expect to have such success within 18 months. So he approached Thanasakis (our cousin), for whom he always believed he had saved an amount of money, and suggested him to go all together in my business and in condominiums too. I had no objection, moreover, I was tied up very emotionally with my brothers.

One day Spirakis suggested to put half-half the two of us and half the thanasakis with his brother Dimitris and to let my brother Dimitraki to go elsewhere and the four to expand the jobs. I insisted half half OK but in our side and our brother Dimitrakis in the company. So it happened. We bought new machinery, rented new factory in Peristeri and we started. In the beginning we had endless hours of work but never complained, instead we were always laughing. But then began moaning. Mitsaras, the brother of Thanassis, made his own party, Spyros was a little farther in the buildings, and I only worked but not for money. I had the impression that I was an artist. After productive work at 10pm, I tried to make a whole foot with the fingers. I felt artist, sculptor, woodcarver, especially in the legs, until I received the letter from America..

But I could not communicate myself because I did not know English. I worked until seven o'clock and then I read on the bus to my way to Hambakis English school, in syntagma square, where I was enrolled to learn the language.

Thanasakis made to us something wrong. He opened his own factory and along with his brother took all the workers and left. One time you felt to kill him and after talking you wanted to kiss him. The fleeing of Tassos the Gypsy hurts me more,

I had him from the beginning in Psiri square. I loved him because he felt as a minority, and I devoted to him many hours, after the work, when I moved my factory to plato neighborhood I had him as my right hand, I teach him how to make models and so many more. It hurts me a lot because he left me. **It is love that hangs two people, and when one leaves, you are feeling as is tearing together and your flesh.** Only for him I felt hurt.

We stayed behind. Spyros in construction, Takis in the office, who began to want to impose his authority. I didn't care for authority The only thing that concerned me was my work and to learn English. Thus flowed the weather, with songs, walks up the Pagkrati with monologues on new English words that I had learned, and with my waiting to meet the country, of James Dean, Frank Sinatra and Marlon Brando, prospects opened before me, just for recognition . Then I made a mad figure in a wooden sole and sent it to the Ministry of Commerce to get patent. The market people murmured: "Hey, the kid how he thought about the patent!!?"

At the same time mr. Hen came keeping his promise. from the Sterling last co. of New York. In half an hour I made by hand from a piece of wood a model.

"In six months will have come your Visa to come and to work for us in NY." said Mr. Hen very excited. With my friends Vangelakis, and Nikos Panagiotou we went with him for a tour in plaka with the taverns close to acropolis .

I was flying in the clouds. I was thinking that glorified me my love for my art. Finally came the visa from the U.S. embassy and then full of worrying I asked Vangelis: "Hey Vangelakis they will not look for my father?" "We'll see ... Maybe ..." said Vangelis. I was considered that Americans they were who put the colonels to change my specialty, how could they let me go in their country? Eventually they insisted for the patent I had done, for this from what I understand, they were "Looking so much. But it was eventually what sent me to the airport, with the great visa in an envelope, which reminded me those 'holy cartons of Oultras'" and the redistribution after the civil war.

Reviving dreams in New York

April of 1973. I took the flight no 411 to New York. Unforgettable moments. I admit that I was anxious but the idea of America was fascinated me, I was quiet because the job I left behind me, with the patented model, was working easy, and with unbelievable great sells! It was like a dream and the wishes that were made by others behind me a lot. The truth is that I didn't know why I was going, I did not know what would happen with the Cornelia, but the American dream pull me so much that I could not resist. On the plane I was constantly talking and asking to know more about this dream ... When we landed at Kennedy Airport my feelings were similar with them when I left the village in 1957 and I went to Athens, but certainly they were much more impressive. My English was good enough to be able to communicate. As I waited on hold, some time I heard my name. Someone was waiting for me. The country was filled with forms where were written exactly what rights I had with my green card. It was the first time I felt that I had some value in front of specific institutions.

Such impressions and emotions could not easily be forgotten especially when you compare them with what I had experienced in my country! And to think about that I thought that for all the faults were responsible the Americans!! ... I was thinking that they should not tell us good for them, as I was walking to the man who was waiting for me. There I realized that he was not the same man . The gentleman who waited for me got me to a neighborhood with wide streets, where big cars were moving on large area full of green. We went to a German home in the loft, carpeted wall to wall. Just as I saw in the cinema. In the next room lived a bachelor divorced. Sometime the man told me "Pete, you could stay here for two days to rest, and then I'll come to pick you up to see your work."

In my first walk in the road, I heard Voskopoulo!(a Greek singer) I could not believe to my ears! I thought I had illusions! I continued to walk while listening to the "struggle" with the characteristic yearning voice of our singer. There, I learned later that it was the Broadway and 31str., I met two women who were eating souvlaki and they spoke in Greek language with village accent . "My God," I thought "where am I?" But soon I realized that I was in Astoria an area where are living too many Greeks. However, they choose for me to stay in the German home so I could speak English that I could need. Moreover it was a good company with Frank who lived next to me and we shared the same kitchen.

I thought I'd go to find my job on my own by bus, since anyway I did not have anything else to do the whole day. I showed the business card of the factory to Frank who told me what bus to use and which stop I would get out. I arrived at the factory at around 9:30 a.m. and asked there to tell me where was Mr. Hen who had come to Athens. We spoke together with Mr. Hen and he told me that the next day I could go to work. At the same time showed me and the factory. They had five people in the model room we in Greece had maximum two or three all over the country!.

They used years ago plastic for making the lasts while we still use wood, they had automatic feeds and many more. More than a century they are ahead, I thought at that moment.

The next morning, I was received by a short Italian man who gave me auxiliary work at the model room. All around me were polite and with calm reactions and I tried to be looked comfortable. The next morning I saw the boss. He was completely with different culture. He wore shorts and said jokes with his first model maker, he talked friendly with the workers, and full of comfort he looked at me with a quick glance, not to annoy the others. I didn't satisfy to admire all those that happened around of me!

A few days later, they gave me to do something more serious. The Italian man was excited but I noticed that the others resented a little, maybe because, I started from the beginning in the model room.

One evening at home, I learned good news from Athens. Maki the brother of Bangelakis had come from Montreal to New York and brought his guitar along. I thought "Nice!" "We will sing, we find and girls we will have good time!"

At weekends I satiated rides by train set with the help of maps I went where I wanted. My experiences was inexhaustible. Then I opened a bank account in Atlantic Bank, and stamped my passport as a permanent resident of America, I got a driver's license generally I improved my staying every day.

I remember one night I went with Maki to see the Rockefeller Center, I saw

how unconcerned some people were under a huge ball of earth, dancing beautifully on roller to the sounds of tango I became very. Enchanted! Other people, other interests I thought.

But things in Athens began to tighten. My workers at the factory, Cornelia and generally all my friends, forced me to go back. I started thinking about it and I felt pain that I should say at work that I would leave. I was puzzled but almost determined. My friend KOPF Karl seeing my concern, he was the best in the model Room and he had recently come from the factory of Bali in Switzerland, told me: "If you want to stay and the money are not enough, We can give you another hundred a week! If however you want to leave in two months, get out now. We want you to stay, and to make your family here.

" I arrived in a difficult position at that moment and replied: " Please dear Karl I do not do this for money, but rather I have to go."

I know that I distressed them, they had done a lot for me. I am sure for that and still it hurts me. It is worth to note the name of my boss there Mr. David Sterling although he had spent a lot of money to make my papers ... a small amount of money was left to be paid to me, something like 98 dollars. He sent a check in Athens with this amount!! I felt like he gave me a slap in my face I thought I gained several experiences from America. I had to do and my family. But it was not only that. Some female friends of Cornelia in the Aretaio hospital where she worked, began to sophisticate. She dressed ones fashionable. And sent me some photographs in a friend's of hers house, and then nothing ... I began to realize then, that I had to go back for her too. I had to go for this so dedicated person to whom after the silence I sent a letter like poetry:

Deprived the light

Deprived the light of your love, and how to see you so far away
Even a word as fantasy's assistance for me to come a little near to you
from the wide road of pelago and endless strewn snow.
To say that has been dark in your full of light perfect face?
To Say that filled your heart with new aches
Of joy outburst gaps?
And to cry "Oh, I'm lost again!"

And this time more and more maybe forever.
And how do you keep a heart? So great sensitivity
concentrated and harsh even a word a bitter one? or doleful?
Not even a word in the paper! Maybe into your thought?

My God such a glass I am not sure that I can afford it
I need to do something, I have to run ... but to where?
Perhaps the words are going somewhere else, in some ears
That closer to you could be

And this silent pain to keep faithfully only for me !
For a man who may endure a lot
so much silence and helplessness at the alley ...
that there you become tired to ascend ...
at some time ... of loneliness.
So tell me even a word you didn't have extra for me

Who every day in your backyard I am mumbling, looking and whisper!
Not even a word for the brave and the poor
Not even a word! Keep up it then and in your hard one sided pain, give me another stab, maybe
one more my heart will afford, try it, what you will lose!

But you remember in life as if you search you will not find it,
that so outlandish end stupid you are running to lose.
And it is your sweet soul's big and full glass
That all the time I threw it broken underfoot,
and all the time I found it full of love.

If I threw it my dear Get down and take it, as modestly
and full of love you can, and fill it up.
In this perfect from your love glass,
I want my lips to moisten for a moment.
I want to remember them fresh forever. What is life? Today here and tomorrow no, please keep it
generously close to me,

In the endless and foreign streets.
I want courage to ascend, to move
do not rush to hear your selfness, it will pluck the gold from your soul , and will leave you an
empty desert with bats, that keep the cold graves.

So what are you waiting for, go ahead,
I cannot afford to see you in the darkness, go to the light you will freeze my heart and where I
could find my old warmth, that you are trying to freeze it up.
Are you not afraid for the nest that you shed so many tears to be fixed? You are not little afraid
where are you going? Stop it! It's dark and Cliff.. stop ...
You'll freeze your little house that so, so much you have run to heat it, so brave with the fate
you had fought. Wait for a while, for God's sake!
These were my concerns then. I had to be close to my business that needed me. I had the
opportunity as other immigrants had told me.
with a visit once a year in America, to keep the green card.
So I turned back, Dimitri had tried a lot during my absence, everything runs well
But the American dream had been stuck in my soul and so I went at least twice a year there.

Decision for Marriage with Cornelia

My first thought then was turning back to be married with Kornelia. So we got married in the
church of Agios Spyridon in Paggrati. My father (uncle Costas) brought his citizen's rights to
vote in the first division of Athens. He was the best in saving!! even though he paid by his little
pension for the loan he had taken for the ownership of underground studio. I remember
discussions with my mother and they said:

"The most beautiful Grape, Stavroula' m are the nipples that falling. We took them from the flee
market, when the grocer has about sold the grapes up, almost for free and we eat the best grapes.
"" Hei Kosta'm now ... "said my momma who made economy in her whole life, because of my
father. But he helped me and never required to contribute as financial assistance. "I tide over my
child, and I have and little extra, do not worry "he said.

Now we had to go for honeymoon? It was not necessary at that time. But has happened to meet
a classmate of the Dove neighborhood, who was good friend for a short time. He was Demetrios
Eleftheriou. Loud, emotional, bloody. He lived for years with a girl, Judy Parker from Stoke
Ontren of England, she played guitar and had learned to speak the Greek language very well
So Dimitri said me one day : "Come to go together in England and you to become my best man,
we will stay in the home of the coach of Stoke Ontren team. He has such a nice and beautiful
daughter he told me, that you had never seen more beautiful in your life before.

" I admit that I always am fascinated by beautiful women. But most fascinated me the culture
and the level of Judy who showed the great distance that the English people have from us.

But I liked the way Dimitri behaved making very quickly beautiful friendships, full of fun, of
course when was not fighting for no reason. My answer was: "No money, eh Dimitri.

"What money foolish jerk "he said," we will take the horse of Judy. "And he meant not other than the small Judy's Fiat car, with which she had gone again driving in England! And he continued

"We will sleep into the car. In England we have homes. We will get preserved from Amphilocheia ... "Then I thought it would be a good opportunity to improve my English. So I got a book, which was written in English and referred to the governance of Uganda by Idi Amin. Reading it I inevitably found out that there are worse conditions than ours.

In the little car were the four of us. It was summer and it was very beautiful. In fact I found an address from my friend George Pliatsikas from a last factory in Kettering, a village outside London

We passed through the Alps with the "horse" of Judy, we got the rackets with us and we went enchanted from the beautiful images we saw. The presence of the special Judy Parker with her kind English tradition in her soul, gave us another color to what we saw. I remember beautiful nights in August in the benches of Como in Italy, Switzerland, and Paris.

We crossed the Channel and arrived on the other side, without having eaten anything. The «large» Eleftheriou then began to shout: "Now we will go for fish and chips." Listening to him, I thought he was talking about holy food. That did it really, because of the holy hunger, I do not remember exactly why we became so hungry, rather in French they do not sell with dollars. The sister of Judy, her groom Andrew and her graceful nieces who were bridesmaids at their wedding in Stoke Newington, I remember there were Englishmen who never gave you the feeling that you were inferior. In the wedding because of the English traditions I had to make a speech about them as a best man.

In London, came to see us and the daughter of the coach of Stoke Newington, moderate to bad in looking, Demeter seeing that I was not so thrilled with the girl rushed to tell me: "Do not look her I was talking for her sister..." I didn't see her sister to tell you how beautiful she was. In London I became independent. I went to Kettering and I found the last factory. I asked them to try me to work without paying they did and they gave me food among others, and I stayed two or three days, as I needed to get and from there my experiences. I sold some clogs (wooden sandals) to Ravel, customers who I brought to Greece later and they shopped for many years and from other factories. There in England, I was struck by the following: The most shoe stores where I entered as I was looking for head office, they had the same address: British shoe Co., Somewhere in Leicester. The Ravel was one of the few remaining independent.

So in our way to Stoke, I asked Judy that I wanted to see in Leicester the British shoe Co. Securing the first order from Ravel, I was looking to secure and further orders from other shops. Then Judy told me: Hei panos you do not think anything else except than your work. Do you have bricks into your head? "But nevertheless she continued to help me. When we approached near, I was shocked. They used such huge spaces, that I thought for a moment that we went to a factory that made airplanes. They produced shoes and modern machines for footwear while they owned the 90% of the country's retail stores having shares the Retailers etc. A place anonymous, private, socialized, productive and introduced in the stock market. These were the shoemakers of England in 1973. I became stunned and I was thinking our own attitudes. And as Judy (this favorite and genuine soul) characteristically told me, the brick grew in my head.

In the reception at Stoke, I had to say something for the bridesmaids, the sweet nieces of Judy. I found as a matter to say, what always happens against to people who offer to others. I am convinced that Englishmen had offered a lot in the world in recent centuries, even though I had heard that their kindness are false.

It was so spontaneous the behavior of the little girls and their love for us so sincere that I felt obliged to say something.

With the help of Judy, I learned the words from outside(no reading).. For sure the groom (my best man) had to say something too. He wrote in Greek the translation and took it out of his pocket and read it, as my wife always is thinking and mentions about .

I'll mention something that shows how difficult work is for young people, to learn properly a useful language like English. It needs someone to offer all his lifetime and perhaps still remain some gaps. So when I went back to Greece I send by a cart many thanks to these so nice people and I thank them for their hospitality. Unfortunately, while I had to write: Thank you for hospitality, I wrote thank you for the hospitalization. In essence, I thank them for putting me in the hospital-something that had never done these people, and the only consolation is that at least I made them to laugh with their hearts. There are not words to describe the love they gave to us. I still remember that in a journey I had done, in N. Y. I met a colleague from the army, Christos Papadopoulos.

So one day, when I was in America and I was looking for customers in the shops of Manhattan, I met a buyer who asked: "are you a Jew? " No, "I replied," but I like Jews enough Why do you ask? " Because the best passport to enter in these jobs, is to be Jewish," he replied. "No" I said "I am Greek. Hey Man do you know the Greek leather ? are they Greeks? I "Asked" of course he said and they do a very good job with fashionable shoes, "she replied, and gave me the phone and the address was 42str. and Broadway in Manhattan. I immediately called the owner and told him: "I am a craftsman from Greece." .

The man who replied was the great Chris Papadopoulos colleague from the army. So I ran to him. My relationship with him evolved just as I hoped. We went often out and he was one of the people who liked to go to luxury restaurants generally in places with high standards. he was comfortable, wastful and within all. So different from me who I am very measured.

So I went, in some offices they knew and asked when and where would be the exhibitions. They told me that would be in August in the hotels of Park Avenue. I paid all the expenses by myself because I did not want to challenge and Dimitri, who had his own anxieties, and why he didn't want to take the lead from him , and the power of the firm, he was looking for. Moreover I was restless, constantly seeking new things.

So fifteen days before the exhibition Dimitris told me "We must go to the shoe show in New York, so you make new soles with your only way, and go to NY. I will make them shoes , I will do the costing, and I will put codes and I will bring them. "At that time was established and an Italian office directed by mr.Vittorio>> Dimitris told me: "I'll take Vittorio with me and you could wait for us." I agreed and I went to NY I enrolled in the exhibition and I rented a car and before they come I made some tests with the car upside down, and I remember how Takis was impressed when I was waited for them with my car, and I drove them to the hotel. The two could sleep there, as it was the room that we would show our shoes during the day . I had rented for myself as usual a small room in Astoria, and I felt that I was approaching the American dream and I liked that very much.

Meanwhile, Cornelia was trying to learn some English, and she got tired early. She started to work in Aretaeio state hospital and that was when we got our first child George. The following year came and my daughter Tzenoula, our second child. It seemed to me that now was very difficult to reach the American dream as family.

The Cornelia was not a little girl anymore. So we thought, to grow up our children. Together . Cornelia bought a small apartment in Kallithea and she had a permanent job in the areteio university hospital.

I went to America, at least in the summers, with samples to find clients. The expenses I paid I did not want to charge our company. My brother Dimitris didn't like a lot my desire for Amerika and always went With his part and Spyros who adored and believed him more.

In one of my trips I went and met a small client, Kitty Kelly, who had around 15 stores in New York. I tried a lot until to arrange him an appointment. I took the train and I was looking for his office. Our appointment was the next day at 10am. For my bad luck it rained very hard and while I was holding the samples in hand, I had become soaked. When we met, he asked me: "Well, why do not you call me, so you do not come because it rains?" In his eyes, as he looked at me, I saw the look of my captain, Dannis. That look with full of sympathy and appreciation. As I took out the samples to show them to him, he picked three or four and gave me an order good enough. Of course then I felt proud for my shoes, but now I can think more mature, I believe that another thing he liked to me and that was one of the reasons that he never stopped coming to Greece for the next 10 years, until stopped the exports to America ,for the most obvious reasons.

The Problem with my Green card.

In N. Y. a young auditor looked thoroughly the stamps in my passport and asked: "How long you missed ? " A few months "I replied. "What do you mean, a few months?" He told me .

Obviously would appeared on my face that I was trying to tell him lies. Besides I would never had a good relation with lies. He saw the return ticket, I kept in my hands with great embarrassment and asked again: "What is this? Return ticket? That means that you come to return while you supposed to live here? Sit in the corner and wait here until I will finish. I Froze at that moment I began to feel like in Greece. Waiting I was trying to understand the controller as I could, because I was afraid that maybe he would "kill" my American dream . Besides and if he had all the right of the world to his side could not be easy to understand. Eventually, from what he saw, was not all the right on his side, and that's because he took me to an office with my luggage and searched me all over even in my body.

But did not find anything incriminating and did not like it to him much, because he hoped that I would be maybe a drug dealer. Finally he said: "Okey, I'll keep the card and you will go to such day to give it to you back the main immigration office." Then he gave me to understand, that the right to be out of country for one year it is right for one two or the most three trips and not for the whole life.

The following Tuesday, I had an appointment at the immigration office, to get the card if it could be given to me. On Saturday, if I remember well, everyone told me: "looks that, you lose the card," and they sent me in some lawyers third generation Greeks, who looked at me suspiciously. They were all committed to the law and their response, in my question if I would take it back, was: "It depends." For three to four days I had fallen into a black depression. That I would miss my American dream, especially at that time I was ready to start something in business . Fortunately, was found a Jewish lawyer, who worked with the immigration, and solved my problem.

I saw many people from Puerto Rico, charged with offenses. This man who helped me after I asked him what I owe? He told me what you can! I thought.. are these the Jews, we all curse in Greece?

In immigration they took from me a promise that I sight in a paper that in most two or three years, from that moment I had to bring my family to USA and told me that if I do not compliant with the rules, I would have to worry because the second time I would lose the card for sure. I was very anxious. Perhaps my notorious American dream finally would make wings!

In Astoria, I met Anthony who introduced himself as a lawyer. His father was a successful businessman and his mother a University professor, who lived in Thessaloniki. We met in the office of my beloved friend, George from Chios. He helped him in the sales of magazines and videos that came from Greece. My friend George told me that he was a good salesman. Seemed interesting man and arranged to go out with two Greek divorced women. He had new BMW and had explained to me that even studying in Los Angeles, was working alongside with some car importers, and that he had in the authority at Greek Consulate in New York and he knew the system there. We went to eat at the Twins, in a gorgeous piano bar, the highest in the world at that time.

We had the impression that we ate in the clouds. The girls as I remember were beautiful and were looking for the so-called "serious relationships" with men successful and financially independent. The Anthony told me about the stock market in New York, and told me that the issue of the passport would be simple to be solved. Perhaps it was one of the few times that I did not preoccupied for the cost, moreover all are need in life, I thought, With my friend Chris we had gone in very nice places too, but in terms of environment, there was completely different, Another sense.

With none of the girls did something. They wanted too much effort and too interesting to give them and it seemed that the case was rigged and it didn't like to me.

At the time I thought to work with the Jimmy Argyropoulos, who owes the company Cherokee in Los Angeles, I had the view to buy the name "Cherokee" and to produce wooden glogs in Greece. The Greek market was virgin at that time of such ideas. So I took directions how to meet him from Diana, who represented him in Greece, and had worked for him, when she left Chris.

She was a restless, nice girl, who had gone alone from the island and wandered all over Europe before she started to work with Chris in Manhattan. Then represented some buyers from America in Greece.. I went to Jim, my money was all and all for the cost of the trip, but I was quiet because I had money from my workers, who had entrusted me until the end of the year.

Jim had a big company and the most of his workers were clandestine Mexicans. He was divorced, very strict, he lived alone in a tower and the conditions he asked me for using his name were unprofitable for me. So ultimately we didn't agree. In Down Town Los Angeles, I found a cheap hotel and asked to know where are Greeks in the city, they told me that there was a Greek, who had a hotel just above. There was as always a strong Greek presence. The innkeeper was a Corfiot homesick, exactly what I was looking for. He introduced me to a lawyer because I thought to make under my own name Trade Mark (name with exclusivity). I chose Mr. Wood. Of course, I had the green card so all were legitimate. I made my name in Los Angeles and I did not need to give explanations to anyone. The lawyer who helped me for the Trade Mark had address as address legality. My workers in Greece trust me completely, so they had shares in the company depending on the amount of money they had contributed. The success of Mr. Wood in Greece was great.

Opening in Los Angeles

In Los Angeles, I met the George Kirmis from the Peloponnese, who has a great restaurant. There were many Peloponnesians in L. Angeles. George was bored with night work and asked me to send him some shoes, to be involved himself and in to these business. I sent them to him immediately. In George's restaurant went, frequently a lawyer and a police officer of Narcotics, who happened to know a Jew footwear manufacturer. The acquaintance between the manufacturer and policeman was because the son of the Jew had ones trouble with drugs, and the police officer had helped him. My shoes liked to George, who suggested me to make a collection in Athens and then to go and to find him. I went back to LA Angeles, in the home of John Kirmis, older brother of George, who was divorced and lived alone in the most exclusive neighborhood in a villa 600 m² with swimming pool, basketball court and billiards room. He was a tough guy. One day, he gave me his old car, so I make my rides. I was excited and I was thinking that it was one of the most beautiful time of my life. I went to the shopping centers in Los Angeles, the Disneyland, and the University studios, and seemed too short a whole week, to be able to see them all and to 'enjoy. All movie stars almost in front of me.

Sometime I thought to prepare an advertisement for Mr. wood to use it in Greece. so I opened the yellow pages to look for. I made several phone calls and asked for promotions, I made appointments sometimes with very big companies sometimes unimportant I finally found the appropriate person. Within a month, the cassette would be in Greece. Meanwhile, in the office of the lawyer we made for the four of us George, policeman, the lawyer and me, the call-Athenian trading co.

The work was set in a huge office, located in a neighborhood of La Kresenta, in an office that was shared by five lawyers, where worked only one secretary, who was taking notes, classified different accounts, send faxes and wrote letters. That girl worked and paid for five people.

I put codes in shoes, I printed a block for orders and we were ready for the L.A exhibition, for which we had made this collection. The space when would become the show was huge and beautiful, but I do not remember its name. This is because there "died" the dreams of L. A. The Americans lasts were differed from ours in distances, in length and thickness were completely different-and we were afraid that we may not succeed to convince them that are the same, or at least if they would give to us an important order to make set with their own measures. As this space was my personal professional know how..

But things did not come as expected and especially the friends and associates of mine who used to say: "This is the normal retail price, costs \$ 100 and we get \$ 15. Thus you will be rich in no time. "But although, the prices were cheaper to us from other

Importers, we faced unpleasant situations because customers wanted Italian branded products-were already involved with several firms from Italy-so the orders we got were from minimal to nil. From this fact, began to fade my dreams, I stopped and my friendship with the others and I decided to go alone in the cold, for me New York.

I travel up and down at least once a month. I was looking for a shop and I was in a very good way. Eventually I found one, who offered to me a Yugoslav-who had killed a black man in defense, as he told me seriously, as he was trying to warn me about his guts. There was a problem with the lease. A Greek lawyer pointed out the mistake, whom I met in Steinway. the Yugoslav although tried to (promise) and other business the lawyer, did not affect and stood at the height of the righteous.

New York

In the city that fascinates, scares, and never warmed you, many people hard desperately groups of new comers in the street. In this time, the Puerto Ricans, before the Italians before them the Jews and the Irish in the anxiety of survival that made them hard like frightened animals, who have no hope of survival. With their patrons the toughest of the group, until would come harder to replace the older leaders who were getting flabbier and losing the leading of the mobs . In the same games on the road protection, the bars, prostitution, drugs and marijuana and what creates illusion in order to be adapted from this merciless capitalism. In the difficult time of adaptability some consciousness may be lost, while others assimilated and change neighborhoods going, to Long Island or New Jersey. To leave back in the road there the ill-adapted consciences, that are stuck in the mentality of the '30s, with intimidation and protection, and the no adaptability to the modern spirit of working patterns, of taxation, development and banks..

There I met these boys of the pained Greece of '50s with the small shops, the White castle like Salonika's café, the Sakafliia who drove the Italians out of Astoria and took power control in these street firms of the Law of 30s.

I fixed my shop by working hard and with the passion that discern me when I am tackled with new things, I feel as I am discovering a new world, which I am in a hurry to meet And this passion of mine is transformed in a magic power and charging and I feel like a researcher and I discover the beauty and quality that gives me this unique feeling. And in any new search, I am living the most intense and pleasant piece of my mental "thrill"

Towards the end of 1984, I completed my shop, putting shelves, showcase, even tent, which had made me someone who never met him, in a very low price. So I managed to go back and to make my first shipment ,using money also from my workers who trusted them to me .. I wanted to see how they are made and the customs clearance, for shipments to begin to envision my career in this field, that so long seems to me as an impossible dream

One day, Poseidon, who was the close friend with the lady owner, and old player of the Olympiacos team, and we became friends, introduced me Anestis to work for the shop, he was from Kallithea. A dreamy kid ,who played guitar and worked as a waiter at the cafe over our shop.

He was married with an Italian Sicilian, who had three or four daughters from a previous marriage. He was about one or two years younger than me, but with "daughters" for marriage. Luckily for me, he was a friend of the Costaki Zouba with whom he frequented both played in the billiards of Kallithea.

. He remembered how Costakis had found a good excuse for the torn lip and had told to his friends and Anestis, that had been involved in a fight with a boxer that's why he had the sign. I do not clear about whether or not I was a boxer, but I told them that I was the one who marked him. Maybe it was good that I didn't mentioned this word, that looked later to be useful.

We signed with Anestis a contract, involving a great rate, that he could had from the profits. I always believed and still believe today, that this agreement is necessary to activate workers in their work.

I left back Anestis with the agreement on profit and then I made some contacts to sell wholesale and continued up down Greece-America.

On my next trip, I rented a car because Anestis, had no diploma, ten years in his new country, he didn't know how to go even in the electric company, nor in the bank so I ran for all. I found an accountant and I tried to arrange everything. He saw me to act in these rates, so some time looked at me with his green and dumb eyes and told me. "Others who are here a lifetime, can not do what you do in a week you are mafia man.

'And with that he said, he had the impression that had flattered while actually bothered me so much, for that I turned and looked at him with that look that refuses to succumb to corruption, when it beautifies.

And Anestis to justify said he meant it in the good meaning. In the first two years, things were very bad, were sold a few shoes, and I had no other option than to convince him to go ought for hole sell. He had not learned to drive yet, The 'English he knew, was half of mine and his action was completely non-existent. I thought that as long as he had a large percentage, he could leave in the store one girl from his "daughters" and he to go out for hole sell. Unfortunately my efforts were fruitless because Anestis had learned in good life in comfort, and had no possibilities to do all these activities.

Things were so difficult that in the last trip I made, I decided to close up the shop. Some shoes became wet when I made the import with the responsibility of the TWA which brought them, and her insurance had confirmed a damage of 30,000 dollars I left Anestis behind me who was pushing the insurance to give us money, but rejected him without costing worries to him. I sat for some time and I as constantly pushing the insurance company telling them that I will close, but behind me you will find a lawyer who will take double the money. So we agreed to give me \$ 17,000 and they send to me a check. Then Anestis, wanting to show me that he had achieved something he said: "We will take these money and then we will ask them for more." "But we agreed, eh Anesth !! I said immediately, and I despaired of the way that Anestis agree. There was no hope then to go on the business and I had to close the shop.

. I hang outside the shop a large banner writing on selling out in Greek and in English, until one night came and found me an Italian, who had a notary at the corner of the street, well known by the family of Anestis's wife, and said: "As long as you sell out, I can give you \$ 500 or a little more if you want take them all." He approached me too much and as he was very tall I worried and replied: "Let me do my selling out and to pick up some money because I have to cover the bank of Greece and then we will see. ..I'll call you, I said but thank you for your proposal any way. "I am saying this to you not to be inconvenienced with no reason. Besides you are in danger in this bad neighborhood «he said and left. The truth is that it was indeed dangerous this neighborhood because the evenings sat some suspicious people at adjacent steps, but luckily for me, came and kept me company every afternoon a young man from the Patisia(Athens neighborhood) and an old one, from Pontos, short and righteous man, who reminded me my father. .

I did radio advertising in the Greek community , that I was selling out my shop for another week to morning radio. Every day I gave and cheaper price, until it sold out almost all of the goods within 15 days. In the last two days before the selling out, I wrote constantly in a small piece of paper I had hanging in the window the current lower price. Daily what money I collected I deposit to the Bank. Many times I went three times a day because I did not want to keep a lot on me, except those who were living off the evening, which I put on my pillow and I took in the morning around 6 oclock I was going to take care of the empty boxes. So I deposited an amount around \$ 15,000, along with \$ 17,000 from the compensation of the insurance company.

It was a big deal this amount of money for me. Fortunately, I did not sell out to Italian man, who gave me only \$ 500 for all. I gathered \$ 15,000! That was the price of my only dream. Whatever shoes I didn't sell I went them to my friend Jimmy the Greek from the New Liosia, who had shoe store in New Jersey and I left them consigned,

Alongside my money in the bank had reached \$ 32 000 .One day, as I was in the house of my friend George from Chios, I saw an ad on TV about the performance of -Real Estate-I heard that doubled their prices in seven years.. Then I searched and found an office in Astoria to learn about, but happened to meet at that time Kiki. A beautiful, educated and no married girl, who formerly worked in the office of my friend George and later made her own office in Brooklyn, which introduced me to a Greek broker the Steve. One evening, with Kiki we went to eat at the Bay-Rich in Brooklyn. Kiki was fine member of this neighborhood, moderate and very severe. After our dinner, I went to Astoria, with the car I had rented, as I directed towards my house in Astoriia. I was a little drunk and while driving the streets I mixed them up and instead to take the Brooklyn Queens high Way, I went in Manhattan, and I found myself in the Bronx in Harlem-there, as they say, has many black killers.

The truth is that there was only black, but they were not as bad as the Greeks of astoria wanted them to be , only they wanted to show that they were hard. When they saw me puzzled, thinking that they saw a new immigrant, as the accent in language betrays you, no matter how well you think that you know it.

It must had been 2:00 in the morning when I stopped to ask them how I would leave from there, and I remember how confused drunk and lost I was myself, along with so many black man in the middle of the street. But they behaved to me very human and explained to me by which bridge would go to Queens. Thus, overcoming my silly fear, and I continued to drive laughing at myself.

Then I remembered one time I had met a classmate of my Immigrant school when I was in my first week in New York. she had seen me a new in America, and she was thought to protect me. She lived in America already twelve years without knowing any English! So as I remember, she told me once: "Do not enter in any train while is getting dark and you wear a ring in your finger ,because a black man could cut your finger to steel the ring !!!

Now, if I could find her, that my sweet classmate-who has never cheated on her husband, and who certainly will not even learn English and she is living into the house watching films of Stavridis and Chatzichristou (very old comedies Greek actors) I would have answered in what she told me then, that no where are just bad people. And as getting alive these memories, I remembered a story that is said in my country and I had heard from my daughter and 100 other Greeks.

Tzenoula my daughter told me ones: "Hey dad, a gentleman was brought an Albanian to his house So the Albanian decided to leave and he had accumulated some money, this gentleman went him to the Albanian board and then the Albanian said, thank you for everything but not employ any Albanian in your house because even I had thought two three times to kill you...although he treated to him so beautifully "and Tzenoula continued " Eh dad are these People deserve your supporting ? "and I replied:" All people, my daughter, are good. Just sometimes are forced to be bad, when they feel scared and despised by all. "

Home owner in Brooklyn

We went with Steve in Bay-Rich in Brooklyn, where is the neighborhood of Italians, to find a home. We found an old house for two families made by bricks, Homes in America are paid out in the bank, where the seller took the amount and the bank gave me the loan, which was for many years. Steve had told me then: "Do not worry. The installments will be paid in the bank from the rents we will take, and will make the basement and put someone there too, for additional rent, and you will keep the back of the basement where you come to stay. " I had thought to use the warehouse to sell wholesale. But as Steve the broker seeing that he had a good profit he wanted I to sell the house again to get another one, and he neglected to pay the installments in the bank and I had reached an deadlock.

In Greece then I had started playing tennis with my friend from the army the Yianni Xatzimanolis whose brother made condominiums ever since. Yianakis told me " Sell it", to make a building in Athens. You're not losing anything. If you put 20 mil.drax. and you get 20 extra in two years, or you keep it for your home "and he told me all these because he saw me that I was anxious. I preferred to sell with Anthony who had found a good suggestion. Came then Anthony with a customer holding a check in hand. He gave me an advance of 10,000 \$

I got the deposit, and I signed in the American embassy in Athens, with the promise that I would sell the house in three months of that time, I had to go in NY to sign and to take the rest of the money. The three months passed and I went to collect them, as was having a huge profit from the price difference and that the drachma was devalued against the dollar, that was a great economic success ..

1986. A trip to Big- City Istanbul

Here in the City (Istanbul), lived for years, the sister of the mother of my wife. The story begins when her grandfather, Mr. Williams, who was inspector of English schools in the Middle East, had married a young girl descent from Crete, her grandfather showed great sympathy to the Greeks of Istanbul .

In my view, we should think with great admiration for these people, who had come from the Balkan holy city, and they help us to be, and we are considered as the first country in the Balkans. Because if our good friends-in the view of Christ-Turks had even a little of the intelligence of Americans and they held these people to their country, for surely they would be a lot in front of us. But mistakes, however, are notoriously paid, particularly if are mistakes which have the character of violence and hatred towards minorities.

I full of curiosity went to see from closer the remaining of the civilization, that kneeled the west, then I got my car and I started .In that time I commuted Athens new York, Maybe it happens and to other people like me, that having done little New Yorker, I was not afraid to go to any place I wanted.

I took, therefore, my tired Mirafiori car, I had at that time, my two children-about 12 my daughter and 13 my son-my beloved bride, Maria and my wife, and we started to go to the sister of my dead mother in law. who still was living at her family home in Istanbul . We would begin for this nice road to see first the well-known places of Alexandroupolis, which I met at the time I was in the army.

It was summer and I remember I had gone on to enjoy modern discotheque, that were there, as a big lover of dance. In my memory, is staying alive the beautiful dancing floor, in which we were dancing alongside with a huge white cloth for movies-a newcomer entertainment system, where I enjoyed the presence of Madonna in this particular Disco. At the same place where we as soldiers in 1966, went out for shooting.

In the evening, we stopped somewhere around Alexandroupolis to sleep. We went on to this beautiful European city in the morning, with our ally the days light. I admit, I expected to see completely different things than what I saw there. Around us there were beautiful homes and the people were full of warmth. When we arrived in the big city and asked someone to direct us to the taxim neighborhood, we wanted to go, he did not only willing to help us, but he left his job to accompany us!

Because I saw his pride, I got the courage and I asked him if he was Greek. But I was disappointed and a little upset when he told me he was not. I thought that this Turk!! and the hotel-keeper to whose hotel we stayed overnight, did not look like those bad Turks we learned at school, and whom I had great anxiety to know and learn what happened to these bad people.. When we went to the Patriarchate, in Hagia Sophia, we saw the huge mosque that was right beside it. An equally brilliant monument of faith. I enjoyed the Hagia Sophia, in full of sadness, as I saw what was left and I was thinking how intensely seemed the human selfishness, in these places. A big "Me and my culture", which we show to you after demolishing your own.

Something that is until today, even from our politicians happens, who constantly speak with admiration for their work, cursing others for the evils they have done. All these places, that from the time of Homer were changing authorities, theirs and ours. They are the Trojans and we the Achaeans, a little down the Spartans and above the Illyrians.

And I thought, how nice it would be if people showed some respect to all cultures, which have passed through the years in order to can enjoy all of them, and to give to any one, in individually the appropriate respect. From wherever I went by, I was looking him, the Turkish evil, I had learned in school books, but I do not find him. In the evening, we had a walk on the beach of the Bosphorus, instead of touching us the enemy, touched us something mysterious musical notes, which penetrated my blood so much, as if they were notes of my own country and this has angered me! And as I was wondering when I would meet this bad Turkish man, I saw people around me to dance, who treated to us very politely and gave me the impression that they were patriots. Ultimately, I do not know yet if we have gotten more influence from them or they have gotten from us. I'm not sure who is getting more or less from one another. And we left the coast of the Bosphorus, without meeting him this bad Turkish man, whom since my childhood I wanted to fight.

I was leaving to Alexandroupolis and approaching our borders, with mixed feelings. Not even bad guys were the people I met. And as darkened, something was telling me to hurry to cross the border so we do not fall on the bad ... I had women and children with me, and I was afraid lest meet the bad man who would "use every one of us with the Muslim law." Then, suddenly, the vehicle's speeds ruined and I arrived at a gas station with the second speed glued. There approached me two or three very tall young men and my concern grew and became one with the bias and I thought that was the time for us to be raped as a family. Luckily nothing happened from what I feared, instead of this, as they were watching my concern, they told me to hurry up to catch a work shop that was in a village, 7 km below. I thought that for the moment, spared it from them but what about the next, who left their jobs to serve us.

And although that generally were slightly behind us in terms of culture, in this particular garage they had a very good organization.

As we waited to fix the car, came also a benevolent tall man, treated us tea, and told us wonderful stories about Muhammad and his greatness.

As we talked and I thought theirs God seemed righteous and holy, in the words of the tall man. So beautiful and friendly, we spent some time, until to change the drive gear. All parts now were bright new and as I remember they asked me for very little money. By the time it was getting dark and I was no longer afraid to leave.

Arriving at the border, I was thinking how lucky I was that my car had broken down while I was in Turkey, as long as the particular car mirafiori was produced in Turkey, with the name Murat. And further, I found out that the evil and fear about this people, was only in my head, at least for the people of today, whom I met in Istanbul.

India

In America I found that prices in Greek shoes had risen dramatically, especially after the removal of subsidy and the wages growth to 40% immediately, the period 1981, following a decision by the Greek government. So, I thought as a solution to go in India where in some shows in New York, I saw that there were very low prices in the uppers of shoes. I Started, then to prepare my trip to India, and I decided, in this first trip of mine there, to get and my wife with me combining business and tourism. Besides, I owed her after so many years just listening for my crazy trips, when she stayed home and fanatically committed to raising our children, who were in age now to stay back alone. We arrived at the offices of Air India in Athens, which gave us a tickets to Rome with the Olympic and from there by its own plane to Delhi. The representative of Air India, had told me that I could find a good three star hotel, if my memory does not cheating me that would cost around \$ 50 a day. The Cornelia a fanatic orthodox Christian, made all the time her cross, because she was afraid, I was feeling that as I have traveled a lot, I thought that every new trip could be a simple one. I was wrong in my thoughts, because those that we saw, shocked me a lot.

When we arrived, one of 'the many' hundreds of tourists, proposed us to find a hotel and a bus that would take us to our destination. The first bus, to which we got in was very old and filled with flies. It was there that I got my first shock. After a while, he apologized, and put us in a better and after he talked a little bit with the bus driver, we left the airport with direction to New Delhi. On the way we saw out from the window of our buss, many tragic hungry figures who urinated in the road and after some minutes, we passed from the Tach-Mahal hotel where we saw 6 to 5 Europeans or Americans. We had imagined that something like this would be the hotel that we were going to stay, were we would pay \$ 50 per day. Things however, was completely different than I thought that could be, That's because where we went, except that there was neither one tourist and nor a pool, as we were told, we saw around us only unhappy people, barefoot, dark-skinned beggars, who lived in houses built from reeds. The second shock was clearly much higher, especially for my wife, who wanted to go back to the first hotel we were passing the Tach mahal.

When the hotel-keeper heard this, showed clearly perturbed, as and the driver, who would certainly have his commission. Ultimately, however, the bus driver agreed to take us there, I will do that after I let the other passengers in Old Delhi he said.

There, when human dignity and poverty, had reached their limits. People, who in their eyes and their dry bodies, saw the hunger. It gave you the impression that this part of the world was forgotten by God and from the sun. And the image of a man who bake something in a brazier, made emotions and scared me together, but it created and guilt. Because when you have not seeing so much poverty, you scared, and gasped.

And I thought: what to bake this man? How many children would eat from it, which seemed like pie of Greek skewer, but yet was little more thinner than the pie that we know? "Having completed these pictures of shame, you begin to think how you withstand if remained even slightly in this place, and under these conditions! And then my eyes fell on the driver and his assistant, who showed that they had been touched by the "West". In this false notion of "the West", which sometimes scares the people and they feel pride when they see you scaring even slightly.

I saw these two young man to discuss and smoke suspicious. Until some time, the assistant got up, and after spoke briefly with the driver came toward us, and told me with broken English: "You must give us some extra money, some rupees." "Okay," I answered him by showing willingness while thinking: "Let's get out of this desolate landscape as early as possible." He returned in his place jaunty and began again to speak with the driver, while staring constantly behind us, since we were the only passengers on board. Seeing the way they looked at us, I began to worry, as I'm suspicious person by nature, why was afraid lest they would leave us in the middle of the road between these huge crowds of fasting, I was seeing around me. .

And while I did not manage to finish my thought, the young man lifted up and came close to us again and said: "You have to give and for the driver as many rupees as we agreed for me ." Then my concern began to grow up and I looked at him straight in the eyes, with very different look from the previous one, and I said "Okay, but do not get up again." He left, and went to the driver and whispered something to him and then turned and looked at me. I in a bit, got up and approached them ostensibly to ask them, in how much time we would reach our destination, looking at them with a look of determination, which showed that I not resign easily, while my concern seemed intensely. I went back to my seat and then after the visit that I made, stopped to look at us. In a short time we arrived at the beautiful hotel, which we met first.

I went out of the bus and told them that I would go to reception to get the money in rupees and to give them more. Up to the time I went in and to turn with the rupees, we agreed, they had disappeared. Unfortunately we startled each other, so happened the calamities, when one does not understand, he frightens and terrifies his fellow man. So, we found ourselves in Tuch-Mahal of New Delhi, where we saw the stark contrast. After the neighborhood of hunger, we had seen in Old Delhi, we were facing the luxury in all its splendor. As luxury as similar I had never seen before in many places, that I had traveled so far and it is this contrast that shocked me and made me with very mixed feelings. Even the hotel costs \$ -30 per day more than the Hilton of New York. We agreed with my wife to stay 3 days instead of 10, and we decided to forget about visiting the factories, because we could not bear to revisit these embarrassing pictures of misery, which were scared us in all the way to hotel. In the evening, we sat in the hotel restaurant. There, we began to realize how uneven was everything we see, with everything we had seen before. The prices were in alarmingly high point and the people there completely different than the people out there. Near to us was sitting a fat Indian gentleman, with his fat , and a fashionable young girl, maybe their daughter and ate a huge fish. He looked around him with those big eyes, as if he wanted to get praises for his luxurious meal.

This picture was disgusted me and I began to think: "If that could be done by a European, maybe I would understand it. But while eating, does not think about those people in Old Delhi? He is an Indian too! How does not tease him in his stomach, the image of that man, barely standing on his feet from hunger, baking a pie piece in brazier, from which would eat an entire family? What could expect from him a whole community in case, that this man is a politician or minister who elected from the lowly? "And just this thought, shuddered and scared me.

The next day, I left Cornelia in the hotel, and I got information from the reception, I went into a cab-a scooter with three wheels-and I arrived at the building of the Indian airlines to set up direct our return. However, I was told that I had to stay at least a week and maybe they did it for tourist reasons .. As I was coming back to the hotel, I thought of my country and came to me the idea to go to the embassy, where for the first time I felt very warm and it's protection touched me very tenderly, perhaps because I talked to the right people, or maybe because I was not charged as much as other times. There told me that there was a beautiful hotel next to our embassy with only \$ 20 a day!!.. The chubby consul Bily treated to us wonderfully and one evening took us out to eat..

Our mood changed completely so we tried to finish our program, before we come, in Athens I had gotten addresses from the Indian embassy, for factories that make uppers for shoes. Because I was informed that most of these factories were in Madras I took the plane and arrived in the southern and drier India.. We went straight to the Sheraton hotel.

When an environment during the day scares you by the wretched environment, you must go back to sleep somewhere, in different circumstances and to take courage to continue your next day. There we provided quite shocking experiences.

Our first experience was in a supposed tourist place of Madras, where there was an English church. Before we get there, we went in another tourist place, just below where there was a large Hindu Goddess with many hands. We met one thin old man, around 1.70 height and 30 kg weight, who had a bicycle-taxi with three wheels and we were asked by him, if we wanted to go somewhere.

I asked him to tell me where was a touristic place with an English church, as we were informed by the hotel's reception. He told me that was a little bit up and wanted to take us there with very few rupees. He had touched my emotions a lot, as I remember, that holy human being with the gray temples, one of the favorite creatures of India, whom we the righteous and fuller, who certainly we do not think about him even a moment, when we throw in the trash our 'leftovers', having exhausted the strength of our stomach beyond the limit. And when we see these spiritual personalities, to pass our borders, we complain that we do not have great protection measures at our borders, as if God made man and divorced the planet in borders, and said: 'here are smart, and from there are stupid alleged smart as good people! And all because the reality is that the hungry and stupid, easily caught in the traps of policeman, whom we want fuller also, and barbarian, to be able to protect us from the "thieves"! And with horror I see that we have finally reached the point to be divided into "Groups

The "groups" of nations, the full and the hungry, and fullers while viewing the hungry are laughing, as all these are not happened on our planet. And many times, some of us as male groups clients to entertain our greed, buying their cheap youth bodies, when we visit their places. Leading international human consciousness to the state of transaction and decay, That's because money as value is following the consciousness of those who manage it. All these, I feel the need to say, respecting this holy personality, the taxi driver from Madras.

The Cornelia who then was a little chubby, was seated in the back of the “ taxi,” with the result to bend it down. I watching the way that he looked the customers, full with feelings of joy, but and anguish about whether he would be able, I thought to descend from the taxi, to let them go alone and run to catch them. He looked very happy and was smiling because he was started to believe that he would manage. Finally, I did not have to run, I just walked after because they were not going faster than my walking. Then I had to explain to my wife, the reason why I had come down from the taxi, because she didn't know how hard it is to ride a bike, because she has never been riding before and I knew how much she is fond of the people, and I was sure she could understand . Then she descended too, and we walked both of us close to our friend. The distance to the next tourist spot we went was short. There we stopped because I needed to go to the toilet.

The second experience was at that point where I realized that there was a single urinal without water and tank, only a thin sand, **and my own urine then to increase the hopeless atmosphere of the evaporation of the flesh and of the wastewater , in this very thoughtful place of earth,** to give me punishment and to become my third shocking experience.

After a long walk in the orgy of smells, cows, and enervating culture, I found a dealer with whom we visited some factories. In one of the many that we went, I met a secretary, who shocked me a lot. While we were talking to her, she apparently was thinking something else, she seemed detached. This made me ask the dealer what the girl could be contemplating about. He told me that during the time of speaking, she was holding something like a rosary or something similar beneath the desk, and measured the knots and muttering as she touched them! I did not know what to think after this, I had heard. Maybe she didn't believe that if she was working properly and productively, **could serve better God who placed us on earth, putting in us the divine values of truth and love.** And believing in the value of democracy and the weakness of evil, had left the opposition leader of the angels, the place of Satan, who had the exact opposite values: the fear and the hatred. These so humble values that at times and so many times, had smashed this planet, but still even today there are groups of people in all parts of the earth, using them to accomplish their purpose, **blackmailing consciences and leading other souls on this sad pyramid of hatred and falsehood.** In the pyramid of Satan. Perhaps then, this was wrong 'godly' lady of this very large shoe company, who worked for the U.S. interests, so fat as she was, she wanted to see fuller the misery that existed around of her, to be able to withstand tried on a permanent basis to communicate all the time with God, to put her there where would have more food for them, who are remembering HIM.

If I could address in this flabby and suspicious "friend" of Madras, I would say to her that Christ, Mohamed ,sages, and prophets have told us something, we might not understand it. **That for sharing 'goods, we have first to create them and that the holly place of God, is the productivity area, but to have there in our hearts His values, truth and love, so that we can make our planet a little paradise.**

After I made a good acquaintance with an independent Indian factory, the Malag-shoes, I returned with my friend in the civilized area of the Sheraton. It was as I remember, very warm and after all these we had seen, we stopped to drink a cold beer. It appeared that microbes were stuck in my throat and the cold beer had activated them driving up my fever about to 40.5 degrees.

Fortunately, the hotel had a doctor, as the diseases and germs were common there, who helped me so much and I recovery in short time .

Since then it had caught me a mania with cleanliness, although I had never before such crises, to the point that I push my wife to wash even the peels from bananas!

Our return was via Bombay, and there we succeeded to see from closer their most famous metropolis. We made a big stop to be able to enjoy, as tourists, the beautiful neighborhoods of rich people, and the 'expensive shops in European style. We got a taxi driver he was Sikh-is the most northerly and dynamic tribe of Indians, who said that they are descendants of Alexander the Great. They are tall, and proud, almost warriors and have a distinct beard and they tie around their heads at multiple times, with an oblong scarf. In our day-long ride, we saw the home of Gandhi, the great leader also great parks adorned with beautiful gardens, and temples. Somewhere near there I got the most striking shock of my life, from what I saw. In a tragic road, we saw people dead from hunger, and simple, covered with a blanket.

So, after what I had heard and seen I took a plane to Rome, full of guilt. Together with my wife of course, who made her cross constantly, and prayed to go back well, as and happened, but of course not of the cross, of Mrs. Cornelia.. **God sees other to us that are much more serious than to make a cross, or to think of him simply, or to call his name when we need him.**

The second time, I traveled by myself to see the factory of Mr. Malag. I was familiar enough, after our first trip, and I was very happy, for the reason I went back there. Almost all people, spoke English, I arrived on a flight to Madras, where the dealer I met the previous time had lost, then my new friend Muslim Yusuf groom of the manufacturer Mr. Mlang, greeted me in the airport where he was waiting me with his car. He had married one of the daughters of Mr. Malag, he had diploma of higher education and was around 30, with a little bald-head.

There, the Muslims had from tradition, good leather factories, and from religious point of view, they used the cow for food, unlike the Hindus, who believed that if a cow would go to their home, this is the holiest time of their lives.

My friend Yusuf, after the amazing welcomed I had reserved, took me for a while to the factory passing from the only road, driving to the west by the one street which they had inherited from their "conquerors" Englishmen, who and had constructed it. However, after 'acquiring their cherished liberty, failed to get it wider, or even to preserve it. In this way, you could see the cows ahead of people, kids and cars, while close to trees, bob small monkeys and all these next to their homes, which were built with beams of wooden sticks. Then he drove me to the hotel. The hotel, located in a dull mountain, which reminds you the color of Indian hollow charm and magic absurd. Owners was the extended family of Mr. Malag. The place, where the hotel was built was beautiful. A hotel that has not special luxuries, but they do not forget for a minute the rituals. You could discern at first glance, excessive devotion, which had to Mohammed and the behavior which testified that served some good values, following some exemplary of these values that brought the last prophet of God. But there were also those who have used them in their way to harm the neighbor and make friends, using his name. After having completed this friendly atmosphere that existed, I went next morning cheery to their factory, where I was surprised when I saw these humble souls of ignorance and philosophy, they welcomed me with wreaths of flowers. The factory this temple of goods was very large and with modern equipment!!

In fact I wondered about how we Europeans managed to convince them that they need for stitches, Faf machines with computerized brain, when their production labor costs was around 100 people, who paid 100 drachmas(3\$) per day in person!

Unfortunately, however I quickly realized, that this is the cold reality that exists in the market.. They gave to them money to 'buy machines, They let them owe money for automatic machines, which they will never use, and they buy the sweat of these people for 100 drachmas a day. It is as to say that as long as they wanted freedom, they have to develop, that could be, but the only difference is that these people had great ignorance. At noon, together with mr.Malag we went in his home for a traditional Muslim meal. I was wearing jeans and a simple blouse and he filled of imperial presence that gave the impression that he was the super star of the region, with expression of wisdom and knowledge. In his tower-house, had a living room with a wall of stones mosaics and photos with the Englishman, from the time of his grandfather, the British had used them to slaughterhouses for cows because of their faith. We sat cross-legged on the table and he started eating rice with his hands until Yusuf(his son in law) asked him to use a spoon , I guessed it and, I begged them to continue eating with their traditional way. In the afternoon, they prayed, in their own manner. Kneeling for some minutes, is the way that Muslims had contact and demonstrate respect for the Divine Beyond.

So, I gained and my experiences there, before I good bye them, I left some classic knives for cutting leather, which we had available, and an accessory for a machine that makes the leather thinner a fully automatic one, but still did not know how to use it. I thanked them and left to go back to open the letter of credit for the order I gave to them. In the letter I sent to the Bank was written that I had to sign myself for the quality of the products. After a long time later than we agreed I went back in India because in countries where they have not developed, it is very easy to be out of the delivering time. Something that I found too in my investment in Albania.

The third time I went, I felt completely familiar with the Indian culture and with my flabby friend Yusuf, whom I found this time more fashionable for Muslim. He took his wife along and he knew very nice ping pong. One day he took me and we went and played in a charming hotel with endless dry sand in front of its doors, and the beauty of the dry Eastern was entering, from the windows and the coast. These luxury hotel embraced me , so luxury I've never seen before similar to these multinational hotels in India, and I confess that he won me on the pik-pog very easy.

After a few days, I signed for the quality in their bank, although I had seen that the quality of the leather was not as good, as it was in the samples, but I did not want to close my road to India. Furthermore the system was relatively good, compared with the system of my favorite Albanians.

Before I left to Greece I signed in the bank for the okey of the quality believing that I would get my stuff in four days, but was not even fourteen. I sent messages faxes and I made phone calls, they sent me copies that they had delivered to an airline company.

Unfortunately, it was not a lie since I learned later that some offices (warehouses), sighed instead of the air companies waiting for a bigger load So, I waited about a month, until they can make a larger load.

Then, I started to realize, that was unable to make fashion work, so I started to think what I could do in this distant country risking to create a proprietary space, starting with a small factory, where I could make the classic-type sholl- wooden sandals

I spoke with Yusuf, who told me that he personally was not interested, but would suggest someone he knew who had a lot of land to come and see me.

When he came to Athens Hussein (acquaintance of Yusuf) after I suggested him to see the little shoemakers in Psirri square, I asked him whether he would like, to meet a free girl. he looked at me a little bit strange, and replied that he was married man, and he was not interesting. Since ever I am always curious to know the sex interesting of people, who gave me the impression that they are different and are trying to hide thoroughly their erotic adventures. That's why I found the unique way to learn, dialogue, though most of them almost never told me the truth about this issue. But soon, I realized that he too like me, had great passion for his work. So left aside this issue and pointed out some places where he could find various things that might interested him to work, thinking that **"freedom from all values is the first."**

In the evening, I picked him up from the hotel where he was staying, to go out for dinner and talk about his impressions.

After a while of debate and as I confessed all my sexual needs, and we drank our second beer and obviously embarrassed he began to confess his pain. He told me then, that during his walk in the Constitution square in Athens he was passed by a bar. There, he had met a girl in a bar to whom he had bought two drinks, hoping that something would happen between them ... unfortunately for him, he paid for his hope 30,000 drachmas and when he went to complain about the massive amount, appeared in front of him a very strong young man, who said to him that he owed that money ! I then told him that would be better to forget this unpleasant fact, and that I would take care in his next trip.

When he revisited Athens for the second time, I decided one night to take him to one of those houses with the red light outside the door ... The experiences I have had in these areas, it was only two. The first was around in my 16 years, I had started from my 15 to be appeared dynamic, and smart guy, So I remember that I dared to go along with my neighbors in similar ages, from Redi in Piraeus to Notaras-street with the free girls. We went all together as mobs and then I had avoided it, with the excuse that I had gone the previous week with another company. Shortly after my 16 years, in the same street but in another corner, I dared to go with Tasos, the brother of Sotiris with whom we work together in Psyrri square, and I remember that we had chosen to go on Sunday mornings, to evade to be the place very crowded. .

So when we arrived, accidentally hit a bell and a girl opened the door. The first thing she asked was who would go first to the room with her. I insisted to go the tall Tasos, because I feared of possible negative comments, she could say to him for me after, because something inside me told me that I could not manage. So the tall did me the favor and he went first . When came my turn and I entered the room with the girl, she told me how the tall ejaculated before even touch her, after we came in contact and I had a full setup, the girl told me that I hurt her and asked me to pull and to put a towel. Perhaps she thought that with what she said, has done a compliment to me , but unfortunately since I pulled out, I could not go in again ... Then, the only thing that glorifies God for , was that I had not passed first in the room! !

The second and my last experience was in America, after many years, however.

There, my friend George from Chios, ones I stayed a lot in NY had asked me: "What are you doing with women do you have a girl friend?" "I guess not," I answered and he suggested me to go in a nice place, where girls did massage. I agreed then to test it , so we went in Jamaica, of New York.

Time was around 10 p.m, when we walked into a large living room, where I chose a girl that I liked. We passed with her first from the sauna, where were came out vapors from some black stones, which looked like coals. When we stayed alone, me and the girl, I put a prophylactic and then came into sexual contact.

She then started the exclamations of delight, some time ago she had told me that she was there from 10.30 in the morning! I wondered and I did not believe that after so many hours, even she enjoyed it too much, with the result to have the same experience with my first time in Piraeus ... The girl then very irritated with stern voice had told me: "You have to give the \$ 100 "" Yes, my dear, "I answered, " this is not the problem The problem I have is inside me, please forgive me, "I said and I left. Since then, I had never gone again to such a place.

When we arrived, we climbed the stairs, me and Hussein and we went in the living room of such a house. We were greeted by an elderly and fat lady. I said that I was interested only for my friend and she told us, that the girls would wait in the bedroom, but first you have to prepay the amount of 3,000 draxs. The girl who waited was blonde, beautiful and comfortable, so she made good impression to Hussein . We paid the amount and in three minutes I saw my friend coming out with his face full of light like the angels !!.

As I remembered while I was waiting for my friend to come out, I amazed watched, several good looking young men, as they were waiting in the living room to come their turn.. Because, however, as always I am considering about the phenomena of hypocrisy and it's healings, which are coming from, I was thinking how great may be the social mistake, which we do when we are looking to find the morals of every girl through her human sexual desires. Especially since, these desires make her concern, the cause of 'defense and pretending permanently and she can not succeeds to offer and touch her real desire for beautiful love. So, she is forced to pretend, to her young partner, who wanted to marry her, that she is as it is required to be within marriage "moral" girl, while at the same time, maybe must taste her a full old man friend of the family, who sometimes without " success', I s plowing each point of her body for hours. .

And from this whole ordeal, to come out the girl humiliated and inferior, locking her natural erotic needs. And on the other hand she has a ready excuse, from instructions from her mom, what would say to the young man, who has fallen in love with her and he should be considered that she is "moral" and prohibited to have such kind of needs.

And he to wait on line, to go with the liberated blonde, exactly in the same way as he would entered in a public toilet! So, the love loses it's magic into the lie, and the most pure and worthy of the gang of hypocrites, who pay the sum of 20,000 and leaving as a gift a watch, to be the blonde girl with the vizita of 3000, to be remained the only morality, as we regarding for sexual morals.

But I finished the contacts with my new friend, because when I saw falling the borders of socialist I decided action in Eastern Europe.

Let's make a poetic short stop here.

.TO TZENOYLA, WHEN SHE FINISHED THE HIGH SCHOOL

Passed your uniquely care free years of your childhood
These so beautiful, weak and alone
And you came sweet youth,
with the hearts full of love and ideals,
to pass ahead every nice
if it is' nice, or it seems to you could be .

Why the youth dares every new
That is springing in the soul, in the neighborhood
Without searching a lot is starting it ,
Is enough it to seem as a fair and perfect.

Please keep your youth for joys clean and simple
Do not be organized into new ideals
all the nice have been found from old times
turn around and look at dry taps
with your soul's highlights.

Now life is your property
The parents can offer you a few,
And the poor could offer you more
If they convinced only in this important

That have passed endless armies
and have demolished with crowbars ,and fire
values wonderful old and unique,
but in the debris other young people made a turn
who searched with fear and shame

to find that old most beautiful ideals the same.
And when they found them are crying of joy,
Because are shimmering into the trash.

THE PINES

The pines bend and their shadows matured
Their dense needles, harness the sun with their green color
hot summer, in their shadow, shepherd relaxed
as he sat on the carpet of brown needles
that 'had fallen from the pines in their soil.

The old man relaxed and thought ,
many years ago when the love in his blood
his mind drove with madness,
and he desired his roots to be buried
in the village that the shepherd loved so much ,
his old wife, young then, he remembered, here in the same carpet
where for love and for home they were talking about.

And the roots became steady and grew up
Here is stratis, and the Maro, and Helen
Here the grandchildren the forest grew again,
Holy roots for forest to grew,
as like a moments the time has finished
what else the old man could want ... what else to wait for.

Development efforts in Northern Albania

While were working with me, in Megara, Lek and the Pasco-Smatzi two remarkable Albanian citizens, had shown remarkable elements. they had talked to me for their city, where they lived, in Leza and I found out that I could be supported by these people there, using all my skills for actions with high hopes for big success. So then my attention turned to that city because it would be very difficult for them to migrate to the south, as I was thought in the beginning. I then started to visit often Albania with target to find an available plot of land to build my company and to make a beautiful space. Once we found the plot and were thinking about how we could turn this land into industrial. As a means to find a solution to my problem was only acquaintances, I did by Pasko Smatzi the brother of my partner. So I met the Mayor of the city, who was a beautiful young lady, and spoke fluent English with high European culture, where later, as I learned, became a minister, something that really deserved. Then I met with the great architect, mr. "maxi" Vlachomitros, who made us the topographic and remember when I bargain the cost he were speaking in fluent English and Italian, which was better than mine. When some time, I asked him to tell me his last name vlachomitros, he replied that is Greek name because his ancestors lived in a village in the South, perhaps in Gjirokastra. I remembered that he wanted to say Greek words, to remember some of them that had told him by his grandmother, when he was a child. Eventually, manages and remembered several of them, he heard at home that he was born. from what I learned later, this very different, tall and handsome Albanian architect, had for father a hero, and I was thinking that surely I would choose the option of conscientious objection, than to grab a gun in my hands and to fight against Albanians! From the ten people I met there, half were speaking little Greeks and they were Albanians. The Nakas and Vlachomitros however, were truly "Albanian" citizens and spoke little or no Greek! On my next trip, we got the license for the building, and it took several times to travel again in Albania until we manage to start the foundation of the building. When we arrived at that point, I had to sit there a little longer so that we can make the foundation right, but to be able to attend and a beautiful wedding, where I enjoyed and gained even more emotional contact with those people. One feature that I stayed out of this marriage was the song of beauty, called "Marshalla, Marshalla."

That marriage

When I arrived in Albania, I was welcomed at the airport by Lek, who was driving an Alfa Romeo car of his cousin, who was a policeman in Tirana. The affinity arise because the father of Aleko and mother of the policeman, were brother and sister. They lived very poorly in a small house, just above the village of Lek.

When we were leaving from the airport, on the road, he told me that his cousin was getting married and had invited me to be attended at the wedding, and to give the bride a 5.000 drax., since it was their custom. I replied that I would think about it, since I was not so sure that I could go.

In my previous trip to Albania, I went along with Lek in Tirana to buy a bed, so whenever I visited him I had place to sleep. In the evening we went to his house, was Lena, his wife who prepared for us a wonderful dinner. All together in a dish and never were missing pickled tomatoes.

Reminded me my childhood in my village, in Omvriaki where I had eaten enough of them, I began to long for. The next morning, I was waiting Lek to make his bath and after to drink the coffee together. I remember he had done a small extension to the house (and with my help) to be able to fix the toilet and the bathroom and put and a small heater to have hot water. He boasted that he had succeeded. They were very hospitable people and their kindness reminded me the years when my father was in jail and we felt pride when we offered hospitality to someone in our home.

After taking our coffee we went to the land which they had put in the company and was a gift of their uncle, Peter. He was the brother of their father. Peter Smatzi who was married to a tall like a man lady, and he had forgotten the Italian, who had learned from the Greco-Italian War. Constantly saying good things about the Greeks trying to make me happy while every so gripped my hand telling me: 'Greeks are, Duri-Duri. "

We found six men to dig in the strings which we had strained. They thrown the concrete by hand and eventually the foundation became properly. They were tireless workers and polite all of them. .

In Friday evening, and since we were already well advanced in our work, Alekos suggested me to go for a while in the groom's house, where by tradition very close relatives used to visit him to have a drink all together. I agreed and we went home to take a bath and to change my clothes. I had started to feel very beautifully, after I saw people around me, who behaved to me with much warmth and appreciation and I liked that a lot. We arrived at the groom's house on foot, which was in the mountainous part of the village. The house immediately reminded me, the houses of my village, as it was when I was younger. After a raki which I drank, a brother of the groom and especially the youngest and the most polite-he was a policeman too-he wanted to have some fun. So, he took a small organ, with chords which had only three chords and begin playing a rhythm. He was self-taught and yet played very nicely and roused all of us. We danced tsifteteli and drank constantly raki and spent unique time. Another brother of the groom, who lived next to the house of Lek watching my spontaneity and drinking with nonstop raki, stood from his position and began to dance. Then Lek told me: "Let's go home early because we have to work tomorrow. We'll come back tomorrow night where will come and the other relatives and we will spend much more beautiful time. " So, we left. The next night, which was Saturday, after we finished earlier from our work and we found time to rest, then we took a bath and dressed up to go, this time in the feasting before marriage. Lena dressed in nice clothes and we started to go all with excellent mood. Bordoko was the younger brother of Lek who was the youngest and the most free of the gang, along with his wife.

When we sat at the table were waited for us and the other two brothers of the groom, with whom we worked together on the building, so we had already done good relations and existed comfort between of us.

The tables were paved with newspapers like the long benches, in a corner sat the orchestra! The food was great and I remember that everything flowed very nicely. The first song played by the orchestra, was by clarinet and the singer sings in Greek, who said- this song is offered to panos (the sarakatsan vlach's song "Willow") which I enjoyed very much. After that, having drank a lott of raki, I got up and started to dance tango, waltz and rock. In our party came later and some beautiful girls, whom Bordoko called every time and different saying -"Come here. To dance with Panos. " We began to dance with the help of raki, that was circulating in my blood and I do not stop at all. sometime seemed that I overdid with a new girl and another cousin Valentin a policeman also, shouted my name with meaning-hei Panos...

Of course, I did not like that very often they were shooting in the air, but after thinking about Arvanitos in Greece, I started to understand why they did, it is a matter of culture. After a long time and while the party had reached its peak, stood a tall young man with an odd beard and a little bigger mustache, who started to lift his hand up and asking my own, chanting in Greek: "Hey, Panos and I said " Hey, Kolokotronis". Fearing that I was teasing him he continued telling me the same : "Hey, Kolokotronis". Then I did not know even the hero Skender Bay the Kastriot so we didn't continued with other names.

The next day, which was the wedding, I went a little tired from work but and depressed, since when I was going in their home , I saw a large armada of cars stopped and when I asked what happened , they told me it had been a murder ! Someone had killed a young man, who had gone to Italy to work and had drifted his sister (the Slayer's) to work in bars. So he wanted to defend the honor of his sister and the way he found was to kill the young man. .

I was very subdued after what I had felt that day, up to that moment. Sometime the relatives of the groom and with them the Pasko , left to go to pick up the bride and they brought her to us. I remember, that was a special bride with huge eyelids and with impressive gravity. When she came, the groom took her by the hand and paraded on the tables to clash the glass with each separately, while some of the older women sang: "Marshalla, Marshalla." As far as I could see, the Marshalla means beauty. She stood unmoved, unsmiling and expressionless as rather the traditions for brides wants so. After having greeted all the guests she went to the center of the yard and then started to stick bank- notes on her head. Eventually my partner, who was holding the fund gave me a note of 5.000 drax. and sent me to place it higher than all others, and after that we began dancing.

Shortly after came and turn the groom, and honored him duly some of his colleagues from the police of Tirana, along with some higher ranking. The first sometime, started shooting in the air laminated with their modern pistols, bringing embarrassment to the ordinary by standers, who probably feared the police presence, even after years of red dictatorship.

During the feast, and while I drunk a little raki and this time, I relaxed and I started to dance and along with my friend "Kolokotronis". I wanted to make the bride to laugh so I could see her smile.

They might have given me too much courage these people and that is why for the second time I passed the limits , with the result the groom to look at me differently this time ... Of course, after this, I became careful until the end of this beautiful wedding, from which I acquired and other friendly contacts with this beautiful and fraternal kinship society.

Towards open speech

For two years, I was thinking it could become a profit –sharing company which would be start from the 'basis, and would act as an umbrella for relocation of factories in Albania and would increase our ties with this nation, which I had seen particularly relative.

Based on the experiences I have, but and the thoughts that I make for a healthy socialization and development, I am able to believe that it is wrong to stop the natural progression of an enterprise that in its succession, which should be done by people who serve the company because most often, they are the most capable and the most healthy to administer their company. As for the positions I have regarding the survival of the business itself, I think it would be much better if there is a sequence capable administrator, because as usual, the second generation of the family, which inherits the business is flabbier, with effect the risk to leave the workers without a job, and business in disaster..

.And unfortunately before the disaster in debts to the market, which will lead to other companies in a difficult position, without the same company to be rectified. With the result to clear up it's bones, the mates of bankers in very-very low rates, leading the creditors suppliers, in their own despair. Meanwhile the society is leaded into hostile groups and the group of the "elect", who are reacting to the contempt of the poorest, who are living into their companies. React with their challenges, waiting for the time of the crash and then to entertain it's crash and desperation. In order to distribute the remaining of the crumbling business.

This of course after its collapse leaves only bones from the former brilliant existence, with all executives without special knowledge of the problems, because they had never participated in fully and honest information for the problems of the company.

Living virtually in an other reactive group wronged by the management and the group of workers who are taking the law into their one hands with even less work and even less honesty. While we need to participate in responsibilities, and productivity. Following the crash and the economically powerful citizens with their own group, peddled their prey from here and there until they find a buyer of the same gang from another neighborhood (for keeping up appearances of supposedly friends).

Are given some money in the banks and some officials and intermediaries working in the banks, take the bones as values that could afford to give more property to the buyer. But he did not even going to use the equipment, he should not use the equipment he is going to throw it, or to sell it for very little money and in this way the spaces staying dead.

People could continue to live without jobs, because the pride of the now victims, their bosses, didn't give them the opportunity to participate in the problems, to participate in the results, to vote and to use their savings to purchase shares of their company.

You see they considered them as inferiors, and kept them away from participation, and they hid their real problems with shiny cars thinking stupidly. Well anyway I need 100 million this month let's give 10 and get an expensive car, Not to think that I got the down ride. They do not understand that with these they provoke their workers who seeing without special knowledge are whispering "good he does not give to us even a damn, but he bought a new BMW the motherfucker and he is whining that the business does not go well."

The servant of the institution of the Bank says "sorry there is no ceiling for discounting. If you want a loan get me: 100 1st) update of the social security (IKA), 2nd) update from the IRS, 3rd) Update from the Chamber of commerce, 4th, 5th, ... "He who runs with the brand new BMW calls his accountant. What do we do?

he answered that we have a friend in IKA wants 20,000 drachmas for the paper, and the IRS have a friend, he wants 30,000 drachmas of updating, 10,000 for the collector in chamber of commerce etc. Where to find them? Well I will put the money to get the papers not to be ridiculous to our workers! As if with the workers are not of the same breed, or they do not know our language, where very often are people informed better than the second-generation young flabby employer. And the collapse is continuing of the second . . . Some time the accountant does not "have"and he is asking for any friend who knows some 'bad loan shark "and his friend knows the" friend "and there is an invisible bad . . . The bank has the mortgages on the property, sometime do not want only papers, it press to get some money, pass the link to the thick wallet that distributes the garments, after the complete collapse. The employee of a bank who has an account and administered, and from the left-overs, gets some commission he takes them first and we go to the first company of the powerful. **Who if they were near the boards of some decentralized-financial institutions with the high intelligence that usually the very successful people have, could early know where is going the future of the declined company.**

So they could pass the pack early in other hands, they would have the emotional help and better treatment from the workers, who will also have representatives on the business's Board, and shares. We need some of their money to be on the fund of their factory with perspective of development and participation. We need it managers of billions, it is very necessary, and comes to my mind a debate in the barbershop of my friend Thaki from Megara long after my speech. Some youths had burned Athens the previous day and had destroyed some shops and Thakis was talking with the young, against the arsonists, the remarkable by exterior young answered ... never mind the bastards 'usurers they were.

Thakis got a little red because he knew about my speech but he finally said, Well, when it is so ... I could not manage after my confession to react.

On my return I was thinking the recently subject with Mr. Takis grappis, even the name of this man scares me, But another thing has touched me by this story was that his lawyer called to say the broadcast of this brave girl Mrs Nikoloydi that Mr Nikolaidis this tragic victim who managed billions was the greatest usurer in Galați ...

So some of the society can regard as if the crime against a criminal is not a crime! and some citizens in front of the institutions of the border to allow him to come and go without any particular consciousness problems!!

Did you notice that very rich gentlemen it is worth to... Be careful and from your guards or cooks, you can be in danger even and from them! **Probably with no social reconciliation whatever we have, is dangerous and although your spiritual load and your knowledge, is the worthiest from what the society has, it is not recognized instead it provokes! Should be first concerned the social reconciliation and to be participated in these financial boards of decentralized banks, early**

To be sent the unable for managing heir of the creator out of business, with some money for the package, and whatever he does. Because his power is negative.

Then to be selected manager from the management team to pass healthy muscles to the power, and labor's fresh blood in business.

To resurrect the collapsing prey and to be saved the growth of the informal economy of papers, social security (IKA) and the IRS.

As for the impaired person he can stay and as a worker if he wants to start from where should have to start a health entrepreneur, and to be recovered his sick balance.

Because when you start with the silly attacks with oils, interest then extra interest, expensive car as bait, then his conscience begins to lose the light of reality and is in danger of becoming a persecutor of no developing and dark economy. Charging amounts the public funds for which the ax will chasing him for a life and after his life will continue. Why after we have the informal sector of the criminal law, lawyers, bankruptcy judges, of the other groups. The ushers and the gendarmes of the another group, who do not necessarily have it prepared, but just so the system works.

They see the polite usually victim of "loan sharks" who about all, we are, and we are not, and get something to supplement their salary to make the child scientist, or to learn and dance, and the vicious cycle is going on. The victim searches to escape prison, someone will feel sorry, someone who loves him will give him some money, he becomes a bad "money lender" when he requested for it

And the developing goes to the no return, the funds charged up to death, because ultimately what we do to this poor man to put him in the prison ?? Then what happened? **Here I am very serious, it is not a solution, the disease needs prognosis, like all the diseases on earth.**

Because those of these people who do not commit suicide, their conscience equilibrium leads them to mysterious reactions, They are trying to find good time to any place, they often drink, as they had learned in comfortable life, usually are driving, big cars as a bait, that belongs in papers to someone else whom extorted some times that he has drank their blood, and they are cracking his stature. They have enough social morale coverage, whispering like this poor man has be eaten by the motherfuckers. Were that motherfucker may be the baker who saw the huge car and thought to invest for a little more, to be enough to buy the new machine and he is working from 3.00 in the morning and counts his bites!

The money of the baker investor with the interest go to night singers, and the "good poor man" is laughing and he is looking for the greengrocer this time. Whenever the new machine of the baker does not come, and stays the development in yeasts and sours the bread, and hurts the belly of the Minister who comes to prepare the budget of despair, when he is a lad and understands.

As for the strikers" consciously responsible citizens serving particularly problematic state business, which are in short of billions "who think that the minister is miser and he is protecting the interrelated business, and where to find the Minister the wrong of interrelated when it's offers is the fourth of the state deficit company?.

At this point let me to go on a poem I wrote just before the curious spiritual phenomena I will mention along the way, and it seems that sticks to the topic.

DEPENDENCIES

Humiliated relations, thankless profit
nearby hopes, false gratitude
hateful love, sadness, grief, repetition.

Fatal habit, fatalistic reaction
sadistic offer, forgotten dignity
illusions of offering, gratitude, gratitude, nonexistent.

Nightmares, battle with consciousness
Embrace with the lie, smiles nonexistent
companion, companionship indescribable .

Broken steps with muddy dreams
Illusion for miracle, cracked stature
conflicts, conflicts, conflict.

Bodies relaxed, fun, challenge
I have them, I bought them, such it costs.
Low taproom ,incorrigible
nicotine, wine, indignation, indignation, challenge.

In wine comes power, war
In the morning needs, searching
At the noon Drawn to knees,
lie, need, need, predicament.

Ekarevs 25/03/97

Vicious circle in the dark, the false witness, the judges, the bankers, the trustees
,the usurers, the controllers, the victims, vicious the cycle of imbalance. The sea becomes rough
,the inflation rises, the waves hit the boat were we are all in with our groups,, we the good and
the others are thieves, thugs, usurers, smugglers, patrons, godfathers, drug dealers, the gypsies,
the Albanians, the thieves, our homeland please help we are sank. And we're all inside, hidden
under black sheets seven to eight together in each sheet, for not to be seen by the others how we
eat, how we jump, how we do false witness, how we pee, how we pray, how we nail, how we
hurt. We the <<good>> under our, and the other who we call them motherfuckers , with another
sheet, as black as ours, with four to five others good hidden underneath, they go a little outside
of the sheet to see any bad one to hurt and ridiculing him for a while, and to return back under
the sheet to tell their own friends their achievement.

We have of course and those who have entire sheet alone, and do not want any body else why
are the most intelligent of the society and not want even one as company , and if anything
happened to their neighbor alone wolf, they curse him already ... and dies alone and perhaps
away from the place that he was born and loved.

The sun outside is waiting, the light is waiting too! Christ and Mohamed 'show to us , our sages
show to us , we our violin .

The others made the mistakes the Albanians, the Gypsies, the, the, the, the others! And the
nurse who took food to go it home, from the kitchen of the state hospital and is working five
hours a day, and will retire at her 38 years as a civil servant with two children, two hundred
drax.a month and she will sit or invest in country house, saying I was working into the filth.
And says the man who works for Olympic airways which has deficit in it's budget some thick
billions "I'm not stealing the state I pay my taxes until dime!" And make strike at Easter days
to be successful the blackmailing and as he goes to his 40 he is getting retired with bonus 5
million from a deficient company.

I do not understand where the company found this money having such a deficit. If you can help me understand please do it because I am getting crazy.

But the worker who works in a factory that has not work? Cannot even go on strike because if you do not know Aleka knows , who blame the bosses who when the worker leaves ... The evil boss is staying to work after 4 up to the evening at 11 What to ask? But he has no lump sum and retires at 65 and takes a<< serious>> pension over 90,500 drax, if the man lived after, we are talking for the worker and the <<bad boss >> ! Opa Rumeli the man entangled in bad company, the black sheet that they got from Aleka side ,but we also have to see the gypsy thieves, budget for gypsies nothing! For mules have carried weapons in the mountain grammos in 1949 at the end off civil war and had died, there is a billion, the gypsies who gathered the tomatoes and are chased by policemen because they are trying to gather by the landfill risking their lives, no budget for them, not and to thieves pie .. not to be completely crazy!!! .

The most of them are thieves, of motorbike ,bike? chickens, old mattresses, old irons, budget anything, anything not for thieves ... This company does not even have a sheet, the sun pulls by its nature against the black , full of black in the boat, covering the groups, small and bigger , are absorbing all the light. For Some gypsies has been found a sheet of black burlap, from other lads with black bulletproof sheet.

Little tassel youth .. where is it
Bring them .. shut up .. get some more,
get a gun and kill .. the French!

Allow me to be a little serious and from this point to say: When money is considered unique value can lead agents of law, with high rates of I.Q in attitudes toward people without high intelligence to a greater margin, which in the search for resources to cover their dependency, are creating in the society huge problems , which certainly creates spots of pain and to those people, which would be foolish to believe that a luxury consumption will bring balance into their consciousness, with the sensitivities that definitely have for their fellow human beings

How to be enough the sunlight for these people who have not black sheet , the sun is going to the black, as the bull in red. It's pushing hard to illuminate the blacks and because he likes the difficulties ,So some gypsies who sell and damaged tomatoes as good in secret (the suspects). Some Albanians who work for 3,000 draxs a day, some craftsmen who pay rent and they work day and night without sheet, some workers-probably many, who do not have even a forearm of black, they stay outside on the deck.

And they staying in the deck with out sun, and is waiting for them the rain, and the thunder, all the elements of nature, and the wind can takes them because they are too slim and cast them into the sea.

Sometime throws many into the sea, the ensconced open a little and seeing what is going on then they return happy to their hang and are saying: It was nothing bad, some gypsies and Albanians fell into, all these are thieves we are rescued! The budget to the right people !!!! pensions to the right people!! Everything good, and in justice!! Everything good....

With such thoughts, and as I suggested in some neighbors to be involved,
a good friend of mine told me that ideas like this are checking by prosecutors.

Someone else told me that he was doing business in Albania with some serious man from Albanian state, I learned that his brother was in for drugs!

and in a house that we were (I didn't know anything) and he talked about drug I of course as usual I said that I resist to evil, particularly to drugs that destroy the young people. Another friend told me that in principle yes, but he said that the proposal that you made for participation without specific profit from the beginning how to work?-when ... and he told me about this local X politician from whom he was taking for interest of debts 900,000 drachmas month!!! And this politician who supposed to pay the interest, in some previous times took votes and power, simply. by cursing the owners of my company, that we drug the blood of our workers!! me who I went to take for work the young workers from their houses since 3 o'clock in the morning, and we worked together till night constantly and many times they had left me there to rediscover me working in the next morning!

And we got to the point to be ready for the prison for debts. after such a huge fight, and for all this our effort, only cursed us to take votes!!! **Something is wrong with our society, Mr. Shepherd for the vote of the people, something definitely is not going well!**

An almost fatal accident

At the same time I had an attack almost for execution by some gypsies in broad daylight, and I took it as an execution, because the following strange happened to me:

After nearly fatal sticking to the column and while I was waited with my best man George for help, only one car stopped to see us. A group of young gypsies in a small Yuko, they may had their information that I am impulsive person, and came to us asking for trouble and in case of my reacting to happen the natural accident of the fight. There, however subconsciously reacted as with the Italian man in Astoria with Notary office, and after saying a big thank you to the boys, who did not seemed simple gypsies who were interested, there was seemed their chill. And because I like to see behind the puppets I worried and scared a lot.

I thought that could be good to react and I did a contact with a newspaper I found on my way and gave the text that was published by local newspaper.

Gypsy Caravan at Ano Liosia

We who live or work in the area A. Liossia neighborhood, with the range by Filis road to Anapafseos street about 2000 meters up to the camping of gypsies immediately after O.D.Y.S.Y. and at an angle of approximately 60 degrees at the end of the range, we feel as a national minority terrified to return to our roots. Already tenant of a small factory in the middle of the radius (not standing the stealing of tools, etc.) from the store he had rented from an owner who supported by the rent a large family (father, of the little artist Angelos Plavoukos), also the concrete factory Tsoumas bros invested in defense with fences, lights and guards to protect the property of their S.A company. (that means social) property. Daily after the 5 pm and Saturdays after 13, cowboys in asphalt without plates or false ones, with very wide tires, run like daemons in the road making mad zig-zag, or when they stop are asking passers by pressing!! if they want stuff (drugs). Many householders in the region consider as dream of their life to change their neighborhood. It happens to me an aggressive accident a Saturday noon as I was driving on the anapayseos street I was beaten behind by a closed TOYOTA van, and I avoided the first column, to which if I had crashed I would be definitely dead, but I felt to the next 10 meters below and almost destroyed my car.

The plate number I kept from that car that ran waved demonstratively its behinds as continuing its driving as if nothing had happened, was not even registered. The policeman who came after my call, with no appetite indicated the typical of the law claiming that they are afraid to intervene interior.

In search for social organization in the municipality I found an employee of the National Bank who showed me a civil engineer friendly to the gypsies of the region, my goal was if there was, or if there was not, an insurance coverage to tell these young people that, their behavior make the near society hostile towards them, and should be better to behave better, but he told me especially at the camping there is no access

Colleague craftsman who produces paper devices towards me, when was rammed by a similar car the police people who arrived proposed him and took him away to preserve his physical integrity

Another citizen who was rammed by similar car (I watched details from my roof) and while his own private new car was stuck with serious injuries in the column, because he tried to complain and had a little social support, The fugitive cowboy with white TOYOTA sent multiple others with open 4x4 to beat the victim, with a crowbar "They took the law into their hands " by breaking the windscreen of his car.

What do we do? Police said that because of the behavior of the media do not enter, and up to a point I agree that, the use of pressure in people who already feel hard forgotten by the fairness of the state, some other people hatch these elements of social margining and use them hard and illegal enrichment and behaviors beyond the limit.

From this point I would say to organizations who defend for the rights of gypsies and deeply appreciate their willingness, to do something more meaningful than to accuse Mayor A. Liosia for racist behavior in a municipality with citizens for additional training in dangerous rate . To create a civilizing institution with Roma artists and to look in the camping for these consciousness that are not missing by any society of human beings, to penetrate into their space. And also to provide a focal point for us the scared citizens around the camping. And maybe to try and in cooperation with other municipalities to share this unfortunate population to be able slowly assimilated, and not to expect from a municipality to absorb all the wrongs of Athens, from rubbish up to social groups. I fear that our great poet who the municipality recently turns the name of Anapafseos to Odysseus Elytis, is wandered watching artists in the field of gypsies that some of them are giants of humanity and sensitivity like, Kostas Hatzis and Paiteris.

To leave these people living like the humblest pieces on the dance of Pitch Black money that does not care (the dance) even for the younger people who steal to buy their dose from the above shopping center of drugs in A. Liossia.

In a few days the state drove the gypsies away, believing that my post had helped a little, I went an other text but it doesn't publish it, that is why I put it now from here.

"For flabby and Aleka the reading:

Gentleman who striking, pushing and blackmailing and in your view, you were contested increases of vested, about what vested are you talking about ? from what budget resulting these vested ? Don't you know that the pie is specific and related directly with the productivity of the people? Don't you know that you should be considered as the higher percentage of society in honesty and know how ?

I wonder you gentlemen of Olympics air ways, how you manage to persuade your consciousness, that has to be quiet, when at the moment that needs you your company, that charges some billions the budget each year, you go in 'Strike! In the very busy days when you supposed to help to be reduced it's personal deficits that you create with out considering! Madam ALEKA as the basic representative of the poor, the underprivileged and uninformed citizens of our country, I am concerned how you think that you serve when you visit the bankers for example and you support them in their struggle to increase their wages, in order to Reuse vested pensions! Do you know that, unknowingly, you serve those groups of citizens, which increase the deficit in our budget that is already in deficit, SPECIALY against industrial workers and very tired workers in the constructions, who logically should you serve? Be sure that with this behavior you are helping those who are unfair to all of us? And I am referring mostly to the producers of the pie, industrial workers and their small bosses, who are of the many victims.

Let us attend ... and in the next column we propose.

At this point allow me with my humble judgment, to ask my favorite Aleka(secretary of the communist party) this: How is it possible, representatives of the cleaner consciences and I am referring to leftist conscience, who remain true to their clear values, that are to serve the underprivileged people, scorning the serve for no money? In fact when their quality looks from the fact that they have served but also continue to serve these people, and without having a hope that some time they will take the power, to lick around it's niches!

It is worth mentioning, that even my wife, who is highly conservative personality, says the most honest politician at the moment, is Aleka, who lives in a very small house and as we heard on TV she was the only one who gave to the communist party a fee of "parliamentary overdue fees." But the Communists are unique my wife I said the angle that illuminate things, is the reason for the error estimates.. **I insist that you have my lovely ALEKA.**

Because the fact is that the managers, whom we call 'Capitalists' of the development, are mostly people with communist roots and because they had not at that time the<<right>> for the nation certificate, they entered into the game of development. It looks to me like the today's Albanians, who say they need to find work whatever it is, since they know that the only way to survive is to work day and night, tightening their belts. It cannot be happen in an other way because leftish and dirty way, are two things that do not go together. Really wonder what evil can do employers who are victims on the altar of development and even the most successful, which are few, count their bites and they work 16 hours a day, trying to manage in the right way, whatever we have left them to manage.

Let them to do more because they can manage better than the others, since if we take them we have no place to go them. ! So we have to take the decision that does not work the state management. It is now a very old and bad history!

We all know that the largest group of business people are already brutally entangled in debts, to the banks and to the state. Essentially the managers are very unhappy, since they have the ax above their heads and the radish in front of them, but they all the time fail to reach.

Of course, there is another group, irresponsible and short, which charges everyone and everything going around with big cars and have as system to trap all the naive, having them selves good time. This last group, must be cut off from the development, and deserves to be placed for new start where they have to, that is the honorable labor and humble work.

I think only you can from the position you will take, to release even tomorrow, the work taking the lead with this way, throughout Europe, showing them that we are the country that is going on producing lights and offers to the others. Thus, there will be a full release with some rules for participation, it is necessary to find out for these people, who will continue for at least five years, to remain in the same business. Perhaps, it is a large and modern light, and is the only way to mature the young people of our Europe through unprotected work.

will be given to them the chance to specialize in professions they love and they can become the tomorrow's employers. Be sure Mrs. Aleka, that those who now seem aggrieved from humble roots, will justify their effort and will be the managers of tomorrow. That's why I insist that your obsession to the state government, which has proved uncontrollable, irresponsible, unhealthy and suspicious, cannot offer anything. That's because you know that the dish of these people, fills up and will fill up from the sweat of the construction, industrial and foreign workers, who provide all our food, without getting for themselves enough. So when that was not published by the local press my letter "To flabby and Aleka the reading," I did exactly the same thoughts and decided to send another to a newspaper, which I read too.

Unfortunately they didn't published it so could be a good chance to publish it from here:

" To the STEP (bima) OF SUNDAY, the most serious social Sunday school of our country.

Wishing this letter, to be published or at least to put in thoughts someone responsible .

Sir, I am running a small factory and I would say that from the five people along with me we work together , if we do not have and two Albanians, who are paid by half , the remaining two employees, who are Greek citizens and rewarded more, they could not survive.

This small factory of mine ,which offered to me in the previous five years big deficits because of the many competitive, it adds to my income for taxation 5,000,000 drachmas per year!!, based on the objective criteria of space I use. Of course, savings and investing of other years, allow me to pay my taxes and do not resent and to insist, as my conscience would make me feel this way. Let me consider myself as perhaps the most specialist in the product I am producing, for this reason I wish before retiring, to be able to find someone to continue the tradition, because my two children, following the philosophy of our society, are claiming degrees and maybe some work in the constitutions. Unfortunately, the competition does not stop on the imports, but continues and may be more dangerous for the country's economy. There are some colleagues who do not have the luxury or the option to pay their taxes they have to, by a non-existent income, they simply choose to be charged to public funds and social security, and solve their problem by changing the names of the responsible in their company or finding any suspicious trick, that the poverty produces. With all my courage then I ask you, from my position of non-specific to common problems, something that you are and I am asking to give a responsible answer to my concern:

What should we do the healthy professionals like me with know how? Is it better to stay uncovered in front of public funds and to operate in the dark, leaving undisturbed the activities of citizens who do not intend ever to pay taxes? Should 'We all of us, leave activities even before we take pension? Because I believe that if we stay we will see the money, which goes to the public funds from shavings and deprivation of previous years , to go to other deficient expenses, including some heavily indebted public enterprises, or taxes for farmers and workers in the public sector . And all these will surely get a pension, and we can not promise the same in our own craft workers, who work very hard. I wonder, whether this should be concerned by you seriously?

As I do, so and other small artisans along with our assistants, we believe that we are the backbone of development. Is it worth to break us completely? .

And if you do this, what will you make our bones? Will you give to those who serve the State ? Did you ever wonder, that maybe the reason that more and more young people are spending their time in cafes, **is the overprotection of the labor market**? Is it the reason, that all of them are gathered outside the doors of Mayors?. Should it be good, after freeing the labor market , to convince "the accommodated " that there are far worse in the rottenness of production, and before they began to strike for more, to go them to see those workers who beg to have job the business in which they work, and they do not care if they work the whole day, to do them an update in order to see with their eyes another reality? I think it is worth to think about ... ".

Divine Light

I remember, it was noon when I suddenly realized that all those incoherent pressures I was facing the last months, leading me to the way of defense through the confession.

In those days it was a comet passed close by the earth. And the atmosphere was filled with bright small objects, and two other events occurred that shocked me about the morals of the Churches of Christ. A young married woman killed in delirium an orthodox bishop former lover of hers, and the others rushed to call her liar!! Any way....!! And a state court of U.S.A. was trying to sentence a middle aged Catholic priest who had "convinced" at least four young boys Catholic believers, to take them sexually as girls. And he was not ashamed, and not ashamed also the rest bishops defenders in justice, who dared to challenge the right of the court to expose and punish this human monster. They had to protect this psych anormal monster within the environment of Church of Christ! **My Christ what is your environment !**

I remember it was the end of March, when, I was started to write my speech, the weather started to change and it looks like winter. Had started a strange wind that shook constantly an olive tree, which was in front of my office and avalanches struck with tyrannical way my window, from the side of Chassia (north).

As I was writing one afternoon, about two p.m, I felt that there was a strange atmosphere around me, who came from the side of a small house (north), which was just above me. Then suddenly were heard some strange cries and the whole atmosphere became magical. These cries gave me the feeling of desperation cries of Satan, as in some old movies I'd seen and were about Christ. They looked like they were leaving evil spirits from people, that tortured them. After about an hour, and while I was focused on my word and I was fixing some details the other half of my speech, I heard within the whole magnificent picture a voice and suddenly the weather started to become better, "Sir! Lord! 'I was shocked just hearing it, because that "Lord" was not usual and after looking out of the window, I saw a lady beggar also unusual. All around me had changed and I felt I had been transported in the Bible, although I never had specific knowledge of its contents. The lady beggar was standing a little farther, looking curiously at the gap. "Sir! Lord! "she shouted again while she was stayed in the same place at the height of the front door. "I need to talk to you," she continued, and I went and approached her, meanwhile a chill touched my whole body. She asked me for some money because, as she said, had been raped by some gypsies and she had to flee from the area. I of course had never seen her in the neighborhood, but I wanted to help her. So I opened my drawer, where I had kept for about a month, some money, that I kept because I owned to a strict girl, that worked for me one day and then

disappeared in case that she could come to ask for.. So I thought, as long as they were not my money, somewhere I had to offer, after the asking of this woman, I gave them to her. She hastened to thank me and was taking some bizarre expressions in her face, as though we were living in the time of Jesus. I began, almost immediately, to be in a uplift in my soul, with supper feelings and kindness and an indifference and relaxation for my job.

The same night, I woke up abruptly at around three in the morning and without realizing it, I started writing in my paper memories of the civil war in Greece and even sometime when I, mentioned in details related to the help of thanasakis' mother (Thanasakis is first cousin and the richest man of the family) At the same time by the side of Kifissia, around of his house Than I heard the same sounds. The memories of them, kept me awake until morning, where I continue to write in my office, completely unconcerned about my job. As I was writing, I began not to be able to keep hidden even a secret of my life, and everything that had scare me in my relation with the institutions, stood there in front of me and at the disposal of everyone. Of course, I must say, that happened to me and some random pressures that might make me feel the need to write some things, like a craftsman, who called me sometime from Megara and while he was telling me about some problems with the Chamber of commerce, told me jokingly: "What happened, man Koskota? (Greek Amerikan fake businessman)" The same thing happened with a girl who was calling my house persistently for two nights in a row and she said, 'Well done, you won a video camera. come to get it in Agia Varvara. (a neighborhood with a lot smuggling goods)' "Then, I realized that the girl couldn't afford my very hospitable behave, so she said in a hurry" go to the devil, and she hung the telephonon up. Immediately I realized that good behavior has a separate power, and can defeat even the toughest opponent.

All those days, I felt like I had ... Christ into me! There were times that some things did not even write by my own ... suddenly I woke up and I began to write with an impressive swiftness, unusual for my feet. **I felt relaxed and like I was freed from my needs**, since it can withstand without any lunch. Some consecutive days, I was eating only grass and I did not have any sexual concerns, something that did not fit with my nature

One day around four o'clock in the morning, I caught myself doing praying and I was in full communion with God, meanwhile I felt that I was not alone. All my fears had disappeared, and kindness was covered my soul and I felt tenderness and understanding for all people. The day of my speech was coming and I was going for "Sermon on the Mount!" But I could not resist to avoid this duty although I tried to back off and not to make this speech. Several times I thought I would send to the board of the municipality a letter, like had proposed the president of the board Mr. Christofilakis. The next night, something shocking happened to me. **An indescribable beauty.**

As I slept with my spinal column in contact with the bed, I started to feel a mysterious shiver, as if my body was trying to ejaculate during my sleep. I consider it reasonable to be happened after I had a long time to come into contact with a woman and I woke up. **Suddenly I felt in my head, a tension, a touch, a flash, a beauty, a dream, a magic ...** I feel an immense gratitude to nature, which had chosen me to offer this **GIFT OF LIGHT**. It was an experience that can not be compared nor described.

Funeral Features of Superman!!

I remember that it was twelve of the month, when someone called me and told me that the mother of my third friend of my life, Ms. Angeliki died.

I was surprised, because during the previous night, as I was writing at the office of my son, who was missing in Patras university and his room was empty, I saw on his desk a photo of the granddaughter of Mrs Angelica, who has the same name and is the daughter of my friend. In this photo, was the small Angelica with my daughter and my son, since we had a family excursion. In a moment as I looked to photo I saw in her look a **strange attraction, a magnetism like she asked from me something. Reminiscent of something magical.** I continued to write almost until morning, until I went to my office to pass my writing on the computer. And that contact had stayed in my mind up to that time as fear, so when I heard from my friend that Ms. Angeliki died, I felt very strange. She told me that the funeral service will be 13 this month, on a Sunday and that Maki would love to be you attended she said. From that moment on, I felt a strange power that entered my body and I began to feel charged by energy. When I called the family to say my condolences, I had the feeling that all possibilities of my brain was now beyond logic. I had a presentiment that should be better not to go to the funeral, while I felt that I had like God power, **and senses of full presence of Christ within me.** I started talking to myself, trying to protect myself, Saying that I will send a wreath in the morning and that will stay in my office to go on my speech. I tried to resist, and the next morning I woke up around 8 a.m, I made some exercise for a while then I took a hot bath, and I wore my form. As I dressed I thought of my friend Maki, who always wanted to see me good dressed and he liked me when I wear suits and ties.

And if sometimes happened and I looked not tidy, regretted with tenderly telling me: "Hey my pal, I don't want people to say that you are Skimpy, dress better. " When we met in a celebration and I was actually dressed, very jaunty he said: " The tie matches to the suit . Today you're gorgeous!! " Of course, I do not ever give a special attention in dressing, because I considered it as second-rate interest, but I did it for my friend Makis, who gave me more and more love and I liked it.

So, I decided to wear my form, so I could not go to attend the funeral, dressed with these clothes and constantly said to myself that I will send a wreath and nothing more. After I sent the wreath, I went to the factory and started writing again. It had begun earlier to come up on my body a bizarre stream from my feet and ends in my heart. It was impossible not to go. I could not explain what was happening to me, so I closed my phone, thinking that maybe I was charged by the phone. Unfortunately it does not help.

The time came, that I would start to go to the funeral, after I would pass of the house of my friend Grigoraki.

He was the first great friend of my life, from the night school in Peristeri, who now except of mathematician in high school, deals with programs in computing. He had entrusted to his son Michalakis, to create a form for the posters, I had decided to put in many places in Western Attica. The passage to his home was one of the zenith of lack of resistance from dynamic will, since I became adrift of **HIS** presence.

With these feelings, I left and headed to the funeral of Mrs Angelikis, feeling sure that something would happen. As I approached, all led me to be in time, like as all were premeditated. The moment I arrived **wearing my form!.**, they removed the casket with the dead lady than the chapel, holding it high .. As they went and I saw my friend who was coming out, who looked at me worried, and it seemed strongly to his look ..

I understand from the way he looked at me that the message of my "madness" had reached his ears too.

As there was high there the lady Angelica, in the coffin I met her eyes and looked at her face. I felt that I pierced her dead look, which remains strongly in my memory even today. And I can not forget this sense **that is the most mysterious and the most intense. I felt like as I communicated with her, as if I took something out of her.** Slowly they began to move all to the point of burial.

The Costakis Lalos (friend of Makis) said: "Let's stay back," Dimitri, another kind-hearted friend of Makis, told me: "Let's go higher because there are a lot of people." Reaching up I saw the beloved children of Makis, as they descending full of emotions. They came near me and kissed me spontaneously, without even noticed my inappropriate outfit. The most excited was the Angelikoula, which had changed too much from the last time I had seen her. She had dyed her hair red, and her lips very strongly. I engaged her and with her look she made me feel **that I was there only for her,** associating and the event of my information about the death of her grandmother Mrs. Aggeliki.

I remember the summer we had been with the families for a week's holiday with their boat that sometime, the wife of my friend suggested me to go to visit a psychiatrist so as to avoid the worst ... By the way she mentioned that and they had problems with their daughter, during the death of her grandmother, but surpassed because he talked with someone psychoanalyst teacher of hers .(Angelikoula was studying psychology) **and she became right and happy as I do not remember her before.** I did not go to a psychiatrist, because I had given my own interpretation of what happened at the funeral ... in relation with the young Agelikoyla and her grandmother.

A Presence of GOD

The wind takes the stone and throw it on the wall
and the wall is getting sob and storm's crying
and breathing of a sweet soul that is going to Hades
and finds fogs beautiful, in the awakening of the day
rose drops smooth as light breath of angels,
who are waiting the soul to go together soaring.

The wind takes the stone and brought it around
And a hard Tornado hits the corner stones
And the dreams are creaked in the bow of the ship.
That all the time look the land, but in the sea remain.

The sky takes the stone and goes it very high
The people are tremble from the blue God's had
locked in the dungeon with well-made wall
where the united stones are built solidly,
by water, dreams and blood of the hungry
whom the full rend them in all these years
that God was trying to show them the way.

They see the stone to ascent in the sky's soaring
The wind is getting fog, and furious wave
Sounds of death are choking their breath
As they look worrying the stone in it's great
Fall day and night and scares them a lot.

Are looking for the humble men, and the downtrodden
Giving commands and order them to make new umbrellas
To go for hiding their selves, and to work the others .

But they cannot see them and their voices are touching the heavens
And from their anxieties become as drowned cries
but the souls of the humble that the angels upload
are high in the pass and they want to return for helping.

But the angels said that is too late for those,
Who are waiting hanged in the mortal footsteps
And they did not believe that hard death awaits them
And hell is getting their land even now they are hand in hand
They had forgotten in the past, they were keeping knives
And then death and crime, lies, and misery.

DARK AND LIGHT

The light Pull and plows
but the dark still black.

Illuminated by the sun with sacred rays
but the dark still black.

Rehabilitate Gods from the cellars
but the dark still black.

Sun puts the Gods in his rays
but the dark still black.

The dark gaves short-lived pleasures
and blotted the sun.

it has stolen goods temporarily by using lies
and blotted the sun.

It puts the father with the daughter in sex
and frightened the sun.

The mother was looking to hide the dirt
And soiled the sun

The sun cried do not fear the dark
And the dark laughed

Take in light the joy and expel it
And dark laughed.

Forget the pain and resurrected far away
And the dark laughed.

Get in my rays to reach me
and then as it was afraid said:

What sun and what God, all deals below
and the sun became angry.

Dark told you that, if you say the truth they will call you crazy
and the sun became angry.

Dark told you, do your job and do not care for the others what for?
and then the sun became very angry.

And it became flame and burned us
and the dark celebrates.

And another planet dead,
I won and here the sun

and another and another and another,
long live the devil.

Long live the tragedy, the pain and death,
long live the devil.

Long live the lie, the vagrancy, the gang,
long live the devil.

Few souls left on the rays,
And the devil shakes
the conflict in the universe.

FOR THE VISION OF JESUS

Dreams, hopes, goals, struggles, aspirations
was closed to a sack stifling
and dog-catcher came with all the other old
to load them.

All those years, Christian, common ,
Marxist and red communistic ,
supranational blond blue Hitler style,
they became trash and to the dog-catcher with the old.

The dreams of equality, fairness,
and uplift of the poor, and underprivileged,
kneeling there in front of the rulers,
the priests, the bishops and prelates.

The equality at work kneeling in front
the party leaders, to those having armband,
to the Secretaries of the party, to feudal
of the institutions and power.

The right to offer in your country
in front of the sergeant, the Major, the Colonel,
there ends up the ideals, in front of his face
the cruel, authoritarian and prejudiced.

is getting the ideal person, wellbeing, abuse of power
is getting the institution gangs ,Groups are getting the ideals
is getting the nations groups ...The Groups have guns,
have the Christ, have the visions, have the punishment.

The groups are bringing terror and hatred
and receive the scorn
and fall down the third or fourth generations of the gang,
into the abyss of despicable betrayal.

But fortunately it is not lost the hope of Christ to the equality
And of man for Christ and equality
and some time will make the people, who serve the institutions
humble and more equitable.

To be able to rouse the people,
Going first into the battle, going first in the work,
To understand the power like HE(Jesus),
who washed the feet of his disciples, and they were sacrificed.

To be able the bosses to take the load
from the backs of their workers for wining their love
and to serve the business as their own
because it has to be and their own.

The majors to be ahead, In the exercise,
in cleaning the toilets, in the discipline,
To feel that the duty of the strong,
is the power to do the humblest work.

To be able the humble to feel like generals
When they do these works, to feel the workers the powerful
of the world, because they are the majority
and then only the equality will come.

In order to enjoy Christ, who is the speech who is the light,
WHO Is the humility, who is the offer to contemptible .
WHO is the dream of true love, which comes from the heart,
That does not bought, not sold, which is true
for as time it is true.
Because when it dies, will be resurrected in in another heart,
To shine again like the flowers in spring,
Without compromise, without hallucinations,
with new light of life ,and new glow of happiness.

CELL OF LIFE

Do you want to talk about death, about life,
What do you want to talk about
that when life is born, the sperm cells run together
and the one is pushing the other to pass first
because that one wants to survive
and it leaves behind the rest, dead and ballast
even they had unstuck from the same sperm.

And then when the stronger of them goes to survive
From early it gives the fight for life
But touching the death as before
and other little souls are.. waiting

And amid the long chaos that is never ending
As our soul and body are getting stronger,
People are looking With thirsty bitterness,
because they do not know
If our little earth is located in the womb of universe.
January '97

HYPOCRITES

The hypocrites, these big liars are our planet first Charlatans
But they can nest in differences, that are not existing
and our little souls to scare
and they always blame others,
because they are 'big
above everyone in the square
and far away from the beaches

They went with the vessels criticize
and for these they considered are small, they shunned them
because they think humble the trowel and shovel
but the humility it is 'virtue, great grace .

But when are sleeping alone they scare,
Comes out cries from their soul trash and shudder them,
As and others thorns every day are growing,
and as the light goes away
and their whole soul wrapped in the dark,
come out from their breasts thrill screams ,
out of the kingdom of the endless rot.

Let's go to show them with love,
The humble and fragrant path
amid the shadows the sunbeams dally
amid the songs that endlessly smell
from birds and from hopes that spin,
amid our clear sky's , meadows
that had become the darkness of our soul's.

And let's not go passionately in the squares
Were polished ladies are in the first sits,
To share <<honestly>>our sweat
that they relaxed have collected it by us first.

And they have a style of wise the genteel,
Who in their company passionately wrapped
Throw pieces from the food they have collected
to some dogs ... whatever is left over!

And they do not know the poor, small customers
that is their sweat
from their own backs.

COME MY BROTHER

Come my brother, catch me by the hand
and from the other hand, and another and another hand
to uproot the thorns from our souls
and to climb in other nice path ways

where the clean waters glisten
and other people in our walking will come
and in each soul only anemones
will spring up to smell the centuries.

Why in the lies where thrive the thorns
ourselves are pooling in the trash
and in the mad devils festivals,
life and in palaces is one of the same

The last week before my public appearance, could be concerned as the more difficult from the pressures I was facing and the energy I felt. The last days, I left from my office very late at night, because I sat and combed my writing. In this remote district and as I had bothered by my publishing and the people from the 'commercial center of drugs' and once I had accepted and the attack of Mr" gypsy gentleman "of the black dance, but I had no sense of fear!! Really, there is no finer gift of nature to someone, than to be free from fear! Moreover I thought that if it happened to die, after all that I had passed, I would die for some reason and meanwhile I could stand it without being my death painful at all! Moreover, even today I believe that my path in this world, is predestined and that the honor of the spirit of Jesus I had accepted, would lead me somewhere!

The speech

Favorite my best friends of today, Representatives of the Albanian society, relatives and friends from the holy roots of my village, my brothers, craftsmen, honored colleagues, because of you I have the honor to be considered a little capital owner of the region, that needed to be lighted and I came to enlighten it, to be condemned, I will have better time, I cannot stand, the criticizing ,the hints, I am getting tired.

The message of the additional humiliation through my confession here, for a phenomenon like so many other phenomena endlessly of hypocrisy in our society.

I give it and especially this holly Monday to locate the view of God in the relation with heaven, Where Eve gave the forbidden apple to the naïve Adam, and he went to hide the secret and lost the heaven . I find out dear friends that the paradise is here and we found it when we draw the leaf of hypocrisy .

And as I am taking off this leaf, I don't know if that will offers something to the society but it had offered to me personal uplift, power and beauty that cannot be described. I would like and someone else to try in the future for some one of the many phenomena of hypocrisy, that unfortunately super exist in our society, if he feels what I felt, to make it social message (confession in the square) I touched the heavens gentlemen ...

Also I would say that the issues are many, and if anyone bothered by something to make me the favor as civilized European citizen who should be, just to be out of the place to give me time to finish. My speech is free for publishing and then if it lights up suspected events, he can sue me in peace. The hall is common and has many obligations, and I worked a lot, and please respect my sweat.

I'll start with a fax, without answer to someone mighty from the same village, and I will not go into small details, that made me angry and pushed me to shout before getting to the hall of Melina, and to inform you that the name Melina also belongs as a name to an Albanian orange juice, that they considered honor to use it, our friends and relatives Albanians, and even we underestimate their honesty beyond the limit many times, they insist to love and to want us MORE.

ANO LIOSIA

Attention to mr. Apostolaki secretary of Ministry of Development, routed through the Local municipality and responsible officer Mr Christofilakis. Fax 2474401

Mighty Mr Apostolakis,

I Borrow the mighty from the description for you, by George Soulios Professor in the University of Thessaloniki, and old classmate of mine, in three classes in the primary school in the village Omvriaki, and two I think in the high school of Domokos (whom I found yesterday after many years and he read almost first a not tidy confession-proposal, I am going to do in public when I will fix it). Then I follow the path of survival through the shoe lasts in Peristeri, Kallithea and Psyrri, the New York, LA, India and now Albania. And from the night schools in Peristeri, in Kallithea and in Peristeri again, to finish it with difficulty in Gouva, and to learn some English shortly after my serving to the army reading the words on the bus from my factory in Peristeri late after 19.00, after hard craft work. And when I finished the class, walking and reading of the Hambaki school until the Pagrati, as I went to rest in an underground studio, where I lived with the great (barba Kosta) my father, who came to support me, and feeling proud for the values that inspired me his virtuous life, and for my attempt, deprived of the little money, from his honorary pension that gave to him for his work before the civil war, the unbend unforgettable policy of George Papandreu to buy for me lingkouafon for Sundays to learn the little Italian I know.

Another heavy inheritance that I feel difficult to pick it up. And to conclude the speed of English in America when I was here and there, through some night Immigrant Schools, that has created many years ago the genius and human great democracy of the west, while we do not condescend to create in our country, as if it is ashamed to learn our language many of them, almost our patriots the humble economic fugitives from Albania. To me, the name Apostolakis, reminiscent a very tall man whom we call him Barpagiorgoula, I am not sure if my height was up to his knees at that time but the affection that I saw up there in his eyes, along with some other affectionate glances of that warm society especially the source of light and values of my great -Barba Costas my father, allowed me to survive with some values in the downing of values society of ours.

therefore I need your mightiness, for my two sensitive subjects. The first personal and professional, the second professional. If you would like to secure the hall MELINA in my neighborhood Ano Liosia, the holly MONDAY for a confession-proposal to institutions of the local government with subject ethical, social, anti-development, problems of social phenomenon (interpersonal, loan relationship). And from position of confession of the speaker, the need to be made a cooperative bank in of west Attica in Ano Liosia.

Second professional to ensure for me and to ask in summarized two visas for the drivers and my partners from LESHA in Albanian, that for taking them through the gears of bureaucracy, I have to go in Albania twice in difficult times.

It's a simple renewal of T.I.R. visa I retook, with figures for growth that I have done there legitimacy. I've had enough, finding the doors of power closed, since I was a small child, and the pride I have gotten from our holy roots, do not allow me to be humiliated more in order to open them. Very busy, the villager secretary let's put another Apostolakis to help who remembers me from old times and to invite him to join me in a walk with our imagination in memories after the civil war.

What do you remember fiend Leonidas Apostolakis I had the pleasure in a celebration of our village when my brother was the president, and I saw your favorite look and I realized that it was for me, when you heard that my son entered in the University of Patras? Do you remember some slices of cheese which came from Oylnta, Oyltra something like this echoes that saving name, and the easy almost constant view of the people, these are not sent by the government but has sent the Ultra, yes my friends, the Ultra brought them to port, but has done something and the government to bring them up here in the mountain let's not be so blunt, it has done something. The oulntra So or any name or the humanitarian assistance, which this great republic of the West remembered and us the humble, there on the rocks, along with another Giorgana Apostolakis, I do not know what is the relationship with the characteristic young man, with the mighty stature as I saw him from afar with his fellow beard leaned over, and kissed another humble who reminded me my roots more than others, and touched me Further the Andreas Kalotycho. This mighty young man from what I understand, he is serving in a serious position of the institutions in our country, close to the minister of Growth Mrs Vasso Papandreou's that her voice sounds deep democratic and responsible, as and Mr Alavanos whom I like also his Opinions, which surely has influenced by other air of cleaner values of democracy, that are moving in the European Union and especially in North America. Do you remember how good was it <<the dishonest>>, yet I have still it under of my tongue I do not remember to have eaten anything better, that despite my stinginess, I have eaten and in some good restaurants, around the world where I fought traveling.

And what we are doing for the others lowly, who are persecuted from their mistakes, as our own during the civil war, when me my family chased a life, a whole life I got an Albanian in a shack I have and I invite you from here, you the humble friend of mine to see the truth of my word and to come to see me, because and me in my whole life I am humble or humiliated, the second worse than the first, much worse.

Of course I have some land in front and I try by using and my friends from the Lezhe to make a court for tennis for no cost, and when hears me my poor little woman tells me, oh-eh man Give it to make our neighbor Marcus, in the whole life in gratis I feel bored. But me in my classic way squeezing and pressing smiling my friends from Albania In free, not to show it to my rich friends who I love as well,

but to try to convince my pals from Megara and Alepohori that we pass better in the stadiums than in bars with earrings and odors, come boys game, game is better, and the old man with you. game, come on. And from this point I suggest to the Mayor of Megara to put the materials and I the boys from Leza to finish it, and to keep our champion from Eleusis our big tennis player Christopher Tsatsis with a decent hourly wage, and to go our children from Megara in free. And to draw a champion from where the champions come from, the humble roots, because tennis is popular, personal, dynamic sports for Men for real Men. And to see also friend Leonidas, and those beautiful slopes of the Leza and the people with as possible pride behave, but more of all the terrible ignorance plaguing these compatriots, Is it good to do what my beloved daughter Tzainoula told me "where are you going with the Albanian eh Dad? Are you not afraid to kill you?"

"What foolish? my friend Apostol who made my tennis in the roof of my factory with 600 drachmas per hour, to enjoy it myself, with playmates in ages that the institutions of the neighborhood allow me to play with, and the creator hidden in the hold not to see him any bad eye and bring the police, there the humble creator frightened minority. And I am now convinced of the point I am talking to you my friends, that this boy from the region of Leza, who make me the honor first sit to listen me and to serve me for many years honorably, responsibly, productively, can put his body forward to protect me, his friend mister Panagiotis who exploit him, but he can see that I love him, and he prefers it than money, he has values has visions he can see farther. There, on the far Leza to see all these humble people to want to offer you something, a little grape, an apple, some water they call it oyi and Fasoul (similar Balkan words) and bostan that reminds something that hurt me especially.

So to those people, I found that unique warmth, unforgettable sweet warmth of the village where I was born, that this Easter, after an in-depth confession that will leave you to judge, I want to find my great friend Priest Dimitris, to confess for more serious personal matters and to receive holy communion, is my first time since I realized myself, I have not done this again my friend, I learned to live with consequence.

And in fact did I find a hotel where I will put my kids? not to afflict the spoiled our kids, ladies and gentlemen as we learn them to live milking mostly cunning and sinfully the gold mine of Europeans, will they put me in their houses, with the glances I need, me the <<uncle>> and do I know how makes some money this only cunning man? ..

Hei, not like this!! not at all like this ladies and gentlemen. I Sweated, I struggled a lot I worked more than all. My humble roots armed me, with the Aghia Paraskevi with the teacher Kolokythas, with the Priest-Stavros. And In this village that became beautiful, were became a fight, who will take the stranger in his house, the stranger ate and we fasted and delighted, for the honored he gave to us, were Covered under the blankets, and we let our imaginations to enchant our moments in the new places we went. I the poor boy with my crazy imagination I could not imagine the sea, and I found it different when I met it, and I loved it too much! And now is difficult to find a home with the warmth that I need in this village!!.

In my first period with closed doors of authority, I fought with the brave virtues I got from my roots and the holy saint of mine my father, I fought defeated as more ethical allowed me the system. I went around the world with my own values, which basically did not change, simply affected, fighting sweating, spending my honest sweat and of my beautiful friends who served me back, to serve my country, and in this great democracy(USA) that I am shouting from here responsibly, was the only righteous institutions that I have met in my life, and they know so beautiful to serve these citizens

I have participated in exhibitions I tried to do Wholesale, I made retail with out to stoop to bang the doors of authority , you see for all life scared me it, so scared, that instead reward for my brave offering when others get money from the state to promote exports, wearing the new tie, get a visa from the American embassy package at the airport, they charge this and that, staying in the best hotels...the results well known, costs, deficits. And I using my time and money there, to learn to drive to find shops in NY, in LA, I made shop in Astoria I bought a house in Brooklyn all the money back to my poor country , placements, job, growth Then listen and listen a camcorder I bought and which I carried with me up and down, as I worried about the size of illegality(I didn't pay customs) and some less informed than me humble friends of mine, watching my agony thought to mention me a neighborhood with smuggling merchandises (said Barbara) hopefully to scare me, who am not scared very easily, and they horrified me. I have anxiously with the institutions they startle me easily. And I invited you dear institutions to judge me and for this illegality and to seizure it from me, to distribute it more evenly, because I'm crazy, I could give it and to Albanians the thieves, I am a traitor I can do whatever. Why another illegality I thought that I did, with a magician lawyer from New York, who persuaded me to buy a car in Brooklyn and he explained to me the letter of the law He told me that I should have it for two years at the time of my intense effort for whole sale, after bath of sweat in this great capital of capitalism, he found a way to lose a passport, deposit for the car the Panagiotakis, Ford Sierra big car temptation and my right , but the letter of the law tremor, I am not making the declaration dude. I thought and evil, maybe this friend will trap me after years, I do not make the declaration let me lose it and I lost it and I lost a lot and I enjoyed it. In my way as a little successful man, after so many fights, I met the other authority the little contemptuous for me the little illegal, the godfather, hints and smiling , pressures for fair measures of fairness demands for growth, hints new terror on the doors of authority ... You made me tiring I disgusted gentlemen, I want you to illuminate me better, fairer. The only amazing part of my life, it seems to me that time in my village , with my father closed in the prison and the love in the eyes of my fellow villagers.

After his returning, I remember only pain to survival, defiance of the institutions that I served so productively. Punish me gentlemen of the power if I had done any mistakes punish me, I need your love. Please punish me, and justify me if I did something good, you made me crazy. I can remember another nice piece of my life there in Albania getting level points with my Albanians loved friends, they do not know how to get level points with the level pipe, prehistory Mao Zedong. Bathing in the beach with some adorable Americans priests no in robes, simple, comfortable beautiful people-listen Pitt told me my friend Paul another nice for Christ Christ said where is heard his word he denatured he can go and in shapes where there is no faith with stoles in Christian orthodox complete equipment in a few words. HE comes in, sits for a while has a great nose our master, and said. Let me go out he is another hypocrite so leaves the hypocrite just for his fan, but he will be waiting for him in the corner, even after years, and as he getting full, and catch him up and punishes him as he cannot run and quickly. These said my friend Paul and Jane his little woman and I believed him. He seemed as a very good man! But the most beautiful of all my friends, it was a beautiful wedding on the mountain, they had many weapons using for fun. "Hei stop the shooting are you crazy ?" These people are selling madness are not bad guys. Then I remembered a good friend of mine here, the Arvanitis Thanassis, the brother of law of my best man the honored and moral George's Samartzopoulos. Thanasis is from the few citizen in the municipality who didn't show me his tongue, but a gun show me in a christening, and to be honest passed by mind,

may he had heard any word that I Spited George and clear me up: They have Besa but forget the dirt Barpanikos Kampolis my friend , Dimitris, John, Costas people all standing up straight, and if they get you with good eye go ahead do not fear anyone. So ones my friend Dimitris told me, I am candidate in elections,

With whom hei Dimitro I asked , with Nick Papadimas he said ,very good boy I said he shook the area, and I will say good words , let him snubbed me, the man is in the power, he thinks that I am a capitalist let's be the work done, and all good.

But be careful with the food that is producing by our workers and they load it to us the animals, to bring it to you, to take good care for it! Because we will be joined together craftsmen and workers and will jolt you, remove the mice out by yourself now, that has ultraviolet rays in the space to be dissolved , move, work, we are coming. As in a hurry in all my life, I went out of the subject, there then at the wedding in a small village of Leza, on the rocks the boys ordered the orchestra to play the willow(greek tsamikos dance) for Panayiotakis speaking Greek very well, say if we made to them some extra lessons for our language as the Americans do, they would understand our jobs better, we would lend them some money in low cost, and finally no Albanians in Greece, and we will meet each other only for dance and orders for songs to dance ... For me Willow the flowery, now that the framework of our <<workers fathers>> are struggling more, was so beautiful that I will not going to tell you, I am thinking to write a book, because and even I work the results bristles. I will give you my pal George the work, yours, thirty five years close to the best craftsman. It's yours he didn't take it! he wants me as a shield, he knows that we lost money and he is looking to make it light (to work in the municipality) , there radiators, public relations, parties, here cold, discomfort ,the man wants equalitymake yourself equality in productivity, because we will come in, we will take the food that we gave to you and your woe. And if you foolish, he will do negative fairness, we will make the Europeans sick, they will believe that we are nation of rats, they will make us dust into the space., wake up, in such difficult times, it needs sacrifices our European unity we cannot see it? Did we became blind completely, we cannot see that!.

And from this point I will ask my friend Ambassador of Albania, who did me the honor to eat underdone chops in unorganized party on the roof of my craft. If he thinks that I am saying something positive from the memories of our civil war that still traumatized us, to translate properly this text and give it to read my favorite people of ignorance. There are from these roots and some other serious man , on the other side of the camp, the kilafides, lad hearts, of those who kept by weapons our place in the West, and for this offer we thank them, all we who benefited Honestly, the fruits of capitalism, believe me men personally, very honestly. These, men then, the kilafides who should have been my friends today, their fathers or uncles had lost their father these people. Hear and you mrs Aleka secretary of the Greek communist party, and friend of my father, true memories, traumatic, and you insist unreasonably. The tractor on the street fight , what fight, my dear Aleka , what fight? And he had killed by the communists that was sure end confirmed "Who dishonorable communist foolish?" Who else the Uncle Kostas, who spoke much like me, he was telling truths like me, as he saw, as he believed the man, made a mistake ? he lost, he paid.

So they searched the great cantor and communist Uncle Costas(my father) and they found him in some streams, first stop streams by walking to Tzairni land, which reminded me it's name my friend, the Melton Kokkinos, President of the village Omvriaki, and we were together in the Ekkaras party and he made a speech . Other means we did not have. Oh, I forgot we had a donkey which my father called kokkini and used to tell him I will take out the shepherd's crook

bad ass " (forgive me ladies) I delete the second word my-Uncle-Costas, my beloved father Costas used to say it.

So the strong men found my father, logical, very logical their father dead, killed by communists, my father communist, reasonable reaction, pistol in hand took the law into their hand executing, then knelt my father They tied his hands and pulled the trigger, no shooting what happened brother, let use and my bullet said the other brother not shooting and the other one, what happened to our pistol brother? !!

Could be chance to be innocent this man, let's send him to hang by the state not to take the pity on our hands. And he was not guilty guys, I tell you it and me who I had the pleasure to have him as teacher of values after the army in Paggrati, he died as a holy man chanting along with , my favorite aunt Athanasia the Tsirigkaina – the little Panos hei guys, the little panako not leave him to be upset. This holy aunt who had saved me once, she had hidden us under her skirt, when the partisans collected kids. who aunt grew the mighty Thanasakis the indeterminate servant of growth, there unmoved counts, investing, boats, Gorbachev.

Thank you eh Thanasakis , I thank you from the depths of my soul, let's be blessed the soul of you mummy. He would be confessed to my aunt guys you are policeman and you know that secrets leak, do not think like this for the cantor, the singer of Paliagorianis (our village). Let free his soul . And I am going to tell you something that passed from my mind-eh maybe if I sleep in their house some small kylafakos who has and the name of his grandfather will take the law in his hand.? Listen wounds my friend Aleka !!!

And from these memories of the civil war I will say to my friends Albanian citizens, who many know me up there by bus, there in front, with the plaster in my hand in the bus for saving cost of my investment. And with the plane now and then eh boss told me my friend Alekos, I have said that you are rich... and with the plane.

I standard , indescribable in the low cost not to fall out and to feel humiliated, by bus incorrigible agonist, incorrigible.

These memories remember my brothers Albanians, and from here to make you a new serious proposal. You naive investors of easy money , that does not exist, there are rumors, it is nonexistent forget it. You have big empty warehouses in Saranda, in Vlora in Durres, in Sentsin, give the weapons to your Elders whom you respect to much , and put the Europeans to the guard, and go to elections, and if they steal you the votes, the Europeans will give them to you again, to make scared the usurpers of power. We want you a democratic country, not become more stupid than before, money are easily forgotten let them fool you, the Lord waits them in the corner, HE not forgets he has a sword, has nose.

Europeans have money left over, but they do not throw it the people, they want work, growth, , throw weapons, go to the elections, work is coming, and growth , move, awake, toss them(guns) to the ruins, there are cursed, there are leaving wounds to the centuries .

And to go a little back to these strong men in the description of my father , who preferred to give the guilty to the institutions, for justice and well-done the institutions in the beginning to punish the guilty, and to come later the blessed position of general Plastiras with his measures for peace, to return him to us to give me another not easy to pick up inheritance , listen to it to criticize.

From his work before the civil war my daddy was specialist in the rails of train, that's why they took him to the mines in Omvriaki as specialist after the prison, because we had the support and from the Uncle George Tantis with the unforgettable aunt of mine and sister of barba Costas, the aunt Sophia.

This aunt as my father was in prison she fed me up and loved me so much, that everyone thought would make me her kid, but I resist for the family values for my roots, I throw stones to anyone who called me tantouli. I will describe and another incident. She took me some time and in the other aunt of mine Bakena. In the auto stop to the military cars the solders asked my name, and my aunt to cover the guilty t'tanti t'anti and I involved to say you dumb-of cuckold I am of palioukosta of 'palioukosta.

But he as worthy custodian of the values , returned from jail and left me an another heavier inheritance. Listen my friends an inheritance un lifted , other workers in the mines used a round trip by buss Omvriaki-Mines ticket price in 1956 two draxs up and down. But barba Costas had trouble with his children, Spyros well suited and finished the high school in Leros, offering of the Queen, Demetrakis well done by the help of prist Xynotiras, he settled in Church's high school in Lamia. Panagiotakis and he good? "what happens to us !!" the teacher Sfetsos in omvriaki insisted to my father, " the boy has to go on in the school , I have two goods in the class and the two Vlachs, he has to go on."

Walking then the barba Costas from Omvriaki to mines with snow, walking, and the whistling from the bus? societies stricter with the mistakes of others, harsh unforgiving, no well known . Hey get in the bus barba will you take with you the money ? Get out, and those you have buried in Kaitsa ... and there the barba Costas in cold walking, humiliated by whistling to go to work. Ten cellars beneath the earth, to clean and after work the garbage from the acetylene, which was used to get the small pieces he found in Barpapardali the barber who wanted light, my God memories, along with two draxs for the ticket, summation culture for Panagiotaki. Searching men distributors of power, illuminating my sweat for what I pleased you to do in details where you will not find the stolen of Kaitsa , the two draxmas you will find that have become today huge volume of heritage, weight un lift able!!!

Ladies and gentlemen of the local authority,

The long experience we have with the socialized enterprises with the form of government, and the less experienced and more efficient compared with the previous, municipal enterprises , which in a short time we will find out that they do not work , if we compare the cost of their producing with the costs that produces the free market.

It has to put a question mark on all of us, who have and should have the sensitivity for the common, and comes to my mind an aspect of our ancient ancestors, that their culture trying to copy the biggest democracies of the West, without yet succeeded it perfectly, **It was an offense for a citizen not to be interested in public affairs.** What do we do? because I would not agree with the recognized throughout the territory our municipal authority and leadership of our mayor that the solution is to hide the truth with blinds on the windows of the municipality, to hide the << productivity>> of the offices in an effort for social policy through employments of an already burdened budget. Certainly it is a feat of our local authority, the successful transfer of funds, in an area so degraded which so quickly presented a different picture.

From experiences that I have as a citizen with a long tradition in small and medium enterprises in the manufacturing industry, and professional experiences and activities in USA and some construction activities especially in our country. I suggest a more modern socialized activity, the healthy form of SA companies. So far mostly in our country except of the stock market that also is showing, selfishness and rotting sending away investors from the supposedly healthy development space, and even if it is healthy it needs as all decentralization. O.E or individual ones, are just transformed into S.A in order the owners to win benefits and exemptions of the law,

and I believe that the essence of the law is completely different. The law I think became to serve healthy socialization, and I believe that it is not understood as it not understood the essence of democracy in our consciences, **because we are in a serious percentage nomads of customers leaded by the leaders , who often promise to us food without work and we are eating it , as if productivity is shame and humiliation and not the food. And many times leaders get votes from neighborhood's cafes, by just swearing financially reputable citizens, who more often for what they have succeeded based on over trial and deprivation,**

while the same (the leaders) when they get the authority, they must grab the funds of state, to cover debts from their personal activities, in the free market supposedly failed because they had high honesty and not inability . And they share some food to the flock, which eats pleasantly, thinking that the money were graded from the funds of (thieves) who had put them on skeletons of victims, while they do not know that at the same time they pay out the debts of the leader , eating from their own flesh and mortgaging and the future generations of humbles, at the same fate.

In this form of S.A companies and with these values I suggest to the local governments to participate, for morally support, the activities of people who have the ability to understand the principles of democracy and the majority of stocks , because never is enough the letter of law to cover consciences, and to protect them from taken the law in their own hands. The main company could not be something else than a financial institution, (without being specific) a form of a cooperative bank may give in our municipality the vanguard of West Attica, that it is entitled from the offer it made in Attica, Athens, and especially the West Attica keeping in it's site trash, gypsies and cemeteries that I would not see the last one negatively (to increase the revenue)

This institution then that could not function without the majority of the package in the municipality at least in the starting could be able to cover the basic needs of the local community for development by supporting special new businessmen that could be with fewer bureaucratic procedures, to promote their efforts with the cost of money to the dimensions that wonderfully promotes and achieves the current government and two or three points less perhaps in the beginning for those who already have loans and I would say that for those (borrowers) half of their loans to can be deposited , with the cost they bought, up to the time they will need them again. It will also relieves the society from the hard nightmare of the interpersonal loans relationship, which as operating in the dark have the possibility to light up what it wants, and to humiliate people who might were faultless, and to justify wicked people and suspicious certainly from both sides.

Let me confess that I felt this deadly nightmare, when in the first steps of my personal decentralization, from my family business, I had to get a loan from the Bank, to be used by the remaining brothers, who all together had led our sad activity in closed doors of monetary institutions, because as operate more Greek businesses, decisions were taken in bedrooms without boards of capable, and the most important, without discipline in our decisions.

In the interpersonal relationship with my brothers I collected the interest that I paid to the Bank, buying shoes that the company itself could not sell, but I after decentralized I went up to the flee market of Chalkis having the offer of my wonderful partners(my workers) who supported me, even with their personal risk, to face another different rat partner, who was covered by the decisions of juries-cafes, he sentenced me to take money in the form of taking the law in my hands, that used to exist in many areas of our society.

And to referred to a forced from it's part behave of a local store, of the wider region, which is supported by our municipality with coupons of consumption if I understand correctly , from the information I had from a person from my farther family environment .I met this, store in the first time I have mentioned through a mutual friend and with the known system, that I have a friend who has another friend, I was proposed to find the next. Because the interest rate it supposed to be paid, seemed to me too much, I preferred the method of the straight line that fits better to my character. So I visited the shiny (surface) shop, I told him that a mutual friend told me the problem, and I offered to let him an amount of money for a year with the banks discount rate, I'm not sure about my motives, in this time of my existential needs , was a little more profit, or the curiosity how such a store could be looking for money in such cost!!.

The specific owner, at the end of the year and after multiple visits of mine, to cover the other part of my interest, curiosity, confessed that owes double in the market from the merchandises that he had into the store.

I certainly got my money, two years later, ending up to collect interest as half of the current bond of the Greek state, without being angry, the opposite it appears to me emotionally to support him with goods, and with credit for years.

Let me describe and my third confession at the same time , for the same phenomenon, Bank manager, Greek Arabic whom introduced to me my best friend we were together in the last class of night school in Gouba, and Lamprakides in ymitos and my beloved friend (even today) low employee in a just coming to Greece American Bank at that time . Case of personality for my friend, Mr. Director took from us cash and from my friend I think, giving to us checks and adding less than the discount rate of banks !! because this strong man, he said, would turn from London bearing trophies, to make a bank with the Arabs, and then we will enjoy the confidence of the strong manager.

Only that the strong man did not come back, and is looking for him and the naïve Arabic bank, together with us the multiple gullible, and this “powerful” man did not deign after so many years, even to return the capital that we trusted to him .My capital was a house at the time and I was at a point of time, I lived in rent, and the property which is tied me with the region, was under the mortgage in the bank, for the remaining brothers, who tried and they finally rescued it , and with the brave remission of an other relative (thanasakis) to whom I'm afraid we didn't recognize his offer even we the beneficiaries, and in that point instead of humility and gratitude, we return back sarcasm , change of camps, where we personally had reasons of gratitude and defense to his reputation, in any camps of values and problems we may be.

In the same year the devotee my little woman, worked during the night, to be able to watch the kids while I was sleeping, to pay our own debts. Sorry but appeared to my mind an another supposed a victim to purify better my soul and to feel full of sublimation going to Easter. An old short man and as I can see the life now, he would probably knew the drama that would expect me from this interpersonal loan relationship, led me first in the beginning to get a check of a serious colleague to cover some of his products (stabs) for which he was paid and didn't delivery, and to take and some cash, the second one before the end of the first and luckily, because of some straight male voices, honored me over the years with their love and my sensitive conscience environment, when at the last time I had to lose some money to release , I lost them and I enjoyed it. But the last shock I got was when one young salesman told me the following specific is good to hear all you the serious men, who have your name before your actions, I-he said- Panagiotaki put the money in my pocket and I say that I give to an other man this man....Listen listen Lord honesty in days of martyrdom and purity that are coming.

And for the powerful people, who have no reason to give higher interest than the bankers rate, is good to reflect how many bury them, meanwhile they do well in the muddy waters of hypocrisy.

Do not forget, of course, and two valued collaborators, who understood the problem, respected it and liberated me to feel good friends along the way. Rather gentlemen we must turn to serious investments, where from majorities of the board of directors we will find better solutions and more useful, all we with the high know how **and the belief that all must return to the less intelligent of us, who are waiting our interest in order to show their love to us**, I personally need more their love than they need my interest.

Let me not forget and a friend of mine (let's say) that time very clever lawyer classmate of the peristeri neighborhood, who helped me to capture the thief and I thank him but as soon I defused and we went to the compromise, the poor thief counting the bills that he was giving to me naively said, like all those people (who any of you who studied law here, know them better), that he had given to my lawyer something from the total amount of the contract... what he was doing with my lawyer? Perhaps that I also had done with his own!!.

My friend(the lawyer), however, for good and for bad having memories from my terrible momentum in the first trial, looked a little farther thinking, eh let's be careful with this crazy, who bargains and even the dime, thinking that he caught the biggest offense and will take the law in his hands? Very possible that time from the madness that came out from my ignorance. But he was prepared my buddy, he had for good and bad in his hands of, an ace, he had managed to convince me to give me a check in a very low amount was not was two hundred thousand draxs, with interest rate discount of banks rate, Be careful one and single, It didn't paid in the Bank I had to go to his office to see <<the victim>> the terrible really needs even for ten drachmas that I had at that time, to believe me and to give the money to me, and the funny thing was that I didn't know that I had probably committed an offense, and with the witness, of a lawyer, who knew the lawyers of the bandit chief the manager of the Greek Arabic bank, who had put in the checks, half a point lower than the legal, and to my friend from what he told me and I believe him, Greek bonds, but he would immediately be partner after the foundation of the new Bank, I'd get something more from the beginning, to get a home first, and because I was and a good boy, and we would see later.

Will we make an Institution? go to square, vote, six cases, one unrelated two extortion, two correct one thick –thick fraud sorry, we lost for good. 80% failure. New dealers are not easy these things, there are pitfalls of other cats, with degrees and ties, what work we have to do with these?

In the basket of my debts, were and savings of my benefactors workers, colleagues, whom I have mentioned before, who gave me their money with the current bond rate of the Greek state, I hope I didn't make them prey of the neighborhoods courts- cafes, for which I'm afraid that I had made them, who after bath of sweat and deprivation, succeeded to make a house. And from this point I have to say to especially young traders **that what shines it is not cold**, and a Cooperative Bank under the auspices of the government would be the most essential in our district.

As for the offer to seemingly weak traders, who supported from the municipality by vouchers for consumption, it would be good to test the survivability and ability of these people to be co merchants, or maybe we add unfair competition in already starving tight healthy merchants, because some evil or unable, for the market, will continue to the same road, that brought them to the same point.

And we give time for survival to these people, in an area of development that is not for them, and we just let them to make other mistakes, floundering in the waters of the development which are not for them, and they are leading perhaps particularly young naive, or hurrying investors in their own despair, and ultimately the first are not particularly aware of their actions, from the point where is the equilibrium of their consciousness, the second why to pay and they for.

Ladies and gentlemen thanks to the European gold mine of money, that are coming to our underdeveloped country, that are shavings of our compatriots workers of the West, who can not understand why, they should send to us their savings, sleeping in the dusk for getting up early in the morning to go to work, while we should complain, because they do not leave us, to eat them after two o'clock in the morning when we enjoy it better. There is and will be a more serious unemployment fund, to cover some basic needs, and let's fill the rest in the competition of the hard labor-market, where we will be led some time, because this is the justice, and because the state socialization as some accommodated mean, just will delay our rapid development.

And to conclude this depth of mine confession in these interpersonal loan relationships, most hurts me the path of the twelve years to the public confession than the money, which in personal level I do not need them, at least for demonstration.

And from this point I feel to thank a true friend who became the third of my life in these difficult years where my consciousness space was trying to find it's balance. He gave to me affection unfussy to survive my wounded pride in this long journey of my soul to public confession.

A branch of this institution would be an instrument, I would say playing a mediatory role for promoting shares, as a mini stock market, through which will illuminate the purity of the funds, which will claim the majority. After this serious primary instrument, all seem to me very simply to be created the next two I will propose to open the way of our local society, to invest the healthiest and most capable people of our region, to healthier and especially more useful productive companies

S.A OF PRESS

The local press in the form that works today covers a few views, reaching the point to have three newspapers in menidi two in Megara and none in Ano Liosia.

I do not know about other areas. So could gather groups of views of the wider area as craftsmen, who I aspire to gather, spiritual voices, local clubs, financial voices and in the lazy Sundays, to have a training the fighters of hard work, who could no been able to learn, even like us who can steal their sweat with any of our ways.

And from this point Mr accommodated I please you to go out of your hot places where for so many times you have nothing serious to do, to see here in the neighborhood my friend Otto, on the edge of the road od. Elytis, fighting from the time he waked up at 8 o'clock in the morning, he prefers to leave late when his tired parts of his body, lead his tired legs in the street of the poet up to the bus stop, many years in the same way offering very serious work to the craftsmen of the region with his lathe. And the almost my brother George Samartzopoulos in the cold weather in Megara or in Ano Liosia, and worried a little bit in case that I will quit completely, because he knows that we are losing money, and this man of high principles comparing with others should have at least five pensions, worried even for survival!! And so many friends, and these who seemed better did you ever search our debts,

do you not need an economical light to illuminate our problems? You drive us in instruments that we not even know what these are like as quite rightly asked me a new friend from Megara, "what is Chamber Panagiotaki"?

" 'Do I know' 'I said the wise "is not there were we pay to get the paper to go for what we need? " accommodated , Mr. Panagiotakis, comfortable is paying" irrelevant eh dude he said" they do not know what they are talking about .And me as more specific, I thought now in my fifty years, to ask my brother Dimitri the President of the shoe Association next to me, he would tell me, he is serving the institution, boiled them he said, parties, criteria choices from flags.

To pierce the paper in tax offices for using them, stroller of items, effect oiling, obscure relationships, kneeling in the more powerful, laws intermediaries, increase in everything. From where will take the state my friend and cousin controller of the IRS the hundred millions drax. from the Voulgaraki that you put at him doing strictly your duty, and offending and your cousin who called you to ask? I'll tell you after fifty years I plan to live if not something bad happens to me in Albania, and we will be friends-**sorry that will not take the public the money**-does not exist.

Friends of power, we cannot blame your intentions, personally I think especially today than ever before, that you are the best people we have chosen you, it is our fault ladies and gentlemen craftsmen we do not articulate a cry to say our views, to become greater power, they like to say to our brothers industrial workers that (we the bosses..) **and to appear us as devils to our brothers workers**. Because the many must gather the crops, the animals to carry it, and the elected to hold and to tidy them, to have and for the elections, we in the elections nowhere, updates to our brothers workers? Others ... The Papariga prehistoric things. Maybe my brothers we fault more than we think? Should be better I think after explaining once and our buddies workers, you would ask me and where is the time? But there is the Sunday, that for the next Sunday we will gather two pages of a new newspaper will get along with the other two ones, and will pass on more hands it sells, good advertising, decided the municipality something unfair for us, we shout, these wants voters, we ourselves are in danger, now I'm going in Albania, I scare my friends I need company, someone behind to worry to have a voice, and voice is democracy has the majority, old values and the same.

Discipline to the majority Respect first of all. Dear friends my humble dearest people of hard working , wake up all these hunters of all sorts of possessions, are kidding us when they told us to leave the EU to go where foolish Christians, are we mad?

But we were better before. We were better yes, but we ate the borrowed, the money of our children, that we the Greeks' love so much our poor kids, but we leave them in ignorance and put debts on them and you know why? The protectors of the workers told them, do not leave the boss to use you, go to the Ministry, strikes the pilot ? the Papariga(secretary of the communist party) present to aid the poor pilot, is a working man too, we have to support him!

What are you talking about mrs my Aleka. May you are Confused, and from this point I suggest to our Prime Minister (Kostas Simitis at that time), this wonderful man, from the unique people who can make proper resistance to existing corruption,

to give her a niche in the EU to breathe cleaner air, she will come and thinner, who knows, maybe she will learn and tennis to come here in A. Liosia , where the institutions have a good coach my friend Thomas, he is son of cantor, she would like him he is a pretty boy.

Dear Mrs. Aleka the only beautiful thing that I saw in this mobile billboard of human values, and you have done well that you borrowed the idea from the Americans, it is pretty and selling as are telling these most informed people on the planet, was <<resist to the corruption>>, everything else seemed prehistoric jokes, and I'm sorry to tell you that and do not tell it to Barba Kosta(my father) your close friend down there, he will not believe you, he knows that I'm looking for truths, as he was looking for, and left the comfort and went to the mountain and crucified. And from this point I have to say that is better no one to dare to insult the memory of my father, I have guts, he would have a problem.

My friends <<fathers >>of workers I have an another view for employment, and please record the conversation of a teammate of mine and my friend Napoleon whom I still beat him at tennis. My friend Napoleon who wants to serve his country by perhaps the most serious point of the institutions, when it served bravely, the army, and by his impulsive pressure to his teammates, appeared his guts, I told him, 'Napoleon man must learn to accept and over pressures and to adapt, so is the institution be careful watch well. " And to get and at the point of the dialogue with my friend Napoleon that interests, the <<fathers>> of the workers and patrons of the feed of the people. "mr Panayiotis he told me" "what work to do I went to a boss for about twenty days and tried to exploit me , but when I told him that I will go to the ministry he gave me the money,'.

"I said eh friend Napoleon otherwise I took advantage of my boss", "how?" He says eh mister Panagiotis? "I worked as up to not being tired to see me my boss, this giant of rasp Michael Stathis'. Was not easy to compare this man, three a.m. there, job sawdust, sweat, war!! May rather had a competition by his brother the Dionysaki

The pretty boy, that if he worked as many hours as his big brother, skrive twenty people the two of them, but he had and other interesting the kid, he was playing football, he was a boxer, ideally of era, Marlon Brando, James Dean, standard irresistible, hero, only him I counted, and his brother of course, but him another story!! To think about I imagined him to be in trouble with twenty, and to melt them without help, himself, and when he left sometimes his old tzin trousers next to the ribbon ,I wore and glittered, I worked with both hands the ribbon, a tiny show of energy.

And if didn't see me the boss, who probably saw me the misunderstanding from me and for many years, my teacher of rasp, and would say by his self ... "leave him the foolish Poor boy, to do and some traction on horizontal bar." Where fitness at that time, a horizontal bar between the piles with wood. Memories, loves, loves with the object shoe last, loves unique unrepeatable. And from this point of my life to publicly ask forgiveness from my great teacher, and to say "excuse me dear friend, It was the way I saw things at that time , I saw you to humiliate my roots, my oldest brother, him another great unique light source of emotions and poetry, unique, unrepeatable, love for everyone, and his love justified him , he loved by all of us. And foolish with this love of my work what I lost, me the Panagiotakis from the rocky village ? I'll tell you what I won because I did not lose anything, but I won the most important.. specialist needed the Panagiotakis, in the largest democracy on earth, the sacred temple of the institutions of democracy!

Because listen for the mind of this people, the only point that they stood, I had done a patent clog in the Ministry of Commerce, and made great success , we got a lot of money at that time, after we lost it, ours was we are not going to give you any explanation , eh are you crazy he had a father Communist are you dull Americans ? My country took my folder after looking it seriously-seriously and said, "in front Nick back Panagiotis Paliokostas

who " said songs of Theodorakis, in Gouva this traitor with the Vangelakis Gkiordas who was a pretty boy, and comes to my mind the great captain of transmissions Capt. Danis who would say: "eh you, he only works, he only works, who to listen him!" Dictatorship, blindfolds, humiliation, racism, minority.

And from this point my great friends of the West, let me tell you, that you shocked me , you charmed me with your intelligence, you know how to make friends, you're just another thing that only ninny you are not, and you did not leave light and light of our major ancestors not borrow, to give it everywhere with no interest-free, to make friends.

And we who have given to you, we do not see, we have a problem we have and Papariga she sees better, and says to the <<fathers>> of workers it was said by Americans it is not true they drink blood, easy Mrs. Aleka, you mixed up, I love you I love you a lot, but you confused them a lot, I can sign it with interest to win money, you confused them, confused them. And come with you and the others <<fathers>> of workers, who scared not to take of them and other voters, because their eyes are polishes better, they look more awake than you, and go on with legal frameworks and go on with criteria, and a hundred millions fine to him who has not to pay the man, and well do where to find them, and me who I could find them you drive me outside I'm not working, I am sleeping quietly, I worked more than any one, I write small poets and I am playing the poet with spelling mistakes, to cover my madness and to make fun to myself. Because if I go to work I feel to laugh with you, it is selfish to laugh with others, let me laugh with myself I feel better, you are crazy, I am getting crazy too, to make satisfied the other the great with the big eyebrows who can see us very well from up there, and throws some deaf slang to stay as a historical light <<**immense mad hospital**>> wise the man ! here the world is burning to get into the EU and we there out, not to tighten our belts a little bit, and something could happens, and will not go our Children to the English school, or in the ballet in the village skarmitza, do not deny them the divine food of knowledge and unjust them too , let grow the pie with borrowed money, and then we do not unjust them ,no problem we are owing to the thieves Americans we owe, they have drunk a lot of blood, we are crazy, we are Greeks, we're <not> suckers

Come my friends we the craftsmen of the wider humble and humiliated West Attica region. What's wrong with in the high class neighborhood they call the police to bring it to us , gypsies in Galaṡsi washing cloths in the streets, where the people find free water ? corruption , by oiling from bachtsisi (Turkish word for corruption) side the system, and they in ANO LIOSIA, oil, refineries, fumes, there in the WEST SIDE, Eleusis a paradise of ancient heritage, can not breathe and a great tennis player, whom I saw here in Petroypolis side in a final, we send him to the beautiful and with the shiny cloths, and with the better air, we the creators, hold, job, minority, hard gypsy in our region, drugs here to us, do not disturb the other ghettos, they got bachelor they are serving institutions, are serious, we have to care for them. We are busy working, and we are waiting for the new framework here, in the factories from 7 o'clock in the morning up to night into the stink, and all our pain how to tighten the poor worker of us , is there anything else to tighten?

For the institutions take care the educated - what are you talking about foolish he graduate of the Panteion , he will go in the chamber, and another paper-and this one the tall ,who has appearance, remember he moved the flag and seemed from far! -He must be director - we have not a position – we will create one, we have to accommodate and this man.! And another paper from the new manager not to be out of the chapter, Keep looking Harry Klin (funny actor)

for greater stroller, look friends colleagues for solutions you cannot talk about, for relationships that we cannot confess, for humiliation that cannot be described.

No gentleman let's break the parties we want power with our own organizations, craftsmen workers together to be a right, honest power, outside of interests of authorities, say good the Simitis ? in, says bad? out, does Manos works ? and we, do not, voice of protest, requirement. Voice of ours, opposition to corruption of luxury and challenge, I started to smell it around of me, they took a position - style ,power, come here to tighten things in the right place, here down to us nothing was left to be tightened, the milk has finished , to be in the game, not like other craftsmen who say, let me alone, paper, paper fund tax, from the never illegal state, 10% in month two years ago, for every month of delay ,I am not going at all, and if they catch me I will change address and the police officer will go it to the old address.

Not like this my friends, we will not become the same, we have knowledge of development, proposals we know things, not know the educated, and we know nothing , what educated irrelevant, are irrelevant, as told me a new friend from Megara unrelated, irrelevant. If Aleka told us something good inside, You see I saw a in her sign a value **RESIST TO THE CORUPTION** Take it to put for proposal to vote to go for the majority to become institution to be saved. As for my personal interest I found that some people ask (what does the fox in the bargain) I want to honor me, not you as individuals, the local authorities as institutions, even with a share in the effort I am making in Albania, from emotional charging because thanks God the way I learned to survive and to fight, I learned not to beg but to fight until the end, especially after this point of my life, that I launched economically, and I hope and morally, my two children, with the help of the very moral companion of my life, I have no needs, I just want to offer, and in a specific direction of humble people that I chose. And be assured, ladies and gentlemen of the authority, that if I didn't believe that your moral involvement is needed not for me, but for my own effort, you would not see me, because as often as I needed you, just humiliated me with the way that your imagination light my honesty, and accommodated your selfishness, anyway I learned to survive with closed doors of authority since I was born, and the only different behave to me was a bucket for trash, and please or put and to others craftsmen of the region, or take back and my own.

Thank you for listening and be sure that I will not avoid you again , but I hope you Mr Mayor to send me the answer, even through the tennis watchdog whom I see often, and to allow me to exercise with the local boys and girls, that gives me special pleasure to return them balls and values, maybe a little different from the values of the area forgive me. And let me express with emotion that in the turbulent honest (hopefully) my path to survival, I met less contempt by the authorities of the persecutors of my great Barba-Costas my father, than from his fellow possessors of power, and humbly to thank all of you, who accepted seriously to aware and to understand my emotional high charging . And by the chance you are giving me after the unloading of donkey, that any way I had to be , let me show to you with a verse a young poet from Ekkara I have with me, and to wish God to give me life and experiences to satisfy the concern and courage, to be able to say truths. Because if the <<fathers>> of workers continue their policy, I am changing job, who knows maybe our great poet odysseys Ellytis searching to find a street with his name to the good neighborhoods, to sing any good song the Costakis Hatzis(famous Roma singer in Greece) from his own memories, to bend ,to listen, and as soon he finds his street here in the border with roots that has never hides the brave Artists, to throw a flare to illuminate me, anyway, like a craftsman I do nothing, as a poet who knows? So Listen to it.

With shield the truth,
I demolished the pumpkins,
watermelons and mice
from my donkey's back
that put on me at once ,
scribes and Pharisees punches fatal.

Low class ladies slaves,
With thousands of rings,
stacked in trunks
many kinds of ornaments,
Grabbed longingly, from the humble tribe...
and glaze the wares, in the nightly palaces.

The most beautiful days

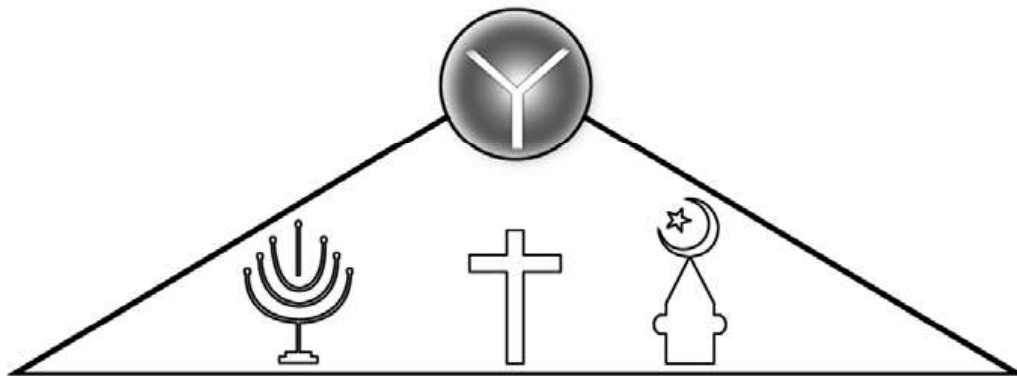
The days that followed my speech, cannot be described in colors of beauty. But a beautiful event was also when after many pressing and calls of mine, finally the priest-Dimitri (from the same village) agreed to see me in the church in Athens, where he was serving. He had seen strange the desire of mine to confess, but I really wanted it.

After I unfortunate to confess when I went to my local church, in Sunday of Lazarus. So, he spent a bit of his time and when we talk, he very friendly told me something, which showed that he had been informed , about my "madness" So he said: 'if you will become like George Kinousis,(a famous singer who left singing to be devoted to Jesus) take care first for your children. " The debate around this issue has not continued so I knelt before him and weeping beneath his stole and I began to confess for personal matters which were compared with the opposite sex, especially with 'my sins against to my wife . When I told him that I thought I'd keep the rules to receive holy communion but he told me that they are even stricter. Then he suggested me to receive the holy Communion in the Day of Resurrection. The confession was in the holy Friday morning, usually in the evenings I never went to Epitaph, whenever it passed I preferred to seat in my house.

But that evening, as I was in an nirvana I went with my wife and my daughter in the church of the Transfiguration of Jesus in my neighborhood. In this congregation I lived the religious sentiment in all its glory. The moment that went out the Epitaph, stood near to me an old woman dressed in black, rigorous, lonely and silent, and then I was willing to get her out to the exit and I kept her arm , while I was looking to find my wife and my daughter . When I asked her if there was someone with her to look and to find him, she chose not to answer me, so when we went out and I found my own people, I left her to go. I continued around the city chanting and flooded the happiness of divine presence in my soul, while I had a intuition of unique beauty. So then happens the following strange: On the way back, just before we would go into the church, I saw again the old lady, who stood on a pillar surrounded by three to four poor dressing girls and waited. I was feeling great euphoria, and approached them and I asked: " Did your grandmother finds you?

And I am asking this ,because when she went out she was all alone. " The bigger girl rushed to tell me that she was indeed alone, I took her again by the arm and passed her beneath the Epitaph. I do remember and made a big impression to me, her rigor but also curious silence. Today, even after nine months, when I bring her to my mind I shudder and gives me the feeling that this old lady had around of her a strange light, which still shakes my soul! As soon as we passed from Epitaph, she disappeared from beside me suddenly, and without saying anything..

As I was talking with my wife one Sunday morning and told her that God feels annoyed by too many priests who ridicule HIS word with hypocrite and that the God-had given the presence of prophet Muhammad, to punish the society of the Church of Christ , which operated in darkness in the Middle Ages, in the transaction and indulgences. And He thinks that often circulates His world more honorably in a mosque, in spite of the Orthodox churches. And this figure remained while we were talking for a few minutes in my brain.



And I kept telling her that does not bother him to remain the Christian or Muslim traditions, as long as these are not associated with the power. And to be served from the priests, without being paid, in every cultural tradition of the light of God. Whether Catholic or Orthodox or Muslim, or Protestant, or Jewish or Hindu or Buddhist interpretation of light and it's cultural tradition of the church or mosque. And mostly without color of authority on the chairs of his own power, where sometimes this color suits the word of Satan. Finally HE wants to stop here the production of new churches.

When I was saying all this to her, she answered me that he could not touch me the spirit of good, because I never went to the church. I remember one Sunday morning, as she was missing to the church in Alepochori, I did hard criticism by writing a poem for the social hypocrisy of the the people and of the Priests of churches:

My Christ be careful

My fellows: I passed alone the street
and I was afraid of you.
And we were all together and I was afraid and beware
I Smiled, laughed and agreed
Up to your turn, to disagree and to chuckle
together with others when you left.

I came to see you at your house and you were hurting me
You knew something to say to hurt me, I did not know,
But I could ask your friend and your brother
and I was sure that I will learn it, I was sure.

You came to see me in my home and you watching out,
old furniture, complaints of my daughter while you flawless,
if you were like me, otherwise you would be you are correct.

And after you left I mumbled
Look the irrelevant, look the fool,
I am the right I said to the others,
He is useless, he is dirty, you know what he did?

He did this, he did that and what he had not done.
But when I see you: welcome my friend. Tell me your news
But if you tell me you know will come the difficult
Will come the difficult .

My fellow For self-defense you say the opposite,
all good, you tell me no problem ,
I sleep soundly only satiated my cows,
The dim became fatter.

And I ask you what about women? And you tell me
Hei I decided only with my wife, with my wife
and you ask me what about you?
And I answer: everything better, everything better,
I protect my back and I answer
I do the same , with my wife, with my wife.

I have a problem, you said, my mother is stealing me
And I tell you, do the same do the same,
but to tell you the truth you tell me, where she brought me what to do?
people became worse, the world is spoiled, world is spoiled.

And when you leave, I to the others
the bloody liar, look what he said
he has so many problems, his mother told to me, he thinks I do not know,
and his partner told me the same ,
Is fault of the women his dirty girlfriends,
this scurvy man speaks in lies, he speaks with lies.

My fellow man: And you saying the same things, you say the same
what is our mistake did you ever think? Why all these?
Why we are talking when is 'all fake?
World is lost into lies,
And we bury him, and we bury him!

Where to find us HIS sunlight HE said
I am in the light **I am the light** ,
We the same thing and our priests the same thing
darkness in their world, their doors just a little un dusting
for the flock, to come for holy bread, for giving money,
to come for holy bread.

Come on beauty Pick up 'your feet.
The Lord told me, love comes,
Pick up 'your feet, he came in my sleep, he told me that
he sent you to me, did you collect and any money?
He wants in his church a new painting,
and said within himself, I want a wig for
the new girlfriend ,a new stuff
world filled up my blessed , world is full.

Where are you Jesus did not you shudder?
What the hell happened, did you crucified for free?
With what priests? Where's the truth and the humility?
In the same position, the same man, he held on,
He didn't get tired him to use your power ?
Or wants bonds, he wants bonds, he wants bonds.

You came brightly the same people took your blood,
the same people took your world
They camouflaged it, and accommodated
They made groups such as in Naples
They made groups such as in Sicily
as in the Naples, as in the Sicily.
MY CHRIST BE CAREFUL!

September 1997 – Patmos

Making the favor to my wife, which does not like the noise and the crowds and influenced by those that happened to me, I decided finally to go to Patmos. There I saw the island of Revelation, around of 'which we are having troubles about the fanatics of the 666, as if they believe that if all are in program of the Creator to be done, will stop them the online identity. In my book that I started to write in my way to Patmos, into the ship which we get. Exactly opposite of me, had sat an Australian girl, who was traveling alone to the island. Eventually and after talking for a long time, she asked me to learn what I was written, and I suddenly felt the need to tell the whole truth. So I told her, I had to write about something shocking happened to me, and when she asked what was it concerning, I replied: "Sorry for the shock that will challenge to you, but anyway will not meet you again. I felt the presence of Christ within me, for over a month! I cannot forget even today the shock manifested in her eyes when she heard it.

My big shock

In Patmos we stayed the night in a very nice hotel, which we had chosen from the recommendations that had made to us in the port. The next morning, we informed by the reception about worth seeing: They informed us for three monasteries and a mansion of a shoe maker, whom escapes me his name. Eventually, we went to the castle, we went and in the 'mansion and then we went on foot to the cave in which the Revelation was written by John. There, talked to us a young student from the church school, for John, telling us how he had banished by a Roman Emperor, he show as the stone that he slept on, and where he put his head in a pit formed on the rock, and near to this the point that he put his hand to stand up. Just behind me stood a couple of Americans, to whom I translated the words of the young student. In a moment, he talked about that day where John felt the presence of Christ in the cave, telling us that there was a strong expansion of current in the area, with the result that the ceiling of the cave to open in three! When I saw the shape of the cracks I shuddered and I shudder even today, because it was the same with that which was nailed in my mind, and it was on this island, which I had never heard or seen before in my life! When we returned in the evening at the hotel, I wrote a little verse for this so beautiful island:

PATMOS

Stone of fire, extinguished by the waves
holy breeze on the slopes of the Stone
green terraces, from the water that extinguish the stone
when it caught fire the belly of the earth
and run the waves to extinguish the fire.

And remained broken in strange shape into the sea
with the night to feel afraid from the lights of the St. castle
the monastery that has been respected by Western, Kings and Emperors
in order to stay the triangle mark into the centuries,
as monument off the universe.

To stay the brand of the universe
that shouting us to in the light to go
and the sin that we bring to light is getting virtue
and as the trophy the truth erect the man
and the light ..feels proud ... and hopes.

There, in Patmos, I saw the cave of the poet John, I heard about the first churches of Ephesus and then as I came back I started writing some memories from my younger age. In the process my messages began slowly to identify, and I felt the complaint of Christ, because the language that was written His word, which does not exist alive anywhere today ,and the Gospels of John and the other disciples, are not understood nor and in Greek language supposedly these were written in ancient Greek language, which we almost abolish in our schools. I believe that HE would like His word, to can be heard from the citizens of the wider region, as a live language , to start from the areas of the Balkans and Asia Minor.

September found me with other interests, after I quit tennis, and I had been written in a music school to learn guitar. As I played a few notes, I felt the magic of the language of music, and then I remembered the word of the poet John in Patmos.

IN THE BEGINNING IS THE WORD

In the beginning is the word ,
The word is getting poetry
poetry is getting rhythm
the rhythm becomes music.

Music, poetry and the word ,
pass you through the streets of the imagination,
They running you in the streets of happiness
and upload the speed of spirit.

You are alone, but you can engage thousands
and you reach them and you touch them,
you are never desperate
and you are approaching the nirvana of perfection.

Why there are the great happiness
In the pleasure of the Spirit
The others are like the pleasure of animals.
In the beginning is the word
and the word is, the beginning and the END.

The hardest thing I faced was to mention the presence of Christ within me and all the strange, bold and unprecedented events that disrupted my mental peace.

My decision to write all these strange events, was taken because I felt a lot of pressure inside me, just at a time when I had very big problems like a medium to small craftsman , and I was putting serious capital for my measures in Albanian territory, in the specific village namely Plan around Lesha and I was worrying maybe would not succeed this attempt of mine.

So these pressures, led me in November '97 to Tirana(capital of Albania) where I had noticed my partner Alekos was there for me. On my last trip, had checked our passports some more modest policeman , who behaved to me with more respect than the previous times. There were three buses with Greek drivers and with cooperation with the police, they passed us through Tepeleni another northern city of southern and distressed country.

I started Saturday evening, around nine o'clock p.m. and I arrived the next day to Tirana around 6:00 p.m., where it rained a lot. There were waiting Alekos along with the cute brother Bordoku, who welcomed me with love and with exclamations of joy and their behavior had liked me a lot. We started to go in Lesha with an old Mirafiori that Lek had , since the roads of the country was so problematic, surely if he didn't has such a great knowledge about cars, we could not circulating. When we reached the first major city, Latsi, I asked them to call back home to tell to my family that I was fine. In the car we were four for having better security. Once we arrived at Latsi, we stopped and went out of the car and into the rain were heard some sporadic gun fires in the air, which had made me scared until I understand the situation..

From there I called my wife Cornelia, who was concerned more than ever, from some special phone card for calling abroad and then we arrived in our village without facing particular problems.

When we arrived, all the relatives were waiting showing their hope and their love for me that mirrored in their eyes. That was something that warmed my mood to go up to the end my effort, which I have mostly watched it as more cultural one.

So I had with me my notebook and I put as the title of my book where I wrote: "That light at the beginning of April 1997, in the neighborhood of the garbage and forgotten gypsy, left me a message of universe." In my factory in Albania we worked in with generator to produce electricity, after dark was dangerous to turn home walking. So one night, just as started getting dark, the lights went out and we went to home of Alekos into the darkness, where his wife had given me a room, from the two that they had in their home, to sleep and to be all together, and to be closer to work too. I did not go to stay in a decent hotel in Lesha, because it was far enough away and could be in danger.

So they gave me the pleasure to share the graceful presence of a warm family. Besides Lena his wife, and Alekos, lived in this house and the five year old Laurent and the six years old Frida, who flaunt whenever saw me, for the few Greek that she learned. It was so beautiful, the atmosphere in this house, where in every new visit I made , I got more and more love, and was coming back with more and more better mood. Someday, I thought to be back at the beginning of my book, in which I wrote mixed some events with a view some time to tidy them , where **I saw** written in a small piece of paper the word "**why?**" Inside of my note book... who put it!? This piece of paper reminded me , Ms. Aggeliki and her young granddaughter, the woman in black on the holly Friday, the blind in Monastiraki, the cries of ano Liossia and in Kifissia, the beggars of the cemetery and finally the lady who shouted "Lord ! Lord! "Then I decided to write for the difficult which happened to me, for Christ, for feelings, for the Archbishop Seraphim, who reminded me the Caiaphas.

When I started, the room was very cold, the wax which I used to see was very romantic, the rain that fell on the window was too strong ..as these were rivers of tears of the sky, which flowed into this forgotten region of southeastern Europe of ours . .

. As time passed, the wax dripped, and some sporadic gun fires of naive young people with Kalashnikovs, were heard in the night and gave you the impression that something was pushing them ,to experience and other violence ,to get back the wear, the calamity, and its return, with wounds and fear. These are values which, when you offer them to the forces of evil, these are following you in order to frighten you, your children and the grandchildren of those who have experienced them.

As I expected in the Greek embassy, I met a very educated Albanian citizen and as we were talking in English, I found out that I was talking to the Minister of Culture, of the previous government, who spoke three languages. He told me then, that if I stayed a night there, to go and to hear a concert Italian-Albanian. As had captivated me his manner , I decided to go. When I walked in, I saw a strange composition Christians and Catholics together, a chorus of monks Italian men, and many young Albanian girls from a Catholic school. I heard beautiful Catholic hymns and some wonderful recitations of a blond Jewish girl, who came with a cute short Moroccan Muslim drum player.

I also saw an Albanian children choir, which sang a song of Muslims, whose lyrics translated to me with his little English, my friend Bayrak. There was a strange mixing up of religions, and when at the end of the show , the girl and the Moroccan regarded the little audience that had heard, suddenly found themselves bowing side by side, the Albanian religious girl who gave her hand to Hebrew girl. There was not , however the same with an extreme Italian monk, when the Muslim asked for his hand, **he did not gave it to him to bow together!!!.**

I'm sure that Jesus Christ does not estimate his reaction as a good one .

I think if I didn't decide to publish my book by writing all these phenomena, I would not be quiet down from the pressure, which I accepted in order to be free to go walking to earthly path. And I'm sure that this I will prefer to keep going on, in my short path, which I have to walk in the next quiet (I hope).years of my life.

At this point, I would like to mention another big memory about my intuition with nature.

It must have been a summer afternoon in 1954 or 1953, when I was sleeping in the courtyard of my beloved aunt Sophia in Omvriaki. So then, I had seen a strange dream, although I do not believe in them, and I always explain them as irritations that pass into the subconscious, but it seemed too grand, and had woken up startled. I had seen that there was a figure in the middle of blue sky that looked like ancient Greek, who was holding a huge sword and with it struck the sky and the universe was shaken. When I woke up confused and ran to tell to my aunt, she suggested me to go for a walk with my older cousin , on a donkey. . I remember it was around 5 in the afternoon, and as I was sitting back of the donkey, became the largest earthquake that has ever happened in our country. Perhaps it was also a coincidence, but had put me in thoughts many times....

I think it is worth to quote another poem which was the last I wrote before 'Easter '98.

PICK UP YOUR GUN TO KILL YOUR ENEMY IN BALKANS

And said the sergeant: - ORDER of nation
picked up your gun to hit your enemy in Balkans.
I stand straight, I respect my country I put as target ALBANIA
Where they told me that has thieves, went a bullet in Ximara .
Came the news from the T.V.
Romios(Greek) dead in Ximara, talked his wife
and her Greeks better than my own,
I saw and the orphans was Kostas, Maria and Alex,
I left them without a father and I shuddered and scared.

It was learned by my sergeant, and he got angry:
Hey stupid soldier higher, higher.
And I lifted the gun again
This time the bullet drops higher in Leza and there I killed Albanian enemy.
And the sergeant told me thank you <<bravo>> well done "
So I slept better the night one enemy and one my own I thought ,
quits, the mistake even!!!.

Angered the Albanian Capt. and commands his soldier:
"Come my Eagle shot to beat Southern".
Drops the bullet in Athens,
It found Arvanitos in his heart, and killed him.
The news arrived in Tirana, <<accident Arvanitis>>, same language
it was learned by Albanian, and he cried all the night.

And Capt. scolded him and said:
"The bullet farther and farther."
Cries the eagle picked up his gun and other bullet
He found Moria and killed a Moraitis:
"Now yes, you found your enemy ."
And calms the Albanian who not cry any more

But someone came from the Leza and he said about bullet,
Your bullet told me, founds the George NAKA the <<Albanian>>,
Who didn't speak even a word in Greeks, but had gone there by old days
his father Nakas ,who had lost a brother in Moria
by whom he had separated many years ago in Tepeleni.

And someone came from the Morea and told me about the shooting
That hit the Naka grandson, who had Arvanitissa grandmother from the Kriekouki
I confused too much, and came rage out of me :
"No Longer a bullet to a brother,
I do not want a civil war again, it has wounded me '.

Serious (beyond the limit) recommendations

In a trip to Albania as I was going to the press office of our embassy to claim a visa for my friend and journalist Marco from LEZA T.V. I met by chance while I was awaiting the hearing an Albanian citizen from the Greek minority, who reminded me somebody. When I asked him he replied gallantly that was one of the group who had been convicted of the Albanian justice, and member of the minority party Omonia . We exchanged our different opinions and left me a form (local newspaper) suggesting me to be subscribed. I kept the form and immediately came my turn to go to the press office and parted. When I read it I thought national provocative and I thought to send them an annual fee, and to put if possible in his newspaper the text below.

" Dear director when I read the newspaper that you gave to me, at the time we met by random in the press office of the Greek embassy, I noticed in your texts the same fanaticism that distinguishes the Albanian society as a whole. I believe that people who think like me, we see you, and the Albanian speaking Arvanitos in Greece as links of love between our brotherly nations, please we are leaded to the European union and we do not need traumatic relationships with other Albanian citizens. Through these pages from the reading that follows, outlined my position for the Greek-speaking that represent your newspaper. And I believe that through such behavior earned partnerships, and visions of peace and reconciliation in the wider region of our Balkan.

Searched and in your behavior for the reasons that provoked other fanatic nationalists from the other side, and low the tons of requirements. I will issue a book early Pushed by metaphysical phenomena, that I described and are shown clearly my positions for our troubled region by signing with the pseudonym Ekarevs, and please if you publish this letter to do the whole writing adding and this detail. "

Spring 1998 return by bus from TIRANA To the 'nationalist' thinking on southern Albania THE READING

Gentleman defenders of lost (say Greek homelands) who generously are given visas to those with Greek nationality Albanian citizens in southern areas "until five years!" And completely indifferent to the citizens of the northern regions who in order to get the coveted visa "one month" suffer tremendously. We inform you that you have created in the south lost homelands ,these citizens fled from their homeland, their land comply in full abandonment, compared with citizens of central and northern regions who began to work their land. Did you distinguish Albanian citizens into two categories; And create and justified hatred ? and Instead of creating recon ciliated European homelands, you create lost homelands of hatred and abandonment Does the national bigotry and racism, create lost homelands gentlemen ... super nationalists? Insisting and waiting .
ekarevs

I did not get an answer nor a newspaper probably did not arrive my letter or valued negatively my views I do not know.

At the same journey that I had made my program to inaugurate my craft inviting along with representatives of social institutions and religious representatives in the region. The Mufti of Leza from Muslim side, and Paul from the Christian side who is pastor of the Christian Protestant church in Leza. They honored me and came all of them, I had prepared a speech in English, which gave me the opportunity to read, of course, before I had visited the Embassy of Albania in Athens to get their approval, who replied to me, **that Albania is a democratic country and everyone says his view.** After Mr. Pasco made the introduction he gave the word and I told to them:

Dear friends before I introduce myself, let me recommend the people with whom we have worked to make this small investment. First is Mr. Pasco Smatzi, I had the honor to acknowledge his high culture during the time when he worked as a laborer in my crafts in Ano Liosia and Megara. 2nd uncle Peter Smatzi who offered us land and love, and the third the major partner of mine. If the business operates today, is due to him and if it shut down could be due to him, if it becomes a big business would due to the brave, honest and hardworking Lek jeff Smatzi, who certainly has to say something. I insisted that and Lek spoke briefly in Albanian, and I continued. Before I say a few words for the beginning of our factory allow me to introduce myself as a confused man looking to find his roots.

my father used to say: I am proud because I am one of those roving Sarakatsani vlachs who are descendants of the ancient Illyrians, and they went to the mountains when their places were conquered by the Turks.

I have born in Ekkara that is not particularly far from Thebes also inhabited by ancient Illyrians. The Thebans were involved in the Peloponnesian war with the Athenians against to the Spartans, for fifty mad and destructive years.

Many years before this war, Paris from Troy of today Turkey, did everyone else to unite against him, because he stole the most beautiful woman of the era Helen the Queen of Sparta. I am sure that Helen had passed wonderfully with Paris, and we have to overcome and this difference of ours. To come eventually Alexander the Macedon to join them in the great language and philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, and revolutionized them to go deeper and to reach as far as India to civilize the known world. And God said it is the time to send Jesus to carry the maximum word, **(love your enemies)** through the language that spread by Alexander the Great, considering that the time has come to make the planet one country.

But until Jesus arrived, the Romans had conquered the Jerusalem the capital of HIS chosen people, where they choose to kill Jesus and later the whole world to love HIS word..

Unfortunately, people were able to share the three words "love your enemies." In many powers! Mine said the pope, not mine said the patriarch.

Yes but you do not baptized by sprinkling but by swimming answered the pope. What have you to do with Jesus he came with the old calendar, and he is only with us said, the patriarch of the Julian calendar.

The other Pope answers no HE is only mine and gave me permission **to sell tickets to the wealthy people who want to go in a good position in heaven**, In order to fix for HIM a temple luxury! With all these we made God very angry and said, let me become Allah this time with any name I am the same, and I will send a more rigorous prophet to punish the spirit of evil. And the prophet who came in the name MOHAMED punished the unbelievers until the time that began and his faithful to make about the same, using HIS name
And I'm sure that God is thinking very seriously to give the final blow to our planet. Maybe we have the last chance to make him feel better.

And from this point, an insignificant Illyrian (I hope I'm welcome to my roots), I suggest the Macedonians and the Trojans in Turkey: Let's keep the word of God that moved on our earth Jesus and Muhammad, let's respect the monuments and their pastors. But to take the power from priests which belongs to democratic institutions, and to bring to life Homer from Troy, Alexander from Macedonia, Aristotle and Plato from Athens, and talk that beautiful language, which is now dead language.

I personally know more Albanian than the language of Homer and Alexander. But Englishmen and Americans learned it to continue our culture and we still do not know that we are children of the same country, and we need to get the lights of our ancestors, to illuminate the planet. My word is not random I experienced some metaphysical phenomena, which I feel compelled to serve, and which are described in a book entitled THAT LIGHT LEFT A MESSAGE ..

I do not know if I overdraw my limits, but I will dare to suggest to the brave of Kosovo that is perhaps an opportunity, helping all this place to find autonomy as democracy, should start from there the first state of the ancient Illyrian using the language that used by Alexander the Great who can become the first cell (model of democracy), in order to unite and rise again in the Balkans the civilized values that unite us and that it is sure to respect and embrace all the democracies of the world. But we must first to lay with much respect, the cultural past that enlightened with the words, of Jesus and Muhammad, who have chosen this fine piece of the planet to meet each other, and to leave them united as they should be, because they came from the same source of light.

After I begged Mr. Pasco to give the word to someone of those present politicians. The adorable poet Mr Notts honored us who after the end of his speech turned and kissed me and made me happy a lot, and then I continued:

Ladies and gentlemen,

With joy I feel that we are ready to begin our manufacturing process.

This small unit that came to your place essentially is a weary craft that wants your love to be able to offer and here something, to allow this society producing some goods with low labor costs that offered, to enjoy in a relative cost of consumption.

And you must see, that everything new that whatever is starting new to your locality, with the sweat of some of you, belongs essentially to this society, which must embrace with special love, and not ever contemplating that belongs somewhere else and let's destroy it, certainly you have to protect it, because whatever is made here it is left in the society that it is invested, and finds its way to the appropriate administrator. I would venture to say that the substantial value is my experiences and my knowledge for development, that I would like to offer to you with great affection, in the service of your society, that as I approach it I feel that it was the most beautiful choice of my life.

And I would consider as a dream of life to continue to show me your love and appreciation, emotions for which I intend to devote all my strength to win. Always remember that God sent his messages many times, and HE always proposed fairness, honesty, and love to what we are doing in order to gain our happiness, and meaningful place to practice these values is the workplace. And from this point I would ask the representatives of God who honor us today with their presence, and it is beautiful because they are people who are from different religious traditions.

In this part of the world you have the pleasure to appreciate that the values of God that have been sent by different messengers, is always the same.

I Pleased the representative of the Muslim church by the side of Muhammad, for two minutes to give us his blessing , and then my friend Paul other two more from the side of Jesus, who wished to us, and then we continue our lunch with political dialogues, where I found intense fanaticism.

Actions beyond the limit!

In the spring of 1999 had happened to me shocked experiences of contacts with God, who leaded me by dreams and not only. Was needed after his direction in a dream of the previous day, to go in the house of a Muslim near of our house in Albania to sleep and to initiate in their Ramadan (fasting)

For my luck was there his sons who was working somewhere in Kavala, and he spoke almost perfect the Greek language. For your Information , the Muslims washed with three movements. We know that means a lot the three points and in the Orthodox faith. They consider Jesus as a prophet of the heart, they are using ritual as the word 'Iftar' and eat once in five a.m. drinking enough water, because up to about six in the evening do not drink even water, watching the sins as the orthodox faith . The difference is that they do not discriminate the roots of the food. They accept the Old Testament, as we know, the sacrifice of Abraham and all the prophets of the Old Testament.

Once I got my information, the other night I slept in the house of my partner and there I had Ramadan for the second day. I Was led by divine command in mufti, to ask him if I could speak to the mosque, the day they stoned the spirit of evil, he seemed easily positive and told me the date 03/28/99 Friday 07.30 am. Three days before the Jewish Passover, because as you will see below I needed to know when was the Jewish Passover, and I learned that it was in the holly Monday of Orthodoxy.

The same evening I found myself in Tirana to make Ramadan of the third day, in the house of my friend Bayrak, and groom of my partner, in order to leave the next day by bus very early in the morning. On the way with full emotion and contact with God I wrote a three-minute text ,in all the way!

I made the invitations and in the Greek and in Albanian language and I Share them in Athens, before going for another trip in Albania I left the text to see it, the mufti lest he saw something that bothered the values of the sacred space he represented. He was positive.

Enough time before, I felt the pressure to be in the Jewish Passover 2000 in Ierosolima, and I rouse the Aleko my partner, and Mark the journalist to take the saravalaki (very old Mirafiori) of Alekos and to go through Turkey to Jerusalem. But a dream had shown me otherwise ... truck freight, modestly and without noise. But in my office as to have been cut by a human hand, was draped next to my office , log-sheet of Epirus calendar that they had brought to me and which was stuck on the wall. At the same sheet were the months March and April, and had cut only this and left of the others that were nailed together on the wall and waited wide-flat on the floor. You would say that it would not stick well and felt ... I will not try to convince you, I just explain why I decided to do all in 1999. Because when I start to tell you many similar guidelines, it will be come out a big text. I sent almost all foreign embassies in Athens inviting them but knowing that no one would come but my speech was already on the invitation.

Invitation in a speech (two minutes) internal page
The temple (MOSQUE) of LEZAS in ALBANIA
at 7:30 AM 28, \ 03 \ 99
Speaker Ekarevs

That Light

A book that will be soon circulated, were the author, speaker running in memories of his life and poetry at ages up to before the Orthodox Easter 1997 he received the holy visit (or for some became mad ...) and descriptions of various subsequent pressures of the same influence, to reach to the publication of this book, which income (if any) will serve a Greek-Albanian friendship association, created at the initiative with the expenses of the author.

BROTHERS ,

I am here with you today, in the mosque of our God, to convey a message to the faithful of our last prophet Muhammad. The Lord sent the spirit of Jesus, for forty days before and until the Orthodox Easter 1997, to me a trivial Greek citizen with Illyrian origin.

We must start from the Muslim and Christian faith, that have the same starting point , the Old Testament of Jews, to be joined the others all of HIS churches in one and single. He wants to forgive the Jews, who should worship the mosques and churches as churches of the same faith and basic texts of HIS word that carried to our earth Jesus and Mohammed, to be written in the Old Testament TO BE DONE the final Testament of God with the man. Standing bent over and in full devotion to hear HIS holly word , symbolizing with three points his domination of the universe when we glorify HIS name * the name of JESUS and MOHAMET * and HIS HOLLY SPIRIT of his envoys *

AMEN

Immediately I became active in the Jewish side to complete HIS mandate and then to devote myself to my productive tasks. I called the embassy of Israel to know if there is a transport company that makes journeys to Jerusalem, to go with truck.

They told me they did not know and when I asked where I could translate the little text with religion interests to the Hebrew language . They told me to call the next day a lady and gave me her name as I did. I explained to her, as I explain now to you, that by divine command should talk to Jewish synagogue, She smiled slightly ironic to me and said: "Send your text I want to see it." Through dialogue with her I learned that the Jewish Passover was **the Holy Monday!**, as I mentioned before. When I called again to see if the text was translated and to have some help to find a synagogue she told me. Why do you think that they'll let you talk to their synagogue with MORE "smile" this time ... as for the translation told me that we do not do this work and she gave me the telephone number of a translator of their language. He replied with an answering machine I left a message he call me back ,as he suggested

I sent the text by fax, I call again to get it translated and stayed with the telephone in my ear (no answer) . in the Fax I wrote the text that should be read in the synagogue.

I have a message for you, Who ought to be the best citizens of the planet because you are the chosen people of God. Who do you think that you are anyway? what else do you expect from GOD to recognize HIS messengers of the last 2000 years. Do not acknowledge Jesus who was sent through your nation to carry the highest word "love your enemies " and your Jewish nation crossed HIM , You did not feel HIS wrath yet?.

**You did not recognize the last of the centuries Prophet Muhammad, who came through the Old Testament of God with all of us, to punish the exploiters of the highest word , and to bring any erotic needs of man in the light and in the family. How more you have to be punished by GOD finally to recognize HIS messengers . I wish not to convey His last message before the end, but I intuit that rather I convey. You must change the emblem of the church with the emblem outlined in the book that describe the holiest visit to me a trivial Greek citizen, with origin from Illyria of Balkans. You must bow humbly the mosques and churches where you are accepted by their faithful ,from now that wandering beyond the universe and you will struggle to join the churches to one and single. Symbolizing with three points his domination of the universe, when you praise HIS name, the name of Jesus and Mohammed, and the Holy Spirit of his envoys
AMEN.**

I began to organize my appearance in the mosque of Leza where the mufti had seen positive, trying to get some friends with me to whom I have given invitations. Meanwhile as the time approached, the conversation in Rampouage France stopped for a while, and as I believed that the Kosovars do not sign, I prepared a text in order to try to collect signatures from Athens and Leza and to send it to Rampouage.

Attention to brothers representatives of Kosovo

We sign to the view that we must accept the autonomy that is proposed today by the strong of the planet ,and then to turn our activities immediately to projects that will demonstrate our high origin to which was based on, the current culture. And the image that we will promote in the three years, they will give us up to the full autonomy, and rather we will increase our political influence in the region.

1st Albanians who are living in ATHENS

2nd citizens of the wider region of LEZA

I did not even have to launch the effort and the war clouds began to thicken. The friends who would come together in Albania began to have problem ,when I tried to close sits with the air company.

The attacks on Serbia had already started , Lek called me to tell that the mufti went in Mecca and would not be in the mosque. I thought maybe he's lying to <protect> me. When the groom of my good friend Mark from Leza T.V called me I asked him to ascertain whether the mufti was there and to call me. Eventually gave the solution a girl from the Albanian air company, who called to tell me that the flight canceled.

I took Aleko on the phone to assure me that the mufti was missing, because if he was there I could go even walking! ! **I have to say that when one felt that is working for God, there is nothing to stop him**, I was convinced and finally postponed.

I thought that his word had been circulated by transfer as indicated in my dream-with the truck-(fax) and I calmed down.

Seeing the destruction that took place in Serbia, I could say from the old national mentality, I sent in the beginning a fax to the Serbian Embassy.

Attention to the press office of Serbia For Serbian citizens and especially President Milosevic the reading

Ladies, gentlemen and President of Serbia

The miracle of voluntary unite of their states, that managed first the United States of America. Started slowly to find fans and takes shape in the full of conflict for ethnic wars, our old continent, where our nations started to find peacefully their coexisting with voluntary, offering of their financial successes, and to the poorest countries, for the glory of the vision of Jesus . The Albanian Nation with the political choices of the past "that God is with Orthodoxy 'leaded them to a minority of the Balkans scattered here and there.

I am screaming with intensity, after my special contact, with God who is surely with the weak, the persecuted and the minorities, and equally righteous, to Orthodox, Muslims, Catholics or Jews. So a big piece of this Balkan therefore family minority in Kosovo, is trapped by political choices of the past. What exactly do you think you will succeed now with your oppose to the united voice of the West, that should be given autonomy to Kosovo.

If we give autonomy we will push these citizens in projects of peace, because trying by force to intimidate their beliefs that awakened in this nation. You will accept violence from your vitals in endless times. And as blood you will take from them to intimidate them, the same they will return to scare you. Do not make the mistake that Turkey made which instead of giving autonomy to the Kurds, who have so many family ties between them, they set fire to their villages and cut heads from the rebels, and see what is returned, fire and even in expensive glass high buildings and How many dead we will mourn!!.

I'm afraid that if they do not think the only way to self-determination of that nation that we will cry for much more from both sides.

Have a look a bit farther in Europe that is awaiting us to make all together a country, with fewer injuries, and more growth and egalitarianism, you place the dynamism of your nation to work and progress, and leave the Kosovars to do the same, and to envision that at some time we will be all under the same flag of our Europe, to which we all belong, and which belongs to all of us.

Let the war as a policy of the past in the past, and move boldly to the peace of the future with more work, try to be you the first who will create the conditions to enter the Europe family, and let the Kosovars with less traumas to their own trial and work, and to come with us under any flag they like . Besides, Europe is a big piece of sky and holds thousands of stars, let's forget the past ... maybe we need one flag for the whole planet, there are not staying winners after the conflict, terror remains and DEATH .

WAITING ekarevs

I did not get an answer it looks that..... they ignore the "mad."

Orthodox Easter 1999

The intense religious sentiment led me to the orthodox church for a confession for receiving the holy communion for the third consecutive Easter, with consistence to rules. I visited the priest of the church of Transfiguration of Jesus in my neighborhood who accepted me, and I gave to him and an invitation for my speech to the mosque of Leza, that I had prepared for the Archbishop of Athens Cristodulos at that time, that I had neglected to send to him with the following preface. "Reverend" in the sense of personality and not the shape.

By divine command I have to act in this way.

If necessary please protect me from the spirit of fanaticism, that unfortunately exists within the Orthodox Church of Greece too, as it exists and everywhere.

After I explained to the priest what happened to me, I got the full course of piety as the first Easter of 1997. The holy Monday was the Jewish Passover, be careful the Friday

Three days before the Muslims punish the evil spirit, which the climax was certainly the crucifixion of Jesus, who is also a prophet of Muslims. I have the feeling that nothing is accidental with the envoys of God.

The Holy Monday of Orthodoxy the priest to whom I confessed, he had a special celebration in the church with invitations for some economic value. My wife had bought some to help the target, and me went with her into complete devotion. I liked the ceremony was chanting recitations of actors, and chanting from the singer Chatzopoulou who made a turn to orthodox hymns. The artistic voice of her gave another color at sounds. The actors touched better the divine word.

The whole ceremony in this dimension looks more to what I suggest to be done in the municipalities. I felt so beautiful with such excitement that the next day it was as if I had lived the Resurrection. But because of the promise to myself, I was led to receive the holy communion six days later after the end of the ceremony of the resurrection of Orthodoxy church, but I didn't feel the beauty and pride of Easter of 1997. It seemed to me, because the priest to whom I confessed and who gave me the sacrament, suggested me to lift up my head. I left immediately because I felt that I experienced the Resurrection on Holy Monday. I explained the dream of the truck that I "conveyed" the message with the fax. I am already free to continue to live with more light on the intentions, and as an example to work.

I think that God has made us with work and we can only find him **through the unprotected work, from work, to work, like a sport, as entertainment, as a creation, like art, like psychotherapy, like Resurrection.**

At that time I said good bye to a parallel relationship that I kept from the time I was in Peristeri with a few verses.

ALONE

I had you in my thoughts to leave me humbly
rather I showed the way and it hurts me
maybe I like the pain more than the joy ...
and pain is raising me in quality.

I heard a song from Paros in the radio
Soft notes of love, that never get old, like the love
That does not getting old just getting mature ..I felt
Yu a little away to get lost in tears and joy

Something better ... will arrive you thought , something better
and the new one looks better ... and it is briefly
Besides what is forever? Is it the 'life? Is it?...
Who knows you said as you walked slowly ... who knows

And if you ask the daisy once says yes
the other says not, it is not sure...
neither it, just like other livings.. unsure ...
and me unsure as I Wept from the notes ..uncertain ...
and ...alone

With a group of friends from Galați after I finished my obligations in May 99, we decided to go in one of these saloons where are gathered very beautiful girls from the former communist countries and not only. (First time for me) and there is taken place a personal show of the girls, quite bold and quite bitter (in cost) and in the second offer of a friend, I realized that I had overcome the taboo of relations with free girls, and created to me an intense desire for sexual relationship with an Ukrainian girl, but the "moral rules" of the space ... not allowed.

later I thought to try through these endless "personal" ads that sometimes appeared now and then, as the only one prostitution case ... if possible what else would be? all the same are and we pretend not to see and we create with this illegal underground economy "for people of the institutions "" and I'm afraid and varied to blackmails. I got a phone I asked for a young age and I asked as Maiden relationship for me, how it used to work.

At first the woman's voice appeared full of barbarity, seeing my kindness later became more gentle and promised to send me the finest. We had to book a room at the hotel to make the first expense for the safe of transfer, and in my question if I do not like her what I am doing to the transportable<< product>>? You give her three thousand drax for the taxi and you return it back told me the lady. I left my identity in the reception (full transparency as Lord said) and the little girl came at her 19! beautiful, frightened humiliated, I am alien from Bucharest she told me. I had just returned from Albania and having seen on CNN a bombing on a house of a Ramantan family in Kosovo, I beg Pasco to learn by someone historian , maybe we would discover somewhere in Kosovo the roots of my grandfathers .. He combined to see a football match in Leza along with his brother in law the prefect of Berat, and the Prefect of Leza, whom I had met in the inauguration of my factory. Both historians, not accepted me with Albanian roots, and told me that I'm from Bucharest and there Illyrians asked, and they answered affirmatively. Then we were compatriots with the beautiful little sparrow that had become toughie to survive in the "hard" space she chose, and smoked a cigarette to show guts and immediately undressed and laid down for the holy labor. I was shocked and ran to cover her with a sheet worrying not to react like my first time. A very good friend used to tell me, you're unpredictable. Yes I'm definitely very unpredictable. I felt wonderful and I thought that the high price that I paid in advance I could make it again, but the system wasn't like that.

In the beginning I understood and I asked several, she told me that the office was holding a little more than the half but later I understood different. After I realized, she wore a special panties and high heels and began to walk perhaps she wanted to raise the cost of the second time smoking very provoked her next cigarette. It started already to touch me negatively the communication and I was thinking what to offer, I told her not to feel uncomfortable, to try not to smoke and drink, and to go in a school in her free time ... from what position to convince! When she left I began to think of the negative from the contact, if and how illegal I was, in what circle of blackmail could fall after, as I left and my identity card in the reception, that some reasonable relations could me to reception desk with pimps.

And did I finished at 20,000 drax or I will have effects from people of blackmailing for the illegality, or the propriety of family's legitimacy. I in the point where I have reached it does scares me the propriety with it's hypocritical form, but other family men? I am afraid that around this man's need for sex change that Muslims solved brighter, is created a huge turnover of billions, that is leading a major proportion of young people to transact usually with the orders and in choices of values that create negative electricity "that destroys " themselves first, and then the entire planet. I think perhaps to keep young girls in their field, they create to them and other dependencies or blackmail.

After I analyzed the behavior of the sparrow from the Bucharest, who under another atmosphere could raise me to the heavens, how she felt. she showed that she did not hurt, she showed it with provocative, so she hurt and was trying to present another skin of soul, that was not hers and, covered.

A life with a mask a life in lie not to show that she is afraid the same and maybe more, do not find out her brother or her father, or maybe her fiancée! But knows already the pimp and the customer sweetheart from Bucharest, if you knew how small the world is ! How many years will stand in the lie, how dark will cover upon her beautiful soul , how many cigarettes will still need to smoke? And what else would even think when will pass her dew, or what else should she done, not to feel alone in this place, she may be as the lady who is answering the phone, if she is lucky ... which looks to me unlikely. .

What will we do with this child, this spring, what we do, for us? We catch a case and challenge the common opinion, with the dirty adulterer almost unique! above any suspicion, and the prostitute? or we will be looking for values and ways, to bring moral codes closer to our needs, to our truth and to our happiness. And here to be my freedom I would want more. Please be sure I was never pederast in my life, I am interested to improve and not destroy consciousness.

Zeimen and Leza late August 1999

In the factory Lek had only her brother in law and a young man, the young man was from the last time, he had brought his brother in law recently.

Mr Ntet brother in law of Alekos could be an officer must have been rather cashiered of the Albanian army, trained in martial arts as a child, aggressive and dynamic, and highly impulsive person. He was the only one in the old time we built the factory who followed me in the push-and aps and rather win me.

I asked him about the cute Vic Carpenter who lived close to the factory, and he replied that he told him not to come to work again because he does not understand. I asked him about the girls right next to his house that we employed two Elizabeth and Marietta.

The Savet around her 23, severe melancholy and brilliant, but seemed to waste away the atmosphere of indiscretion and social oppression.

In a previous trip I asked Alekos what about the sex lives of girls here in the village, he replied with exaggerated seriousness that the girls are not entitled erotic interests and that if anyone even kiss one, the father goes with the karaznikof and the young man who gave the kiss, must either marry or die!!

These seemed unbelievable and tragic, but after four years of smelling their culture here, rather seems tragic and true. Her sister the older Marietta, a little naive and beautiful tall girl, who could offer much less than the Savet. He replied that Savet did work at home because she had learned in Catholic school in plan to sew, and was sewing home dresses!, And Marietta does not understand anything. I asked him for Sue Ella a real flower around 20, a beautiful creature who had a serious relationship with someone young, and dared not to accept the requirements of her father to be married with another most successful immigrant in Italy. And her beloved had gone to England and tried to find a way to get her there. He replied that if the Marietta can not afford to come, it is not right for the village to bring a girl so beautiful itself, besides and her father will not let her to come. With this information and the old fiataki we started to go for work on Monday.

On Saturday I saw my two favorite head of families we had met on the court playing football and I had expressed my desire to go to the side of barren line to the sea, to see where was passing and constructed the high way, and to see more wild beaches.

On Monday morning with the fiataki of Lek we arrived at factory, the car without brake and balance, and he left me and went to fix it, because the next day he had to go to fix the starter of the large truck, which was parked outside his house. The work that I saw before me, was a production that had to work by myself 15 days to fix and choose the half, and to throw the other half.

I started to work with bad mood that became melancholy as I passed the products of my hands, until noon that turned the Lek along with my friends myriad and Brox and suggested me to go with them on the beach as we had agreed. I said myself let me do half a day more holidays, because in Athens I found time to stay in Alepochori only three days, and I started with my pals. We went home, and we got the son of another Alexander cousin of Lek came also Lauren and Frida, and all together into the ruin car and to the beach.

At first the road was paved with good gravel on the road indescribably ugly little budge a little our fiataki, and seemed to have no particular brakes reaching towards the beach. Miriam and Broxt suggested me to go running along the beach leaving the children with their larger cousin, the son of the other Alexander and we went. As we went running, they asked me why I do not get to work and other workers, and they told me that the father of the beautiful Sue Ella is probably the best man in the village, and he has not any problem to come the girl alone and to meet him. I said I would like to drink a coffee with this man too, because I believed that a beautiful young man I had spoken English with him once before football, was the boyfriend of the girl, who spoke some Italian as and her brother, daily my teammate on the court. In return the fiataki stayed on as first small gully as we pushed to take it out near in an expensive house we heard bursts of automatic, my friends told me not to be afraid and me still in high mood I told them if I have you beside me, what to fear from.

After pushing and managing to get ahead, I realized that the brakes were not working at all, as if this were not enough in a large puddle was heard a big grap we hit somewhere in the bottom, and changed the sound of the engine, we stopped at slightly in an ascent with no stopping the engine, worrying not to start again, and despite the difference in noise as majority we decided to move on, and we arrived save home at the end.

In the afternoon I saw Sue Ella who went into the shop of Alekos, asked him something she said good night and left. The other day as we went without brakes, I suggested him to get all the people we had in the last trip, because we had enough work to do, he seemed to disagree and resent, and left me to turn to make the fiataki, to which we had done a damage for good. We worked only three, Lecks brother in law every time that he approached me did a dynamic gesture, seemed to me hot jokes, passed for a while and the beep that lives next door. I told him to pass next day and that I would speak with my partner to stay to work, and then we remained the three of us again. Sometime came near the young boy with an empty gun, and after armed a couple of times very fast, he told me that the gun was of mr Ntet, that Ntet is a mobster and a lad, and how costs it Athens all jokes.

As I was in upper mood, I gave him a cuff also as a 'joke in his neck, and told him to go to work, and that I am not a mobster, but I'm lad. I worked on correcting and throwing the bad made clogs, and they came every now and took what I finished and I approved, and they polished them, the young was laughing and the Older laugh, brag and cause, that I cannot accept to fight with him as a game all seemed jokes to me, I told them O.K at noon in the break to do little boxing, but now serious work without jokes. At noon we went for lunch and the boy prompted us to start the fighting, I told them I do not know how to wrestle but to make a few punches to the body, since we did not have gloves.

I believed that I would give him a strong punch in his stomach, as I used to do younger with my friends, and he would stop teasing. But he had other opinions, hugged me without let me wiggle my hands, the intense effort to escape and use my hands got me early tired, and I found myself with my fingers breaking after an improper grip breaking. And I found myself under of mr Ntet. I felt that the jokes were very thick, and maybe with a message. We sat down to eat, and the boy insisted to do a little boxing when we finished eating, I had the fingers of my right hand already for doctor, without showing it I said that mr Ntent was a lad, and we will go to work, I became serious and avoided looking at the provocative looking of his, only now and then when felt disgust, I shrivel my forehead and clasp my teeth, and was ready to jump up and to give him two punches and whatever could be happened, but I managed to keep control of myself, and we arrived in time to finish work.

My partner Alekos didn't arrive on time and we took the road back walking the three of us, I in my quite low mood and with my few Albanian I was swearing against mafia. On the way we found Alekos who told us he had just repaired the car from the morning!!! he turned and we went home.

The usual afternoon with football in the easy village court, were all the boys and those who spoke very good Greeks, but some younger ones clamored hei Panagiotis lad, with innuendos, I thought that the news had circulated in the village by the young boy, and I felt uncomfortable. After three hours with football in the flat lad of the village I said Alexander to do push ups in case I would pass him and to show them my guts. Alexander a boy with a well done body that he made by working with the shovel in Heraklion, Crete, and knots in his hands in his about 22 years old, as I looked at them I thought if the minister of development knew, how these knots helped us to low down the index to be accepted in the E.U.

We did push-ups and I did five or six more when he was already tired, and when he told me to go to the cafe to put hand on the table, to see who will win, As like a kid I feel sometimes I said with much enthusiasm-and looser will pay the beers. The younger teasing me for my experience in the morning , hello Panagiotis lad, and me a little better I went to take my bath to go and to cafe to drink and the beer that would lose Alexander.

There was another young man very polite who spoke the Greeks like Alexander who also worked in Crete for one land owner as a driver.

He was so nice and so polite boy and when he told me that the boss's daughter liked him a lot, and he was embarrassed to talk to her , and was thinking that he had to start from her father that he had fallen in love with her, I realized that he had not expelled the Albanian culture "you saw her twice together in a group? Now her father has the word, the slave simply changing boss" if possible in the year 2000. So the elbows there on the plastic table, and the duel began, took too long to finish but was not me who won. After little time presented a group, with someone who wore so many golden in his neck so if he would fell into the sea he would sank. He asked me are you Greek, and he looked at me as I was a mosquito.

I felt that they would have got him out of Greece with a bad manner , and I tried to explain that I love Albanians, and I have no relationship with the police. He then told me in vulgar Greeks, I fuck the police and I write it in my balls, and he sat down in a near table below with two or three more boys.

The youngest of the group took his chair and sat to our table smoking beside me defiantly. I in Albania knowing their needs, when I saw anyone smoking I said that smoking is coming with two evils one is costing money to buy, and the other that is bad for the health.

But this time I pretended as I did not see him ,the tall looked pretty drunk, and got up to go to the cafe opposite, because there was three in a row, when he approached the door, the owner got the rolls down, and the scene brought me to American westerns movies.

At the next table sat some strong boys from our village, who before were playing billiards with some other boys from the other village, and started to be angry

The tall continues to look at me angry and defiantly, lifting one of his jewels showing it to me, and I pretended the fool. I remembered that once I crashed in the game with my friend the previous day, he barefoot, and I with shoes, I hurt in my fingers, and he stood up as if nothing had happened, then I told myself the Albanians are not played with toughness, I felt my tail down of my legs and started to think that I had done a mistake by going to their cafe. The tall man got up approached us, and said, you come here tomorrow at five I will buy you beers, do you hear me? I got up to greet him and felt that I was playing basketball with Fasoulas (very tall basket player in Greece), and I said, I will see thanks. When the tall removed, I felt the need to leave and begged the boys to leave together and we did. The next day Alec accepted to keep Bip in the job, and we became four because the provocation Mr. Ntet had reached its heights , He looked like he wanted seriously to continue the yesterday's "jokes". I became very serious and was not looking to anyone, I simply worked, while Lek supposed he had gone to Latsi to make the starter of the large car, and returned well dressed, and told me he had done nothing, and had to go and the next day in the morning, ! !. We went home I sat on the stairs playing with a dog certainly good friend of mine. In home came and mr. Det they made a coffee Frappe, and they asked me to talk. My resistance had already broken for good, and I felt contempt and melancholy

We entered the living-room ,and under the angry view of mr Det we started negotiating to increase the participation of Lek !!!

Anyway I had in mind to do that because I had seen that he had "created" a capital to leave it for buying , and I told him that he could reach up to 49% to have myself the control of the package.

The sergeant probably felt a hero, and I asked them to let me rest until the time of the playing ,and I went to my room in very melancholy . I related the many lies of Alec which I tried to justify, and I liked to think that he stopped. I suddenly learned that the day he said he was in Latsi he was all day in Leza, someone shouted from afar, through the mob without seeing him, who said that Lek was behind of the karasnikof and volleys, and I became even more sad, until the time of playing.

After several hours I went in the court for playing as I was depressed, I saw beside Alekos father's house his brother Bordo, looking like he wanted to support me, and that Alexander his cousin as he had understand and felt ashamed . I said hello melancholically and I kept running, to the boys who were waiting asked me why I'm depressed, I told them that I'm tired and I tried to forget by playing. My problem was not that the rate of Lek became higher, I had it in mind to change the rates for having the full activation of Lek, who had many abilities, but the way they use. Something that they do not understand here in Albania, that pressure means extortion. Anything done here thus becomes forcibly, to cooperate by force, or to marry by force!!! is it possible ? how to get it over. It is a wrong culture gentlemen culture for laughs and tears, a culture that you must change here and now. The people must not be pressed, but **to cooperate freely**.

Events up to my will

On Friday after the difficulty I felt in cafe in Thursday, I went to meet the father of Souella instead of the cafe, because the young girl had already come to work and her mother when she brought her to work in the morning told me, and she suggested me to go to their house for coffee, I went to their house for coffee at 8 in the evening, just to acknowledge and her spouse. It seemed that Lek became unhappy, and Lena unhappier without I understanding why they became upset, because I made new friends. I went as I was coming from the job simply without special dressing, and at the entrance of their house Souella was awaited with her brother , and I went into the house to meet and the rest of the family.

The father very polite , a lady in black with a strict gaze, and another couple with the lady pregnant looked interesting lady, and her husband who spoke little Greek. Along the way I learned that the lady in black was, the mother of the young who was working alone with mr. Ntet in my first two days, they brought some beers and hastily insisted to drink and sit down to eat. I preferred a Seven up, they insisted to drink and even to sleep there at night.

I had left behind Lek a little melancholic, I choose to deny the proposal, I spoke positively about the romance of Sue Ella, that she heard her heart and not her father, I saw pictures of the couple and the young looks rather like to someone I had spoken in English in a trip before football, and as the dinner time was approaching I got up to leave, promising that maybe I would eat another time to go prepared with a gift.

The father and the young accompanied me to the door, suggesting me in Sunday to go with them to the beach, and with my friends the myriad and prox with their families, I said hastily okay without thinking a lot, and I went to home of my partner.

Immediately was heard some pistol shots by the near homes and I felt sad. The reception in the house seemed very negative special from the side of Lena, I could not understand, I asked for the keys by Lek to go to work in the factory earlier with my bicycle in the morning. Time ago in Athens Lek asked me to give him an old bike dissolved, brand, which had my son when he was very young, and after repaired it by Lek it was enjoyed by the little Lauren for some time, then Lauren bought a new one and it was thrown somewhere in the factory. I first for the challenges Mr Ntet, and to stay behind to check all the products, I started going from home to the factory alone with my bicycle without brakes too.

This morning I got up from the six I made my own coffee, and passing in turn greeted an old man giving him my hand, he stabbed his finger in my palm full of anxious and hints, all in cunning I thought, and I was shocked.

I opened for the first time my factory with the keys, and I began to work with intensity they came in I did not look to any one, and begged Lek when they want to ask me something, to make it through Lek, like I did. The young man who's mother was at the home of Sue Ella, when he passed near to the table that I had lunch with Lek, he gave him an apple with a knife to show it's nose to Lek, as had done to me once the wife of Peter, who gave them the land, and it was annoyed me, I saw that bothered and Lek too, I smiled a little and I touched tenderly the hand of the young without being seen by Lek, he Jaunty proceeded to the locker room and as if clutching a karasnikof did with his mouth, boo-boom boom.

After that I felt sad and I thought what culture I am accepting up here, why I'm here? Pieces of my last poems started to come in my brain, I felt emotional, weeping and my mind went up to very high levels.

As I was working not willing to see anyone in his eyes, living in my world I said Alekos to tell the girl to transfer to her father and to my friends that I would not go with them on Sunday, and I had got my decision for the weekend.

I let the time to roll and a quarter before the others finished their work, I told to Lek that I would go to Leza and I would like to accompany me his brother in law, until the Leza, I preferred to change the view in the village rather than to expose him, and I left with my bicycle to go home and to take a bath until the rest finish the work, Seems that high emotional states are making people better and more generous men. I found my things packed for expulsion, but because I expected Ntet it changed positively the mood of Lena. We walked together up to the buss station the people had suspected and they looked strange, and Ntet caught me by back jaunty, leaving the home of Lena came two elderly people so poor, the old lady had only one tooth, I weep and as I looked at them I thought, that my life was worth for them and I would give it to them. The buss stop was next to the cafe and the coffee full of people, and I walked next to Ntet quite serious.

The wife of my friend Pantelis the Muslim walked over to my side, I had done my first Ramadan in their home, and I could see in her eyes that she had suspect something and she was on my side, and came to me and another high emotion, when she came hugged and kissed me. I recommend Mr. Ntet to her not to show the problem, who also leaned to kiss her, and she pulled herself discreetly.

Mr. Ntet had completely misunderstood things, came out to a stop in Leza he paid my ticket and He insisted to go to his home, because he thought that I would go to Pasco.

I tried to explain that I would stay at the hotel alone , and when he insisted by gesticulating. I said annoyed a heavy myropafsim (goodbye) and I got the way to the hotel. I locked in and I started writing my testament in English with a letter to the society of Leza that would be translated by my friend Albana daughter of John Smatzi.

EKAREVS
85% OWNER OF THE COMPANY
PANALEK WOODS PLANE
LEZA ALBANIA.
-To Leza society through my friend
Pasco Smaci

Ladies and gentlemen, after several years of effort and agony, we are ready to improve our product hoping of course and in some profit. If you continue to have the same interest for the creation of the Greek-Albanian friendship association for the creation and operation of which I want to dedicate my life for giant personal reasons. As soon as you prepared the necessary papers for establishing it, and after the democratic elections for your legal board please, Mr. President accept my offer which is: 100% of the profits of my participation in that company, starting by April 2000.

Also like a will after my death I leave and the property of my share in your association with an obligation on your part. If I die in Albania, to bury my body on the earth of my investment, make a simple grave, without placing a cross. Put only a single plate on which to write that here lies the pal Ramantan searching to find his roots in Balkan. I hope that my salary which will be the same as my partner, and 20% higher of our workers , because both have more experiences, to be enough for me and for my poor life I love to do, during the time I will be working in your country.

Truly your man for peace works
EKAREFS.

And after that will of mine, I am directing to the archbishop of Athens who may be angry about the way I put my body in Balkans, "without the Cross" and to say that he can instruct the people who took care of the church, in metamorfosi or in Ano Liosia from where I am passing sometimes to get my wife Cornelia, to take me out of the church , I do not intend to make any trouble , as I didn't in the mosque of Leza when the first time they took me out because I am Greek.

By the way I know where I can find Jesus, I'll take in Easter a lamb and I will go to a house (tent) Gypsy in Aspropyrgos and HE will come there... **If you knew how sure I am!!**

And be sure that Jesus is near you when you say those cute jokes for the neighbor's goat, and the cat from Penteli. He is not following often any more The Byzantine praises they had made him tiring, so many years the same!!! Besides, HE was waited other from his speech, to become political power rather, than sub authority of Romans, Jesus was a Communist Christodule. I know that HE is thinking very seriously for telling to our father who hears HIM -- -dad I am tired.

After that our father would put another prime minister the serious political Mohamed, from the conservatives angels, and HE will go into any church, to smash with stones the heads of hypocrites.

And if HE sees any cashier of the church to steal it, HE will cut off the hand immediately HE is not playing, Mohammed has another culture. Beware how they glorify God Archbishop and come with me the Easter in Aspropyrgos, I am inviting you and I'll care to be a fork for you, I have learned to eat with my hands. And if you said a good joke, HE will laugh HE will enjoy it, and then HE will be into you and will glorify you. There in the poor is Christ, Christodoulos HE is not where you go

Meanwhile not to be mixed up for the appointment, my Easter coincides with mine passage because I made HIS speech on the holly Monday, and I resurrected on earth.

Three days before I will be around a mosque from the outside, because they don't let me be in, to glorify God as I want and it does not like to me to make troubles I do not want to put me any mad -jacket ' I am afraid that you are ready...

And I would ask Mohammed to come with me, to throw stones in any cross maker motherfucker, or any scurvy hypocrite, even if he is wearing robes orthodox, or if he is a fat specific Byzantines, why to be thinner Does not change and your own posts easily Christodule. There your previous was passing away and was afraid of the Ravens not to take from him the scoop, and you do not look like a Raven ... Christodoulos!! dishonor authority makes us ridicules completely !!!

And please do not send special Orthodox, to bully all the tents in Aspropyrgos that you will excommunicate them. I hope they write aphorisms there where I write them myself ... Besides I am very afraid that gypsies, are secret spies of Mohammed!!

Did you see they are dancing tsiftetelia all the time ... then as suspects seemed to me with those big crosses and the mercy to forgive God yours passed away ... definitely something you know and you did not make to them a simple church as Jesus wants to have one to go and his self, because the gold and luxury make him unhappy and he tears all the time, and walks in the mountains looking for a new Judas to give him a kiss to be re-crucified. Eh this man seems very masochist to me! e Christodoule you're HIS slave isn't it hard to re crucify him!! what do you think?.

But I'm afraid you are going to find a trouble because media are following you for yours beautiful jokes, and if your opponents will see you to eat lamb the holly Monday! you will be in trouble for good! nor flea in your bosom, can you imagine to happen to you, what happens to St. Athanasios or am I wrong? as Grey gkiniol comes to my mind from the elementary school, they cut him in pieces or cooked him for heresy the heretics, what heretics? Catholics? Who Catholics? The heretics the others with the old calendar? Who heretics, who Catholics? a! the old calendar... how I got confused!!! The psychiatrist and Mimi with the plugs I am completely out of my mind Finally to check how crazy I am I ask my brother Demetrius why this had left to me shiver from my childhood memories, or was a product of my sick imagination. And he had to open an encyclopedia though he had finished university as brilliant in theology, it does not reminded him something special, and he found in encyclopedia the following. Around 330-340 AD the st. Athanasius was accused by the Bishop of Alexandria, that he had killed Bishop Arsenios and had kept his hand to use for spells!!! Jesus and Lord!!!!

Anyway I will make a bowl with tomato salad with onions and gherkins, this food I make it so well that you will lick and your fingers, and you will escape from your opponents that are waiting for you to make the crime of eating no fasting foods,

that until the death penalty costs , and holy court, how we call it inquisitor something like this just not to forget and the sacred values ...

For music now listen my program , they have the tape recorder that gives to them the state budget and because it is written in small letters, and do not have glasses to read details (those who know to read) from where they will take them, they take them in any place they will find a little used, not denounce them to the police that they are robbers, I saw that in the budget yesterday when I read it with the glasses I bought, because does not lengthen my hand. And I mean a joke I am going to tell as you like them a lot. .

A man in my age who liked to appear young as he was getting older went his hands farther to read, not to wear glasses and to look old man, he said my hands had to be lengthened . Eh the asshole. I bout glasses Christodoulou and I read it do not denounce them.

From dance? I am thinking to take a tape with tsamika to put in the tape deck of the 'budget' to jump a little bit, because I'm short, and when I jump I look taller.

Now if they insist for tsiftetelia as spies of the last prophet, I will dance. If I am coming from Albania these days when I would go to throw stones with the prophet Mohammed, and I eat in this village where I work as those people eat .. listen to see... in ten days I lose six to seven pounds and I am coming back thinner then maybe will suit to me the tsiftetelia.

What if will not come the media? I have not damn record movie camera! I had "stolen" the duties and I went it to Albania not to seize me in any customs ... I am not afraid for criminal punishment have past more than fifteen years and has canceled the offense. A! let us not despair that I will not see how suit me in details the tsiftetelia maybe a gypsy to have any legitimate second hand, that gave to him the budget of the Delores II package, so we are very legitimate. Please do not be afraid that we will use product of crime, I have read this in the budget with my glasses, was written with very small letters .

Into mental hospital with the police

Eventually, what my friends failed to do in the time of extreme tension, manages to do a young journalist from Tirana in combination with the thesis of the rich cousin of mine Thanasakis just before Christmas of 2000. To Thanasakis In his Whole life I am honoring his internal fairness towards consumption, and I thought that this honorable choice (until he decided to buy a Mercedes) gave him the opportunity not to be unfair but just to be dry honest , and I choose him to co-manage the little cash I had and to be concerned for my children if something wrong could happen in Albania, and especially not to succumb and never give money to extortionists who would think to kidnap me while I was in Albania. As he worried about the responsibilities and had seen too 'funny' my speech to the mosque he chooses to propose to put me in a mental hospital.

The gorgeous journalist Rome whom I met under very romantic circumstances at the Coffee Gallery in Tirana, and as I am thinking now the most "random" setting was as if erected by talented director, whom if I new I would suggest him to do something artistic.

Presented as a not very difficult lady who would not object to visit Greece and especially to go to Paris were at that time I have won a weekend staying for two people. Three trips, two in Greece, one in Paris! E! toughest female human excluded to meet in my life, and I will try to keep our friendship now that sex is not anymore the greatest choice for me.

In order my wife to take the decision to live separately, that I felt that it was necessary for me at that time to be able to serve my duty in Albania

I thought to introduce the journalist to my daughter, and to report for my trips with her. My daughter Tzenoula transported the news to her mom, and my wife became very angry and with her high "Orthodoxy" decided to lead me by force to see a psychiatrist. So she organized the meeting and Thanasakis as I imagine mostly asked my brother Dimitris to take the responsibility of movements as a brother that he is, but as and the style of thanasakis <<let me be in the background>> could think my favorite super healthy cousin..

So they went to the prosecutor and left the Tzenoula(my daughter) to sign and ready my arrest. The policemen who came told me that became a denunciation from Albania ... and I supposed to go and to apologize to the police station but ... I found myself in a public psychiatric hospital. The psychiatrist who led the team of doctors having the information about mosque, by the others in previous contacts they had with him, Had his decision ready.

At first I tried to react dialectically but as a pragmatist I compromised, let me have another experience I thought. So I took the pills of suppression witch overthrow me, which brought me into terrible depression, knowing that by force, I have to say that it is one of the worst that could happen to a human.

Depression, an illness of the soul knows only suffering. Of course I have to remember in this long period of confusion into my consciousness, my deep emotional interest of my brother Dimitris, and the sweet warmth of my beloved Mimakos who allowed me to work in his little factory with warmth for as long as I needed to find little by little my previous balance. I will never forget the excessive love that he offered to me. The emotions are another great admirable chapter, and I thank them both deeply.

I Excuse my daughter perfectly, I understand my wife **I respect deeply the science.**

However let me have some reservations about possibilities of nature, that may not be aware of our science yet.

Today 05/04/2001 I saw on TV this afternoon in the light of the Acropolis, the Pope and the Archbishop of Athens making speeches together, I thought I would catch up and got the train to Monastiraki. Going to the point that the Apostle Paul carried the word of Jesus, necessarily I passed by a group of old calendar Orthodox priests and followers, My God what a fanaticism!!!. When I arrived in the point they (pope and Archbishop) had made their speeches, and the officials and people started to leave .

Turning to the Monastiraki I passed again of the team with the old calendar orthodox who sounded insults against the pope!! and I felt SO sorry for these young people because I saw in their eyes purity and faith. Then I thought how young blood in these 2000 years made red the word of Jesus, from fanaticism and intolerance !!!.

Arriving home Mrs. Kornilia told me that the Pontiff would go to Damascus to visit Muslim priests. Last year he went to the Wailing Wall of Jews.

Now I believe that the magnificent spiritual toss I experienced in April of 1997 may not be madness as science believe, but just the spirit of Jesus found that went to the wrong guy and switched to recipients, who can do what God wants to be done in our planet.

Three more intense, and my last poetic emotions, before I was introduced to the mental hospital.

THE FLAGS

was blowing an easy win when was heard a holly rustle
I was in Athens monastiraki I returned immediately to see the rustle.
In a deep plastic pail were standing some flags
and the little air waved them with a meaning

And as my view stayed waiting the green light
the shiver brought me emotions, uplift, and memories
I saw the Greek one simple, an other with a big cross
returned to me memories of the Greek primary school and
I shed tears.

Close to this the European one, blue with little stars
here is my new country I thought
That became bigger ,and the Greek flag of Italian war
went close to Mussolini with one star near the other

I stayed here enjoining it, like a beautiful dream
that founds a way to make to me brother an old enemy
I liked this flag and I felt more proud and bigger
.and the emotion drove me up

Around to them the American one, red and white
with stars in a blue glade
This country had touched me years ago
and brought to me emotions as well

It gave me a different affection , and I stayed there with
respect for a while : But then I drew back the memories
maybe they will think that I am a traitor I considered
and the emotion became fear and secret freeze in my blood

Then around there I saw a yellow with the two heads eagle
different byzantine countries
Came to me memories with churches and oil labs
and psalms for the support of Mary (Jesus mother)
Which is my flag I thought,
all touch me and give colors and proud to my soul

Near to them passed a trader, black young student
stumbled there in the base of the pail and the flags lied down
I thought to run and to hit the enemy , who threw down the flags
cynically, like impoverished ,cheap ,poor prostitutes

I opened the door of my car with impetus but I saw the
student to pick them up first , and to leave his merchandises
for later. And immediately I considered ;
What emotions are bringing him the flags

Why this man to be an enemy ; why the Turk to be an enemy
As small as is our earth why so many flags and enemies
Why the people are so stupid ! We need enemy,
we need enemies end to work for hate and weapons

Where is Jesus who don't like seeing us living with enemies
He wants the little stars of planed embracing each other
like the Italian now close to the Greek
and the African and the Turk and Englishman

He wants one language and compassion for the poor
and suffering African
He wants to leave the weapons and with one flag to look at
the sky and to search for the tree of universe
from which a little root as a bristle stayed up here

And is waiting with affection the little ants ,
to be logical and to embrace each other
in order to be able to go higher from the fire of hate and fear
a little bit higher ,up to the tree of God

Somebody pressed the horn of his car and started sounding
Wake up jerk, what happens to you mad man
where are you living in your one word
what are you crying about?.. Crazy man!

And I got together there in Athinas street
and I felt inside a pain
up to the time I arrived in the corner store with the stairs.
Where I was selling my poor products

A TRIP WITHOUT START AND ENDING

Yesterday I went a ride in archipelago
It was air hitting my sail to the mast,
lightning had thrown light, and divine wrath
then silence, and crying of gentle rain, angry.

Yesterday I went ride to archipelago
I congregated memories, grievances, and hopes
and I got a long road, all alone just myself
without purpose, without hope, just to go.

I left and I didn't know where I'm going and why
I left by a street that can not tell you
If you will get lost in a distant country
How to find the way to return into place that you lived ..

And what to find ... scorched earth the values
and what to find ... scorched earth the love
and what to find ... scorched earth the truth
and why to come back ... what to search for.

And I left to go a trip far away
Someplace I will find values, I thought
somewhere I will find people, who know
for what purpose do the war, and where to offer.

And I took the road that has no beginning and end
with aging my hull from scratches
with eaten my sail from the saltiness
but I took the road at least know I still can.

Getting old my hull by waiting to find values
He didn't find into the Family, he went to school
He didn't find in the school, went to the army
He didn't find in the army, went to work.

And there instead of finding values ... he loses the compass
The hull is turned around from the north winds
The mast is broken by salty and winds
and he stayed for a while in a harbor, for not losing his mind.

Yesterday I went ride in archipelago without a compass
I did not ask in how many bofors the wins are coming
and I do not care if God will make the sea angry.
This time I am leaving, just to leave

DAWN IN TIRANA (ALBANIA)

Day and night touch at the first light of day
Trees shadows in its order
Pierce hues of rays in their leaves
And is trembling the night and the death.

In the poor stores, luck is sweeping their dreams, into the opening
Like the wings of bees that stuck in pollen
As a God's different form of contact, with the flower
And 'the song of the dead brother is,
Like a dead dream, and cold and less ...

Pierce the rays as the day goes on
Spreading on leaves in tenderly playing contacts of life.
And are resting the people's frightened eyes by nature,
who raises and other new dreams, from the dead
and is rising the neighborhood of poverty and conflict

As we descended, the sun stretched
His thick eyes of contact,
In the plains that waked up, the crops, the green
and vast meadows.

HE was attracted and played with them, but his thoughts became
Like small clouds, that hid the light, to cry a little,
and to rest the two large eyes of GOD
as HE wondering ...

Why they don't want my light.
And then came to HIM more and more tears and another and other crying
And run the winds to get HIS crying
Just to have a contact with HIM
Even in this moment of sadness and reflection.

And the winds clash with each other,
their particles tremble in the contacts
and with rain beat the human herds and crowds
of spoiled and wellbeing storks
who worried and trembling and remember the light
up to forget him again.

The people with playing and nice words
Tried to convince him to appear and laugh again
another summer without tears
another summer without winds and terror,
another summer with songs and light
another more summer ...

Let's believe the people
let's help them to think better
another summer with light.
An other more SUMMER

EKAREVS

Until today, I am making my last comb to my texts. I found two pages of many that I had written while I was traveling around Balkans, and I want to publicize.

To the Christians of Skopje

Is there any cross that provokes? Yes, there is a very big one in Skopje, the more risky city for religions conflict after our Palestine. I do not know who provokes there, but here in Skopje provokes the cross for sure. The challenge begins as you enter the Vitolla 10 kilometers from Florina, there is a Grand Cross on the mountain and I wondered why this challenge? Muslims here are very few, do you think that the cross scared them, I think that cross scared more he Christ. I went to Skopje and there I saw a cross on the highest hill that is surrounding the city of Skopje, and there I saw such a big cross that scared even me, and photographed it to scare you too. I begged Jesus to come and to help in Skopje, but I didn't see him willing, and I understand his thoughts ... Here he thought, I could not find time to say something as I did in Ierosolima, they have the conviction ready and the cross is waiting..

Muslims, however, that there are too many, believers, humble, hard working in the fields, cross do not frighten them, it provokes them and challenged even me too. I think it is a political provocation. from "strong club" (of cross wearing Christians and Crusaders). Below I saw in a car of a young driver, a cross so big that it seemed larger than Christodoulos (Archbishop of Greece), I went to laugh but catch me cries.

For God dim the symbols that divide us, as tall if we make the cross is not possible to catch the height of the minaret, which has architecture for heights, but all together below, let us find what unites us, we scared and God! ! HE will dissolve us.

Ekarevs@hotmail.com skopje 01/07/2003

To the Archbishop of Albania

WHY Mr Anastasios OF ALBANIA, to be honest, I thought that you are the healthiest personality of orthodoxy until I went to Koritsia.

There I saw the temple you have built and shuddered and scared of what I felt.

You see before I went to a place something like a shack, Muslim boarding school, and a Muslim seemed like Jesus, and wondered what HE wants here? Impossible.

So I went to your temple to see Jesus I climbed the endless luxurious marble stairs, I tried to open the door, but I found it closed and I stepped down the stairs, then on the right in the basement I found another entrance with the door open, and in a little door many citizens making their cross lighting candles, without of course forgetting to fill the sinner tradition cash desk.

And there Who do you think I saw? I saw Judas. He wore over his political suit, a frock and gathered money, and extinguished the candles to come new money! the bum, I sounded to make him scared and to leave, but he responded -you dare in the house of Christ A! the traitor!

And finally I was convinced that I saw Jesus in the poor Muslim boarding school. He went to seek help from his strict brother Mohammed, because was convinced that even you are in the company of Anna and Caiaphas, and does not want to re-crucified.

I suggest you to convince your friends, the sinners ship owners, that instead of showing their names carved in marble texts as donors hoping to read God their names in the coming judgment.

To place their money or to become schools with kombiouter as I saw in some old mosques in Korca, or roads, hospitals and factories to find work and the very poor Muslims of the city.

God does not read the Byzantine dialect (and if so HE will punish them for their new sin). He knows every intention of ours and is waiting. Please tears full my eyes not other churches in the Balkans, for God, not others.... help.

EKAREVS

author of the book THAT LIGHT

EPILOGUE

Today in November 2006 after almost ten years from that beautiful light flashing in my brain I have come to interpret the image that was sent to me.

The pediment of the ancient Greek temple, symbolizes the desire of God for democracy and acceptance of prostitution and common women, as liberation from the brains of people of guilt for their sexual offer, and acceptance by both sexes, which is the basis of human happiness.

The shape of the Jews, is the acceptance of banks and capital as temples of development and progress, with decentralized fund raising, and compulsory participation of the business people around the area in the decentralized financial institution.

The shape of Christianity (cross) as anti-racism message and recognition of national rights of immigrants, in any country they have worked for more than seven years, and they wish to become citizens.

The last message of the Islamic faith and the Prophet Mohammed, cruel punishment in the spirit of evil, drugs, smoking, alcoholism, and crime, without mercy.

Throughout the centuries, the basic human needs for love and money have created hard racism against people who offer them.

Leading these people to marginalization and hate, and the Whole society that wants and enjoys them, to say lies. That is what God is considered that is the greater sin ...

In my many trips after this unique experience of light, I saw that in China there is a correct stride towards the message I got, except that they have to make more strictly steps against alcoholism and staying bars open for too long. If they will not care for these maybe could be even this society in the western wretched state and decomposition, and will be lost any hope for a new communist greater influence, as a antipode of urban societies.

The Competition is the miracle of progress and need at least two spheres of influence and with a new composition of values our planet can hope!

Of course some of you can give some other interpretations to what God meant by the figure that came to me, or what exactly happened to me, and I could be very pleasant to hear, and my email has a lot of space.

Write as theme: THAT LIGHT and send it to: ekarevs@hotmail.com or make friend in the facebook **paliokostas panos** or follow me in tweeter **@paliokostaspano**

