A Touch of Spice

By Tassos Boulmetis
Granpa often said that the Greek word for "dream" conceals within the word "belch". Initially, I paid no notice as I could only do these 2 things. Years after, I realised he was referring to food and stories. Both require an essential ritual in order to be tastier. That is, the presentation. I'm either seeing something non-existent or invisible. - When did we change the ink? - Today, just before you arrived. - It's set for the highest resolution. - The problem is the colour. With what I see we should either receive a Nobel or get a new printer. I guess that's it for this semester. Day after tomorrow I'm go on leave so I'll see you all next year. Hope it all goes well. I'm waiting on your dissertation. Fani my boy, how are you? Doctor! - How did you find me? - All of Faliro talks about you. Come... Come, sit down. Is anything wrong? I'll tell you something I shouldn't, but now... What is it, Doctor? Your grandpa is coming. - When? - On Thursday. But I'm leaving on Thursday. It was meant to be surprise but I heard you're leaving so I rushed. Fanis, you should surprise him. I'll go to the airport and you can wait home. We'll call his old friends and
you can cook some appetizers...
so we can have a drink
to welcome him.
Remember as a boy how you
used to cook all night?
So grandpa will sit here
and his friends there...
No, grandpa will sit there.
Resembles the Last Supper...
No, grandpa will sit here...
Good... And now,
grandpa's friends...
Grandpa's friends are an unusual
clan because they're from Istanbul.
Their origin sets them apart both
historically and biologically.
Can you direct me
to Halcyone Street?
First and foremost,
they are "magnetized."
It's like a compass that with
every geographical question...
it re-orients their identity.
Who they are, their origins
and where they are going.
- That way.
- Thank you...
This idiosyncracy is related
to their dietary habits.
For most, food involves the
sense of smell and taste.
For grandpa's friends it also
involves sound and sight.
Hello to you all! You all arrived
at the same time. Come in!
- Did you find it easily?
- We came from THISSEAS Street.
But THISSEAS Street isn't
that way, it's that way.
He's right,
that's how we came.
Should we have
a toast to grandpa?
Where is he then?
A bit late, I'd say.
The plane landed
about an hour ago, so...
- It'll be a great surprise.
- He hasn't seen you in so long.
I fear certain sounds when
they occur just before a meal.
Every major event in my life
began with the sound of a doorbell,
or the sound of a phone.
Yes... Doctor...
Isn't he here?
What do you mean he's not?
Maybe he got lost...
What?
Where did it happen?
Constantinople (Istanbul), 1959
The Appetizers
To speak about our cuisine, you
have to start with the spices.
I learned the first secrets of
spices at grandpa's store...
on the east bank
of the Vosporos.
- Good day, Mr. Vasilis.
- Dorothea, what can I get you?
I'd like some cumin,
dried fish and vine leaves...
A lire, please.
- Why so much?
- I'll be making meatballs.
- Pantelis will also be there.
- With the family?
- Don't use cumin then.
- What should I use?
Cinnamon...
Mr. Vasilis, we never
put cinnamon in meatballs.
Dorothea, listen to me...
Sometimes we have to use the
wrong spice to get a point across.
Add something different...
Cumin is a strong spice,
It turns people inwards.
Cinnamon makes people look each other in the eyes.
If you want to say "yes", then add cinammon.
Thank you, Mr. Vassilis.
Where are my pyjama bottoms?
Aren't they with your pyjama top?
- I can't find them.
- I had them together...
Hold on...
I'm coming.
Spices were behind some of the biggest wars in history...
one of which I caused
...in our own house.
- Cinnamon again?
- Of course not!
Should I believe you or my nose? I can smell cinnamon!
I'm telling you, there's no cinnamon.
I've told you many times. Cinnamon and meatballs don't mix!
- But you only listen to your mother!
- She was the best cook!
My mother was the best cook in Tsihangir!
You use cinnamon if the meat is off.
You had no refrigerator back then and used cinnamon as a preservative.
We were the first with household to get a fridge. The American consul sent it!
With so many Americans around your house, why did you marry me?
If I had a choice, do you think I'd have married you?
The arguments were silly hiding issues of historical importance.
What do you know about Paleologos?
All the books
talk about him!

Don't you speak about him and
history in front of the kid, ok?
I never heard that Paleologos
ate meatballs with cinnamon!

Grandpa said the word "Gastronomer"
conceals within it the word "Astronomer".
As such, my lessons in astro-

omy involved the use of spices.
I talk, you taste
and think, O. K.?
Here we go...

Pepper, warm and it burns...
The sun...
- What does the sun see?
- Everything.

Exactly! That is why pepper
goes with all foods.
Next we have Mercury,
It's hot too...
and then Venus.
Cinnamon...

Venus was the most
beautiful of all women.
That's why cinnamon is sweet
and bitter, just like all women.
Then we have Earth.
What do we have on earth?
Life...
Exactly, there is
life on earth.
And what do we need
to stay alive?
Food...
- And what makes food tastier?
- Salt...

Our lives need salt too.
Both food and life require
salt in order to be tastier.
On Sundays the family would
gather for a culinary feast.
All women would help, even aunt
Elpiniki, who suffered from Parkinson's.
Aunt Eleftheria was
the most competitive...
she knew all the secrets
of an exceptional dish.
To be on top, she'd hand
out her recipes...
but never quite correct.
I'll tell you, but you must
keep it to yourself.
- Saut the onion in oil.
- I know that...
- The leaves must soak overnight.
- I know that too.
Once the stuffing
is ready...
you add some
ground "kisa mamout."
Isn't that bitter?
On its own yes, but it's excellent
for delicious dolmades.
- Are you trying to poison us?
- I followed her instructions!
- But you added nettles!
- No, it was "kisa mamout."
That's what our mother gave us
to clear up our acne!
Then why did she tell me
to add it to the dolmades?
What I longed for most was an
engagement in the community.
Prerequisite for
a wedding to occur...
was the prospective bride's "initiation"
to the cuisine of Constantinople.
Don't be afraid.
It's already dead!
But it will be tasty. They'll
be licking their fingers.
- Firstly, we add the spices.
- Always "hide" garlic and onion.
Emilios says that women in
Morrocco "hide" garlic in meat.
Aunt, keep quiet!
Oregano is all it needs and
if you add a touch of nutmeg...
We'll have a feast on Sunday! 
Come in, Osman Bey. 
How are you? 
Very well. And how are you, Mr. Vasilis? 
Very well. You look handsome today, Mustafa. 
When will you drop by and play with Fanis? 
After the circumcision ceremony, I'll bring him over. 
What do you want to be when you grow up? 
- A doctor... 
- An army officer. 
Both are fine but I reckon Mustafa will be an army doctor. 
- What can I give you? 
- Oysters... 
I've invited many diplomats from Ankara for the ceremony. 
Not to worry, Osman Bey. 
Just make sure they are kind of big oysters. 
You do know, I trust you a lot... 
The diplomatic meeting is of great importance to me. 
Are things looking bad, Osman Bey? 
There is a new crisis with Athens... 
Let's see what will be discussed in the meeting. 
Relationships without arguments are like weddings without music. 
We praise Allah when we eat, what about you? 
You are not allowed to go there, son. 
You... stir thing up at every meal telling stories... 
What can we do? That's how
it was laid out for us.
Time went by and while clouds
covered the adults' faces...
mine was full of light...
because I was in love
with Saime...
the daughter of Mrs. Aise,
my mom's best friend.
Go play with Fanis.
- What are we having today?
- Meatballs...
And what will you put inside?
Mince, bread crumbs, garlic,
salt and pepper...
- That won't be tasty.
- Why is that?
Meatballs require something
extra so as to be tastier.
- What?
- It's a secret spice.
Tell me...
- And what will you do for me?
- I'll cook for you.
I know how to cook too.
What do you want me to do?
Dance for me...
The secret for
tasty meatballs is...
Really?
Carnations grow in Myceane...
Roses, in Delphi...
Oregano, in the Acropolis...
Geography is magical and the place
to learn it best is near a lighthouse.
By the lighthouse, the compass
spins wildly...
and the air magnetises
both the mind and the eyes.
My teacher in issues of love
was uncle Emilios, a captain.
He was the one that brought
the latest products from abroad.
He was the one that brought us a
"doudouklou", a pressure cooker...
This card is from the Acropolis...
this one from San Paolo
and this one from Hamburg.
In Athens women cut onions like this. In Hamburg like that...
But if a woman makes you sauted mussels, it means she is in love with you.
I met one on this trip...
Her name was Zozo, she made the best mussels in all of Piraeus.
- Why don't you marry her?
- She only cooks mussels!
Savva quick, something's wrong with the "doudouklou"!
- To hell with the pressure cooker!
- Stay still, uncle...
From the shock, aunt Elpiniki was cured of her Parkinson's.
Mussels always remind me of the hammam.
Whenever uncle Emilios would return from a journey, we'd go there.
I'd hear the elders open their souls, as mussels do when steamed.
How do things look, Emilio?
There are problems in Cyprus and they say something is "cooking" in Athens.
They always say that and nothing ever happens.
I realised then that other things can be "cooked" besides food.
The other day Osman Bey came by and he smelled of garlic.
If a diplomat smells of garlic, trouble is stirring.
Also Aidin Bey came by and said something I didn't like.
"Things aren't well, Mr. Michalis..."
"You must be very careful."
"Isn't your son-in-law
a Greek citizen?"
Shh... the child...
For as long as I can remember
they keep saying the same thing.
The Turks will deport you,
Turks will do this and that...
They talk and talk, but
we are fine, aren't we?
Emilie you were sailing during
the September 1955 atrocities.
You weren't here to see my
shop being burned to the ground.
I'm selling everything and going
to Greece. I need peace of mind.
The thought of leaving
brings on a pain here...
I saw Thrasyvoulos in Athens.
Send him some x-rays to look at.
We went out one night, while
in Athens and talked...
about Istanbul and
the old times...
Wouldn't it be better if they
could talk about these things here?
My dear departed wife said that
when you leave some place...
you should talk about
the place you are going...
not the place you are
leaving behind.
I'm that kind
of person too.
"To leave" means to go elsewhere,
which for us meant to Greece.
Initially I thought Greece
was in America.
Soon however, geography
brought me down.
ALL GREEK CITIZENS

TO BE DEPORTED:
This is Radio Istanbul,
with the latest news.
Further tension between
Greece and Turkey...
as a result of recent
riots in Cyprus.
In the meantime, the deported
Greek citizens...
are being informed of the con-
fiscation of their properties.
You are listening
to Radio Instabul.
Appetizers are similar to stories
which tell of faraway journeys.
Flavours and aromas
seduce your senses...
and prepare you for
an adventurous journey.
That's why the Greek word for "return"
conceals within it the word "turn"...
which, conceals within it
the word for "food".
- Mr. Savvas Iakovidis?
- Yes...
We are from Immigration.
Can we speak to you?
Please, come in...
Take a seat...
Mr. Iakovidis, I'm afraid
I have bad news.
Your residence permit
cannot be renewed.
But why?
What have I done?
You haven't done anything,
it's not your fault.
Makarios is to blame
for everything.
Our Turkish brothers there, are
suffering more each day.
Your father-in-law
and your wife can stay.
They are Turkish citizens...
But you will have to leave.
Then, a week from today we'll
be waiting at your doorstep.
Bring only your
personal belongings.
You'll tell us your
desired means of transport...
and we will
escort you there.
Attention please. The train
for Athens is leaving in 5'.
All passengers are kindly
requested to board immediately.
Don't cry...
Remember what we said?
In two months I'll
come to find you...
and we will live
together in Greece.
I'll bring Saime along so you
can look at the stars from there.
If I'm late, remember to look
at the stars wherever you are.
Up in the sky, there are
things we can see...
but there are also
things we can't see.
Always talk about the things
that others can't see.
People like hearing stories
of things they can't see.
Same with food. Do you care if you can't
see the salt if the food is tasty?
Of course not.
The essence is in the salt.
I'm giving you this so
you will remember me.
When I come to Greece, you will
cook and I'll dance for you.
I am afraid of
people in uniform.
Police, military, transport
police, firefighters...
but most of all,
immigration officials.
The day we left Constantinople,
those people in uniform...
"wounded" all our meager
possessions with chalk marks.  
They resembled the marks of  
every deportee.  
As the Turks sent us  
away as "Greeks"...  
while the Greeks received  
us as "Turks".  
Good morning!  
Hi...  
May 1?  
There you are...  
So?...  
When we learned he  
was ill yesterday...  
I remember I had received  
an x-ray with a note attached...  
Wait... Here it is.  
"Dear Thrasyvoule,  
I'm sending this x-ray"...  
"so that when we meet again  
I can have your opinion".  
"Don't tell my relatives.  
If I do not come...  
then give it  
to Fanis".  
Grandpa...  
This time I actually thought  
he would come. I was certain.  
What can we do?  
That's how it is.  
But you... have travelled the world  
and you never went to see him.  
Why my son?  
Athens, 1964  
Main Course  
Who was it that taught you  
about King Voulgaroktonos?  
All the books write about him  
and he ate yellow tail tuna.  
- Where did you learn about tuna?  
- In Constantinople we had the best fish!  
Sure, whenever the Bosporos overflooded  
and the fish came through your windows!  
- The fishermen brought us the best fish!
- So where are they now?
I forget, you forget,
he forgets...
We forget, You forget,
they forget...
- Hi, son...
- What's for lunch?
- Beans...
- Again?
Beans are full of vitamins.
Wash up, I have news for you.
- If you don't wash, I won't tell you.
- My hands are clean.
We got a letter from Constantinople
and there's something in it for you.
In two weeks your
grandpa is coming.
"Dearest Fanis...
I miss you a lot"
"Your grandpa said I'll go with
him when he goes to Greece".
"You'll cook for me
and I'll dance for you".
"Your friend, Saime."
The nutmeg does wonders for
the lmam, how come you added it?
That's for tomorrow.
Papa is fasting.
Then why did you
prepare it last night?
Holy...!
- Sultana, are you kidding?
- I had the eggplants in a bag!
Didn't you tell me that
Aunt Efterpi is a sleep walker?
Sleepwalking is hereditary.
You wake up and cook.
Good Lord...
But I never put
nutmeg in "lmam".
- It's the best lmam I've ever had.
- But I didn't cook it!!
Fanis, wake up...
- The plane will land any minute now.
- I'm not going.
How come? Don't you want to be there to welcome your Grandpa?
I'll stay here and help my aunties.
Tell me son... Where you in the kitchen last night?
Grandpa will sit there... and his friends... Better not there...
He will be facing the kitchen, here... no, it will look like the Last Supper...
No, that is the best spot.
Nice, very nice...
They've arrived! I can see him!
With our cuisine you always feel that something is missing...
not from the food but from those sitting around you.
On that day, both Grandpa and I were absent from the table.
It's so strange, grandpa was really looking forward to this trip.
Maybe the Turks held him at the airport.
They held a friend in customs for 3 hours interrogating him.
He had 12 kilos of pastourma (Armenian pastrami) in his bag...
Was he Armenian?
- Actually, I think he was Jewish.
- But they don't eat pastourma!
What does that have to do with smuggling?
Hello... Father, are you alright?
What happened to you?
People from Constantinople have a habit of slapping themselves on hearing bad news.
How did that happen?
He's coughing...
He doesn't sound well.
Take care of yourself...
What did he say?
He woke up
with a sore throat...
and he had a spot of diarrhea
and missed the flight.
He always had diarrhea,
his entire life was spent in the loo.
He was normal up until our
wedding, he'd only go twice a day.
Then, he started
to go more often.
With her cooking 6 times a day
what do you expect?
I think something's
wrong with papa.
- When will he come?
- As soon as he's well.
- And said to kiss the boy.
- Actually, where is Fanis?
My dear girlfriend.
I'm really sad today...
I was waiting for you
along with my grandpa.
I had cooked a nice dish for
you that you would have liked.
- Dear me, this is exceptional.
- The boy made it, he has talent.
- Educate him as a chef in France.
- His father won't have it.
- A 7 year old cooped up in a kitchen.
- All kids have hang-ups.
Why is it a hang-up?
The boy is just fine...
I'm not bothered that he cooks,
I'm concerned he cooks so well.
At his age, that is
definitely a quirk!
Evanthia's daughter did the same
and she's still in the asylum.
Dear God, don't
be telling me this...!
Sauces guide taste
towards exaggeration.
When people don't add sauces to food,
they "sauce up" conversations.
- Remember Evanthia's daughter?
Of course, I remember!
At seven, she was the best cook in the city!
She's still in the asylum.
The priest said she was possessed.
Said the devil was cooking.
- My compliments, it's delicious.
- It's a specialty, our boy made it.
In our neighborhood there are many Turks like you.
We aren't Turks, we are Greeks of Constantinople.
My husband was deported, we are Greek Orthodox.
Bring the boy for communion, he will then stay on for catechism.
Fanis must get out of the kitchen.
Did our Lord Jesus cook?
Never, just now and again He fended for bread and wine.
Shall I serve you some more Father?
Your son is bright Mr. Iakovidis, but I'm concerned about something.
His mind is elsewhere. He doesn't follow the class, he's distracted.
Where does he study at home?
In the kitchen...
We spend most of our time there.
I think you must get him out of there.
Food and aromas obstruct him from adjusting to Greek life.
Do you know he only plays with girls?
He sits in the middle and cooks for them... Look, even now...
Give it here, now!
- I said, now!
- I don't want to!
Will you become a pansy?
Boys your age play other games.
I don't want other games.
Fanis, promise you'll play with
boys, look what I have for you!
- I don't like killing birds.
- But you'll kill your little "birdy"!
You're too young to "play" with girls.
Once you're old enough, I'll take you...
No, no, no!
From now on, nobody is allowed
in the kitchen, not even me...
only your mother,
understood?
My dearest girlfriend,
you haven't written in so long.
I received the postcards,
they are really nice...
My dearest girlfriend...
Time went by and friends and
relatives came from Istanbul...
bringing along
various news.
That year, uncle Emilios
brought us our first mixer.
Aunt Elpiniki was so happy
she also hugged the mixer...
and she therefore
relapsed into Parkinson's.
- Where is the boy?
- In the bathroom.
It seems he's been
there a long time.
Since 2 years ago. He only
comes out to go to school.
He won't listen to us. Someone
needs to have a talk with him.
- Fanis son, how are you?
- I'm okey...
Grandpa told me to
send you his love...
and tell you that he'll soon
be here, no matter what.
I almost forgot, one day a
friend of yours came by...
What was her name again?
- Saime...

Do you remember her at all?
Does he remember?
She came by with her mother to say goodbye to grandpa.
They left because her father now work in Ankara. Didn't she write?
- She hasn't written for 2 years.
- And you still remember her?
Don't you like Greek girls?
His class is full of pretty girls but he's stuck on her.
You have to forget her, get her off your mind.
How long will you be stuck on her? She's already forgotten you.

ATHENS - THESSALONIKI
ISTANBUL
There he is!
Where have you been?
Wake up and see who's waiting for you.
Forced to deal with my fears, was my punishment for trying to escape.
April 21, 1967... The day that Greek Millitary Junda came to power
My father was convinced that in order to forget Saime...
I had to become a person in uniform.
We wish you a Merry Christmas!
Come over here son...
A hundred drachmas?
Nobody gave that much...
I always give the Boy Scouts a big contribution.
Did you add sugar?
Are your folks from Instabul?
That's why... In Aidini my mother only used cinnamon.
What do we have here?
Is the boy for me?
Leave the boy alone.
Get on with it, you have
customers waiting.
Stick around and give me a
hand since you know about cooking.
Take the spoon, I'll
stuff the tomatoes.
I was 5 years old in Aidini,
when the Turks came...
My brother was older.
Last time I saw him,
he was dressed just like you.
When I see a scout I get emotio-
nal and always give something extra.
- Barbara, can you come here?
- What is it again?
Just come here!
Oh those cheapskates,
bargaining and bickering.
They've seen the girl,
fresh as a daisy.
Cook in a brothel...!
I can't imagine how
my son would do that.
That's Boy Scouts for you...
They allegedly go on field trips
to the mountains to learn knots.
But isn't that why
they become scouts?
They teach them
Russian knots!
Instead of teaching them about ethnic
pride, they send them to brothels!
We're peace loving people
from Constantinople.
We know about you,
Mr. Iakovidis...
we know you are a patriot but
you must keep your eyes open.
You must protect your son
from thousands of temptations.
I'll write down a few places
the boy must go frequently.
Firstly, the Royal Gardens,
then the palaces...
then the war museum.
He must learn about the struggle
of the Greeks, become a patriot.
Twice a week after lunch...
Of course...
I was mostly bothered when men in
uniform asked dad the same question...
How long has it been since
your family came from Turkey?
How long has it been since
How long has it been?
From Constantinople you mean?
It's four years now.
- What language do you speak at home?
- Greek of course.
But with a
Turkish dialect?
Does it matter?
Of course, it causes
him make mistakes.
Kolokotronis isn't a verb but a Greek
national hero of the revolution!
You must do something to
vitalize his sense of ethnic pride.
Our heroes must be
emblazoned on his mind.
A few years later...
What's this I see?
Welcome back,
my little Turk!
Greetings to the chef.
Just on time, son.
We wouldn't let
you leave anyway.
You go on with Litsa, when
dinner is ready I'll call you.
The main courses in our cuisine
take you back to your childhood.
You are instantly submerged
in the cook's generous offering...
allowing you to enjoy
the ride.
Until the sound of the phone
is heard, or the doorbell...
or a message.
This morning the Turkish troops,
without prior cause...
without prior warning invaded
the island of Cyprus.
Neglecting any sense of inter-
national law and alliance treaties...
they turned against our
Greek and Cypriot brothers.
All forces in Cyprus are fighting
against the invasion.
Our cuisine is made by people
who left their meal unfinished...
...somewhere else.
Someone is asking for you.
Uncle!
You look well son and
the uniform suits you, right?
Same for you...
I've been told you are doing well.
Do you still have time for school?
Listen Fanis,
I have news for you.
Your grandpa is coming.
Grandpa? When?
That is up to you...
- Up to me, why?
- I'm getting married.
At last! Where is she from
uncle, Buenos Aires?
She's from Kalamata...(in Greece)
She comes from
a military family.
An arranged marriage?
First thing your grandpa will ask
is if she knows how to cook.
The only thing Lela knows how
to cook is fried eggs.
So what does
she need to learn?
Grandpa's favourite has
always been "hunkiar beenti".
Don't be afraid...
It's already dead!
Do you know how tasty it'll be?
They'll be licking their fingers.
Now, we'll add the spices...
For meat we always hide
a bit of garlic and onion.
Hide it?
Why should I?
Because that's
how it goes.
We never hide anything in our
food, whatever we add is visible.
The classes will go on
until next week.
By the time grandpa arrives, you
must know how to cook Hunkiar.
If you want to marry, you'll have
to learn to hide a few things.
- Uncle?
- How is it going?
- Man, isn't it hot in here?
- You should visit the engine room.
What's up with Anna?
She's not bad...
She is from a good family,
military stock...
Look at this...
Amanda in Rome...
Uncle, what are these?
What are they doing here? I sent Grandpa
postcards from all of my ports...
and he sent me x-rays
to show to doctors...
"You travel the world, he'd say,
show them round to get an opinion"...
Naive as I was, I ran to every
doctor and they all laughed.
- What was wrong with him?
- Nothing...
An old wound from 1922.
Do you know why
he sent them Fanis?
Not for the doctors to see, but for me to see.

In 1955, in 1964...
every time there was a crisis with the Turks...
I received an x-ray.

Look at her... Zozo...
You could tell what she was cooking from the way she moved.

Uncle...

Why don't we cast off now?

No matter how you look Lela, you'll never know what she's cooking.

All these years you have savored life, you've travelled the world...

How could you ever spend the rest of your life eating fried eggs?

Fanis my son, in life there are two kinds of travellers...
Those that look at the map and those that look at the mirror.
The ones who look at the map are leaving...
The ones who look in the mirror are coming home.

Before this voyage, I looked in the mirror.

I've found Lela, she's a nice girl...

from a good home, and I proposed, something I've never done before.
I'll keep my promise... and I'll marry her.

- What's that?
- That doesn't exist.

Why not?

Most of the stars you see, don't exist.

We simply see the marks they left in time.

You should never tell a woman the stars she sees, don't exist.

I'd rather you talked about
something that isn't visible.
The salt in our food...
So, are you a cook
or an astronomer?
Grandpa says that "gastronomer"
conceals the word "astronomer".
Since your uncle and Lela are
getting married, we'll be relatives.
I don't think my uncle will
be marrying your cousin.
Why not?
That stinks, what is it?
An essential ingredient for
"hunkiar", "kisa mamout"
What you did
was unforgivable!
Your uncle loves you and
you go and spoil his future.
I did it for him.
She is not good for him.
It'd be a shame for the biggest charmer to tie the knot with Lela.
She'd get 3rd degree burns,
just by boiling eggs.
And who asked you
to interfere?
At times you have to make a mistake with a recipe...
Not in order
to spoil things!
I did it for my uncle and
I'm sure grandpa will agree.
If he finds out the wedding is off, he won't come.
Let's hope he does come, so something good does come out of this.
Keep dreaming... Grandpa won't come tomorrow.
You think he'll come for an arranged marriage?
I'll tell you something and finally get it in your heads...
Grandpa won't come tomorrow
and never intended to do so.
Grandpa didn't come all these years... because he didn't want to. He would never leave Constantinople. None of us would, for anything in the world. Constantinople is called "The City"... because it's the most beautiful city in the world. When we were deported... the Turkish officer whispered in my ear... that if I became a Muslim, me, not you... that we could stay and no one would ever harm us. Do you want to know what haunts me all these years? That I didn't say NO immediately. For five seconds, I actually thought about it... May the Lord forgive me, those were the worst 5 seconds of my life... Full of music and sunsets and conversations... In our minds, Greece was more beautiful than "The City"... more beautiful than what we actually found when we came. God forgive me... But keep in mind that grandpa won't be coming tomorrow. The Desserts HOSPITAL FOR GREEKS Panagia Valouklis Grandpa! It's me, Fanis... I'm here Grandpa... I'm here... You are the Ressurection and the Rest of Your servant Vasilis.
Jesus our Lord,
we praise Your glory...
and Your eternal Father and
Your Holy and life giving Spirit...
now and forever and
for the centuries to come.
God of the spirits
and of all the living...
the One who through death
gave life to the world...
Rest the soul of
Your servant Vasilis...
in a bright and resting place...
where no sorrow
or tear shall exist...
All his sins, whether spoken,
thought of or actioned...
You kind and loving Lord,
please forgive...
as there is no man that
lived without sin.
A little...

UNIVERSITY OF VOSPOROS
Astrophysics Department
In our cuisine, the desserts are
the epilogue of every fairy tale.
In the end the hero's feared
emotions are realised...
The desserts soften the sounds which
interrupt the celebratory meal.
I took the train and
came right away.
I didn't want to
miss her birthday.
I didn't know you had a guest,
otherwise I would have told you.
The train to Ankara via Eschi
Sehir departs in 3 minutes.