



20 years of Personal & Corporate
Wireless Solutions

Inquire about our current Promotions

28-21 Astoria Blvd.
Astoria, New York 11102

718.728.1888

3432-03 East Tremont Ave.
Bronx, New York 10465

718.822.0303

T-Mobile®
authorized dealer



NEO

:: MARCH 2006 \$2.95

**Harry Mark
Petrakis**
on his epic
sequel to
*The Hour
of the Bell*

**Excerpt from
The Shepherds of Shadows**



Ammos New York is available for catered luncheons, private events and corporate meetings. Private room available.

Please contact us for your specific function so we can assist you in planning your next event. Open for Lunch and Dinner daily.

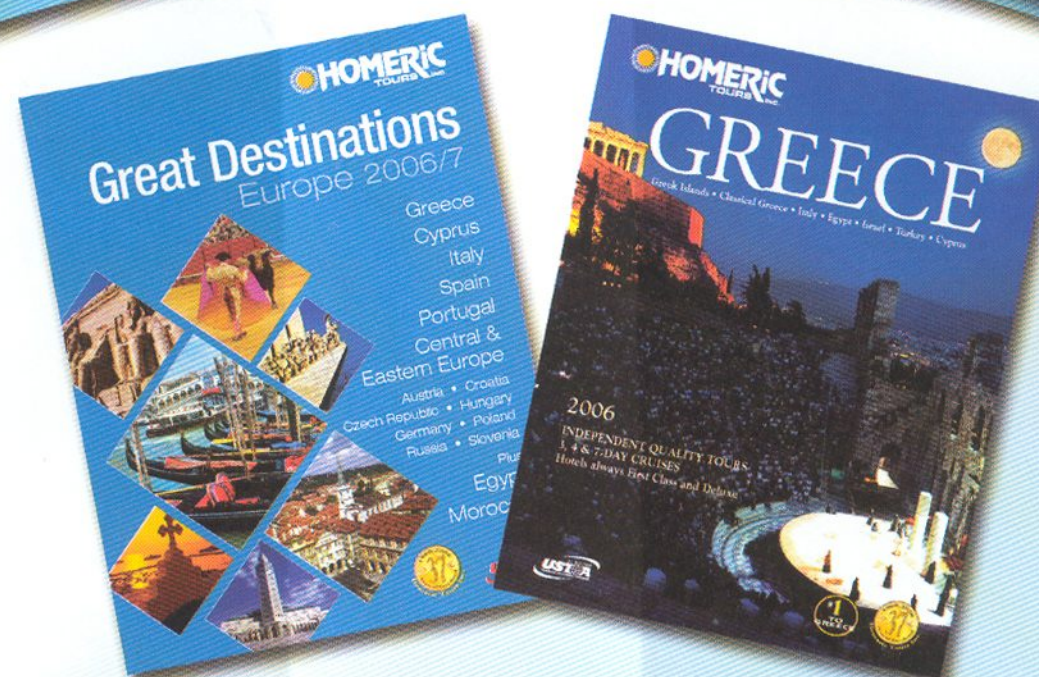
Menu Available upon request.

ASTORIA:
20-30 Steinway Street
Astoria, NY 11105
Phone: 718-726-7900

NEW YORK CITY:
52 Vanderbilt Ave
New York, NY 10017
Phone: 212-922-9999

www.ammosnewyork.com
events@ammosnewyork.com

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CHOICE TO GREECE... AND BEYOND



We Offer Memorable Vacations to the World's Most Desirable Destinations

- ✓ Large Selection of First Class & Deluxe Vacation Packages
- ✓ Escorted, Guided & Independent Itineraries for all Budgets
- ✓ Frequent Guaranteed Departures
- ✓ Honeymoon Specialists
- ✓ Customized Itineraries
- ✓ Very Competitive Group Prices for Schools, Churches, Organizations
- ✓ Year Round Special Offers
- ✓ Airfares to Athens from \$659 to \$899
- ✓ Best Airfares From Most US Cities to Greece And Beyond

- Greece
- Cyprus
- Italy
- Spain
- Portugal
- Turkey
- Morocco
- Egypt
- Austria
- Croatia
- Hungary
- Germany
- Poland
- Russia
- Slovenia
- Czech Rep.

www.Homerictours.com



HOMERIC
TOURS INC.

Toll Free: 800-223-5570
55 E. 59th St. New York, NY 10022
Tel: 212-753 1100 Fax: 212-753 0319
Email: info@homerictours.com
Web: www.homerictours.com





NEO

1.05 MARCH 2006

features

- 8. **NEWS & NOTES**
Billy Zane raises hackles with his ugly American / BlackBerry bites the bullet
- 12. **One man's crusade to honor a Greek war hero**
- 14. **NEO COVER STORY**
Harry Mark Petrakis on the upcoming sequel to his epic novel of the Greek Revolution
- 16. **Excerpt: The Shepherds of Shadows**

departments

- 22. **BOOKS:** *The Accidental Genius* of John Cassavetes
- 24. **BUSINESS:** Dimitri Hatzigeorgiou brings Starbucks to Greece
- 28. **SHOW BUSINESS:** Nick Scandalios conquers The Great White Way
- 32. **The one and only**
Hermes Expo trade fair
- 36. **EVENTS:** **NEO** announces its first annual Person of the Year
- 38. **ESSAY:** How to succeed in business —without going nuts

COVER PHOTO:

Photo: Alexandros Giannakis
Model: Anahid Hatzigeorgiou

Lafayette Grill & Bar

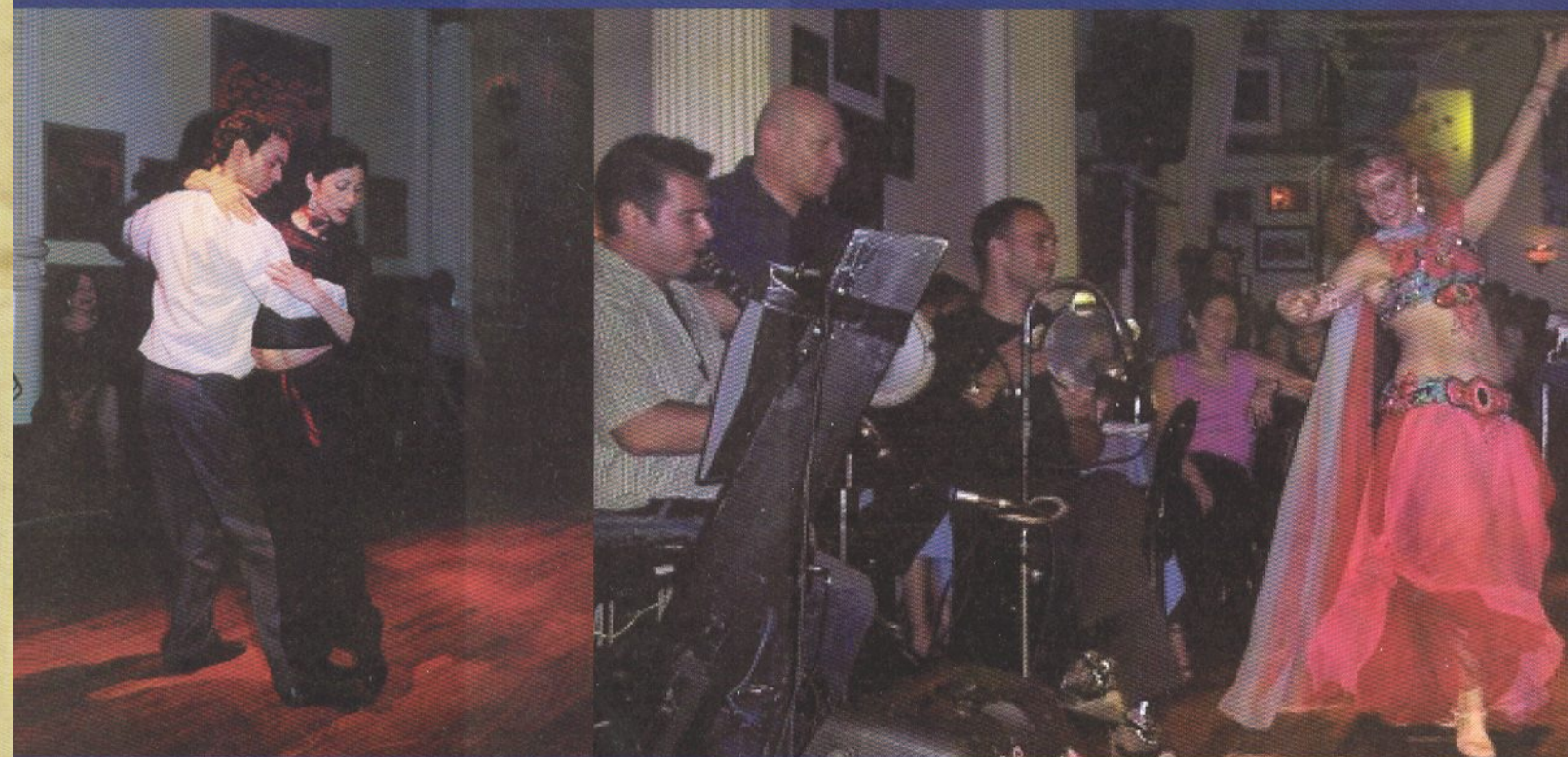
LUNCH, DINNER, SPECIAL EVENTS

*Come and enjoy our exquisite cuisine, from tasty mezes to full course dinner
Excellent ambiance - Great company*

F R I D A Y S : Live Greek entertainment starting at 10 p.m.

S A T U R D A Y S : Tango & salsa (for rookies and experts!)

M O N D A Y S : Tango Night



NOW, WITH NEW EXPANDED SPACE

Lafayette Grill is located on next to the Court House,
54-56 Franklin St
New York, NY 10013

3 blocks from West Broadway, in the heart of Manhattan's Downtown!

Tel: 212-732-4449
212-732-5600

www.lafgrill.com

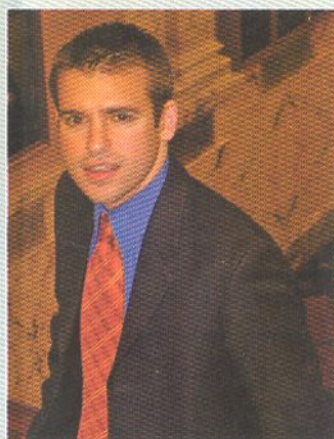
March 25

Like every kid growing up Greek and going to Greek school, I went through the annual ritual of the March 25 program at the school, where I could dress up in my *evzone* costume ("How come he got the blue vest, and I didn't? His sword is bigger than mine!") and memorize the lines of Rigas Ferraios -- "Καλύτερα μιάς ώρας ελεύθερη ζωή, παρά 40 χρόνια σκλαβιά και φυλακή" -- and show off for the girls in my tights. Because I was a shameless ham (and because it was mandatory), I eagerly participated in the program and I usually got to carry the silver-painted wooden sword in the front ranks of those hard bitten *klephts* swearing allegiance to Bishop Germanos (the kid who wore the brown paper bag for a beard). And then after the program, all us *evzones* could run free in the cafeteria and drink too much soda and eat too much pastry that the Ladies Philop-tochos had donated and duel with our wooden swords on the stairs and run fast enough to see our *foustaneles* flying out behind us and the *fountes* bouncing on our shoes.

I missed the ritual when I finally left Greek school. But my father was principal of Greek schools all my life and I sometimes went back to see the program at his school, one year in particular when my niece and nephew were participating at the old Presbyterian church in Brooklyn that the community had bought and was now using for various purposes, including the March 25th program. As I sat in the balcony that day, I felt a wave of nostalgia at the proceedings below: the Greek teachers, as usual, in a high dudgeon as they ushered the kids on and off the stage and then stalked the rows shushing *evzones* and *Amalias*; the same harried parents taking turns escorting the same squalling kid in and out of the church; the climactic tableau with Bishop Germanos (the kid wearing the brown paper bag) swearing in the warriors kneeling all around him (the kids lifting the silver-painted wooden swords) and one little boy in particular screaming Rigas' poem with such passion and swinging his sword with such fury that it even made Bishop Germanos clutch his bag-beard and duck.

It brought a laugh from the audience, I laughed in the balcony, too. And I noticed it brought a smile to the lips of the ancient *yiayia* nearby who was feeding her grandkids candy and chips and popping Cadbury into her own toothless mouth. Her face was brown and seamed like leather, her eyes were as sharp as a hawk's, her fingers were gnarled, and for a moment I could just imagine her arming her husband and her sons to fight the Turks one morning up in the mountains of the Peloponnesus and it sent a chill through me, and perhaps for the very first time, brought home the reality of that fateful day.

Dimitri C. Michalakos



The photo of Chrys Kefalas in the February issue ("Making a difference") was taken by Stephanie Hopkins of S.V. Hopkins Photography.

NEO ::magazine

Editor in Chief:
Dimitri C. Michalakos

Publishing Committee Chairman:
Demetrios Rhompotis

Marketing and Advertising Director:
Kyprianos Bazenikas

Photo/Fashion Director:
Alexandros Giannakis
Photographers:
Christos Kavvadas
ETA Press

Legal Advisor:
Esq. Jimmy Solomos

Graphic Design:
Vassos Protopapas
output.visual design

NEO Magazine
is published monthly by:
Neocorp Media Inc.
P. O. Box 560105
College Point, NY 11356
Phone: (718) 554-0308
e-Fax: (240) 384-8681
neomagazine@earthlink.net

Subscriptions: \$29.95 for one year

Give a Gift of NEO

NEO
::magazine

SUBSCRIPTION CARD

☐ 1 Year Subscription
12 Issues for \$ 29.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone # _____

☐ Check (payable to NEOCORP MEDIA)

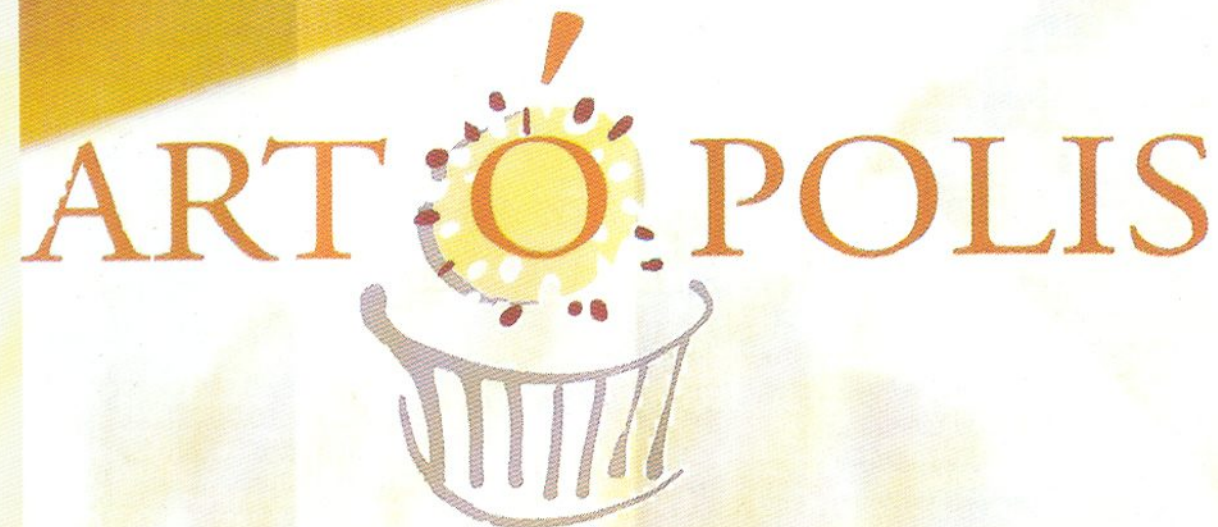
Mail To: NEOCORP MEDIA,
4809 Avenue N, Suite 131,
Brooklyn, NY 11234

☐ Visa Name _____

☐ Master Card Card # _____

☐ AMEX Expiration Date: _____ / _____

Signature: _____



BAKERY PATISSERIE

*"ARTOPOLIS" an artist's palette of confectionary delights,
deriving from the Mediterranean,
where each mouthful is an adventure in taste.
At our "polis" (center), our bakers are using every
possible ingredient, spice and aroma, in order to create
exciting flavours to please every palate.*

AGORA PLAZA 23-18 31 STREET
ASTORIA 11105 NEW YORK

Tel: 718 728-8484

Fax: 718 728-0066

e-mail address:
management@artopolis.net

VISIT OUR WEBSITE:
www.artopolis.net

Billy Zane thrown to the Wolves

Titanic villain Billy Zane is being accused of more than stage villainy for playing the part of a psychotic U.S. commander who kills without compunction in the Turkish film *Valley of the Wolves—Iraq*, which has created a sensation in Turkey and Europe, if only because of its incendiary portrayal of Americans. In fact, the loudest applause during the film usually comes when Zane's ugly American is killed. "I thought it was an anti-corruption movie set in an arena of war," the Chicago-born actor told *Newsweek*. "I didn't think it would be taken as a broad insult to our men and women in uniform. I'm a great supporter of our troops." In fact, he says, the next film he's directing is about an Iraqi war hero who comes home to the woman he loves. "What's more American than that?" he argues.



ARGO International Movers

266 54th St. Brooklyn, NY 11220
Tel: 718 238-3771
Fax: 718 492-6318

Non stop shipping to
Greece & Cyprus

We sell 110 and 220
Volt appliances at
wholesale prices



3,000 years ago, when
Greeks wanted the Golden
Fleece moved, they thought
of Argo...Today too, when
moving to Greece, Cyprus or
any place in the world, Argo
is the name they trust.

SHIPPING - PACKING - CRATING

BlackBerry averts black eye

Ontario-based Research in Motion (RIM), which produces the omnipresent BlackBerry handset popularized by executives typing e-mails on the go, bit the bullet recently and agreed to pay \$612.5 million to U.S. patent-holding company NTP Inc. to resolve a four-year patent dispute, a deal that will now allow RIM to continue its service to some 3.2 million U.S. subscribers.



BlackBerry 8700r

BlackBerry 8700c

Reuters said the agreement came after intense pressure from a U.S. court to strike a deal or face a possible injunction to shut down RIM's U.S. service. The lingering dispute also took a toll on the Canadian company's bottom line and cut into its profits for the quarter. The company acknowledged customers had delayed buying BlackBerrys because of uncertainty over the outcome of the dispute.

"I think this is what really caused them to settle," said one analyst. Another predicted the company might actually profit from the pent-up demand. "From a fundamental standpoint, we expect subscriber growth to ramp in the coming quarters," he said. A third admitted no RIM customers had switched service because of the suit and "perversely, the lawsuit highlighted how much better and technology advanced RIM products are." He said RIM should be in the clear for the next 18 months, "After that, who knows."

Despite RIM co-CEO Jim Balsillie's comments that the company will announce "a raft of launches and partnerships" over the next 30 days, some analysts think the company has major long-term hurdles ahead, and one said RIM is in imminent danger of "becoming a niche e-mail player" because Microsoft is entering the fray. "Microsoft appears determined to be a serious competitor in its markets," said David Schatsky of Jupiter Research.

But the Microsoft gorilla has threatened RIM before, almost from the start, and it has usually kept one step ahead of its competitors' big feet, eventually signing up 70% of the U.S. market for wireless e-mail. To stay ahead, Balsillie agrees broader changes are needed, and the company is answering critics by looking to expand beyond its monopoly on corporate customers and monolithic business features by recently signing a deal with Google to bring Instant Messaging and Google Maps to BlackBerrys. And RIM president and co-chief executive Michael Lazaridis said it was "inevitable" that future BlackBerrys would include such mul-

timedia features.

Lazaridis was the Turkish-born techno whiz who in 1992 wooed Harvard M.B.A. Balsillie to Waterloo, Ontario and his newly-founded Research in Motion in the days when e-mail was still a curiosity and cell phones were as big as shoe boxes. Lazaridis saw the future of handheld communication, Balsillie knew how to sell it, techno-freaks like Vice President Al Gore soon became users, so did Oprah Winfrey, BlackBerrys became an addiction and critics started calling them CrackBerrys.

"In the early days of developing the BlackBerry, our employees were embarrassed to admit they were taking them home to use," admits Lazaridis. "It was pretty big back then. That is why people then called it the 'ham-burger.'" He started the company in 1984, right out of college, and has been its techno-guru ever since.

"We have a saying here at RIM," says Lazaridis. "It is 'doing your math. Our culture is to double-check, check twice, and ask customers before we undertake changes. If we work long enough we know users will find value in our products.'"

But Lazaridis and his partners are more than techno and business mavens. Together with Balsillie and COO Doug Fregin, Lazaridis formed the Perimeter Institute for Theoretical Physics in Waterloo, the city where he was born, and funded it with an initial \$100 million of his own money. "What we have and enjoy today is a result of physics discoveries," he explains. "Maxwell's equations are an example of physics discoveries that have been commercialized. Marconi invented wireless transmissions from Maxwell's discoveries."



Tre
Café - Lounge

34-02 Broadway
(corner of Broadway & 34th St.)
Astoria, NY 11106



Internet
Jukebox

718.204.1291
cafetre.com
info@cafetre.com

Making coffee,
snacks or a drink,
a TREmendous experience!



Vespa
queens

VESPA QUEENS
40-34 Crescent Street, LIC, NY
Tel: 718-786-7772
www.vespaqueens.com

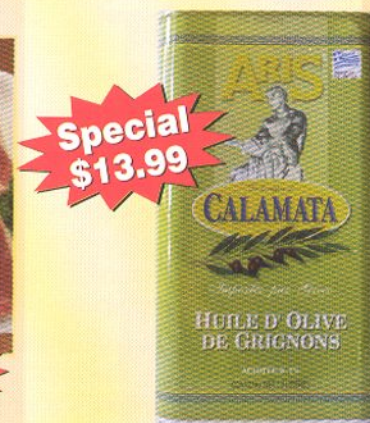
Sparkling! Inviting! Euro-chic on wheels has arrived in metro New York! Our showroom sports New York State's largest Vespa boutique, featuring a full array of the world's most stylish scooters.



Best Prices in Town!!!!



LOIN LAMB CHOPS
3 Lb or more **\$5.99 LB**



**Special
\$13.99**



**Special
\$5.49**



LEG OF LAMB
Whole & Butthalf **\$2.49LB**

LOCATIONS:

Trade Fair Corporate Offices
30-12 30th Avenue
Astoria, NY 11102
(718) 721-2437

30-08 30th Avenue
Astoria, NY 11102

110-44 Queens Blvd
Forest Hills, NY 11375

49-11 30th Avenue
Woodside, NY 11377

37-11 Ditmars Blvd
Astoria, NY 11105

99-10 Astoria Blvd
East Elmhurst, NY 11369

23-55 Broadway
LIC, NY 11106

22-20 36th Avenue
LIC, NY 11106

89-02 37th Avenue
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

75-07 37th Avenue
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

130-10 Metropolitan Ave
Richmond Hill, NY 11418

The one-man crusade to honor the legend of Mordechai Frizis

By Dimitri C. Michalakos

When the Italian army invaded Greece in 1940 the Greeks put up a resistance so stiff that it inspired the world and prompted Winston Churchill to famously declare: "From now on we won't say Greeks fight like heroes, but that heroes fight like Greeks." Among those early heroes of the campaign and the first high-ranking officer to die in battle was a Greek of Jewish descent from Chalkis named Mordechai Frizis.



Memorial bust

"He was a hero," says Stefanos Becharas, of Bloomer Hills, Michigan, "and he deserves to be remembered." Becharas is a restaurant man and was only a boy when Frizis was killed leading his troops into battle in Albania, but the story has since inspired him and he's waging a one-man campaign to honor the Greek hero with a sculpture in Greece of the mounted Frizis, who fell in battle while riding his trademark white horse. "I never knew anything before about the man who brought not only the first victory to Greece but to the Allies, as well," says Becharas. "It was the first victory of the war, and the resistance of the Greeks changed the outcome of the war, because it diverted a lot of German troops from the Russian front and it cost the Germans 10,000 soldiers in Crete."

Mordechai Frizis was one of 13 children and an aspiring lawyer, but he joined the army instead and enlisted in officer's school. He fought in the First World War and in Asia Minor and prior to 1920 had served as a lieutenant in the Macedonian and Ukraine campaigns, where he went looking for supplies and shocked the Jewish merchants by speaking to them in Hebrew. He was captured at Smyrna in 1922 but refused to be ransomed from the Turks by the city's Jewish community unless all his men were also ransomed, so he spent 11 months in a Turkish prison. When the Italians invaded in 1940, he was a lieutenant colonel based in Yannina and he was sent to reinforce the front line.

"He went there, organized the troops, built good defenses and then made a daring attack," recounts Becharas. "He pushed the Italian forces back and he captured 700 prisoners. He pushed them back to Premeti in Albania, about 60 miles north of the border with Greece. The Italians were losing, but they got air support and Mordechai ordered his troops to take cover. He did not take cover himself, but rode his white horse to inspire his troops, and after the Italian planes left, he ordered a counterattack." On December 5, while riding his white horse on one of those counterattacks, Frizis was hit by a bomb fragment, but he stayed on his horse and continued the attack while his soldiers cheered, until he was finally hit by strafing bullets and slumped on his horse dead, while his "feet remained caught in the stirrups of his saddle, as if he wanted to continue the attack even after he was dead," writes historian Eugene Panagopoulos.

Frizis was buried on the spot, but in 2003 his remains were transferred to the Jewish cemetery in Thessaloniki, where he was buried with full military honors. Thousands



Colonel Mordechai Frizis

of miles away in Michigan, Becharas became interested in the story after watching a Greek television program on the war "and I got touched by the story and called my nephew in Greece. He teaches high school and there was a young Jewish lady teaching with him, so he asked her if she knew about Frizis. She said the Frizis family had a common friend with her family, so then we got in contact with the Frizis family and I was sent hundreds of pages of writings and details about Mordechai Frizis."

The person he spoke to was Iakovos Frizis, the colonel's son, who is now 73 and for 52 years had fought not only to get back his father's remains from the battlefield and properly buried in Greece, but to get his memory properly honored. "They did a bust in Kalpaki, which does not actually express what Mordechai Frizis did, and he wanted to have a statue dedicated and wanted his father to be honored and remembered better," says

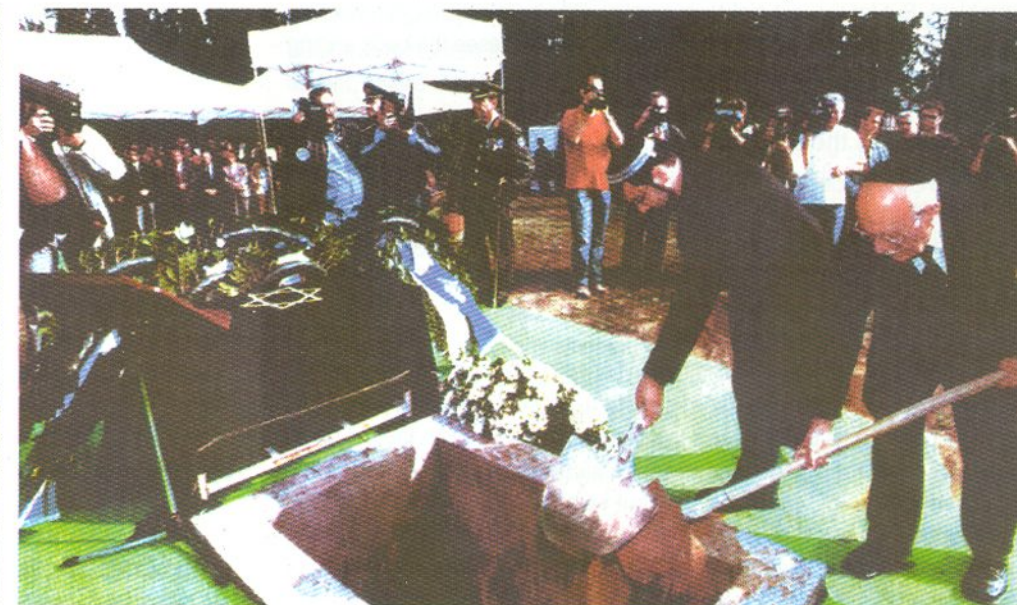
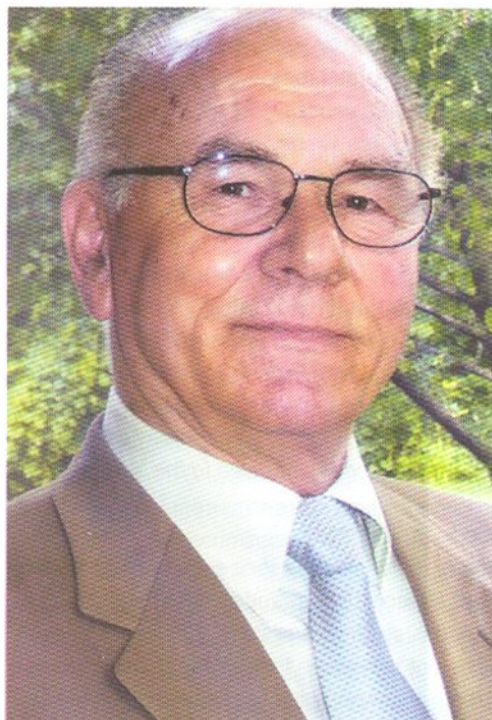
Becharas. But the Greek authorities said no to the idea of a statue. "And I asked him a question," says Becharas, "how about if we collect private funds, can we do it? And he said he doesn't see any problem. And I said I have a lot of friends around here, let me ask if they're willing to contribute. Let me try."

The initial need was 30,000 euros for a statue with a base and an inscription, and one Saturday back in Michigan Becharas went around with a notebook and pen and asked his friends for their support. "And in a couple of hours I got six and a half thousand dollars in pledges," he says. "But then somebody told me you had to have a tax exempt number, you have to have a design, how it's going to look, and also you have to have a permit to build this statue because it has to be built on state grounds." He called the Modern Greek Studies at the University of Michigan, which he has supported, and he used their tax exempt number to open an account for "The Friends of Colonel Frizis."

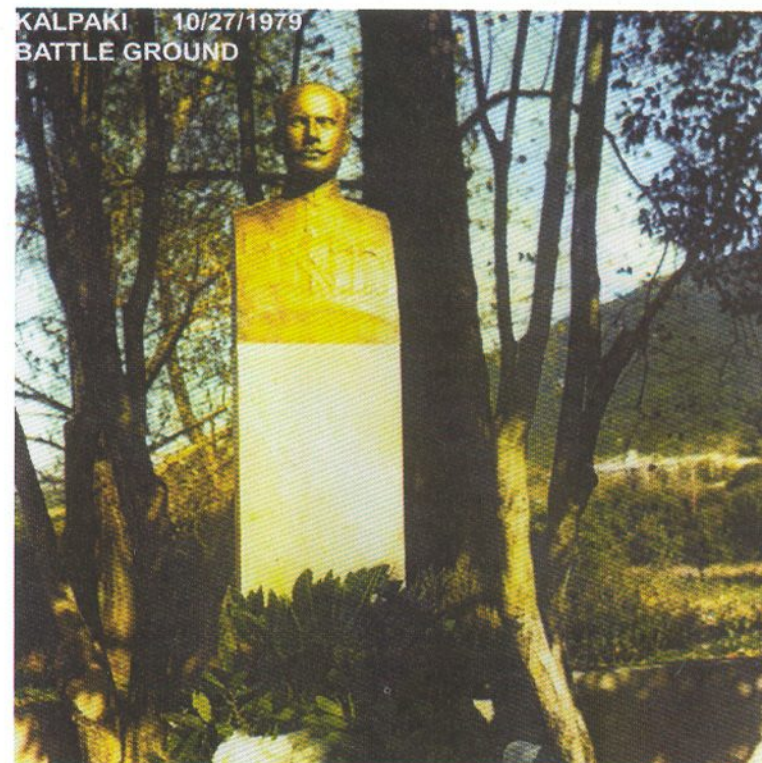
Unfortunately, the first sculptor dropped out of the project and the price for the statue has since risen to 100,000 euros (contributions now total 30,000), but Becharas is not deterred. He's gone on television and to the press, he's spoken at the Holocaust Memorial Center in Farmington Hills (where he hopes Frizis will be given a place of honor), and he's received pledges of support not only from the Greek and Jewish communities here (including Andrew Athens), but from the communities in Greece, as well, including the remaining Jewish communities of Salonika and Athens, where only 5,000 remain out of the nearly 80,000 Greek Jews before the war. "But I'm only one person," says Becharas. "The headline of one paper was 'One-Man Crusade.'"

Now in the United States Becharas is being helped by the New York-based Association of Friends of Greek Jewry, which was originally started to help restore the synagogues and Jewish cemeteries of Greece and to honor the Greeks who risked their lives to help their Jewish neighbors during the war.

"Mordechai Frizis was famous for riding into battle gallantly and heading his troops on his horse and this is a marvelous example of how much we Jews, and especially Greek Jews, have in common," says the group's president, Marcia Haddad Ikononopoulos. "We very willingly offered to send out press releases to as many newspapers as we had on our list



Top: Mordechai and Iakovos Frizis at the reburial
Left: Stefanos Becharas



The memorial at Kalpaki

and to spread the word amongst our people about what he was doing. And we've gotten a good response. We've gotten people to make many contributions."

Beyond the obvious sacrifice of Col. Frizis for Greece why is Stefanos Becharas honoring him with his crusade thousands of miles away in America? "My uncle heard the word, sir, for the first time in America," he explains, "and he turned around to see who they were talking to and they were talking to him, for the very first time they called him, sir, because of what those Greeks had done on the battlefields of Greece."

Stefanos Becharas can be reached at (248) 851-0313 or stefanosvb@aol.com.

COVER STORY

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS:

Thirty years later taking up the story of the Greek Revolution

By Dimitri C. Michalakis

In 1976, Harry Mark Petrakis published the beginning of the Greek War of Independence in his epic novel, *The Hour of the Bell*. The 82-year-old author now continues the story in the sequel scheduled to be completed this year, and to be published in the Fall of 2007, *The Shepherds of Shadows*.

Why a sequel?

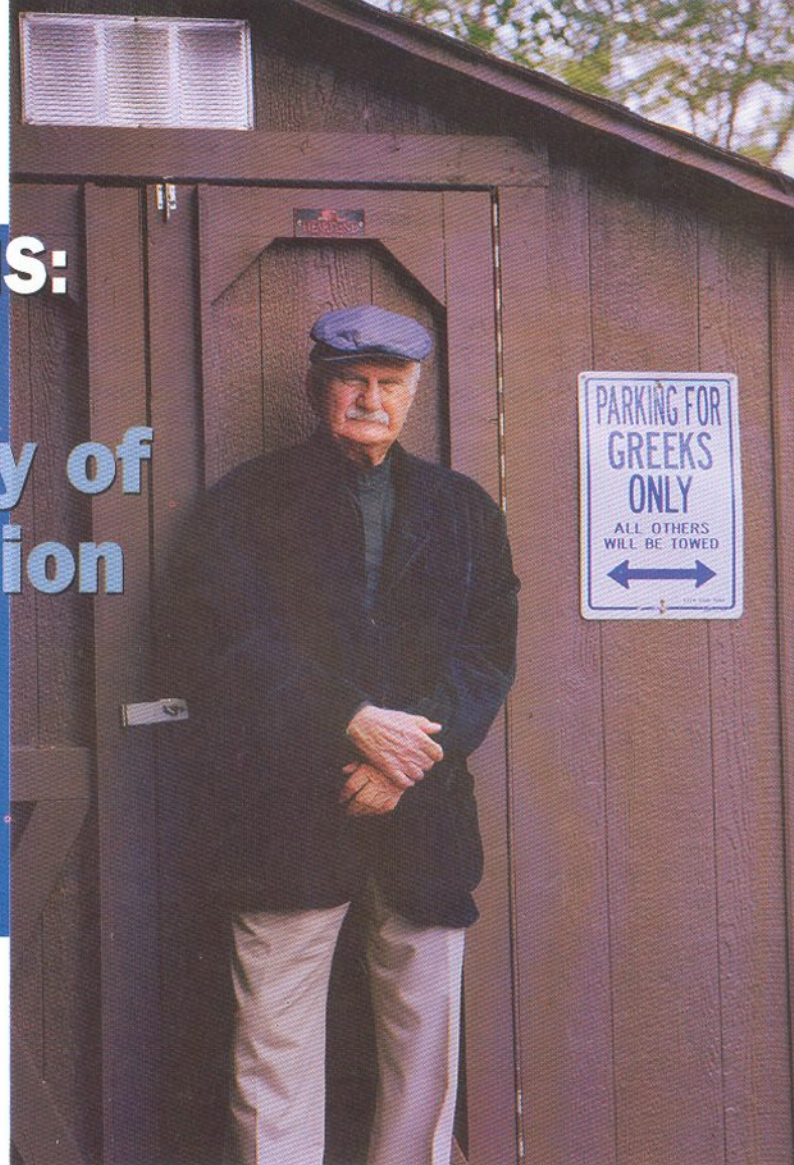
I don't know how many more books at my age I have in me. In the last few years I had written two novels, *Twilight of the Ice* and *The Orchards Ithaca* and was searching for another novel that I could write within a year. When I finished *The Hour of the Bell*, I had originally planned to do a trilogy on that great struggle and never got to it. Other books and life interfered. Why not return to the epic struggle and carry it forward? When I talked to the director, who is gone now, from Southern Illinois University Press, he was enthusiastic about it and said to me, We'll republish *The Hour of the Bell*, as well as the new book. So I started with considerable trepidation because I don't have the energy I had thirty years ago and discipline has always been a problem. But for the last eighteen months, little by little, I've been working on the novel. I have about 80,000 words on it and I foresee the book ending in the range of 130-140,000 words.

What does the title mean?

Somewhere in the research I did, and I haven't located it yet, there was reference to the Cretans being fierce defenders of freedom. And because freedom is so elusive and must be fought for again and again with each generation, this poem referred to the Cretans as "shepherds of shadows."

Where does the story pick up?

The Hour of the Bell ended in the Fall of 1821 with the Greek assault on the Turkish fortress of Tripolitza (the modern Tripoli) in the Peloponnese. The new novel picks up two years later, beginning again with the old priest in the village of Kravasaras and uses the same characters. Not all of the characters I used in *Hour of the Bell*, but some of the characters blended with historical figures. It begins with the priest, goes to the saga of a young man who had left the village to join the guerillas in the mountains under the legendary guerilla leader Vorogrivas, then switches to the character of Xanthos, the historian scribe to the legendary Greek General Kolokotronis. I plan to cover somehow a span of years continuing from 1823 until October 1827 and the great battle of Navarino, in which English, French and Russian



warships sank an entire Turkish fleet of more than 80 ships.

Was that the turning point of the war?

The land war went on for three years after that, with mercenary Egyptian soldiers under Ibrahim Pasha perpetrating terrible massacres of the Greek people and ravaging and looting villages and towns in the Peloponnese. Now it was also true that there were brutal massacres of Turkish populations by the Greek forces. But the Turkish capacity to win had been destroyed with their fleet at Navarino. The stubborn Greek resistance wore the Turks down and they were aided by Lord Byron, whose poetry heralded the Greek cause, when he traveled to Greece to battle for its liberation. His death of illness in Missolonghi captured the attention of the world and created greater sympathy and support for the Greeks. Eventually, it was the Great Powers themselves who determined this war had to end. This action came about because there was enormous public sympathy in Europe for the Greeks. Echoing the passionate of Byron, who loved Greece and had given his life toward its freedom, newspapers wrote of the grandeur of Ancient Greece, this country that had given the West its culture, its philosophy and drama. Why should this small but majestic nation be enslaved to the Muslims?

But not all of Greece was liberated.

The Great Powers, then as now, acted in their own interest. And so while creating an independent Greece, they excluded from the new Greek state a huge portion of Greece that remained enslaved for many more years. This action was taken in order not to weaken the Turkish Sultan so much that the Russian Tsar, an old enemy, would gain dominance of the region

and become a threat to the European powers. By that duplicitous decision, they so apportioned the boundaries of the new Greek state to include 800,000 Greeks while 2,500,000 still dwelt in enslavement. Among the excluded areas were Thessaly, Macedonia, western Thrace and the eastern Aegean islands. Also excluded was the island of Crete. Now Crete had fought very valiantly and had suffered in the War of Independence. But the powers prevented its liberation and therefore Crete continued to struggle under Ottoman rule for an additional seventy-five years. Every ten years the Cretans would rise in an abortive revolt, losing the cream of their young manhood in these bloody, futile efforts to gain their freedom. The epic novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, *Freedom or Death*, is the story of one of those revolts in 1866-69.

As a Cretan, does that still sting?

An old Cretan I met once in Hania spoke of those seventy-five years of additional slavery Cretans endured, uprisings in which he had lost a grandfather and lost great-grand uncles. He said to me in Greek, with tears in his eyes, *Ta vouna klapsane, paidi mou*. The mountains wept, my son. (His voice breaks.) That struggle staggers the imagination. Seventy-five more years of bondage, years of additional suffering and bloodshed, and the number of dead piling up to become a mountain. Finally in 1915 Crete gained its independence and enosis, union, with Greece—I feel the anguish of that struggle in my blood, although I was born in this country of Cretan parents, but I feel it. The black kerchief that Cretans wear around their heads they say is black because of the mourning for that period of bondage.

What of the heroes of the Revolution?

We honor Kolokotronis as a great Greek general, we think of him as a George Washington of Greece. As children during the March 25 celebrations in school, we recited the heroic poems honoring him. But Kolokotronis was a man without education or what we would call culture; he had served ten years in the British army, which had taught him neither to love or understand the English, nor to understand discipline or comprehend philhellenism. But he had a shrewd cunning and a rough wit. He was also a passionate patriot with a real political understanding of the meaning and purpose of independence. During his years of exile on the island of Zante, he would take his sons, who would later join him in the revolution, to the peak of the mountains where they could see the mountains of the Peloponnese and he would say to them, "Our destiny is someday to go back and liberate Greece."

And the other captains?

That whole pantheon of men who fought valiantly against the Turks sometimes fought as viciously against one another. We were never told back in Greek school that during those ten years of war there were two civil wars in Greece pitting Greeks against one another. One must remember these were strong-willed men, sometimes arrogant and ambitious, while still heroic. Besides Kolokotronis, there were many others. Odysseus Androutsos was a more rugged and unpredictable version of Kolokotronis, with all of his faults and few of his virtues. He was also a handsome warrior who they said could leap over seven horses lined side-by-side. Yiannis Makriyannis was a man from the western mainland who could neither read nor write, but the years of war raised him to heroic stature. After the War of Independence, he taught himself to read and write so he could record the true history of the war. Grigorios Papaflessas, the monk, they say was an unscrupulous, savage man; he was ambitious and merciless, he looted and ravaged villages, indiscriminately, Greek as well as Turkish. Yet, in the end, he died a heroic death in battle against the forces of Ibrahim Pasha. Legend has it that when the diminutive Ibrahim Pasha toured the battlefield and saw the body of the monk, who was a towering figure well over six feet tall, surrounded by a dozen dead Egyptian soldiers, he had the body propped up against a tree. Then, while astride his horse, Ibrahim Pasha kissed the dead

monk's lips as a tribute to his valor. Through the centuries, these fighters have gained a certain mythical, epic dimension. But in addition to being valiant fighters, they were mortal, flawed individuals. And so in the writing about that revolution, it is important for me to write fairly and honestly, to attempt to separate the myth from the reality. Grant them their heroism while showing their flaws.

Byron figures prominently in your novel?

Byron went to Greece, went first to Zakynthos, then to Missolonghi and was there exploited and manipulated by various Greek factions, all after him because of the money he was supposed to have brought from the London committee. He dreamed of leading a Greek army into battle, but he never got out of Missolonghi, all his attempts aborted. When he became ill, in an effort to stem his fever, he was literally bled to death by Greek doctors using the leeches that were prevalent in medicine at that time. Thought his death might, in retrospect, seem futile, in reality it galvanized all of the world and particularly Europe, as thousands of volunteers went to Greece afterwards to join the struggle. He did more by his death in Missolonghi than anything he might have accomplished if he'd led an army into battle.

How do you feel about writing an epic novel again?

(Laughs) Like a fool. First of all, epics belong to writers of the stature of Nikos Kazantzakis and another great Cretan novelist and poet, Pandelis Prevelakis. My business is to write the best books I can. The problem at my age now is that I'm just as tired when I begin my day's work in the morning as 30 years ago I used to feel at the end of my day's work. But mentally I still feel alert, I still feel I'm writing well, and this book is something I wanted to do, something that has nagged me over the years. Kimon Friar, the fine poet and great translator of the epic *Odyssey* of Nikos Kazantzakis loved *The Hour of the Bell* and felt it a worthy bough on the great tree of Kazantzakis. And I feel, in a way, this book, along with the other books I have written portraying the Greek immigrant experience in this country, why, it will become part of my legacy, my thanks to my Greek and Cretan heritage, and still an important work, I think, to be read by future generations not only of Greeks, but all peoples whose ancestors struggled for freedom.

Kazantzakis is a spiritual father?

When I started thirty years ago writing *The Hour of the Bell*, beginning the first few pages was like standing at the base of a mighty mountain whose peak was shrouded and hidden. I had no idea how I was going to make the ascent, where the book was going to go, how I would end. But one winter day up in my study, my head aching and my back hurting, I lay wearily down on my couch, and, in a half sleep, I dreamed the story I had read in Kazantzakis about a schoolteacher somewhere in Greece who is rhetorically espousing to the students the glory and wonder and marvel that is Greece. One of the schoolchildren raises his hand, and when teacher calls on the child, the student says to him, "Teacher, please be still, we want to hear the bird." And the teacher sees on the open window of their classroom a thrush is sitting, and the thrush is singing the most melodious and beautiful song. The teacher along with his students stands there entranced and thinks, Yes, yes, all my words are futile flailings against the wind. The song of the thrush is the melody of Greece. (Voice breaks.) And when I woke from that half-sleep I wept, knowing that was the way I was going to end *The Hour of the Bell*. I had no idea how and with what character, but it was, I swear, almost as if it came from Kazantzakis himself—something precious given to me at that moment when I most felt my weakness. Through the following three years that I worked on the novel, like a lantern, like a beacon, that story of the schoolteacher and the thrush was my destination, where my book was going. When one reads *The Hour of the Bell*, that story from Kazantzakis is the way the novel ends.

The Shepherds of Shadows

In his novel *The Hour of the Bell*, Harry Mark Petrakis recreates the beginnings of the Greek War of Independence in 1821, a savage ten-year conflict that gained Greece its freedom from almost 400 years of Ottoman bondage. From the raids of mountain guerillas, to the first great sea battles of small island fleets and the siege and destruction of the Turkish fortress of Tripolitza, the novel weaves together real figures such as the famed General Theodoros Kolokotronis with fictional creations. There are episodes of cruelty and heroism, of compassion, love, sacrifice, jealousy and political intrigue. What is rarely remembered is that during this epic struggle, Greece fought two bloody civil wars, as well. In one of them, the famed hero Kolokotronis himself was imprisoned. In his forthcoming novel, *The Shepherds of Shadows*, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press (along with a reissue of *The Hour of the Bell*) in 2007, Petrakis continues the saga of the war for freedom, utilizing many of the characters who appeared in *The Hour of the Bell*. On these pages **NEO** presents an exclusive excerpt from *The Shepherds of Shadows*:

Each time he approached the outskirts of Nafplion, Xanthos marveled anew at the beauty of the old town which had been a major Greek port since the Bronze Age. It was set within a ring of three fortresses, the first being the towering Palamidi whose mountainous ramparts overlooked the sea. There were the smaller fortresses, Akronafplia and the diminutive bastion of Bourtzi on an islet west of the town and visible from the harbor.

As Xanthos and the Suliots rode through the streets of the old town, they encountered bands of armed men, arguing in the streets, drinking in the tabernas. At one corner a cluster of soldiers were interrogating several farmers who were shrilly pleading their innocence. As Xanthos and the Suliots rode past, one of the soldiers savagely struck a farmer across his head with the barrel of his musket. The man collapsed like a slaughtered animal. Without knowing whether the man had been guilty or innocent of any crime, Xanthos felt his heart wrenched at the sight of human cruelty and human suffering.

They rode through the town to the headquarters Kolokotronis had established in one of the large neoclassical mansions that had formerly belonged to a primate. Notis and Selim led the horses toward a barracks in the rear of the compound while Xanthos entered the house.

In one of the anterooms, several desks had been set up on which men were scribbling and making entries. In a corner two burly, fully-armed men sat with muskets across their knees. An offi-

cious clerk, a spindly-necked man with charcoal-shaded cheeks Xanthos hadn't seen before, told him brusquely he'd have to make an appointment to see the General.

"His schedule all afternoon is filled with important people" the clerk said.

"What I have to tell him is important."

"Everybody's message is important," the clerk said impatiently. "I am under strict orders from the general that people must wait their turn."

"Will you let him know I'm here?" Xanthos asked.

"In due time, in due time," the pompous clerk said and turned away to gesture at one of his associates. "Take this man's name and put him on the list to see the General later today."

"My name is Xanthos."

The man bent over his pen, repeating the name.

As Xanthos turned to leave, the door of the inner office opened and Kolokotronis emerged. His powerful body and imposing presence seemed to fill the room. He waved a sheaf of papers at the clerk, his harsh voice offering some instruction, when he spotted Xanthos.

"Xanthos!" he cried. "Where are you going? Why didn't you let me know you'd returned?"

"We have made an appointment for him to see you this afternoon, general," the clerk said.

"Take your appointments with you to hell!" Kolokotronis roared. The clerk cringed, his face suddenly pale. Kolokotronis ignored his distress

and came eagerly toward Xanthos, embracing him roughly in his great arms.

"Come in! Come in!" he cried and tugging Xanthos by the arm he dragged him into the inner office. He kicked the door shut with his boot-ed foot.

"I'd begun to worry about you," he said. "We hear rumors daily of what is happening to various armies in the field but it is impossible to know how much is true. There are private armies assembled by self-styled leaders fighting in one place or another and we have no idea what they're doing." He shook his head in frustration. "Chaos!" he said. "The only word is chaos!" He paused. "Never mind that now. How did your mission go? Can we count on some good men for the coming battles?"

"Perhaps no more than a few hundred," Xanthos said, "but they are warriors. Several of the captains pledged to meet us here in Nafplion within the next few months."

"Good!" Kolokotronis said. "One of those battle-hardened veterans is worth a dozen ordinary soldiers." He walked to sit wearily down at his desk.

Xanthos noted how the years of warfare had aged the heroic general. His thick hair flowing to his shoulders held broader strands of gray while wrinkles were more deeply etched in his cheeks and beneath his eyes. Xanthos knew it was less the battlefields that had worn the stalwart general down than the political quarreling taking place.

"Before crossing the Gulf we encountered



long columns of refugees fleeing from villages that had been attacked and burned," Xanthos said. "There were thousands and they seemed without any order or any destination except flight."

"There are a dozen battles going on in a dozen places," Kolokotronis said somberly, "while, our forces in the Peloponnese are laying siege to several Turkish fortresses. I have instructed the officers in command to offer safe passage to any Turks who surrender."

"That was the same promise the Greeks made and broke at Monemvasia, Navarino and Corinth," Xanthos said.

Kolokotronis released a great sigh of anguish. "These massacres shame us before the world. They make us appear to be tribes of savages, unfit to rule ourselves."

He walked slowly toward the windows looking out across the courtyard.

"Yet none of these massacres by our forces can equal the butchering our men did at Tripolitza in the first year of the war," he said, his voice low and grim. "You were there, my friend, and were sorely wounded so you did not witness the full extent of what took place. When I entered the city, from the rampart walls to the Pasha's seraglio, my horse's hooves trod upon the butchered bodies of Turkish men, women and children. God blind me before I see a sight like that again."

"The siege of the city had lasted so long, general," Xanthos said. "Some of our captains had been bartering with the wealthier Turks, taking their jewels in exchange for bread. The common soldier felt he'd been cheated of any spoils and was bent on vengeance."

Kolokotronis turned and nodded gravely.

"Inside Tripolitza I was shown a plane tree in the marketplace from which Greeks had been hung for centuries," he said. "I thought then how many of my own family, my own race, had been hung on that cursed tree. I ordered it cut down and felt less remorseful about the way our men had slaughtered all the Turks."

There was a timorous knock on the door and then it opened. The nervous face of the clerk appeared. Before the man could open his mouth, Kolokotronis roared.

"Not now!"

The clerk hurriedly shut the door.

Kolokotronis paced the office, restless as an animal in a cage.

"Put aside concerns about humanity and mercy," he said. "From a military standpoint, it makes sense to spare our enemies who surrender. If the inhabitants of a town or a fortress once understand our assurances of safety are worthless, they will fight to the death. As a result, many of our own brave palikaria will die needlessly."

Once again, there was a knock on the door and when it opened the clerk's face appeared for

a second time, his anxiety bordering on panic. "Forgive me, general..." his voice quaked. "His excellency, President Mavrocordatos is here!" He hesitated. "His guards are with him and our guards wish them to disarm."

Kolokotronis walked quickly past the clerk to the outer office where his guards were confronting the guards accompanying Mavrocordatos. A threat of violence hung across the room. In the midst of the stalwart guards was the small, dark-clad figure of Alexander Mavrodordatos, the elected president of the Senate.

"Welcome, President Mavrocordatos," Kolokotronis said brusquely. "Is this a visit or an attack?"

"A visit, of course, General," Mavrocordatos said. He hesitated. "But you know I have had threats against my life. My men refuse to put down their arms."

"My guards remain armed because there are also those who wish me dead," Kolokotronis said gravely. "Let all the armed men wait here and I invite you into my office. You know you have nothing to fear from me."

Kolokotronis turned and walked back into his office and Mavrocordatos followed. From behind his horn rimmed glasses, he peered nervously at Xanthos.

"This is my trusted aide, Xanthos," Kolokotronis said. "Nothing I do or say need be hidden from him."

Mavrocordatos had come to power as a result of a National Assembly which had been convened in February of that year near Astros in an orange grove which had a convenient stream down the middle. Xanthos suspected the site had been selected because the stream could be used to divide the warring factions.

Seeing the two men together, Xanthos could not help making a comparison. While Kolokotronis was above average height and built like a bull, Mavrocordatos was small-boned and short in stature. The dark suit he wore fitted him poorly, and a large collar and cravat encircled his throat like a noose. His bushy black hair and abundant whiskers were augmented by a huge mustache that curled up from his cheeks to his ears. Xanthos knew Mavrocordatos acquired the mustache because it resembled the bold swashbuckling mustaches that adorned some of the more noted warriors of the war. Besides the mustache, however, nothing else about the man's uninspiring presence suggested the warrior he longed to be.

"Have you had any word from Odysseus or Anagnostaras?" Mavrocordatos asked. "This lack of news is deplorable. We must know what is happening in the Peloponnese so we can plan what action to take."

"There's no word from either of them yet," Kolokotronis said. "Xanthos here, who has just re-

turned, tells me of refugees streaming north from Sparta. That means the forces of Dramalis are coming closer."

Mavrocordatos turned his earnest dark eyes on Xanthos.

"Did you see any sign of Turkish troops?" he asked.

"We saw only refugees," Xanthos said. "They were in panicked flight, crossing the Gulf, heading to the north."

Mavrocordatos spoke again to Kolokotronis.

"Against the advice of others, General," he paused, "I have come directly to you. This bickering and dissension must also stop. We must coordinate our actions." He paused, seeking to make his voice more resolute. "We must exercise unified authority, General, or others will do it for us."

"I agree with what you say, President Alexander," Kolokotronis said. "I know we both have the welfare of our long-suffering land at heart."

Mavrocordatos seemed about to say something more and then he nodded, turned on his heels and walking with his curious, awkward waddle, left the office, closing the door behind him. For a moment the loud voices of the bodyguards in the outer office could be heard hurling insults at one another and then there was silence.

"I believe Mavrocordatos to be a bright and decent man," Kolokotronis sighed. "But he is not a soldier. You remember last year, hoping the campaign would give him the military prestige he so badly needed, he led his men and the foreign regiments into the disaster at Peta." A harshness and outrage entered his voice. "In any other country he would have been sent into exile for that catastrophe. Instead, our distinguished Senate appoints him President."

It was true that the man who had to assume most of the blame for that disaster was Mavrocordatos. In his journal, Xanthos had transcribed the words of Kolokotronis assessing the battle at Peta and the role of Mavrocordatos. "The tragedy of his leadership was that he neither knew what he ought to do nor what he ought to leave undone, so that his disastrous military operations were generally determined by accident."

Kolokotronis interrupted his reverie.

"You look as if you have not slept in a week," Kolokotronis told Xanthos. "Go and rest a while now, my friend. Return here later this evening and we'll have dinner together with a group of my officers and friends. Then, tomorrow, we need to talk. Perhaps you can help me bring some sense to the disorder taking place all around us."

With his arm flung around the shoulders of Xanthos, the two men walked to the outer office. They were met by the nervous clerk.

"General," he said, his voice trembling. "Your

appointments have fallen behind..."

"I told you before to take them with you to hell!" Kolokotronis bellowed again and Xanthos pitied the poor clerk who flinched as if the warrior's powerful voice had been a whip across his skinny frame.

"And furthermore," Kolokotronis cried, "this man you see with me here has access to me whenever he wishes! I don't care if I'm meeting with a prince or a king! He has been my comrade since this war began and will always take precedence over anyone else! Do you understand?"

The terrified clerk shook his head in a nervous, flustered assent.

Xanthos joined Kolokotronis and about a dozen other men for dinner that evening at a long table set up in the courtyard of the general's headquarters, on the ramparts above the city overlooking the sea. Torches and candle-lanterns had been set up around the perimeters of the table. Visible in the harbor below them, several brigs lay at anchor while around those brigs a score of smaller fishing boats were moored. Beyond the ships, lights flickered on the islet of Bourtzi.

As the men seated themselves around the table, the summer night around them was fragrant with the profusion of flowers. When a slight breeze spiraled from the city up to the ramparts, it carried a rumble of voices from the harbor where the soldiers gathered.

Among the men at dinner that evening were half a dozen Greek officers in the forces of Kolokotronis, and a bearded, black-cassocked priest, Father Nikita, from a parish in the town. There were also several Philhellenes, professional soldiers who had joined Kolokotronis several months earlier. Two were Italian artillery officers who spoke only their own language and communicated with the Greeks by animated gestures of their hands. There was also an English officer named Eric Wyndham, a tall, handsome soldier with reddish hair. Xanthos knew that Kolokotronis respected and trusted the soldier who had commanded one of Wellington's regiments at Waterloo, the battle the famed English general had fought against the Frenchman, Napoleon Bonaparte. After that epic conflict which ended the dream of Napoleon to replicate his earlier victories and gain his earlier prestige, Wyndham had wandered across Europe, joining the many soldiers-of-fortune orphaned by the end of the Napoleonic Wars. These men were unqualified for any other trade but war and many of them, driven by hopes of glory and wealth, had come to Greece to join the revolution taking place there. They made themselves available as mercenaries to whatever captain would pay them.

Wyndham's long association with the Greeks had gained him a fluency in speaking Greek which gave him an advantage over the other foreign soldiers. His valor in battle had been brought to the attention of Kolokotronis who enlisted the English officer into his own service.

Also among the people at dinner that evening was a youth no more than sixteen or seventeen years of age named Lukas Chalandritsanos who had joined Kolokotronis a few months earlier. The youth came of a noble family that had once befriended Kolokotronis and he had promised Lukas's family that he would take the young man



into his service and under his protection.

"I know that since his arrival I spoil the youth much as his mother and sisters spoiled him back in his home," Kolokotronis had confided to Xanthos not long after the youth came to Nafplion, "but I believe he is a bright and well-meaning young man intent on finding his place in the world. It's not his fault that his mother and sisters constantly let him have his way." The general paused with a wry smile. "God help me, Xanthos, I also find a pleasure in having him around so I can look at him, finding it almost as great a delight as I find in looking at a beautiful woman. If I were one of those men inclined to take their pleasure with younger boys, he would not be safe in my presence. I think some men might kill so they could possess him."

Xanthos conceded there was about the youth a haunting and uncommon beauty. He had a pale, flawless complexion and great dark eyes. His nose and ears were small and well-formed and his lips sensuous and full. His body was slender and, despite his young age, gave an impression of being both lithe and strong.

Despite the favorable impression Kolokotronis had of Lukas, Xanthos had found the young man petulant and arrogant. At dinner that evening, reconfirming his earlier impression, Lukas sat beside one of the Italian Philhellenes, looking restless and bored. He displayed a peevishness with the servants serving the dinner, brusquely sending back a bowl of soup he felt hadn't been heated properly. For most of the meal he ate slowly and sullenly, keeping his eyes on his plate, ignoring the arduous efforts of the Italian officer to engage him in some manner of conversation.

During the dinner, several of Kolokotronis' officers who were drinking too much wine began a strident argument that threatened to bring the men to blows until Kolokotronis intervened.

"In God's name, save your bellicosity for the battlefield," he cried, his voice impatient and harsh, "If we cannot maintain peace and a congenial dialogue among ourselves, what chance do we have of defeating our enemies?"

As if to distract the combatants, Kolokotronis asked the English officer, Wyndham to recount for them something of his experience at Waterloo.

"That general of yours, the English Lord who vanquished Napoleon," Kolokotronis asked Wyndham, "what was he like?"

"Lord Wellington was a general in the tradition of great English generals," Wyndham said. "He was able to inspire great trust in his soldiers. He had a disdain for melodrama and carried about him a quiet confidence in ultimate victory that transmitted itself to the men."

Wyndham paused, and as if relishing being the center of attention, took a sip from his glass of wine.

"At the beginning of the battle, I was much less confident about the outcome than the general," Wyndham continued. "My command was the 27th Regiment, the Inniskillings. We had been on the march for most of the day, and had several skirmishes with French cavalry harrying us in an effort to slow us down. Later that day at a site called Mont St. Jean, we were finally allowed a few hours of sleep. When we were awakened, the main battle had begun. Our regiment was given the order to advance quickly to support a weak part of the line. The timing of the advance was ill-planned, and in the following four hours of fighting, over 450 of our 750 officers and men were killed and wounded."

Kolokotronis shook his head grimly.

"Even in a victory as great as Waterloo, one forgets the fearful cost in lives."

"Most of those wounded and killed were brought down by the fire of cannon placed several hundred yards away from us," Wyndham said. "or by the musketry of French snipers in hidden positions."

"By God, in spite of the losses, I would have given ten years of my life to have fought there!" a burly Greek officer named Skilizis said.

"I am grateful now to have been part of that major battle," Wyndham said, his voice level and grave, his pronunciation of Greek slow and precise. "but once the fighting began, every man among us was only intent on whether he and the soldiers around him would survive. Ask me what I know of the battle of Waterloo, it is of a patch of

ground where I fought with my men and where my comrades were wounded and died."

"And Wellington?" Kolokotronis asked. "Where was he during the course of the battle?"

"He was with the staff officers at their headquarters and I never saw him. But I was told by other British officers who were with him during the battle and despite the heavy losses we were incurring, he remained confident of victory."

"Whatever the cost in human lives, that glorious battle will go down in military history!" Nikitaras, another of the Greek captains exclaimed. "If Napoleon had been victorious, the history of Europe would have been changed."

"First there are the battles where men fight and die," Kolokotronis said gravely, "and then there is history."

"We didn't learn the significance of the battle we had fought until we returned home to England," Wyndham said. "For the first time in the history of the British army, each veteran of the battle was awarded a commemorative medal. Every soldier who fought that day was known as a Waterloo Man, and that single day of service on June 18, 1815, was to count as two years toward his pension." Wyndham paused and smiled wryly. "They did everything they could to convince even the lowliest soldier that he had participated in and survived an extraordinary event."

A little later that evening, the conversation turned from the fighting of battles to the financing of war and the money that required. All of the chieftains of various factions, including Kolokotronis, had been excited by rumors sweeping across Greece that a London Greek Committee had been formed in England that would be sending large sums of money to aid the Greek Cause. The first installment of the cash along with letters of credit would be carried to Greece by a famous personage, the English poet, Lord Byron.

"He is among the most celebrated of my countrymen," Wyndham said, when Byron's name was brought up in the conversation. "Personally, I find his affectations and melodramatic posturing distasteful. But I must admit that along with his foppish poems about love won and love lost he has also written stirring verses about the struggle of the Greeks for freedom. Many of the soldiers from Germany, Italy and France who came to fight in Greece were inspired to do so by Byron's poetry."

"We owe this English poet a bond of gratitude for his devotion to our cause," Kolokotronis said. "And if he truly brings us a substantial sum of money, we'll owe him an even greater debt. Wars cannot be fought without money to buy arms and supplies and funds to pay the troops."

It seemed to Xanthos that as they spoke of the poet who would be carrying a large sum of money to aid the Greek cause, Kolokotronis grew

animated, his eyes glowing and his cheeks flushed.

By the end of that evening, a number of the Greek officers had lost consciousness and slumped in their chairs. A few others had stumbled away from the table and fallen asleep in drunken stupors under the trees. Father Nikitas who had also drunk too much, was asleep in his chair, his head slumped toward his chest, his thick beard fluttering in the current of air raised by his sibilant snores. The Italian Philhellenes had gone down to the harbor to seek more diversified excitements. Wyndham had departed and the young Lukas Chalandritsanos had slipped away, as well.

Around the long table, the servants had begun clearing the table of the remains of the dinner. Kolokotronis rose and walked to join Xanthos who was sitting on the ground under the trees. The general lowered himself slowly to the ground with a sigh, resting his back against one of the trees.

The night was tranquil, the scents of summer flowers carried on the breezes from the sea. From the city below them, the rumble of voices from the harbor taverns had grown quieter. The moon, a white elusive crescent, slipped in and out of a cluster of clouds.

For a little while the two men sat in silence, Xanthos waiting for Kolokotronis to speak. Although the general had been drinking as much as any of the others at the table, neither his movements or his demeanor gave the slightest hint of drunkenness. He sat now without moving, seeming to Xanthos to be immersed deeply in thought.

"If it is true that this English poet will bring a large sum of money to Greece," Kolokotronis finally said, "the various captains and primates, including Mavrocordatos, will swarm around him like vultures around carrion. They will flatter him shamefully. I don't know what this Englishman is like or who among our leaders will prove most successful in leeching money from him, but, by God, Xanthos, it would be disastrous if that money fell into the wrong hands."

"Perhaps when he arrives in Greece, you should travel to meet him yourself, general," Xanthos said.

Kolokotronis was silent for a moment.

"We are assembling our army here to do battle against Dramali," he said, "and I have little time or stomach for political intrigues. But I must have people to send as my envoys to this poet, people I can trust to plead our cause. Without our share of that money, I don't know how our armies in the field will survive. We have already had the sorry spectacle of the sailors in the fleet of Admiral Miaoulis deserting him when he could no longer pay their wages. What the Turks were unable to accomplish in battle, they achieved by the Greek retreat."

Kolokotronis reached down to loosen the sash around his waist and then bent to tug off his boots. When Xanthos made an effort to help him, the general waved him brusquely away.

"Don't spoil me, scribe," he said. "When I can no longer remove my own boots, it will be time for me to give up leading an army and find a flock of sheep to look after instead."

With his boots off, Kolokotronis stretched out his legs and slumped back wearily against the trunk of a tree. For a moment, he closed his eyes. In that moment of repose, his strong, hawk-featured face glistened in the moonlight like the immobile head of a corpse and Xanthos felt a chill down his back. He feared what might happen to the revolution if Kolokotronis were lost.

After a while the general opened his eyes. When he spoke, his voice was low and somber. "Xanthos, wherever in Greece this poet Byron



chooses to reside, I want you to travel as my emissary to meet him."

"I will go where you wish, general," Xanthos said, "and to the best of my ability will perform whatever task you assign me."

"Good,"

Kolokotronis said. "But I will not send you alone. I will also send that officer, Eric Wyndham, with you. He is an experienced veteran of war and we can trust his military advice to Byron will be sound. With your knowledge of Hellenic history, and the Englishman's knowledge of war, you will make a formidable team to plead our cause."

Kolokotronis paused once again. In the light from the torches that still burned a short distance away, Xanthos saw the chieftain's piercing eyes.

"But I will also send someone else with you and the English officer," Kolokotronis said quietly. "I have heard tales of this poet's rampant lust when it comes to women. It is rumored that several English ladies killed themselves out of despair because he spurned them. But I have also heard that this Englishman favors boys of great beauty. So, in addition to you, scribe, and a soldier who knows war, I will send along Lukas Chalandritsanos." He paused, a deep sigh emerging from his throat. "I confess to some shame for playing upon the weakness of another human being but we must fight with every weapon at our disposal, including the beauty of a young man. If what they say about this Byron proves true, then, by the gods, what the counsel of men who understand history and men who know war cannot accomplish might be achieved by the more tender yearning of the human need for love."

Saturday & Sunday (12 Noon -6 PM)
April 8-9, 2006

FREE ADMISSION

There's no better way to fly.



THE ONE AND ONLY
**GREEK
AMERICAN
TRADE SHOW**

- Arts, Humanities and Crafts
- Computers and Technology
- Finance and Banking
- Food Products and Services
- Government and Municipalities
- Telecommunications
- Travel and Tourism
- Imports and Exports
- National Pavilions



**HERMES
EXP
INTERNATIONAL**

Hellenic Exhibitions Since 1992

BOOTH EXHIBITS (120) - SYMPOSIUM Sat. 10AM-1PM
NETWORKING EVENTS Sunday Brunch 10-12 PM
DINNER AWARD PRESENTATIONS Sat. Night 6 PM
Business-to-Business Meetings (Partenariat method)

www.HermesExpo.com
610-446-1463

www.titanfood.com

**Happy
Easter**



**Kαλὴ
Τεσσαρτῆ**

**America's Largest
Greek Specialty
Food Store**

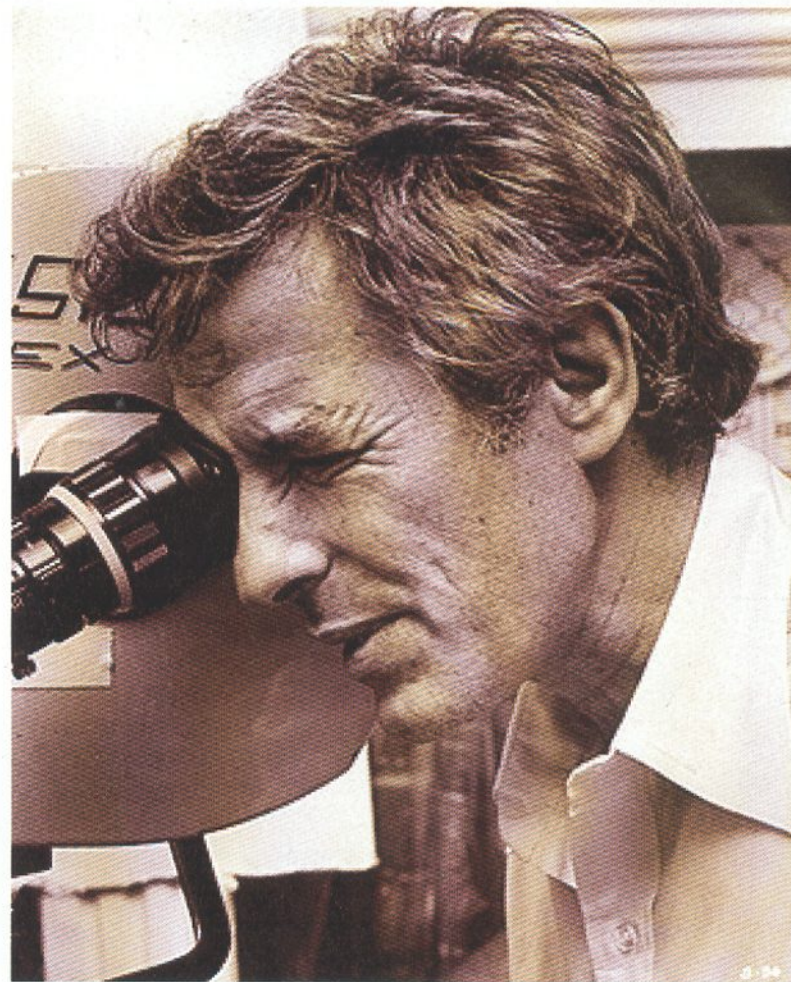
The Accidental Genius of John Cassavetes

John Cassavetes took no prisoners either as an actor, a director or as a man. In the 60s he was blacklisted by the studios and production companies which had sustained him because it was his way or no way and he got into arguments and dares with practically everybody.

"I'm a New York street kid," he once said. "Not that I like to fight so much—it's just that I like to win." The perfect figure, in other words, to father the American independent film, which he cranked out on an improvisational shoestring and cast with practically everybody from his life, including his wife actress Gena Rowlands, his parents Katherine and Nicholas Cassavetes, and colleagues and friends including Peter Falk and Ben Gazzara.

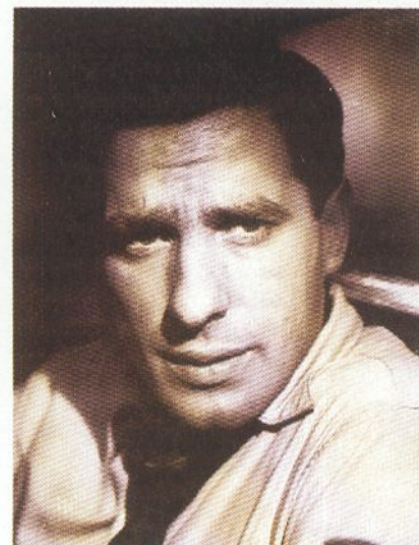
"In the sixteen years since Cassavetes' death, independent film has gone through several incarnations, as studios attempted to co-opt the spirit and feel of those unruly films by establishing classics or specialty divisions," says Marshall Fine in his definitive new biography of Cassavetes, *Accidental Genius, How John Cassavetes Invented the American Independent Film* (Miramax Books, \$27.95). "Such was the passion of John Cassavetes. And that independent film world—rambunctious, contentious, daring, outrageous—is his legacy."

The book chronicles Cassavetes' early rise through the world of live television in the '50s, a first film before the advent of the civil rights movement



about race relations that he stumbled into almost by accident in 1959 (*Shadows*) while leading an acting workshop, Hollywood success and three Academy Award nominations for *Faces* in 1968, in part fueled by his acting gigs in the *Dirty Dozen* and *Rosemary's Baby* that came out around the same time and helped finance his independent work, and a premature death from cirrhosis of the liver after years of heavy drinking.

"He's here on these pages, in all his glory," says Martin Scorsese of the book. "His wild schemes, his mad energy, his brutal honesty, his love of life and art and the interaction between the two, and his genius, of course."



Find your sign at Zodiac!



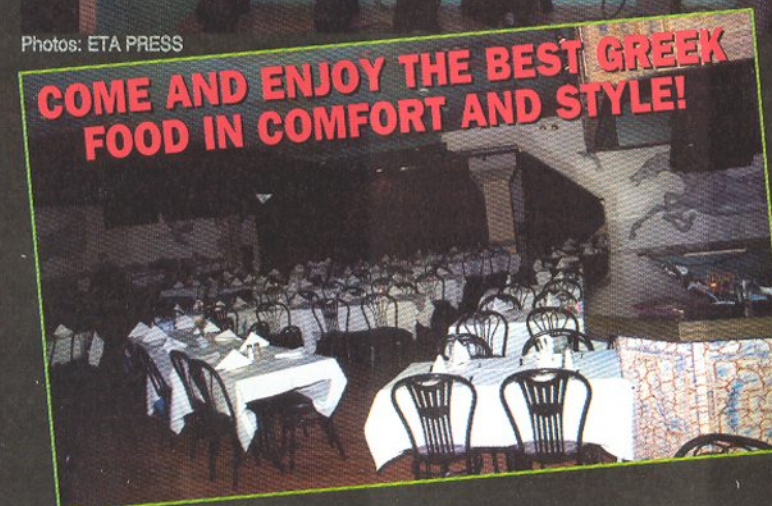
Live Greek Music Every Night

Rembetika on Mondays



Photos: ETA PRESS

COME AND ENJOY THE BEST GREEK FOOD IN COMFORT AND STYLE!



WEEKDAYS LUNCH SPECIAL
(NOON TO 4:00 P.M.)

Catering for all occasions

**30-15 Newtown Ave.
Astoria, New York
Tel: 718 726-3995**



DIMITRI HATZIGEORGIOU:

Bringing Starbucks to Greece

By Dimitri C. Michalakos

Dimitri Hatzigeorgiou had thoughts of doing business in Greece a few years ago when the Greek American diplomat decided to straighten him out. With a cigar in his mouth, he first pointed to the Greek flag flying over his embassy in Athens. "You make money here," he told the young Starbucks executive. Then he pointed to the Greek flag beside it. "You come here for vacation. It's like pushing a rock up a mountain."

In fact, one of the cartoons Hatzigeorgiou saw in Athens just before the Olympics showed a *tsiolas* "pushing the boulder that was 2004 up a hill and I giggled every time I saw it," says Hatzigeorgiou, 44, who nevertheless went to Greece in 2002 as Starbucks' general manager and lived to tell about it. What was doing business in Greece really like? "My, oh, my, oh, my," he says, now back in Chicago where he is Starbucks regional manager, after spending two years in Greece launching Starbucks coffeehouses all over the country (now over 40, with seven in Cyprus, and still opening up at the rate of one or two a month) for the Marinopoulos Group.

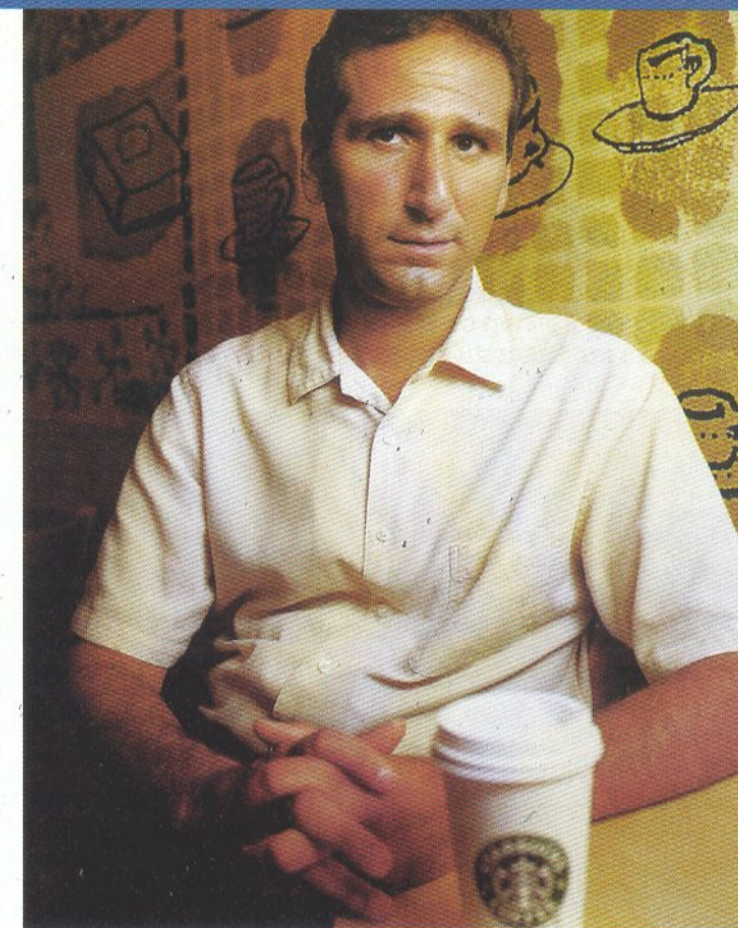
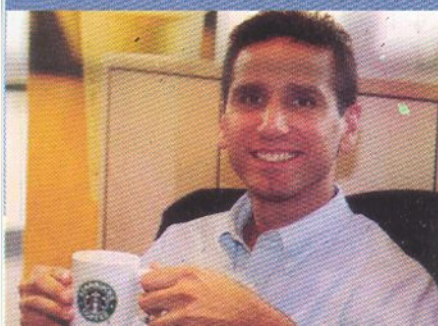
"The Greeks," he says, "are incredible operators as businessmen, but when you look at them providing an infrastructure or climate to attract foreign investment in Greece, they don't make it easy: there's a tremendous amount of bureaucracy and red tape. Even just to get my *adias paramonis*, my residency, because they would have drafted me into the Greek army—here I am, a 44-year-old guy in Greece trying to start a company and I had to go stand in line waiting to get some stamp from a Greek civil servant. And it took me six months to get an operating permit for my store."

But Marinopoulos was an ideal partner (Hatzigeorgiou's first offices and model store debuted in Alimos near the old airport) and Hatzigeorgiou's initial fears of the spanking Starbucks image of product and service taking a hit from Greece's hidebound culture of service-at-your-peril were soon allayed. "Boy, was I wrong," he admits. "That was the most amazing thing: looking at young people that were working for us, and their enthusiasm and passion, and how readily they embraced our culture and wanted to be part of this. It really restored my faith."

And getting Greeks to switch from Nescafe to frappuccino was easier than he imagined. "It was already in motion even before we got there," he says. "There were a tremendous amount of young Greeks who had been educated in the UK, and had traveled in Europe and were exposed to Starbucks there. Plus, the timing was right with the Olympics coming, and Greeks being a coffee drinking culture and Greece being a warm weather climate. I remember a reporter interviewing me who drank our frappuccino and he said, You know what? This is the frappe they serve in heaven: The frozen beverage that only the angels would drink. And I was like, Bravo!"

The first Starbucks in Greece opened in September, 2002 on Koraes Square in Athens. A month later two more stores opened in one day, in Voula ("Downtown, suburban, seaside Voula—people thought we were crazy—but that was a neighborhood that had gone from a sleepy resort town to a lot of new wealth and young people and a tremendous amount of expatriates living in the area, so it was a hit right off the bat"), and at Palio Falero. "It was insanity," Hatzigeorgiou remembers. "And then, of course, we took on Cyprus and opened up a store in Cyprus a year later. It was the hardest thing I ever did in my life. I was in way over my head, to put it mildly, but I made it, and we made it, with the commitment and dedication from the Marinopoulos Group and the people I worked with."

And from the corporate culture of Starbucks. "There were times," he says, "that I felt like a colonist, a missionary on the outer fringes of the British Empire. But the Starbucks culture is so transferable, and that's what kept me going: If I closed my eyes, I could be in a Starbucks back in Seattle and the only difference is that here the people are speaking Greek. And it was an exciting time when you're an expatriate and all of a sudden you're being invited to the American embassy for luncheons with the ambassador and other expatriates, and it's the prelude to the Olympics, and you're on TV and being interviewed and all."



(And exciting for his mother, as well, who had once warned him about the perils of serving coffee for a living, and now took to passing around his business cards and announcing, *O gios mou, o genikos dieftindis*—"Until I took the cards back," he laughs.)

The Starbucks stint in Greece was literally a coming home for Hatzigeorgiou, who was born in New York but had moved to Athens at 14 and attended high school in Athens at the Hellenic International School: "The joy of being bicultural in Greece and being able to be the *Amerikanaki* or the Greek at the flick of a switch, and having the richness of the islands, and being able to go to a taverna and drink some wine at 16—your American counterparts weren't quite doing that; I think we grew up much quicker."

Ironically, for his first job in Greece his father took him down to Monastiraki to sell trinkets and learn "*na pazarevis*," and, Hatzigeorgiou says, "Here I am in the summer of '77 and I'm selling trinkets and I'm running around to get coffee, and then in the summer of 2003, I'm back in Greece with Starbucks looking at a location right next to Monastiriki and still in the coffee business." He came back to the States to take hotel administration at Cornell and worked in the hotel business after college with the French-owned Accor Group ("I opened hotels in Toledo, Ohio and Chicago and Miami"). Then he got into the gyro business briefly back in New York at Kronos Gyros Products ("Like every good Greek does and worked in the restaurant side of the business"), before he left that and moved back to Chicago to help a friend with a startup, and soon got into the habit of visiting his local Starbucks. He joined the company as a store manager in Chicago ("Pouring coffee and mopping floors") and now oversees the company's 68 stores in Chicago and its northern suburbs.

As for his stint in Greece and future plans, "I want Greece to be again a place of escape for me and not a place where I work," he says. "I loved the experience, but being a tourist there is much nicer."

Greece in a glass™

What is the beauty of Greece? Poets write poems about it. Philosophers, like Aristotle, philosophize about it. Artists try to capture it. And now, you get to savor it in your glass.

Enjoy the most popular wines and spirits from Greece, imported for you by Nestor Imports, Inc. Some of our favorites are shown below: Kouros red and white, Calliga Rubis, the famous Retsina Kourtaki, Barbayanni Ouzo Blue, Ouzo Plomari by Issidoros Arvanitis, Amethystos red and white, and for dessert, Kourtakis' Mavrodaphne of Patras and Samos Muscat.

Fill your glass, take a sip, close your eyes, and be there. Beautiful.



Greece in a glass is a trademark of Nestor Imports, Inc., NY, NY 10007, 3075 email: info@nestorimports.com - tel. 212.267.1133 - www.nestorimports.com

NOW WITH ITS OWN **PARKING** FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE!

CHRISTOS GROCERY in the heart of ASTORIA!



Photos: ETA PRESS



**Parking
across the street**

Shopping at "CHRISTOS", always a pleasure,
now easier than ever!

All Greek
specialties

**29-19, 23RD AVE., ASTORIA, NEW YORK
TEL: (718) 545-3931**

[SHOW BUSINESS]



Broadway impresario NICK SCANDALIOS

By Dimitri C. Michalakis

The lights are blazing on Broadway and Times Square only a few blocks down the Great White Way from where the lights are also blazing at the offices of the Nederlander Organization, which produces many of the Broadway shows and owns many of the theaters and where Nick Scandalios is working late.

"There are times when there are way too many things on your desk," says the Nederlander theater executive, looking over a desk which has way too many things on it. "We do that in the theater because we're a generally understaffed industry and that's not going to change because when there's no show there's nobody working," he says with a quiet smile in a quiet voice, looking over his desk. "When you're overburdened you remind yourself that you'd rather have this than the quiet."

Nederlander has never been quiet, reflecting the powerhouse energy of its legendary impresario James Nederlander Senior, now 84, who hired Scandalios out of college (as a receptionist) and soon found himself relying on his uncanny ability to keep up with him. "He used to run in 27 different directions and have seven different conversations going on at the same time," says the 40-year-old Scandalios, who joined the company in 1987 and at 6'4" towers over his mentor. "I think one of the reasons we clicked early on was that I could track him. I could help him move as quickly as his mind wanted him to move."

Now an executive vice president at Nederlander, Scandalios oversees a company that owns or runs thirty theaters worldwide (nine on Broadway) and at least seven of the blockbusters playing right now in New York, including *The Lion King*, *Beauty and the Beast*,

hairspray

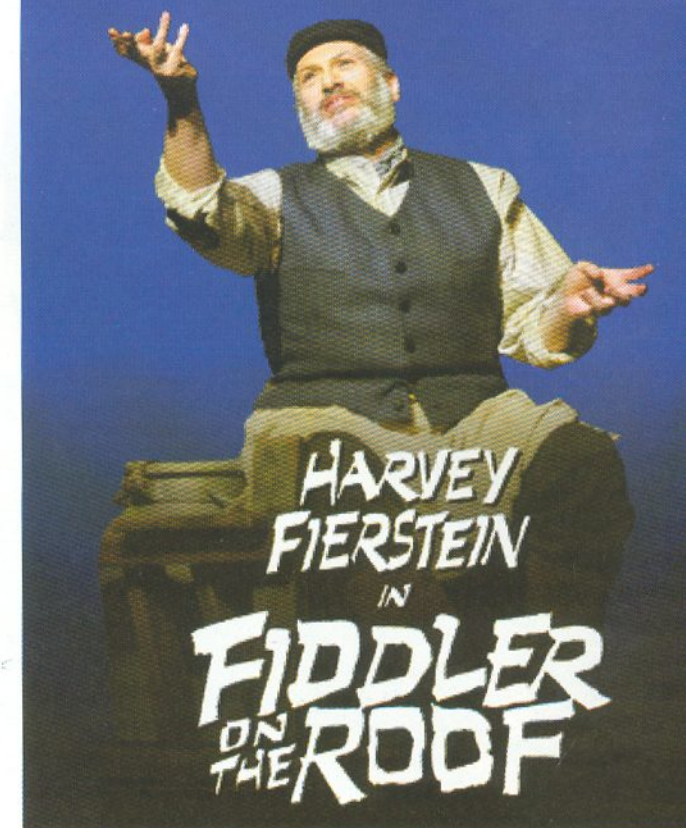
Rent, *Wicked*, *Mamma Mia*, *Spamalot*, *Hairspray*, *The Producers* and the perennial *The Phantom of the Opera*, which is now the longest-running musical in Broadway history.

"We're now setting up a chain of theaters in China," he says. "Who isn't going to China? It's the fad of the moment, so we all dive in. Some things will work, some things won't." The track record of Nederlander is impeccable, but Scandalios says you can never tell for sure what show will be a hit. "The ones that you think are going to be easy—'This show's a home run, it's just so commercial'—ends up not being so commercial, after all. The public has a way of surprising you. There's always something fascinating about how and why something is selling or not selling."

But he takes inspiration from his mentor: "He's been doing this for 65-66 years and I think the secret of his success is not only is he brilliant and fearless, he doesn't ever sweat little things. He always has the big picture in mind. That kind of risk-taking provides big rewards, big hits, and big failures. He's not an impresario who hasn't had his failures and that's one of the things he's taught me a lot. You don't do what we do and think you're not going to fail. You accept the premise that at some point things are going to fail. You always work towards success, but sometimes circumstances make shows not work, and you pick yourself and you don't get depressed and you move on to the next thing and you try to stay emotionally detached. The flip side is that when you produce a show you're only doing it because you're passionate about it and you love it. So it's hard to be passionate and then detached."

Scandalios usually reads scripts with the eye and ear of the actor he used to be ("I sort of acted, sort of—" back at Schreiber High School in Port Washington and at Boston College as Jesus in *Godspell*, Tony in *West Side Story*, Che in *Evita*) and is usually at the theater two nights a week, or more: "There might be a few weeks that I don't go, but there are weeks that I'll be in the theater four nights a week. And if we're producing a show, you're at that one show every night. It can be upwards of a month while things are changing." Is he resented for being the suit keeping tabs? "It all depends on who the suit is and it all depends on who the creative people are. People gravitate towards people who think, not so much alike, but who you can work with more readily and handily and easily and have a bit of a second language with, and so it tends to make you like-minded because you're trying to pull for the same thing."

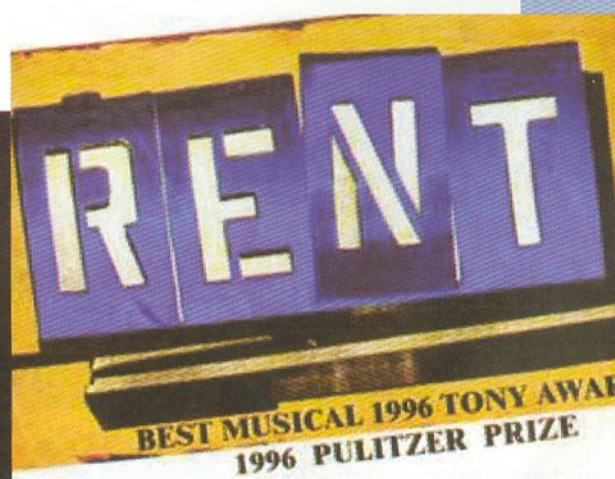
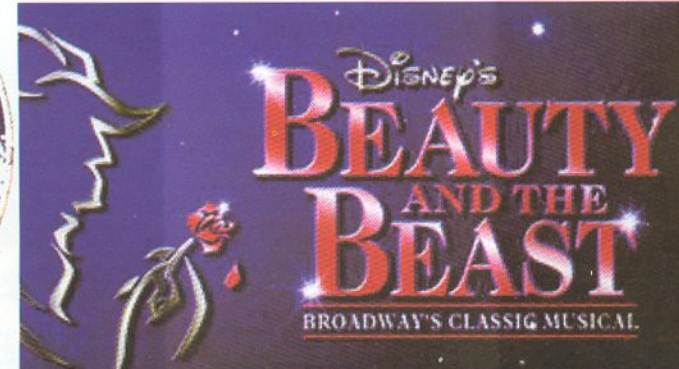
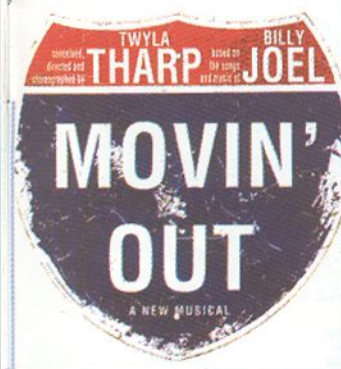
He gravitated to the business end of the theater because he once made a deal with his parents (They supported his acting ambitions through college, until he realized his height alone would typecast him and he got a finance degree) and he says Broadway right now is booming. "People have a lot of money and there are a lot of people spending it, whether investment bankers or theater patrons," he says. And the cleanup of Times Square has made a "huge difference": "When the neighborhood wasn't so clean, people specifically picked one show they went in to see and left. Now it's the whole environment, it's the experience, it's going to the restaurants and

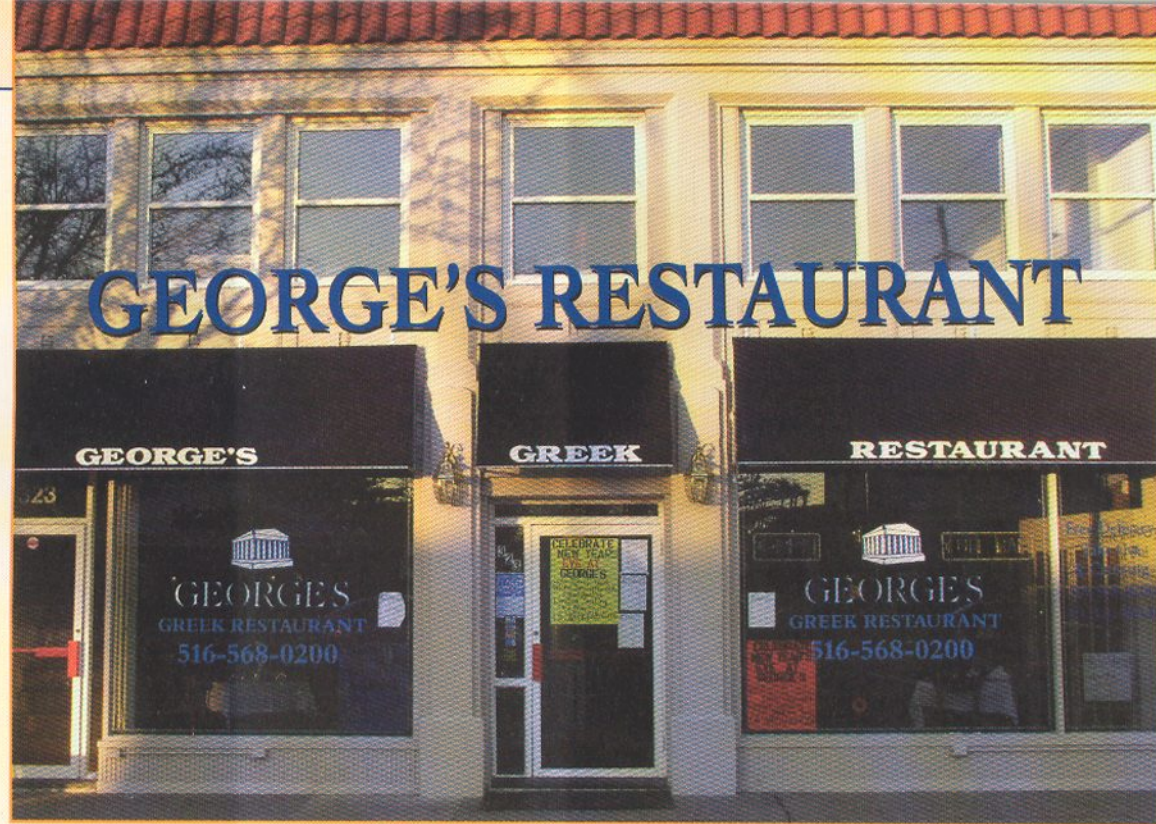


strolling with all the lights, and looking at all the new signs, and going to the show, and shopping at Toys R' Us, and the Hard Rock Café has moved into Times Square. The people who buy theater tickets want to bring their families and want to have a nice stroll with a date, or their husband, or their wife."

And when the U.S. market is tapped, there is the theater tradition and hundreds of theaters in the United Kingdom, some of them centuries old, though coming to New York and Broadway is still the make-or-break for most musicals. "A hit in London isn't a real hit until it's opened on Broadway," he says. Not just because of the larger market, larger theaters and dollars here, but also because "we're the inventor of the musical. It's like any child wanting his parents' approval. It's that whole idea of New York—if you can make it here, you can make it anywhere—and it's people wanting a Tony more than anything."

He says he has a great idea for a Greek musical, "which I'm not going to say. But if I can find the right composer I would do it. I think people are fascinated with Greek culture, especially Europeans and Americans. While in the scheme of things there aren't a lot of Greeks in the world, wherever they are they have a very high impact on the people that they encounter. I just think it's romantic."





The only true Greek Restaurant in Long Island,
with authentic recipes and a contemporary atmosphere

FAMILY OWNED AND OPERATED

FULL BAR

CATERING AVAILABLE ON AND OFF THE PREMISES
WE WELCOME PRIVATE PARTIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS



323 Merrick Road
Lynbrook, NY 11563

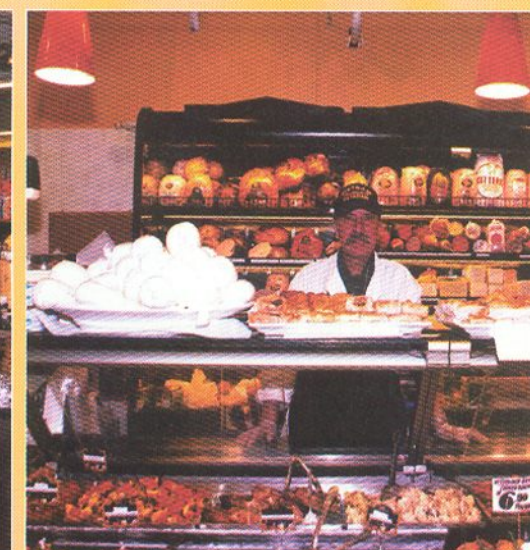
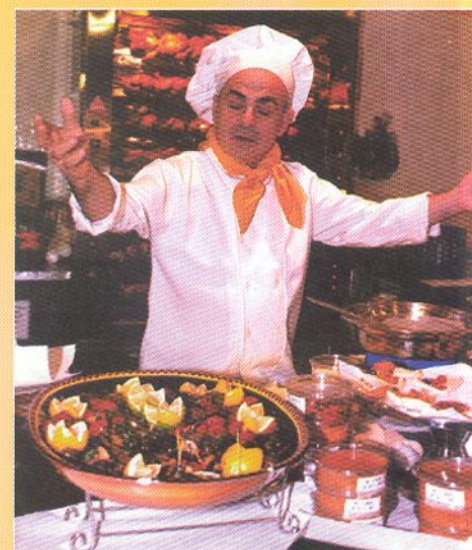
RESERVATIONS: 516-568-0200

North Shore Market

Experience the Art of Gourmet!



770 Port Washington Blvd
Port Washington, NY 11050
Phone: 516-767-9050



ALL GREEK PRODUCTS AVAILABLE

Hermes Expo trade fair comes to Atlantic City

This year's 15th annual Hermes Expo business forum of over 120 U.S., Greek and Greek-American companies will come to Atlantic City on April 8 and 9 at the professional exhibit area of the Trump Marina complex. This year the exhibition will feature: 1) The continuation of the cordial business arrangement between the cities of Philadelphia and Thessaloniki that started in 1999 under the Hermes Expo auspices. Coming from Greece are HELEXPO, the Chamber of Commerce of Thessaloniki, Infote, Interplan, Ninnis Coffee, and Jbeili Jewelry. 2) The meeting of the Philadelphia Port Authority and the Port Authority of Thessaloniki, which is considered the central seaport of the Balkans. 3) Numerous professional and business meetings (B to B) for growth and cooperation between domestic and international entrepre-

neurs. 4) An emphasis on the triptych of "Education—Youth—Civilization" through a job fair, college placement and internship opportunities. 5) Presentation of the renowned theatre production of "Nefeli" from Toronto, Canada, presented by the Federation of Greek Educators in USA and the Athenian Society. 6) A tasting of Greek food products. 9) A Symposium: "Globalization of Economic Markets, the Internationalization of Education, and Mediterranean Nutrition."

The full range of Hermes Expo activities last five days, from April 5 through 10, beginning in New York and on through Philadelphia, Atlantic City and Washington D.C. "This year, we inaugurate this effort and we strongly believe that it constitutes an effective way to engage and benefit our youth," says Hermes Expo founder and president Paul Kotrotsios.

"There are hundreds of Greek-American businesses which can help our children." He says "we asked all the businessmen in Greece and in the U.S. to participate in our exhibition and to give this unique opportunity to our youth. I am sending a message to Greek-American enterprises that even if they don't participate in the Hermes Expo, they should cooperate with our 'Opportunity Fair.' The Greek-American youth of our community will be able to submit their resumes to a specific desk, and from there all the submitted materials will be forwarded to all the appropriate businesses based on qualifications and skills. Our long-term goal is the institution of the 'Opportunity Fair' at the Hermes Expo with ever-increasing participation and cooperation of businesses and organizations from the U.S. and Greece."



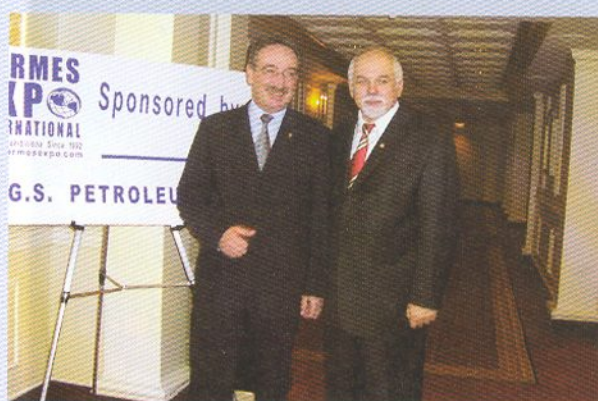
Baltimore guests at the State of Maryland Booth



Maria Papadatos with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Spyropoulos



Kostas Alexakis with Olympic Award Winner Read and Rania Pontikas



Nikos Tsiarsonis, minister of Macedonia-Thrace, with Paul Kotrotsios



Maryland Director of Business Development Aris Melissaratos cutting the ribbon for the 2005 Expo



Senator Paul Sarbanes greeting dignitaries from Greece at the Senate Office Building in Washington D.C.



Aris Melissaratos, Rania Pontikas, Tom Papoutsis, Ted Spyropoulos, Erika Spyropoulos

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

Thursday, April 06, 2006 - New York

Business to Business meetings and networking between Greek and American businesses, distributors and professionals (daytime)
Reception at "Avra" at 7:00 p.m. By invitation only.

Friday, April 07, 2006 - Philadelphia

Scheduled meetings and networking with local businesses.
Networking meeting & luncheon at Norris, McClaughlin & Markus, PA 1:30 - 2:00 PM State Capitol, Trenton, NJ. A visit with Governor Corzine (TBC)
3:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.: Talks between the Port Authority of Philadelphia and Thessaloniki
5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.: Dinner & Presentation
City of Philadelphia, Hermes Expo & Int'l Trade in honor of the visitors & 2006 Exhibitors - Greek Food & Wine tasting at Estia Restaurant, 1407 Locust St., Philadelphia
Transfer to Atlantic City, Hotel of choice
Reception for Exhibitors at the Trump Club at Trump Marina

Saturday, April 08, 2006-Atlantic City

7 - 10:00 a.m. Grand Cayman Ballroom - Booth preparation and set up by the Sponsors / Exhibitors
Symposium: Globalization of the Financial Markets. Biscayne Ballroom
10:00 a.m.: Greetings by dignitaries from the U.S., Greece and Romania
10:30 a.m. Main speaker: Mike Pappas, Administrator, US Business Administration
10:45 a.m. Dr. Gail O. Mellow, President of the LaGuardia Community College: "Educating the workforce for Globalization"
11:00 a.m. Ted G. Spyropoulos, President of TGS Petroleum and President of the Hellenic American National Council.
11:10 a.m. Jim Poehlmann, American Century Investment Services, (Identity Theft)
11:20 a.m. Constantine Stephano, Ameriprise Financial Services (Business Owner Financial Planning)
11:30 a.m. to 12:30 Open discussion (Questions/answers/interventions)
1:00 p.m. -Cayman Ballroom.Grand Opening ribbon cutting ceremony. Exhibitors and dignitaries will gather at the entrance of the Expo on the 2nd floor Grand Cayman Ballroom Individually scheduled meetings between exhibitors and visitors, buyers and guests
2:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.: Performance of NEFELI Theatrical Group, Toronto, Canada. Presented by Greek Educators Federation and Athenian Society of New York
3:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.: Reception in honor of John Sarbanes, Candidate for US Congress. Sponsored by Committee- Honored guest Senator Paul Sarbanes (Invited) Club Hatteras
4:30 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. at Hatteras I or II. Regional meeting of Greek Educators Federation Regional Youth meeting
5:00 -6:00 p.m. H.A.N.C. Executive Meeting Board - Hatteras I
6:00 p.m. -The 15th Annual Hermes Expo Award Dinner and Award Presentation The Shell

This year's award recipients are: Hon. Paul Sarbanes, Hon. Aris Melissaratos, Dr. Peter Yiannos and Nancy Biska and John Manos, Esq.

Sunday, April 09, 2006

10:00 a.m. - 12:00 Noon
Hermes Expo Networking Brunch - Biscayne Ballroom, sponsored by INFOTE
12:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. - Grand Cayman Ballroom - Second day of the Hermes Expo - Grand Cayman Ballroom Exhibition, 3rd floor
Individually scheduled meetings between exhibitors and visitors, buyers and guests
1:00 pm -Hatteras I - AHLA Hellenic American Lawyers Association meeting (PA, NJ, DC, NY)
2:00 pm The Shell - Fashion Show by Victorian Bridals sponsored by South Jersey businesses and societies to benefit participant Greek Schools of the Area.
3:00 pm Hatteras II - Pan Gregorian Enterprises - NJ, NY, Upper NY, Metro NY, CT, FL, MD
3:30 PM Hatteras I - HANC Executive Board meeting
Monday, April 10, 2006 Baltimore, MD
Continuing the Business to Business meetings in Baltimore-Washington and (Philadelphia and/or New York). Baltimore hosts Greek delegation from the Municipality of Thessaloniki, OLTH and HELEXPO: Hon. Aris Melissaratos, Secretary, Economic Development of Maryland Continued meetings in Washington, DC on Capitol Hill Sightseeing Washington, DC

Sponsors of the 15th Hermes Expo until now are:

The U.S. Greece Business Advisory Council, TGS Petroleum, CVM Design & Build, Unifrutti, UTStarcom- Quintex Cellular, Antenna Star Satellite, Lufthansa Airlines, Global Strategies Advertising, Municipality of Thessaloniki, HELEXPO, Professional Chamber of Thessaloniki, Port Authority of Thessaloniki, Norris, McClaughlin & Markus, PA, INFOTE, Intraplan, SA, Ninnis Coffee Co., Jbeili Jewelers, Prefecture of Western Macedonia, (Pan Gregorian Enterprises, Inc, NJ, NY, Metro NY, Baltimore, Florida), Ecolab, Pos 2 Go, The Stateline Group Architecture, Construction & Interiors, Akropolis Marbles & Granites, Olympic Payroll Systems, Amerikus wine importers, Stockton College, Paideia Projects UConn., AFGLC, AXA Financial Advisors, CFC, Titan Foods, Optima Foods, Sirob Imports, Richmond Wholesalers, World Link Solutions, PKA Pappas Kavrakas AssociatesArchitecture and Designs, list still growing, plus 100 more companies from the US, Greek American and American.

To get to the Atlantic City by car, is 2 hours from New York and 3 hours from Washington D.C.

For more information please visit <http://www.hermesexpo.com> or <mailto:info@hellenicnews.com>:Tel: (001) - 610-446-1463
Paul Kotrotsios, Founder & President The Hellenic News of America & Hermes Expo International Direct: 610-446-1463 Fax: 610-446-3189
Paul@Hellenicnews.com or Paul@Hermesexpo.com
www.hellenicnews.com www.hermesexpo.com

FOR ALL YOUR LEGAL NEEDS

Solomos & Associates Attorneys at Law

ACCIDENTS

- Auto Accidents
- Slip & Fall
- Medical Malpractice

REAL ESTATE

- Commercial & Private Properties
- Buy & Sell Agreements



PARTNERSHIPS - CORPORATIONS

FAMILY LAW

- Wills, Trusts, Estates
- Divorces - Child Support

CRIMINAL LAW

- DWI - All Criminal Matters

31-14 Broadway, Astoria, NY 11106

FREE CONSULTATION

PERSONALLY AVAILABLE 24h/DAY

Office Telephone: 718-278-5900

Direct Line Attorney: **1-888-777-8785**

e-mail: solomosesq@aol.com

Prominent Greek journalist to open series of lectures by NEO

It is with great pleasure we officially announce that Dr. Petros Papakonstantinou, a distinguished Greek journalist, international affairs analyst and author, will inaugurate a cycle of lectures *NEO Magazine* is presenting this year as part of its broader mission to provide the community with a different level and quality of information that encompasses a wide aspect of views on issues of common interest.

Prominent Greek American institutions, such as the Cathedral Fellowship, the Chian Federation of America, the Athenians' Society and the Pancyprian Federation will co-host the events starting on Saturday, April 1, at 5:00 pm, when Mr. Papakonstantinou will deliver (in Greek) his first speech at the Chian Cultural Center, 44-01 Broadway in Astoria on, "The Critical developments In Kosovo and the Middle East and their effect on Greece and Cyprus." It will be followed by a brief presentation of his latest book, *The Age of Fear-American Empire and Dictatorship of the Market* (Livanis Publishing House, 2005), copies of which will be available to the public.

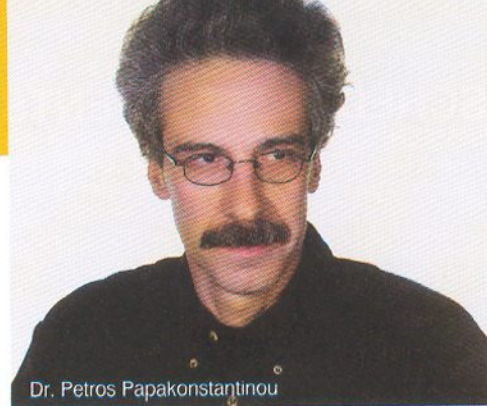
"On Hubris and Nemesis: Ancient Greece and post 9/11 USA-War and the law of the unintended consequences" will be the topic of his second lecture (in English), on Monday, April 3, 7:00 p.m. at the Cathedral Hall, 337 E, 74th St. in Manhattan. This time Dr. Papakonstantinou will examine the current American hegemony on the international scene through a historical perspective that calls for a comparison with similar situations in the ancient times. In both lectures, participants will have the opportunity to ask him questions, and "the more challenging the better," he noted during a recent telephone interview from Gaza where he was covering the Palestinian elections and managed to get the first international interview with Ismail Haniya, the leader of HAMAS. He remained to get his story despite the Islamic Jihad's threats to retaliate against Western reporters in the wake of the so-called "blasphemous" cartoons of Mohammed that were published in Denmark. The Cathedral Fellowship is an organization of Greek Orthodox Christian adults that forms part of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocesan Cathedral of the Holy Trinity. Under the guidance of Rev. Robert G. Stephanopoulos, Dean of the Cathedral, the Fellowship sponsors events of spiritual, cultural, educational and social interest to Orthodox Christian adults with particular emphasis on Orthodoxy and Hellenism. According to Andrea Pappas, president of the Fellowship, Mr. Papaconstantinou's presentation "will provoke thoughtful discussion of issues that are important to us today."

It's an opinion echoed by Alex Doulis, president of the Chian Federation of America, an umbrella organization for various local societies that originate in the island of Chios: "Parties and get-togethers for fun are very good but there is also a big necessity for events of substance and certainly, Dr. Papakonstantinou's presentations fall in this category." Moreover, he said, "it is an alternative way to commemorate the Greek Independence Day of March 25 1821. Besides the parade (to be held on New York's 5th Ave on Sunday April 2) the traditional poems and dances, we need something that also casts light on today's reality and in a sense connects the anniversary celebrations to the present situation which calls for new struggles, of a different type perhaps, but struggles nevertheless."

According to Elias Noephtistos, president of the Athenians' Society of New York, which embraces people with roots in the wider area of Athens, enriching the cultural environment of the greater Greek American community remains a central task of the organization: "If it so happens that the guest, as is the case now, comes from the most glorious city of the world, Athens, it's an additional incentive for us to be the most welcoming of hosts!"

Dr. Papakonstantinou's trip will also include visits to important centers of study and learning. Monday, April 3, he will have lunch with members of the Modern Greek Studies Program Faculty and representatives of the student body at Yale University. Tuesday, April 4 he will participate in Professor Chris Ioannides' class on Middle East and World Politics, at Queens College, where he will share his experiences of the recent election in the Palestinian territories and his thoughts on the Iran stalemate over its nuclear weapons program. Wednesday, April 5, he will be at Columbia University (517 Hamilton Hall, 7:30 - 9:30 p.m.) to address professors and students on topics of international politics as they relate to Greece and Cyprus. The event will be hosted by CUHA (Columbia University Hellenic Association), a graduate student organization aiming, among else, to inform "members and friends on important issues pertinent to the Hellenic, American and international reality," as its President Yannis Gkigkitzis stated.

AKTINA Radio (91.5 FM), a New York based, bilingual variety Greek American news and culture program, hosted by seasoned journalist Helena



Dr. Petros Papakonstantinou

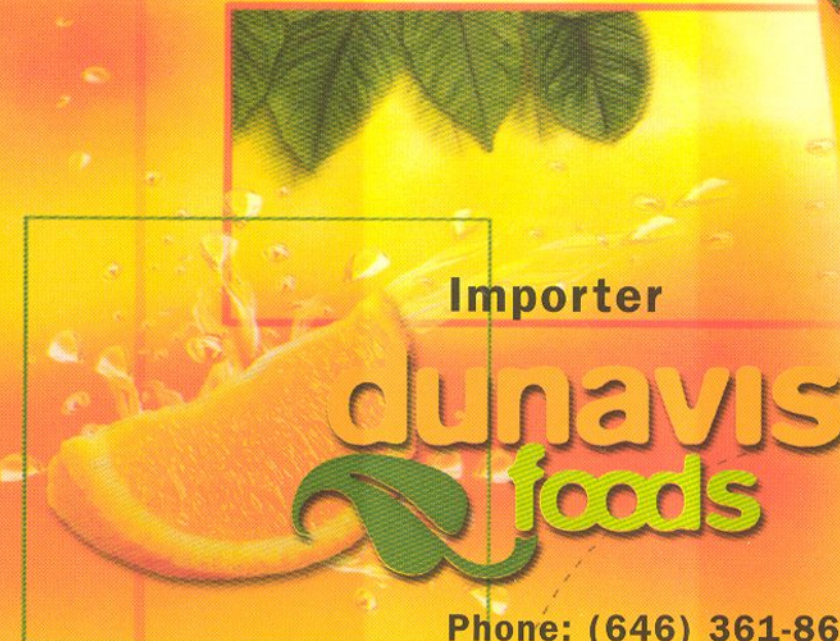
Maroulleti, is major media sponsor of the events. "Several times we enjoyed the opportunity to have Mr. Papaconstantinou as our guest and to appreciate his deep knowledge of the subjects he's talking about," Ms. Maroulleti said.

Kathimerini, the oldest and one of the most influential Greek daily newspapers and the guest's current employer, is a co-sponsor of his trip to New York. It appears both in a Greek and English version (the latter comes as a supplement of the Greek edition of the *International Herald Tribune*, with which *Kathimerini* has established an exclusive cooperation.) Petros Papakonstantinou was born in Athens in 1959 and studied physics at the University of Athens, where he obtained a Ph.D. in Quantum Mechanics (specifically, on Density Functional Theory). His journalistic career began in 1989 when he worked as political and foreign affairs editor for the daily newspapers *Dimokratikos Logos* and *Niki*, for the *ENA* magazine and for the television channels SKY and STAR. He also cooperated with the public television network NET in the framework of a series of scientific broadcasts. For the last eight years he has been working for *Kathimerini* as a foreign affairs editor and political columnist, reporting on the Intifadah, the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, the recent public unrest in France and lately the Palestinian elections. He has interviewed many leading world figures including the ex-prime ministers of Spain and Hungary, José-Maria Aznar and Peter Medgesy, the president of the Czech Republic, Vaclav Klaus, the late president of the Palestinian Authority, Yassir Arafat, the president of the Syrian Republic, Bashar al Assad, the ex-PM of Israel, Simon Peres, and others. After the eruption of the second Intifadah, he covered the developments in the Middle East as a war correspondent and he spent a month in Iraq during the last crisis. His main expertise includes European Union issues, the Middle East and Latin America. In addition to Greek, he speaks English, Spanish and French. He is the author of two books *The Age of Fear - American Empire and Dictatorship of the Market* (Livanis, 2005), *The American Jihad-War Capitalism: The decline of the Empire* (Livanis 2003) and co-author of other published works.

DEMETRIOS RHOMPOTIS



100% Natural Juices
1 Litre



Importer

Phone: (646) 361-8681
Web: www.kean.com.cy

the Juice in our Life



EVENTS

Photos: ETA PRESS

NEO Magazine announces its first annual Person of the Year

A special reception was held February 20 at Manhattan's elegant *Ammos Estiatorio* to honor John P. Sarbanes of Baltimore as *NEO* Magazine's first annual Person of the Year, and also to honor his father, US Senator Paul Sarbanes, who is retiring from the Senate this year. John Sarbanes, an attorney, is running for Congress from Baltimore's Third District, which is the old district of his father. Attending the reception that evening were Senator and Mrs. Sarbanes, who saw their son receive a plaque of the magazine cover from *NEO* editor in chief Dimitri C. Michalakis, publishing and committee chairman Demetrios Rhompotis and marketing and advertising director Kyprianos Bazenikas. Michalakis called John Sarbanes, "the new face of Greek America, with all the boldness and work ethic of the old generation, but with a personal commitment and selflessness that makes John Sarbanes stand out." Among the other invited guests were former congressman and president of NYU Dr. John Brademas, the presidents of the Federation of Hellenic Societies of Greater New York and of the Cyprus Federation of America, Nick Diamandides and Peter Panikolaou respectively, Peter Boudouvas, candidate for Congress from the Bayside district, Theodossis Demetrakopoulos, director of the Greek Press Office in New York, Dr. Dimitris Kokkinos, former governor of the Panarcadian Federation, finance guru Steven Zeimbekakis, Nick Tsakanikas, president of Homeric Tours, Gus Karalekas, from SAE Youth, Asher Matathias, from the Greek-American Jewish community, classical pianist Alina Kyriayeva, classical guitarist Tali Roth, tango gran dame Anna Maria Pagan, socialite Liana Makkos, fellow journalists and media people. Introducing their organizations that evening were Yannina Varvitsiotis of the Face the Challenge Foundation, and Valantis Stamelos, Eric Stamelos and Phillipe Danielides of The Hellenic Professional Association.

The lucky winner that evening of the five nights at the luxurious San Marco Resort in Mykonos, Greece, was Mr. Dimitri Spiliopoulos, who had ticket 245. The prize was donated by Nick Tsakanikas of Homeric Tours.



Two long time friends, John Brademas (left) and Paul Sarbanes.



Dimitri Michalakis presenting NEO's framed cover to John Sarbanes.



From left, Dimitri Michalakis, John Sarbanes, Kyprianos Bazenikas and Demetrios Rhompotis.

EVENTS



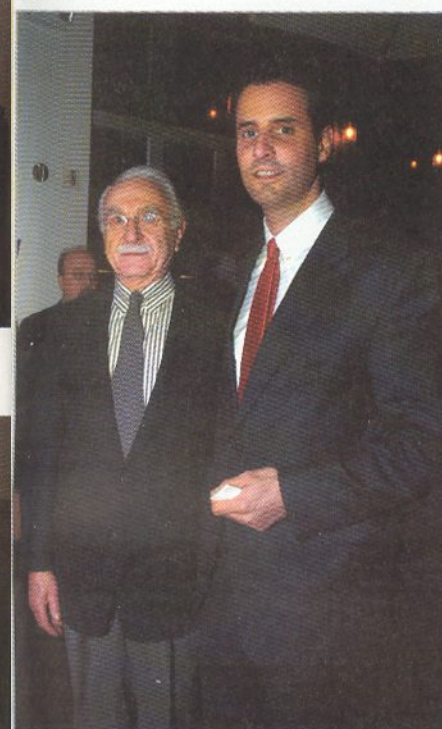
The honored guests with *NEO*'s publishers. From left, Dimitri Michalakis, Editor-in-Chief, Christine Sarbanes and her son John, candidate for Congress, John Brademas, former Congressman and New York University President, US Senator Paul Sarbanes, Kyprianos Bazenikas, Marketing Director, and Demetrios Rhompotis, Publishing Committee Chairman.



Cyprus Federation of America President Peter Papanicolaou praised Senator Sarbanes' public service and wished the best of luck to *NEO*.



World renowned guitarist Spiros Exaras and rising New York singing star Faye.



John Sarbanes with writer Orestes Varvitsiotis.



US Senator Paul Sarbanes addressing the guests.



Beauty and style were omnipresent...



Yannina Varvitsiotis of the Face the Challenge Foundation while addressing the crowd.

How to succeed in business— without going nuts

by George Giokas

Every month that I stay in business I add to my "things-I-should-have-done-last-month" and "things-I-regret-doing" list. By now, as you can imagine, this document is quite long.

The list consists of a combination of things I never got to and things I got to but never should have gotten to. If you're in business for yourself, you know what I mean. You probably have your own set of nits, but maybe some of yours are hiding in here:

I Should Have Been Better at Math. I'm not a numbers person. I'm basically a writer and writers are supposed to be creative. And creative people usually don't care too much about balancing their checkbooks let alone closing their fiscal year. When I first opened my business I thought you just hang a shingle outside your door, wait for the orders to come in and put the money in the bank. The IRS, a string of other governmental bodies, lawyers and delinquent clients kind of thwarted those plans. I have learned much since that time.

I Never Should Have Opened a Staples and CompUSA Credit Account. Carrying plastic from these retail giants is like a kid with an uncle in the candy business. I bought so much unused software my closet looks like those clearance bins the stores put out. And I am now addicted to office supplies. Holding a freshly sharpened pencil in my hand gives me chills. And buying brand new binders and legal pads? It's better than sex.

Check, Please! I've been pretty fortunate with my networking efforts but there have been times when I felt like calling out for the check [begin ital] before [end ital] I started lunch with a so-called "contact". In ramping up my business, I've met hundreds of people, some for lunch, some for breakfast, some for dinner, some for a drink, some in the streets of Manhattan holding a hot dog and some in hallways of office buildings. Some were worthwhile, some were, well, a big waste of time. But hey, they probably felt the same about me.

Still Writing That Business Plan. Though I do have a business plan in short form (bullets, short summaries, etc.) I do not have what the experts call "a road map" for my business. Basically, most of it is in my head and though I do forget parts of it from time to time depending on how many brain cells died on any given weekend, the bulk of it is intact. Every month I promise myself to perform a mind dump, focus on the future and finally put down on paper what I have in my shrinking brain. I'm working on it.

Working Nine Days Straight on a Major Proposal for a Government-Regulated Authority. This is up there with preparing proposals for potential clients who take them, implement your ideas and never give you the contract. Filling out RFPs (Requests for Proposals) for governmental bodies or regulated ones is like taking the physics regents all over again. English apparently is not the government's first language when it comes to these forms. And handing them over to a guy who has trouble filling in the dots on a lottery ticket is asking for trouble.

Timing My Entrepreneurial Itch With Two Kids Entering College. I must have been on a small planet—not this one—when I decided that I could launch a new business and still afford \$25,000 a year in college costs. Add to that all the cars needing replacement, my pets getting older and my cesspool going and I may as well be Evel Knievel's son. What am I saying? He's probably more careful than I am.

Leasing That Nice Car. I can't help it. I fell in love with it. And it rides like, well, like a dream. It replaced a 1974 Dodge Dart (a real conversation piece during my first year in business) and a Hyundai Accent hatchback (great on gas but not really the car of an entrepreneur.) I now drive a white Acura TL with gold detail. Like I said, a great car but a little steep to maintain. Hey, I deserve it!

Finish Reading That Book on My Night Table. I miss reading books. I haven't finished a good book in a very, very long time. I start my days at about 6 a.m. and usually work through lunch. I leave the office anywhere between 6 and 8 p.m. By 9 p.m. or so, I could be easily be mistaken for an extra in "Night of the Living Dead." I am so zoned out all I want to do is watch The Weather Channel, have a glass or two of wine and be rude to inexperienced telemarketers. By 10 p.m. I am hallucinating. By 10:30 my breathing stops. I'm out. That book will have to wait.

Got to Get Those Business Cards In Order. I have about 400 business cards I've collected through the ages. Some people are dead, others might as well be. I have them in a box that I keep filling after trade shows, lunches, etc. I pick out the good ones after each event but then I don't weed out the ones that I don't need. Every time I go to throw one out, someone in my head says "Hey, don't do that! What if you need that tomorrow? Watch, you'll throw this out and then you'll need it this afternoon. Put that down!" I'd put them in my computer's contact manager but it's down most of the time.

Clean the Basement. This is a numero uno priority. But not right now. I have to write my business plan, finish reading that book and straighten out my business cards. Check, please!

*Giokas is the president and CEO of StaffWriters Plus, Inc.
Reprinted from Newsday*



INTERNATIONAL TILE DESIGN

*Importers of:
Ceramic, Marble & Granite*



CUSTOM FABRICATED
COUNTER TOPS ~ SHOWER DOORS

Address: 30-50 21st Street, Astoria, NY 11102
Phone: 718-728-3100