

Acknowledgments:

...Both the author (Y.A.) and all of Johnny's friends express their deepest thanks to their distant brother and grandpa Hernán for his inspiring help and his deeply supportive encouragement...

Canción para Dimitris,

Joaquín Carbonell

<http://eagainst.com/articles/ωδή-στον-δημήτρη-χριστούλα-από-ισπανί/>

(the video does have subtitles in English, so we don't translate the song here)

Refugio de palomas
Luz violeta de pincel
La mañana griega se sintió volar
Serena la cigarra
Se aturdió bajo el mantel
Que guardaba un desayuno tan vulgar

La higuera vio la fuente
Y brotó luz de la miel
Son las ocho y los dioses ya no están
Dimitris es agudo
Un anciano de papel
Una voz que clama al mundo sin gritar

A veces el destino nos empuja hacia el final
Rompiendo las señales de aparcamiento
Un tiro no es un ruido es como una catedral
Que se esfuma entre la niebla de cristal

Dimitris busca el árbol
Y Sintagma es el lugar
Al frente el Parlamento Nacional
Empuña una pistola
En un gesto tan vulgar
Que no llama la atención del personal

“No quiero su limosna
Hoy me rindo sin luchar
No buscaré comida en un corral”.
Los cielos se cerraron
Y la tierra fue a llorar
Era abril en cada punto cardinal

A veces el destino nos empuja hacia el final
Rompiendo las señales de aparcamiento
Un tiro no es un ruido es como una catedral
Que se esfuma entre la niebla de cristal

A veces el destino nos empuja hacia el final
Rompiendo las señales de aparcamiento
El portavoz del Fondo Monetario Gerry Rice
Confesó que estuvo a punto de llorar

http://24gr.blogspot.com/2012/07/blog-post_7875.html
<http://www.zougla.gr/blog/article/572076>

Gratitud Griega to **Joaquín Carbonell**
(sung in the melody of his own **Canción...**
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T0upnAY0D4I>

I wish I were a poet
and send you one of my poems
but I'm not so I will have to borrow one
I wish I could write music
and dress what I'm saying right now
but I'm not so I'm humming back your own song

Joaquín, yesterday was a serene summer night, as sweet as most Greek summer nights. Mikis Theodorakis, supported by friends and with a walking cane, walked from his house at the feet of Acropolis to the open Roman theater Herodeion, two blocks over his house. The distance of Herodeion both from Acropolis and from Mikis' home, was so small that the audience of what was to be played, felt as if invited for dinner under the summer sky in the veranda of a still living ancient demigod. The performance of what he had named "Gospel of Freedom", the famous "Canto General" of the South American demigod Pablo Neruda, would be by the same performers, Maria Farantouri and Petros Pandis, who would also perform in the presence of Allende and Neruda, 39 years ago in Chile, with Mikis conducting, all of them, then, exiles from Greece's junta, but never performed, because some weeks before this première, took place the coup against Allende by Pinochet's junta. The age of the performers, and their appearance too, among the young generation constituting the choir, added to the feeling that something mystical and uncanny was going to take place... At the end Mikis approached the stage and the singers on it bowed to kiss him. Among loud standing ovation he kissed them and also kissed the next generation's actor, Tasos Nousias, who was translating and transfusing from the demigods' eternal and universal language to the present's and the here's language of our country too. When Mikis turned to also face the audience, the standing ovation became so loud that it reminded an apotheosis. Immortalization would be a poor word because this work was already immortal upon birth. Apotheosis was also a poor word but only because of the simplicity and directness of Mikis' response. His smile broadened from ear to ear and made his face light up even more and he said "You made me very happy. Thank you". He waved, and, again, supported he left for home.

I wish I spoke your language
and have sung myself to Spain
in your language that is so close to my Greek
but we both speak rockers' language
Lingua Franca of our days
so we still exchange what we borrow from those gods

...Our appeal to Hernán to translate the above to Spanish resulted from our need to make a tribute to a beautiful language of beautiful souls who wrote such a beautiful song for as beautiful a Greek as Dimitris...

Gratitud Griega a Joaquín Carbonell:

Quisiera ser poeta y mandarles uno de mis poemas,
pero como no lo soy, entonces tendre que tomar prestado uno
Quisiera poder escribir música
y adornar lo que estoy diciendo ahora,
pero como no sé, entonces estoy tarareando su propia canción.

Joaquín, ayer una noche serena de verano, como la mayoría de las noches dulces del verano Griegas, Mikis Theodorakis, ayudado por amigos y apoyado en su baston, caminó de su casa al pie de la Acrópolis hasta Herodeion un teatro Romano al aire libre. Las distancias de la Acrópolis y de la casa de Mikis al teatro son tan cortas que la audiencia se sentia como invitada a cenar bajo ese cielo de verano, en el corredor de la casa del aun viviente demigod. La actuacion de lo que él mismo a nombrado "Evangelio de Libertad", el famoso "Canto General" del tambien semidios de la America del Sur, Pablo Neruda, estuvo a cargo de los actores Maria Farantouri y Petros Pandi, quienes debieron cantar en Chile en presencia del Presidente Salvador Allende y el poeta Pablo Neruda hace 39 años, mientras Mikis conduciría la orquesta. Todos ellos estaban exiliados en esos entonces por La Junta de Gobierno de Grecia. La actuacion nunca se llevo a cabo por el Golpe de Estado organizado por Augusto Pinochet y su Junta unas pocas semanas antes del Premier. La edad de los actores y su presencia entre los jovenes del coro, le dieron al acto un sentido místico inusual. Al final, Mikis se acerco al escenario y los cantantes le hicieron reverencias y lo besaron en medio de estruendosos aplausos, así mismo él también besó a los actores de la nueva generación. Tasos Nousias, traducía y transfundió a los presentes, la lengua eterna y universal de los semidioses y al Griego. Cuando Mikis se volteo hacia la audiencia, los aplausos se hicieron apoteosicos. Inmortalización no sería un adjetivo correcto, pues el trabajo de estos musico/poetas ya era inmortal al nacer. Apoteosis no es suficiente tampoco por la simplicidad y sentido directo de la respuesta de Mikis: su sonrisa se abrio de oreja a oreja y su cara se ilumino mucho cuando con toda sencillez dijo: "Me hacen felices, muchas gracias". Saludó ajitando sus manos y de nuevo fué ayudado para regresar a su casa.

Quisiera hablar en Español
y poder cantar a España en su lengua
que se asemeja tanto al Griego.
Pero ya que ambos hablamos el lenguaje del Rock
Lengua Franca de hoy
Todavía podemos entre cambiar
Lo que tomemos prestado de esos dioses.

We also send all our Gratitud Griega to our friend Hernán Espinoza for this translation, one more sample of his help and support during every single day of the three years of our friendship.

Before we go to the more detailed and specific letter we wrote to Hernán right after the night at Herodeion, let's see a few of the words and melodies we can borrow from those gods to dedicate to the Indignados and Occupys everywhere in the world today too...

Vuela una montaña marina, hacia las islas, una luna de aves que van hacia el Sur, sobre las islas fermentadas del Perú



Es un río vivo de sombra, es un cometa de pequeños corazones innumerables que oscurecen el sol del mundo como un astro de cola espesa palpitando hacia el archipiélago...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WzY27oWPI-4>

Vienen los pájaros

.....

Vuela una montaña marina
hacia las islas,
una luna de aves que van hacia el Sur,
sobre las islas fermentadas del Perú.
Es un río vivo de sombra,
es un cometa de pequeños
corazones innumerables
que oscurecen el sol del mundo
como un astro de cola espesa
palpitando hacia el archipiélago.
que oscurecen el sol del mundo
como un astro de cola espesa
palpitando hacia el archipiélago.

A marine mountain flies
toward the islands
a moon of birds winging South
over the fermented islands of Peru
It's a living river of shade,
it's a comet of tiny
hearts countless in number
that eclipse the world's sun
like a thick-tailed meteor
pulsing toward the archipelago.
that eclipse the world's sun
like a thick-tailed meteor
pulsing toward the archipelago.

Y en el final del iracundo mar,
en la lluvia del océano,
surgen las alas del albatros,
como dos sistemas de sal.
Todo era vuelo en nuestra tierra.
Todo era vuelo en nuestra tierra.
estableciendo en el silencio
como gotas de sangre y plumas
entre las rachas torrenciales,
los cardenales desangraban
con su espaciosa jerarquía
el orden de las soledades
el amanecer de Anahuac,
con su espaciosa jerarquía
el orden de las soledades
el amanecer de Anahuac,

And at the end of the enraged sea,
in the ocean rain
the wings of the albatros rise up
like two systems of salt.
All was flight in our land.
All was flight in our land.
establishing in the silence
like drops of blood and feathers
amid the torrential squalls
the cardinals bled
with their spacious hierarchy
the order of the wilds
the dawn of Anahuac,
with their spacious hierarchy
the order of the wilds
the dawn of Anahuac.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SWzZ8v2KWcc&feature=related>

LA UNITED FRUIT CO.

When the trumpet blared, everything on earth was prepared and Jehova distributed the world to Coca Cola Inc., Anaconda, Ford Motors and the other entities. United Fruit Inc. reserved for itself the juiciest, the central seaboard of my country, America's sweet waist. It rebaptized its lands the "Banana Republics", and upon the slumbering corpses, upon the restless heroes who conquered renown, freedom and flags, it established the buffoons' opera, it alienated self-destiny, gave as gifts Caesar's crowns, unsheathed envy, attracted the dictatorship of flies, fly Truhillo, fly Tahos, fly Garias, fly Martinez, fly Ubico, flies soaked in humble blood and jam, drunk flies that drone over the common graves, circus flies, clever flies versed in tyranny. Among the blood thirsty flies, the Fruit Co. disembarks, ravaging coffee and fruits for its ships that make disappear like ghosts on serving trays, the treasures of our lands that are submerged. Meanwhile in the sugary abysses of the seaports collapsed Indians, are buried in the mist of the morning: a body rolls down, a thing without name, a fallen number, a bunch of lifeless fruit dumped in the rubbish heap.

...como gotas de sangre y plumas



los cardenales desangraban

el amanecer de Anahuac...



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hw-Sho4sxuQ&feature=relmfu>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xjnlcs-3xDM&feature=related>

The road is dark, and so is life, until again I meet you/come down your door and hold my hand to feel how much I need you.
Make up your bedsheets now for two/for you and me, for me and you/hold me as I hold you right from start to feel that love and life are back.
I took you in my arms, you took me in yours, we both were taken and given/I lost myself into your eyes and into your fate I am driven.
Make up your bedsheets now for two/for you and me, for me and you/hold me as I hold you right from start to feel that love and life are back.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UJYbUb_NFEw



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T0upnAY0D4I>



Hernán, the best way to describe to you feelings that consciously or unconsciously we all had last night, until as I hope that whole event will be posted in youtube, is the following:

- 1) I will show you the one of the singers (the man) when he was young and singing it with young Theodorakis the song “United fruit Co.” that you already know and have commented then I’ll show you his photo as he is now (but his singing it will be postponed until they post it on youtube)
- 2) I will show you the lady but although she is as old as he, she looks as almost equally old as she was in middle age as in the links you had seen her. But when performing they seem as equally young as when they were exiles 40 years ago.
- 3) I still not have a photo to show you Theodorakis with a cane and as very happy as he said today in the news he was, but I will do the following: I will write you some links with him in several ages to give you the family atmosphere he has with the people and some of the links will also be following his presence in the Herodeion Amphitheater as he grows older...
- 4) Then I will write you several links about Canto General that you of course already know but it’s good to have them somewhere concentrated...

OK, we start:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SWzZ8v2KWcc&feature=related>

The way Petros Pandis looks now is here



Herodeion theater does not show clearly here but you will see it in videos in a while

Maria Farantouri in the “Algunas Bestias” but in Belgium

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aDPi11XhcG8&feature=related>

Theodorakis young in East Berlin

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xjnlcs-3xDM&feature=related>

The song he is singing himself says the following lyrics (and the instrumental song he continues in the same link is Zorbas)

The road is dark, and so is life, until again I meet you,
come down your door and hold my hand to feel how much I need you.

Make up your bedsheets now for two,
for you and me, for me and you,
hold me as I hold you right from start
to feel that love and life are back.

I took you in my arms, you took me in yours, we both were taken and given,
I lost myself into your eyes and into your fate I am driven.

Make up your bedsheets now for two,
for you and me, for me and you,
hold me as I hold you right from start
to feel that love and life are back.

Hernán although this is a reunion song for lovers I think it is also (at least now should be) a union- for-the-first time song for people who postpone too much and also a solidarity song even for people whose union is not erotic

Now Hernán hear the same two in Herodeion some years ago
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hw-Sho4sxuQ&feature=relmfu>

The fact that he lives near Herodeion (5 minutes walk) makes the night also have a feeling like he hosts everybody in his house's yard.

The Zorba part too in other forms and ages
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wArnejQcGno&feature=related>
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jeNsr_nQEfE&feature=fvrel
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AjHhegWyIwI&feature=related> (here in the epoch of tourism)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=asnXIGDsMfM&feature=related> , (Herodeion again)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TorYVReym-8> (the same in soccer fields)

(A surprise : The person who sings in the soccer field , Grigoris Bithikotsis, a lifelong coworker, was a very human guard (plumber, who was serving his military service) in the torture island where Theodorakis was a detainee. In the photos below the plumber is the tall in the middle, Theodorakis is the tall in front of the tent, then the tall in the hospital)





(The lyrics of the song in Herodeion and in the soccer field:)

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my,
my country

Her volcanoes have rows of vines with blood-red wine
her high mountains are proud and eagle-like
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white
and her houses when painted white shine,
when her sky is blue and bright.

I reach with my two bitter hands behind old Time
Holding in their strength the Thunderbolt of Right
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals
and I call my old friends and pals,
shouting threats and splashed with blood.

Sun of Justice living, living in and above our mind
and you myrtle glorious leaf of praise and prize
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my
please don't turn your eyes away from my,
my country

See another performance of this, in German music hall...

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dUVEqh83rJI&feature=relmfu>

and one more in Herodeion, with Theodorakis himself still conducting a few (7 or 8) years ago
(this one showing most clearly with what passion he tries to transfuse his vision to the young
generation of singers):

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=00UTQkZ76ts&feature>

I also include a link with the whole of this oratorio ("Axion Esti", Nobel laureated) in Herodeion
(lasts 1:12) but what I tell you not to miss is at least the finale (I write you, **in red**, at what time it
starts and also the lyrics)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-HZIK-Uidbk&feature=related> (1:06:40)

PRAISED BE the hand returning from terrible murder knowing now
which the world that is really superior
which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
which the world that is really superior which the world's "now" and which its "forever"
NOW the myrtle's wild animal Now the cry of May
FOREVER the utmost conscience Forever the full light
Now now the hallucination and the mimicry of sleep
Forever forever the world and forever the astral Keel
Now the moving cloud of lepidoptera
Forever the circumgyrating light of mysteries
Now the crust of the Earth and the Dominion
Forever the food of the Soul and the quintessence
Now the Moon's incurable swarthinness
Forever the Galaxy's golden blue scintillation
Now the amalgam of peoples and the black Number
Forever the statue of Justice and the great Eye
Now the humiliation of the Gods Now the ashes of Man
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
Now Now the zero
and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world, and Forever this small world
the Great!

But let's finish with a summer night very magic again but serene with a family-like song again and without (!) Theodorakis
For more Theodorakis-Neruda see the PS, but save it for another day, don't get an overdose, the event at Herodeion for lasted 3 hours...Well do what you want, you'll be hearing it at home, I was on a tier; you, being a doctor, and knowing of my waist problem,...OK, a bloggers' disease...Note: Since you are from Nicaragua I will write last the song on **Sandino**.(But of course before Theodorakis' Requiem for Neruda)
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rDNQN8gJpbU>

The summer cinemas

Lyrics: [Loukianos Kilaidonis](#) **Music:** [Loukianos Kilaidonis](#) **Performance:** [Loukianos Kilaidonis](#)

Years that feel our best are always passing
passing on a hurrying clock's hourhand
youth that's left behind
years never to re-find
and what I feel real stays
in our hearts and our mind
is just nights serene and filled with moonlight
in cinemas playing under night sky
sweetly passing by
nights never to re-find
in walls of jasmine and woodbine
Years that feel our best are always passing
stolen from us by a secret hand
years left behind
years never to re-find
and what I feel real stays
in our hearts and our mind
is just nights serene and filled with moonlight
in cinemas playing under night sky
sweetly passing by
nights never to re-find
in walls of jasmine and woodbine

Bye Hernán, thank you for your interest and for your help. I wish you all happy and serene summer nights
PS:

ALGUNAS BESTIAS

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GI9Xk8ZgaTw>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=67Pp2cz1DPY>

VIENEN LOS PAJAROS

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WzY27oWPI-4>

AMOR AMERICA

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kJH86InnND4>

VEGETACIONES

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d7w5RUAb3jg>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QBB8Nsmjd2E>

LOS LIBERTADORES VOY A VIVIR

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qA_mzUzOLUw&feature=related

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h9o51Mzy5Jk>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_egjXRGoxCQ&feature=relmfu

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zHvK2RyHNqQ>

VOY A VIVIR

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R_GUgwhkQTI

LAUTARO

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oWtBpHgQW6I>

SANDINO

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3PsHp4r3-xY>

NERUDA REQUIEM AETERNAM

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-0C6Du3AKmw&feature=related>

Final PS: Finally I managed to forget one song. Here it is:

AMERICA INSURRECTA

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gpM2g-qYtpk&feature=related>

Hernán, I've just remembered an amusing little detail about the meeting of Mikis and Neruda in Paris. He liked Canto General so much that he finally had to tell Neruda "Please make some selection of songs for me because the way I have started composing, the concert will be fifteen hours long...."

PS of almost two months later, when Clint Eastwood made that show with the empty chair representing Obama and Michael Moore answered as ingoogle with e.g.

Michael Moore on Clint Eastwood's Delusional Speech at the Republican National Convention

(by Michael Moore Aug 31, 2012 6:34 AM EDT

The Hollywood legend growling at an empty chair will live on in infamy as the moment when a crazy old man hijacked a national party's most important gathering to tell off the president.)

Hernán I hate to be repetitive but since I noticed they posted the finish of the night of Canto General that you helped me with, when you translated for us that letter to Joaquín Carbonell, I could not resist sending you that 3 minutes ending where Theodorakis does all the things you were translating . I hope my letter finds all of you in health and happiness. THANK YOU AGAIN FOR ALL YOUR HELP AND SUPPORT. Kisses to Natalie

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vhpIMVnb7FE>

Part of Hernán's answer:

...Thanks indeed, I have to say all of those grandpas are still very attractive and not as how Clint Eastwood* shows at Tampa TX.

Here is something I was working in just now:

Dear Ioannis:

For whom is it that I write these thoughts? For you, for my soul or for no one?

.....

(For better acquaintance with Hernán, in another letter from him, the reader should see the last page of the pdf titled "Resuming those other letters on the same issues...")

*I too have to add that both Hernán and myself are great admirers of American grandpas like Lewis Mumford, Howard Zinn, Robert Byrd and Noam Chomsky and that the fact that, at least for the time being, young-men-to-be-like-them do not show up as often as the above pass away (knock wood for Chomsky who is still around and up) is not only a fact about Americans but also about Greeks and about all Europeans too...