

Zig Nlaoen

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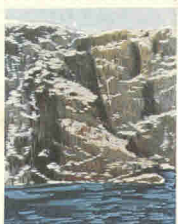
Χίλια εὐχαριστῶ γιὰ τὰ
καλὰ σου λόγια.

Καλές γιορτές καί ὁ και-
νούργιος χρόνος νά φέρη τή
λευτεριά στή Κύπρο.

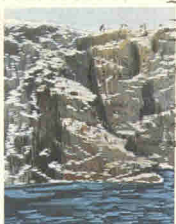
Μέ ἀγάπη,



ΜΕΛΙΝΑ ΜΕΡΚΟΥΡΗ



Γαρόνησι - Μήλου 1979
ΕΛΛΑΣ HELLAS ΔΡ. 2



Γαρόνησι - Μήλου 1979
ΕΛΛΑΣ HELLAS ΔΡ. 2

ΕΡΕΥΝΑ
ΚΟΣΜΙΩΝ
ΕΣΕΩΣ



18 ΦΕΒΡΙΟΥ
ΗΜΕΡΑ
ΤΗΣ ΠΑΓΚΟΣΜΙΑΣ
ΤΑΧ. ΕΝΕΙΣ

Πάνος Παιονίδης

ΤΤ 544 - Λεβέσος

Κύβρος

ΣΑΣ ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΟΥΜΕ ΠΑΡΑ ΠΟΛΥ
ΓΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΣΥΜΠΑΡΑΣΤΑΣΗ ΣΑΣ
ΣΤΟ ΜΕΓΑΛΟ ΜΑΣ ΠΟΝΟ

JULES DASSIN - ΜΕΛΙΝΑ ΜΕΡΚΟΥΡΗ

Jules Dassin

Αθηναίων Εφήβων 8

115 21 Αθήνα



Παν. Ναιουίδης
Τ.Κ 544
Νεγρεβός
Κύβρος

*Οι οικογένειες του Jules Dassin
και του Σπύρου Μερκούρη*

*σας ευχαριστούν
που μοιραστήκατε τον πόνο τους
για το χαμό της αγαπημένης Μελίνας.*



Mr. Panos Peonides
P. O. Box 544
Limassol
CYPRUS

PAR AVION

JULES DASSIN

JULES DASSIN

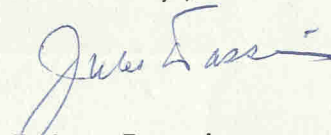
December 3rd, 1993

Mr. Panos Peonides
P. O. Box 544
Limassol, Cyprus

Dear Mr. Peonides,

I, too, am sorry of missing each other. Costas Kazakos talked so warmly about you. Yes, I would be disposed to answer any questions you may address to me that have to do with theatre or film but I must warn you that in the last few years I have seen very little of cinema and I am not very 'au courant'. But I am sure I share the same opinion with Costas Gavras about the serious problems existing for French cinema.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Jules Dassin". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Jules Dassin

8.10.71

Dear Rex,

In happier times we prepared a screenplay for a film to be made in Greece. It was set in the age of Pericles and the opening scene was the trial of Socrates. The philosopher had been charged with disrespect to the Gods, with teaching that the moon was a mass of earth, and with corrupting the minds and morals of young men, in particular the son of Anytus.

Socrates had this to say:

"The son of Anytus once said to me: 'Socrates, you taught me that my life is meaningless if I neglect the needs of my soul.' Athenians, is that corruption? Look, this is my robe. I own no other. These are my sandals. I ~~own~~^{HAVE} no others. I have criticized you, young and old, who think that happiness is luxury and goods. If that is corruption you have the right to condemn me to drink the poison hemlock. I have said look to your souls. If that is impious, condemn me. I shall tell you wherein I am guilty. I am a prowler. I prowl among young men's beliefs. I prod them with questions. I demand precise answers. I ask them what is just - what is unjust - what is cowardice - what is courage."

A voice calls out:

"You are not here to teach us philosophy."

Socrates replies:

"You do well to remind me. I talk too much. But the state is a great steed which because of its very size is slow and heavy in its motions. It needs a gadfly to stir it into life, by reproaching, persuading, arousing. I am such a gadfly given to the state by God. If you kill me, you'll not easily find another like me. I advise you to spare me."

The Athenians ignored this advice. Socrates was judged guilty. Before pronouncing the death sentence, the magistrate asked Socrates to propose his own punishment. The old man leaped to his feet and cried out:

"I propose what is my due, a reward! A reward, at least as fit as that of a winner of a chariot race. I have been told that I have only to suggest exile and my life would be spared. Exile? At my age? Wandering from city to city - and mind you, always to be driven out - for wherever I go, I shall talk to young men. I shall goad them, I shall prod them. I shall never accept anything as shameful as silence."

Well, Rex, as you know, I never wrote this scene. As a matter of fact, Jules, who did, cribbed most of it from Plato. I remembered it when the invitation to do a guest column for you came with the admonition;

"Not too political in nature. People would like to see what Melina has on her mind about other things." What other things Rex? What other things could be on my mind when the Greek people live under a cruel and cynical dictatorship. Sure, I go through motions. I see people. I make a film. I record a song. I read a script. But unceasingly, day and night, there's only one thing on my mind - the liberation of my country. I could try to write something light, gossipy, scandalous, entertaining, ribald; but Rex, in the end it would amount to a kind of silence. And if old Socrates, the giant philosopher said that even in exile he would never keep silent, I, a struggling actress, can do no less. I will continue to shout 'fire' even if the whole world considers me a bloody bore. It may be true that I am a bore, but its also true that the house is on fire.

But, I have a confession to make. I'm getting tired; tired of talking to deaf ears, tired of living in exile. I'm not a fool and I see what I see. The dictators have the tanks and they mean to stay. They have powerful supporters in Washington. When your Congress, out of righteousness or shame, votes to cut off American military aid to the colonels, they nevertheless provide a clause which permits your President to nullify their vote if he considers "that military needs are overriding". Oh, Rex, who's kidding who?

Almost daily I meet tourists who come back singing the beauty of Greece. I know what they are permitted to see and what they are unable to see. I have a recurring dream. A tourist gets off the plane. At once he's blindfolded. On the way to Athens he doesn't see the blue Mediterranean; he does not see the Acropolis. He's taken directly to the Security prison. Only then is his blindfold removed and I say: 'You came to see Greece? Look.' But that is an empty dream and when the tourist tells me of the beauty of Greece, how can that be denied? It is beautiful and I ache to see it again. Its been more than five years that I have not seen Greece. What if another five years go by and the colonels, with your help, are still in power. Six years, seven, ten? Is it possible that I live away from Greece that long? I miss it. I miss it with carnal longing. Is it possible that to see Greece I do what I did last month? To go to a place in Turkey where I could look across to the Greek island of Samos like a banished tearful child? What is my future? I met a Spanish refugee in Paris. He is sixty years old. He writes for a Spanish exile newspaper which has a circulation of a thousand and is threatened with daily extinction. He has been writing for that newspaper for thirty-two years. He knows it's futile but there is

nothing else he knows to do. Sometimes I go to a white Russian café. I listen to that aging woman forever singing 'Orche Chernye' with sad brio. Will that be me?

Here I am, the "Never on Sunday" girl who sang of the joy of life, turning to despair. And then always something comes to lift my spirit and courage gets born again. Somebody in Greece stands up. Somebody blows up the Officers' Club in Athens. Lady Fleming joins an effort to free Alekes Panagoulis from prison. He's the man who tried to kill dictator Papadopoulos. Lady Fleming had the vision to see him not as a would-be assassin, but as a hero, as a liberator of his people. She now faces court-martial. Perhaps by the time you publish this piece, if you do, her sentence will be known. Speculation is that she will not be treated too harshly. Sir Alexander Fleming gave the world penicillin. It wouldn't look too good for his widow to be locked in a Greek prison. People from everywhere have asked that she be treated with clemence. Clemence, my eye. To paraphrase Secrates, she ought to be given a medal of honor. That's my proposal and I couldn't be more sincere.

A closing paragraph, Rex, just to put things straight. I met a distinguished colleague of yours, Pete Hamill. I liked him. He's a good guy. He has written with anger of his government's support of the colonels. He caught me in a weak moment. He quoted me as saying: "I want to go back. I want to hear the Greek language. I want to go back." This is not a disclaimer. It's what I said. But I also said: "I want to go back and fight those bastards until I die."

*Ερωτήριον In Ziz N. Koon
αξιωματικός Ηγετικός Μεγακων*