

Mamma: It was a wonderful sommarkväll. The fåglar they were singing lika bara den and it was so varmt outside that even pappa was wearing skjorta with short μανικά, ten o'clock at night.

Just en sådan kväll sitter pappa och jag på altanen och dricker hemgjort vin med Pepsi.

Pappa tittar ut över skogen och säger:

It is like a paradis ikväll.

Och jag ser att han gråter.

Pappa säger: I will tell you en till ανέκδοτα and then I will go to sova.

Your farfar was a καλοφαγάς. He liked all the delikatesser and brought us to the bästa restauranger when I was a little pojke. When my pappa died I was åtta år. The same morning, Γειά γειά had frågat him what he wanted to äta. Because he didn't like to äta nästan ANYTHING the sista veckor before he died. He said the ONLY food he wanted to have was παιδάκια, NOTHING else. But it was in the middle of the andra

världskrig. It was IMPOSSIBLE to find meat and especially παιδάκια in Aten. Even if people had money, there was nothing to köpa in the affärer. Så Γειά γειά had to gå ALL around Aten to try to find παιδάκια. eventually she found. It was a real mirakel to find lamm in the middle of the krig. But when she came home with the παιδάκια, my pappa was already död.

Mamma: I will take a promenad to the Devil's mother. Perhaps you want to följa med? It is nice väder outside.

Pappa: No, I can not följa. My legs cannot bära.

Mamma: If Britta calls when I am ute you can säga that it is my tur to köra to the bokbuss.

Pappa hade dragit sig undan, även innan mamma dog. Inuti sitt röda hus med vita knutar, som en snigel förutom att han inte kunde ta sitt hus med sig.

To äga your own piece of land and to be able to bygga your own house, sa pappa, is the biggest trygghet in the world. Nobody can throw you away.

Mamma: I remember when mormor and morfar had to flytta från Svedjorna and live in a lägenhet in Håcksvik, when morfar could not take care of the animals anymore. He never liked the nya lägenhet. He saknade his animals, had nothing to göra and was just looking out the köksfönster and räkna the bilar that were passera.

Pappa: When we lived on Θρασσυλου δεκαεννέα in Πλάκα we used to have one höna. She used to gå around överallt, up on the Ακρόπολη, för example. In that time there was no staket around the Ακρόπολη and we could play on the sluttning, you know inside the the antika badkar made från marmor and så on. That was our lekplats when we were children. The höna would sova in our kitchen in the night. Every night, before to gå to sova, Γειά γειά would känna with a finger in the hönas κώλο if she had an ägg ready to värpa. If Γειά γειά could not känna any ägg, she would lämna the fönster open in the kitchen In the night But if she could känna an ägg soon to come out she closed the fönster så the höna could not gå outside and maybe lägga the ägg up on the Ακρόπολη..

Mamma: Did Britta call when i was out? It was so härligt outside. Almost vår in the air. I saw one sädesärsla

down at the lake. You know the sädesärsla is the första tecken for spring.

Britta didnt call but Eivor. She wanted to säga something about the tipspromenad. I said you would ringa tillbaka. And did you meet any levande människor?

Only Solveig. She told me the Falkenbergare are going to flytta back to Falkenberg.

What to do in a lägenhet in Falkenberg when they built their house in Ekegården? When I die I want do die in my own house.

Solveig said the vinterbadare got a hjärtattack when he was åka skidor in the Alper. He died knall fall in the middle of the backe.

I said many times the cold water can be dangerous for the hjärta.

Three years efter my pappas begravning, I was there when the νεκροθάφτης was going to gräva upp his kropp, I was elva years old. In Aten you gräva upp the

döda kroppar three years efter they are begravda. Because to buy a grav på Πρώτο Νεκροταφείο where Melina Merkouri is begravd, can kosta lika mycket as a LUXURY lägenhet in centrala Aten. Your farfar fightades both in the första and the andra världskrig. He was only sjutton år when he entered in the arme and the första världskrig started. When he died he was bara fyrtiofem. Γειά γειά wanted me to vara med när the νεκροθάφτης would gräva upp my pappas kropp. To övervaka that they would take all the bones in the skelett. The small bones in the fot, for exempel, you know there are twentyeight bones in every fot... Sometimes they are not så carefull when they gräva upp the döda kroppar. They are in a hurry, take only the stora bones, the armar, ben, the huvud, and så on. Så my mother wanted me to vara där to se that they did the arbete alright, that they did not lämna any ben in the grav that maybe will be blandad med somebody else.

When I came home from the νεκροταφείο, Γειά γειά asked me about my pappas strumpor, if they were still hela. She had stickat them for him. The strumpor were made från the VERY best ull she said, the most luxury ull you could find in the whole Aten in that time. I

remember when they öppnat the grav, I could se that my pappas strumpor they still looked EXACTLY as nya.

Mamma: I remember once when I was a child and ligga på sjukhus in Ulricehamn. Me and Kerstin we had difteri, we had been terribly sick. Mormor and morfar were very oroliga. I alla fall, there came one day one woman från the röda kors to samla in pengar for the people during the krig. When she came to my säng she said, But you dont have to lägga anything: Ni har det väl inte så fett där uppe på svedjorna. And I remember I got så arg with her and said I also wanted to lägga some pengar.

Pappa: Γειά γειά always said, fisk and pengar, they should be used färska... But never to buy anything on kredit.

I dont understand the people who are spara their pengar only to make the banker become richer, and then they eat only smörgåsar for kvällsmat. Κουταμάρες! What to do with all their pengar when they are döda?

Mamma: Mormor always said, that the sista kostym has no fickor.

Vad dog din mamma av frågar en granne. Hon var så trevlig, alltid glad. Jag trodde din pappa skulle dö först.

Pappa: Did you see I raka my skägg? When I raka my ansikte nowadays I always take little by little on every sida. So if I get så trött that I am not able to finish, it will not look like I stannat in the middle with half the ansikte with skägg.

Mamma: I heard on the nyheter this morning about a young man. His flickvän died, and the next day efter the begravning he went to the kyrkogård to gräva upp his flickvän, he wanted to hålla her one last time. Now the man was arrestederad by the polis. Kanske he will have to gå to fängelse.

För länge sedan skaffade pappa hönor. Han åkte till äggindustrin i Varberg, köpte de hönor som inte längre var produktiva.

You know the hönor who stoppat to lägga ägg and annars would be skickade for slakt. They were magra like bara den and didnt have almost any fjädrar left.

Pappa byggde ett hönshus och en hönsgård nere på tomten. Efter en tid blev hönorna friska, fick fjädrarna tillbaka, började värpa ägg igen. Vi hade färska ägg hemma, så många att pappa också gav bort till grannarna.

Mamma: I am getting ready to gå to the gymnastik. I will hämta upp Rita on the way. it is the terminsavslutning tonight Efteråt we are going to have glögg and pepparkakor in the bygdegård so I will be hemma a little later than vanligt.

Pappa: dont get too tired from the gymnastik. You already went for promenad today. Take it easy, and kör försiktigt, please, it can be blixthalka outside, the temperatur has dropped dramatically. And wear mössa not to get hjärnhinneinflammation now, if you are are so good...

You dont have to vänta for me to äta, you can börja without me if you want, πατάτες τηγανιτές or kokta potatisar förresten?

Pappa: I will vänta for you.

Jag går tillbaka till mammas dagböcker igen, läser hela serien från 70-talet till 2013 en gång till. Det står om Osborne och Elsa som brukar vara inne och dricka kaffe. 1980 till 82 grillaftnar med grannarna hemma på altanen.

Pappa: I was the only fotograf that Melina Mercouri accepterade to take her porträtt. One time me and Bakopoulos went to her house to make an intervju and take bilder for the tidning. When we öppnade the dörr, she ropade Jimmis, and kissed me. She almost didn't hälsa på Bakopoulos.

Oktober 1982. Pappa är ensam hemma. Hälsovårdsnämnden gör ett oanmält hembesök. Det har kommit klagomål på pappas hönsgård - en anmälan från grannarna, anonymt. Jag går till Arkivet i Varbergs stadshus. Där hittar jag ett sammanträdesprotokoll från den 13 december 1982. Pappas hönsgård uppfyllde hälsovårdsnämndens krav, han fick behålla honor och höns hus. Men däremellan hann pappa avliva alla hönorna. För att grannarna skulle sluta klaga, skriver mamma i sin dagbok.

Pappa. When I called the ambulans, they could not förstå what I was säga. They frågade where I was ringa från, I said, Ekegården in Karl Gustav. They skrattade and said, there is no plats called Karl Gustav, it is a name not a plats. No, I shouted, I know it is the name of the swedish kung, but it is also a plats, i should know because I live there. Finally they came, they must have spårat the samtal. But mamma was already död.

Mamma: shall we gå to Varberg and handla på Hajen for our bröllopsdag? Maybe we can find some παϊδάκια to grilla on the altan? It will be a wonderful warm sommarkväll.

Pappa: I will tappa upp some more wine från the källare.

When I met pappa I thought he was tuff. We went to the best tavernas in Πλακα but if sometime he didnt gilla the mat or if the service was dålig, he could just resa sig upp and leave. I was imponerad. I was used to everyone saying, it s jätte gott even if they dont gilla the mat.

Yesterday morfar would have been hundratjuoett år. When It was his sjuttioårsdag we were nygifta in Aten. Mamma said it was her pappas födelsedag in Sverige, so

we wanted to fira him by making a small utflykt, just the two of us. We drove to Αράχωβα in the mountains, with mammas röda folkvagn that she had brought to Aten. We had a beautiful day tillsammans. It was januari and terribly cold almost like in Sverige, mamma said.

Mamma: When I flyttade to Aten I brought alot of trasmattor that I had vävt. I packade everything in my röd folkvagn. In Aten they thought it was a little konstigt, to bring trasmattor all the way från Sverige.

I stadsarkivet i Varberg hittar jag ett annat dokument, från 10 år tidigare, 1972. Denna gång ett avslag på en ansökan om bygglov, ett par år efter att mina föräldrar köpt tomten på Ekegården. En första skiss som pappa gjort men som inte blev godkänd. Innan det hus som tillslut byggdes och som istället följde modellen för hur fritidshus skulle se ut på 70-talet i Sverige. Det hus som sedan kom att bli pappas skal under många år. Men om det hus som aldrig blev av står det så här:

*”Byggnadsnämnden finner att åt byggnadens yttre icke givits sådan utformning, som landskapsbilden fordrar, och som är lämplig för en god helhetsverkan. Med hänsyn härtill avslår byggnadsnämnden enhälligt*

*framställningen med stöd av bestämmelserna i paragraf 38 byggnadsstadgan.*

Jag stannar till vid orden ”fordrar”, ”lämplig” och ”god helhetsverkan”.

Pappa: Look, the παϊδάκια we bought på Kvantum are too gamla. See how ICA are lura the people. They write bäst före tjugonde maj, but it means you havet to eat it BEFORE the tjugonde maj, which means in reality, nittonde maj is the sista förbrukningsdag. Πω-πω, κλέφτες!

En gång when I was a child in the middle of the andra världskrig, Γειά γειά asked me to gå out and köpa en limpa bröd. But in the affärer in Πλάκα there was nothing to köpa. Two german militärer they såg me looking for some bröd. They were holding a big limpa bröd, and said they could sälja it to me. Så I was very glad and gave them my δραχμας and went home to give the bröd to Γειά γειά, I was so stolt I had lyckats to find bröd in the middle of the krig. Then geia geia cut the limpa into half and it was FULLT of mögel inside.

We must lämna tillbaka the παϊδάκια and go to köpa some fisk istället in the hamn in träslövsläge. Directly from the fishermen.

Mamma: I was tillsammans with a fisherman a long time ago, before I met pappa. He wanted us to get married and flytta till a house in Bohuslän. I thought it sounded so tråkigt then.

Shall we pröva the first ντομάτα and αγγούρι från the växthus with en Ουζακι before we grilla the makrill?

Pappa: We make the σαλσιτσα som vanligt, eller hur, with olja, σκορδο and ρίγανη. It will smaka wonderful. And if there will be some rester of the makrill, it will smaka even bättre tomorrow. All food, especially fisk is much more tasteful dagen efter it has been lagad.

This αγγούρι makes me think of the katt vi hade in Θρασσυλου δεκαεννέα, it was såå clever. Πω-πω, You can not imagine. One time geia geia was in the kitchen and skära some αγγούρι for a σαλάτα. The katt was standing under the köksbord and making mjau mjau mjau to get something to äta, thinking she was maybe cutting kött. Γειά γειά kept saying to her, Τι θέλεις

αγγούρι είναι; But the katt was continuing to säga mjau mjau. In the end Γειά γειά got tired and said, εντάξει, I will give you some agouri and kastade a piece to the katt. The katt luktade, tittade up på Γειά γειά, then slowly he started to tugga and finished ALL the αγγούρι. He was too stolt to erkänna he made a mistake.

Jag går till brevlådorna och hämtar pappas post. Möter en granne. Han frågar efter pappa, hur han klarar sig när mamma är borta. Man måste tänka positivt säger han, din pappa är så negativ. Han borde gå ut mer, vara lite mer social.

Pappa: Yesterday I was crying when the hemtjänst came. Elisabet, you know the flicka who has two katter and a pojkvän who is intresserad in astronomi, she gave me a kram.

Mamma: When I was ung, I sometimes längtade to be gammal to have all the stora beslut in life bakom mig. Mina kompisar wanted to gifta sig and have children. I wanted to do andra saker först. But of course now, my children are the most dyrbara I have.

I was trying to klippa my tånaglar myself last night. When they came från the hemtjänst this morgon, they asked about all the blod on the badrumsmatta. I was joking and said, I was trying to make my fötter alittle kortare...First she looked very allvarlig but then she started to skratta.

En granne knackar på och beklagar sorgen när jag är hemma i huset. Det är få som knackat på dörren under de nästan fyra år som pappa bott ensam, förutom hemtjänsten och jag, fast jag knackade aldrig. Öppnade bara dörren som alltid stod olåst och ropade: Hallå, Hallå! Hon kikar över min axel och in i huset. Frågar vad pappa dog av.

Pappa: What a wonderful sommarkväll. It is after ten och clock and it still ljust outside. the fåglar they are singing like crazy. Kan you lyssna the koltrast?