

Why I still love Nana Mouskouri (The Telegraph)



This autumn the world's best selling female singer is celebrating her 80th birthday in Hamburg doing what she loves best. She will face down the stage fright that still grips her before every concert, make the long, exposed walk to the microphone before thousands of strangers and then she will close the eyes behind her famous glasses and sing her heart out and people will cry.

It was the crying that first got my attention when I was a child. My mum worked as a nurse in an old people's home and one day, while I was playing in the resident's lounge, I noticed a woman in a chair by the window was weeping and smiling simultaneously. It's the first time I remember seeing the emotions combined like that: silent tears on the wrinkles of a faraway smile. This woman was often sad: some of the other residents gave her a hard time for being German. She would often laugh at my interest in her oddly stitched collection of rabbit's fur teddies, but this kind of glowing, inner happiness was new. The cause was obviously the music and the record on the turntable was by Nana Mouskouri: a woman in big, black specs and a frilly blouse.

The residents of that nursing home had lived and fought through a war that broke out six weeks before Mouskouri's fifth birthday. She was born in Crete and as the daughter of a "sad woman" and a projectionist with a serious gambling problem grew up "very shy and introverted", waiting until the cinema was empty before creeping onto the stage and singing Somewhere Over the Rainbow like her heroine Judy Garland.

The Greek people suffered terribly in the war. 300,000 died of starvation and many more thousands were executed for defying the Germans. Then came civil war. Mouskouri remembers a grenade thrown into a public square, "shadows moving, a terrible noise" and civilians dying before her eyes. Her family sold everything, including the beds, for food.

Through it all, music gave Mouskouri "courage to exist". Nana and her sister Jenny both won places at Athens Conservatoire to study singing, but when their father gambled away all the family money the school only had space for one Mouskouri and though Jenny technically had a better voice, she stepped back and gave the place to the girl who sang to survive. She soon began singing jazz in nightclubs for money and the harsh consequence was a professor who forbade her to take her classical exams. So she threw classical technique at pop with all her heart and nothing to lose.

She was an unlikely nightclub chanteuse, though. In her memoir Nana writes that as an adolescent she shrank from her reflection until English lessons with a blind man helped her see that: "in spite of my glasses and my extra pounds was likeable. It was a monumental revelation, and I would go on to build my whole life as a performer around it."

Mouskouri had her Susan Boyle moment when she was sent to sing for members of the 5,000 strong crew of a US naval ship in 1959. When the Entertainment Manager – I picture a Fifties Simon Cowell – saw her he was openly disappointed by her appearance but the shy girl spoke up: "I do not look nice but I sing well." Go girl! Her first song finished with white hats thrown into the air. She sang encores and a career was launched. She lost the weight but resisted all pressure to remove the glasses: they gave her the protection she needed to sing the truth. And to maintain unflinching eye contact with the creepy uncle gaze of Charles Aznavour during their duets.

I'm always amazed by the fact that she had her first big hits singing in German: the language of her country's occupiers. But Mouskouri's war experience gave her a huge drive toward peace and Die Weissen Rosen auf Athens became her first gold disc in a career that would see her sell over 300 million albums in 15 languages. It's true that much of it's square and corny. She recorded with Quincy Jones in New York in 1962, but even he couldn't really make her swing.

And yet we still respond to the purity and innocence of her voice. People think they know what she sounds like. They remember BBC light entertainment, chiffon sleeves and cheesy translations. But Bob Dylan once said that Mouskouri and Egyptian Umm Kulthum were his two favourite singers. He wrote the beautiful Every Grain of Sand for her. Serge Gainsbourg also wrote for her. The programme for her 80th birthday tour bears a quote from Leonard Cohen: "I heard you then and I hear you now. I am still listening. We all are. May you continue to be as you have always been – strong, clear, simple and true."

She's often been called "The Singer" but when recently asked how she would like to be remembered Mouskouri said: "The singer with the human voice."

But she reminds us that when the world seems darkest, and humanity at its most terrible, we can still send our fragile, fluttering love and hope soaring beyond borders and above prejudice. She's always been known as the White Rose of Athens, but when from that afternoon in the nursing home, I have always thought of her as a White Dove of Peace.

Source : http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/music/11118765/Why-I-still-love-Nana-Mouskouri.html#disqus_thread
By Helen Brown

Article from The Bolton News (UK)

Nana bows out in style

By Martin Hutchinson



Gowned and bespectacled, Nana Mouskouri is instantly recognisable, and has been for almost half a

century – in fact, she made her first record 50 years ago and has been touring pretty much constantly since 1960. However, as she approaches her mid-70s, she has decided to retire from touring; but not before she has said "Goodbye and Thank You" to her fans in the form of a Farewell World Tour, which takes place in Manchester in October.

Born in Crete in 1934, Nana moved with her family to Athens where she studied at the prestigious Athens Conservatoire. Her distinctive voice is the result in a flaw in her vocal cords – instead of them being of equal size, one is thicker than the other.

After leaving the Conservatoire, Nana began to sing in jazz clubs and she won the Greek Song Festival two years running. From then on there was no looking back.

In 1961 Nana recorded her most famous song, The White Rose of Athens, and her mastery of languages (she speaks six or seven) ensured that her popularity grew to be global (she even represented Luxembourg in the 1963 Eurovision Song Contest).

She is the most successful female singer in history, having recorded 450 albums and her 350 million plus album sales surpasses The Beatles and Elvis combined, with more than 300 Gold, Platinum and Diamond discs.

Added to that she took over from Audrey Hepburn as a Unicef Ambassador and has also served Greece as a Member of the European Parliament.

Apart from the languages she can speak, she has recorded in Japanese, Korean, Hebrew and Welsh.

Speaking from her Paris home she said: "It's nice to be able to speak to the audience in their own language and to perform their own folk songs."

Why has she decided to quit now? She said: "I'm not actually retiring from singing, just touring. If people still want me to sing I will, but I just won't be touring.

"I'll miss it. I've been lucky enough to travel, and I'll still be travelling. I have homes in Paris, Geneva and Athens, plus I'll be doing my humanitarian work.

"My life has been wonderful. I've seen the world, I've worked with so many great artists like Quincy Jones and Harry Belafonte. But most of all I've been so lucky to have been loved by so many people. The audiences who come to my shows have always shown me so much love."

What about the highlights? Nana said: "In 1968 the first time I sang in the Royal Albert Hall – it was a full house. I am also proud that I am able to help with Unicef and of course being a mother to two wonderful children."

Of her current tour, which coincides with the publication of her biography, she said: "It started in 2005 and will end next year in 2008. You have to take time to do the whole world and I want to take the opportunity to say to my fans 'Thank you for listening to me for so many years'. After 47 years it won't be easy."

"I never thought I'd be a stage person, but I still love singing. You can never leave music if you love it, but now I'll have more time to listen and help."

Article in the Sunday Times

Memoirs by Nana Mouskouri with Lionel Duroy, translated by Jeremy Leggatt

Reviewed by Helena Frith-Powell

I have always been fascinated by Nana Mouskouri. She is the singer with the strange name and the big black glasses. I can't name of any of her songs, but I picked up her book, called simply *Memoirs*, with a feeling of anticipation. Now I might finally get an answer to the question that has been puzzling me for years: why does she always wear those big black glasses?

Like that other great European female singer of the 20th century, Maria Callas, Mouskouri is Greek. I have no idea why Greece should produce such great voices. There must be something in the moussaka. This is the tale of how Nana went from poor-little-Greek girl to global success (her publisher claims that she is the world's biggest-selling female artist).

The book starts with her first memory: German planes bombing Athens. It is April 6, 1941, and she is six-and-a-half years old. Her father, who works as a projectionist, is sent off to war. Soon afterwards, he returns. The Greek army has been defeated. Nana's family has to sell its possessions to eat. When there is nothing left to flog, her father purloins some chairs from the cinema where he works. But the owner finds out, and ejects them from their small house. They rent a room. Her mother scratches a living. And her father? He takes the money his wife earns and loses it gambling. Nana and her sister Eugenia watch as German soldiers murder a Greek civilian. The message is clear: the music business is going to be tough, but war is tougher.

After the war, family life stabilises. Nana's father gets another job as a projectionist, and his daughters start to sing. They join the Conservatory. But money is tight, and soon their mother has to explain to the headmistress that there isn't enough to pay the fees. The head agrees to let Eugenia leave, even though she has the better voice, but says that the younger girl, Nana, can stay on a scholarship. Without singing, Nana, she thinks, would be lost. Nana starts to sing on Greek radio and in nightclubs. She performs old Greek songs and Ella Fitzgerald numbers. The Conservatory is shocked. She must choose between them and radio and nightclub work. She chooses to sing in public.

Her big break comes when she appears in front of 4,000 American sailors to celebrate independence day in 1957. Soon afterwards, she is singing in a Greek nightclub in front of Maria Callas and Aristotle Onassis. Callas tells her: "It's better to be a great popular entertainer than an unknown opera singer. The important thing is not what you do but how well you do it."

Leaving aside the note of condescension from the divine Callas, Nana takes heart from this advice. Then she gets sacked from the nightclub.

The reason?

"She's too ugly," says the owner.

"And those glasses. . ."

She goes on to conquer Greece with her voice, if not her looks, then moves on to Barcelona, Berlin, Paris, the world.

The Parisians – who else? – make her change her looks, persuading her to lose weight and have a new hairdo. But they can't get those glasses off her.

In New York, Quincy Jones, the famous music producer, falls in love with her voice. She meets Bob Dylan, Frank Sinatra, and all the royalty of Europe. But Prince Philip misses her concert in Buckingham Palace because he is carriage-driving.

Ghosted by Lionel Duroy and translated by Jeremy Leggatt, the memoir reads at times more like a discography than an autobiography. There are few personal details. George, the Greek husband, has to go. Too jealous – he wants the family to live in Corfu and Nana to stop singing. Imagine! She can't; without singing she would die. The children are brought up by him and a nanny called Fernande. Her mother passes away. Her father is finally proud of her. She is in touch with her sister, who gave up her place in the Conservatory all those years ago, but we don't learn if she likes her. We do, however, find out about the specs: "Over the years, those glasses had become a mask which I felt shielded me from possible acts of cruelty. Shielded behind them, I felt in a sense untouchable, and they permitted me to sing with my eyes closed."

Nana has been singing almost as long as I have been alive. She has also been an ambassador for Unicef (taking over from Audrey Hepburn) and, rather improbably, an MEP. She didn't like politics. It affected her voice and stopped her singing. Now she is on her final world tour. I guess now I will never hear her sing, but at least I know why she wears those glasses.

MEMOIRS by Nana Mouskouri with Lionel Duroy, translated by Jeremy Leggatt
Weidenfeld £18.99 pp 432

From The Sunday Times – November 11, 2007
<http://entertainment.timesonline.co.uk>

Canadian press review

'I do some reading, I draw a little bit, I listen to music, I like to watch movies as well, but I don't have very much time to relax. What I like most is to swim.'

The National Arts Centre hosted some major old school entertainment last night, as enduring Greek songstress Nana Mouskouri captivated a devoted, nearly full house of fans...

The Greek singing legend, on her final tour of Canada at the age of 72, can rattle off the name of many a small Canuck town where she's performed: "I have been in Moosejaw and Sept Iles, Rimouski and Lethbridge."...

NAC, Ottawa – June 3, 2007

Nana Mouskouri delights devoted fans

By ANN MARIE McQUEEN — Sun Media

OTTAWA — The National Arts Centre hosted some major old school entertainment last night, as enduring Greek songstress Nana Mouskouri captivated a devoted, nearly full house of fans.

Mouskouri, who arrived in Ottawa Saturday and must surely have wondered at a normally staid city engulfed in hockey madness, has made the capital one of only two Canadians stops on her sweeping world farewell tour.

A four-year farewell tour, actually, for the 73-year-old, known for her powerful pipes and ever-present dark-rimmed glasses, begun back in 2004 and set to wrap up next year.

The two-and-a-half hour show began with a video montage showing Mouskouri morph from bright-eyed, slim-waisted ingenue back in the 1960s to the well seasoned, sequined caftan-wearing performer of today.



HISTORIC SPOTS

There were shots of her on tour with Harry Belafonte and massive concerts of her own later on at some of Athens' most historic spots; even footage of her brief stint in the European Parliament. With more than four decades of material, thousands of songs in a variety of languages, and hundreds of millions of records sold, Mouskouri's career is a marvel by any standards.

She stepped on stage clad in white, launching right into I'll Remember You. A stirring rendition of Love Changes Everything set the tone for the evening.

"Singing has been very important for me," she told the crowd. "I believe most of you must know I started singing very young, because my parents used to say it was the only thing I could do. I could sing and I could cry."

In between old favourites, Mouskouri talked about her upbringing, introducing a string of songs in French her mother, also a chanteuse, taught her as a young girl.

A jet-setting philanthropist years before Angelina Jolie made it fashionable, Mouskouri spoke of her work with UNICEF — which she will do again today when she addresses the Kiwanis Club of Ottawa at the Ottawa Congress Centre — and her hopes for the children under the program's care.

Time will tell if Mouskouri sweeps back through town a few years down the road — when it comes to aging musicians, farewell doesn't always mean goodbye — but her intention is to bow out gracefully, and that she did last night.

Though I am not a fan of Mouskouri's tendency to hit sharp, startling high notes or indulge in excessive vibrato (and her cover of Joni Mitchell's Both Sides Now left much to be desired) her crowd was clearly enthralled with her.

http://jam.canoe.ca/Music/Artists/M/Mouskouri_Nana/ConcertReviews/2007/06/03/4232025.html

Mouskouri on farewell tour to say thank you

Cher liked it so much, she keeps doing it and doing it.

But, Nana Mouskouri – that other singer with the raven hair parted down the centre – says this concert tour is her last one.

"I am not going to do that," Mouskouri said. "I am going to be stubborn about it and say No. This is a way to say thank you, because one day I won't be able to say that."

The Greek-born chanteuse pays her final musical respects to Halifax on Friday with a performance at the Metro Centre. It is part of a farewell world tour Mouskouri has been undertaking to officially say goodbye to her fans before retreating behind the scenes.

"I can sing well still, but I have started thinking, 'How long can it last?'" she asks on the phone from her home in Geneva. "I am afraid that a point will come where I won't be able to sing. And, I wouldn't want to do that. I think the audiences deserve respect. It's time for me to let the younger people go further."

Mouskouri's career started in the 1950s in her native Greece. She studied voice at the Hellenic Conservatory in Athens, winning numerous music prizes, which helped launch her career. She's recorded more than 1,500 songs in a dozen languages in various styles, and sold more than 300 million records.

In a fitting conclusion, Mouskouri's final emotion-filled goodbye concert will take place in Athens next spring.

"I started to sing very early in life, and this year I just completed five decades," the 71-year-old said. "I love music. But, time has gone by, and my children now are the same age when I was already very popular."

The singer, known for wearing trademark dark-rimmed glasses, says Canada has always been one of her favourite places to perform. At one point, her manager was Canadian, and he had her touring like a Canuck. Every 18 months, she would tour either Eastern or Western Canada.

"I travelled Canada in a way very few artists did," she said "So, I had this impression I was living in Canada, and it was wonderful."

While many of her audience members are fans who have been there for all of her career, she has also seen younger people coming out to say their farewells. Mouskouri said her younger fans usually tell her how their parents would listen to her.

"It brings satisfaction to me that the music brought pleasure to the people who heard me, and even their children remembered," she said. "This is my reward."

<http://www.hfxnews.ca/index.cfm?sid=35046&sc=95>

Nana sings so long to Halifax

Mouskouri wants to leave stage while voice still in good shape

By ELISSA BARNARD Arts Reporter

Nana Mouskouri jokes that she probably knows Canada better than many Canadians.

The Greek singing legend, on her final tour of Canada at the age of 72, can rattle off the name of many a small Canuck town where she's performed: "I have been in Moosejaw and Sept Iles, Rimouski and Lethbridge."

No matter the size of the town, she says, "it was the stage that was important."

While Mouskouri is saying good-bye to her fans on The Farewell Tour she won't be saying goodbye to Canada. Her first grandchild is going to be Canadian. Mouskouri's son, Nicolas, and his wife are expecting their first child at the end of the year, and Mouskouri is keen to be a grannie.

"Absolutely," she says from Athens, where her house is close by the sea. Her 35-year-old daughter Helene (Lenou) Mouskouri has recorded two albums and lives in France and Germany.

Last in Halifax in 2003, Mouskouri's concert on Friday at the Halifax Metro Centre will definitely be her last here as the singer wraps up 47 years of being on the road.

She wants to leave while her voice is still in good shape. "I don't want to leave an impression that I am not as good as always."

She is also eager to get off the road. "I decided to do this last tour to have a chance to be in places I've been in for so

many years and to say thank you very much. The audience has been so important.

"I was in Halifax the first time 30 years ago and I came back four or five times. There are places that have meant a lot to me and it is important to me to go there."

"I remember when I first came to the Maritimes to sing at a stadium they were so excited, the people. It leaves you with memories of the audience. I always had a special relationship with the audience."

Instead of having huge production numbers with dancers and special effects, "it's much more intimate and friendly and my music has a sense of a message of connection, of understanding, of love, sharing, of feeling peace, of dignity for justice. They are symbols that mean a lot to people — and me as well — that we shared."

Her songs are positive and Mouskouri is a positive person even though her job since 1993 as a UNICEF ambassador has given her a clear picture of human suffering. "What you see most of the time, of course, is desperation but there is also hope. There is always hope things will get better."

"You must have hope, you can't sit back. There is hope as long as you work."

Today Mouskouri has homes in Athens, Paris, London and Germany. She has recorded over 1,500 songs in a dozen languages with over 300 million records sold. Apart from intense international travel throughout Asia, Europe, North America and South America, she also hosted her own TV series from 1968 to 1981 and was Greek deputy to the European parliament from 1994 to 1999.

She was born Ioanna (Nana is her nickname) in Crete and moved at the age of three to Athens, where her father, a movie projectionist, was a resistance fighter during the Second World War.

She started taking classical voice lessons when she was 12 but was later kicked out of the Athens Conservatory when it was discovered she'd been singing with a jazz group at night. She began singing jazz in nightclubs, and won several song contests that launched her international career.

Mouskouri likes to read books in their original language and sings fluently in six languages, which she calls her babies — German, Italian, Greek, English, French and Spanish. "I know them very well so I can sing with my heart.

"A French song is more intellectual. A Greek song is more earthy. I love to sing in Spanish, you have so much emotion.

"I remember Quincy Jones when I did my first recording in 1962 he said 'you are such a good singer in your own language you can really be great in any language.' If you really have an identity in one language you're interested to learn the others and be as good with them."

One of Mouskouri's vocal cords is thicker than the other and that has meant she needed to train harder to get the cords to work together. "They need now still a lot of work.

"It was also wonderful because I got to know how to work the mouth and to protect them and this gives a certain colour to my voice which is not usual.

"The low notes are more husky and when I go up with it it's clear. It's wonderful for me at the age I am my voice has changed in colour but I haven't lost any of the height of the range and I still sing on the same keys as when I was 25 or 30 years old."

Mouskouri, who initially wore her distinctive black-rimmed glasses as "protection" but now can't imagine life without them, doesn't have much time to relax but whenever she does, "I do some reading, I draw a little bit, I listen to music, I like to watch movies as well, but I don't have very much time to relax. What I like most is to swim."

She always stays if possible at hotels with swimming pools. "It's important for my respiration to do a little bit of exercise. It relaxes me being in the water. It's the best relaxation you can have being in the water and to watch the water. If you watch the sea it's very relaxing."

Mouskouri's The Farewell Tour: One last song from Nana with love . . . is at the Halifax Metro Centre on Friday, 8 p.m. Tickets are \$45.50 and \$55.50 (tax included; service charge extra). Call the Ticket Atlantic box office at 451-1221, visit participating Atlantic Superstores or go online at www.ticketatlantic.com.

'I do some reading, I draw a little bit, I listen to music, I like to watch movies as well, but I don't have very much time to relax. What I like most is to swim.'

<http://thechronicleherald.ca/Entertainment/840079.html>

Crowd feasts on Mouskouri in farewell tour

The Daily News – Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada
DEAN LISK

Dressed in white, Nana Mouskouri appeared on the Metro Centre stage like an enduring Greek muse. Without singing a note, she was greeted with epic applause from the more than 3,500 – many with hair tinged by snow – there to see the timeless raven-haired singer, possibly for the last time.

"This is to thank everyone for having followed me all these years," the singer said.

Last night's concert was part of the 73-year-old's farewell tour, one that has seen her criss-cross the globe in the last 2 1/2 years to see as many fans as possible. The tour is scheduled to end next spring in Athens, the same place her career began five decades ago.

Mouskouri made it known she is leaving the stage out of respect for her fans. She wants to leave now, before her voice weakens and loses its power.

"There is a time for everything. And this is my time to go," she said.

The concert started with a video montage, chronicling her long career. It began with images of Greece, the chanteuse standing outside the prestigious Athens Conservatoire – the place where it all began.

It chronicled the last five decades of her career, from her early albums to Eurovision Song Contest appearances, to work as a delegate in the European Union and as a humanitarian for UNICEF.

This concert was as much a remembrance of the past as it was the celebration of music.

Singing in English, she performed the classics First Time Ever I Saw Your Face, Scarborough Fair, and Joni Mitchell's Both Sides Now. Her voice tinged each with sharp and high notes, using her trademark vibrato to the fullest.

Her style is an acquired taste, and if you aren't used to it, it can be hard to swallow. The audience – among them French, English, and Greek voices – feasted on Mouskouri.

It was when she sang French and Greek that the singer came alive on stage. During a selection of diverse songs from her homeland, Mouskouri clapped and moved to the rhythm. Her performances of the classic Le ceil et noir and a French version of her song Libertad received huge applause.

She credited her mother, who had a great voice, and her father – who worked as a film projectionist – for instilling in her a love of music and song when she was a child.

"I started to sing when I was little," she said. "The only moment I could stop crying was when I was singing."

<http://www.hfxnews.ca/index.cfm?sid=36055&sc=95>

Hanging on the phone with Nana

My dear friends,

I am a Chilean writer. Your page has been of great help for my research and I want to thank you with this interview that I am sure you are going to like. It appeared in the September 28th, 2002 issue of The Mirror.

Enjoy!

¡Que la disfruten!

Pilar

The Mirror

September 28, 2002, Saturday

STAR CHALLENGE: HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE WITH... NANA MOUSKOURI

BYLINE: Compiled By Nicola Jones

Greek singing icon Nana Mouskouri has been a worldwide superstar for decades, selling more than 80 million albums in five languages – not bad, eh? We made an international call to the lady of the groovy glasses because it's good to talk (and cos we're very nosy).

Us: What time did you get up?

Nana: 8 o'clock, I like to wake up early, I like the morning. You can do a lot of things, you are full of energy. And also there is a big secret about it. I always leave my windows open, so light comes in and I start to wake up. I usually sleep well. When I don't, I see a lot of dreams. And if I don't sleep my eight hours, my voice begins to tell.

Us: Who was the first person you spoke to today?

Nana: Andre, who is my producer and my companion as well. He rang from Paris. We have been together – oof – you know, we got together four years after I divorced, so almost 30 years. But I don't count the years! It's funny, we often speak about marriage but we never get there. Somehow I'm afraid it could go wrong if we change it.

Us: Where are you right now?

Nana: At my house in Geneva, in the office, surrounded by plenty of photos, concert posters, the computer. I was in the garden, but I came inside because there are people working on the alarm system, and there is a noise. I live in the hilly part, so I overlook the lake. I have a very big window so I can see the water, the mountains. It's a wonderful view.

Us: What are you wearing?

Nana: A white T-shirt and slacks, very light blue. Valentino. And a pair of sandals, brown with little flowers of blue. I got these sandals when I was in Kenya. I enjoy clothes very much, but I don't buy often. I don't like to have many things and not wear them. I buy a few and wear them all the time.

Us: What's your most recent purchase?

Nana: A new iBook computer – it's beautiful, the latest model. I have an iMac, which is also very cute, but I'm struggling to learn this one, then I can carry it with me when I travel. Still, I don't want to quit writing, I just love sending postcards and letters. A pen is the most precious for me, and paper. I never go any place without them.

Us: When were you last drunk?

Nana: Oh! A very long time ago. I used to drink – not to get drunk, but sometimes after a concert you go with friends, these emotions you have and you drink a little, and it's more than you can take. It disturbs your system the next day. So now I look after myself. Sometimes I take a glass of wine, but not heavy alcohol. My body can't take it.

Us: What's the most recent domestic thing you've done?

Nana: The only domestic thing I do is to water my flowers. But I tell you, it's really strange, I like to do house things when I'm on holiday and everybody is laughing at me. Like cooking, or if I have something in silk, I can wash and press it by hand. I think about doing it very nice, iron very well, cook very well. It's something that makes me relax.

Us: What was the last thing you put in your mouth?

Nana: I'm still drinking my coffee. It's just normal, from a jar, with skimmed milk. Before that I had fresh lemon in hot water, very good for the skin. I came back from Athens yesterday and went out with friends for Chinese food, so I'm not hungry this morning. I always had problems with weight when I was younger. Now I'm very, very careful.

Us: When was the last time you had a really good snog?

Nana: What is snog? Oh! Oh! I have been for the last ten days alone. Andre is blond – he has rather long hair – he is good-looking, he exercises every day, and he is always smiling. He's also a very tender person. We live and work together, but also separately. So I do miss him very much, but it's good, too. It's important to have freedom.

Us: When did you last cry?

Nana: Three days ago a friend of mine heard her son had died. A tragedy. But I cry quite often, I'm a very emotional person. We are fed by emotions and we need them. A song should have a certain truth, it is very important to be moved, and to be able to transfer this emotion to the people. I cry at films, oh yes. I am a very good audience.

Us: What are you going to do when you hang up?

Nana: The sun is shining, and I was thinking that in a little while I will go down to the pool. And then I am going to cook a chicken for lunch for friends. After I will prepare the songs I will do on tour. I'm looking forward to coming to the UK very much, but it may be the last tour, you never know. So I make the most beautiful programme.

Interview by Nina Myskow

Nana Mouskouri's album Ode To Joy is out next week. She starts her UK tour on 19 November; call 020-7221 7799 for tickets

Nana Mouskouri bids the stage adieu (The Telegram – Canada)

Bowing Out : Nana Mouskouri bids the stage adieu (June 2007, 2th)

DANETTE DOOLEY Special to The Telegram

After almost half a century of sharing her music with fans throughout the world, Nana Mouskouri is saying goodbye. Four months shy of her 73rd birthday, Mouskouri says she always knew the time would come when she'd step aside. That time is now, she says.

"Many singers go on and sing very late (in life), but I don't want to go on and then for people to say my voice is not like it was," Mouskouri says during a telephone interview from Paris, France, Wednesday.

It's been her intention, she says, to stop while she's still in good health and able to sing with pride.

"When people can have a nice time and not to feel pity about me."



While Mouskouri admits she's slowing down and that performing in various parts of the world is becoming tiresome, she would not feel right, she says, bowing out without saying a final goodbye and thank-you to her fans.

Her upcoming Farewell World Tours gives her an opportunity to do that.

"I want to thank all the generations for helping me come up to here," she says.

Mouskouri began her career in her native Greece.

After studying classical music at the Hellenic Conservatory in Athens, she went on to make her first recording in 1959. Since that time she's recorded over 1,500 songs in several different languages and has sold over 300 million records worldwide.

The 50 diamond, platinum and gold recordings she has to her credit has earned her a reputation as one of the world's most gifted singers.

Mouskouri had no idea when she began her singing career that it would take her to some of the world's most prestigious concert halls, including London's Royal Albert Hall, the Olympia in Paris and New York's Carnegie Hall.

"I became a singer because I wanted to sing. I sang for love, for peace, for hope and for dreams," she says.

Such messages have been passed to her fans, through her music.

While Mouskouri has captured audiences throughout the world, she's also received much love from her fans, she says.

As she steps aside, she says, she does so knowing there are many other talented singers to take her place.

"It's not a surprise to the people that I cannot offer what the young people can offer."

Silencing her voice on stage won't mean that Mouskouri will be sitting back with her feet up.

She has much to offer the world and will continue to give of herself in other ways.

Her plans include spending time mentoring talented young singers in Greece.

"I was 24 when I first left and I stayed outside of Greece but now I want to concentrate on being in one place."

An international UNICEF ambassador for the past 15 years, Mouskouri will also continue in her role as advocate, fundraiser and field worker.

"It's very rewarding because you're using your voice for people who have no voice," she says of her volunteer

activities with UNICEF.

Mouskouri will take to the stage one last time in St. John's Wednesday at Mile One Centre where she'll treat her fans to a journey through her life. It will be nostalgic but not sad, she insists.

"It's to remember the old times, not with regret, but to be happy that they happened."

[traduction automatique par reverso]

Sortie

Nana Mouskouri dit adieu à la scène

DANETTE DOOLEY

Spécial pour le Télégramme

Après presque un demi-siècle de partage de sa musique avec des fans dans le monde entier, Nana Mouskouri dit au revoir.

A quatre petits mois de son 73ème anniversaire, Mouskouri dit qu'elle a toujours su que le temps viendrait où elle quitterait le chemin. Ce temps est arrivé, dit-elle.

"Beaucoup de chanteurs continuent et chantent très tard (dans la vie), mais je ne veux pas continuer et ensuite que les gens disent que ma voix n'est pas comme cela était," dit Mouskouri pendant un entretien téléphonique depuis Paris, en France, ce mercredi.

Cela a été son intention, elle dit, de s'arrêter tant qu'elle est en bonne santé et capable de chanter avec fierté.

"Pour que les gens peuvent passer un moment agréable et ne pas avoir pitié de moi."

Tandis que Mouskouri admet qu'elle ralentit et que se produire dans les parties diverses du monde devient fatigant, elle ne se sentirait pas bien, elle dit, de prendre congé sans dire un dernier au revoir en remerciement à ses fans. Sa tournée d'adieu autour du monde lui donne une occasion de le faire.

"Je veux remercier toutes les générations de m'avoir permis d'arriver jusqu'ici," dit-elle.

Mouskouri a commencé sa carrière dans son pays d'origine la Grèce.

Après des études de musique classique au Conservatoire hellénique à Athènes, elle a fait son premier enregistrement en 1959.

Depuis ce temps elle est enregistrée plus de 1,500 chansons dans plusieurs langues différentes et a vendu plus de 300 millions de disque dans le monde entier.

Les 50 disques de diamant, de platine et d'or qu'elle a à son crédit lui ont permis de gagner le titre d'un des chanteurs les plus doués du monde.

Mouskouri n'avait aucune idée quand elle a commencé sa carrière de chanteuse qu'elle se produirait dans certaines des salles de concert les plus prestigieuses du monde, y compris le Royal Albert Hall de Londres, l' Olympia à Paris et le Hall Carnegie de New York.

"Je suis devenu une chanteuse parce que je voulait chanter. J'ai chanté pour l'amour, pour la paix, pour l'espoir et pour des rêves," dit-elle.

Elle a passé ces messages à ses fans, par sa musique.

Tandis que Mouskouri a capturé des spectateurs dans le monde entier, elle a aussi reçu beaucoup d'amour de ses fans, dit-elle.

Au moment où elle quitte la scène, elle dit, elle veut faire aussi savoir qu'il y a beaucoup d'autres chanteurs doués pour prendre sa place.

"Ce n'est pas une surprise pour les gens de dire que je ne peux pas offrir ce que les jeunes peuvent offrir."

La fin de sa carrière sur scène ne signifiera pas que Mouskouri de restera pas bien présente.

Elle a beaucoup à offrir au monde et continuera à donner d'elle d'autres façons.

Ses projets incluent le temps de dépenses mentoring des jeunes chanteurs doués en Grèce.

"J'avais 24 ans quand je suis partie la première fois et je suis restée à l'extérieur de la Grèce, mais maintenant je veux me concentrer sur un endroit."

Ambassadeur international d'UNICEF pendant les 15 ans passés, Mouskouri continuera aussi dans son rôle d'avocat, de collecteuse de fonds et de fourmi ouvrière.

"Cela est très utile parce que vous utilisez votre voix pour les gens qui n'ont aucune voix," dit-elle de ses activités de volontaire avec l'UNICEF.

Mouskouri sera sur scène une dernière fois à St John mercredi au Mille Un Centre où elle offrira à ses fans un voyage dans sa vie. Ce sera nostalgique, mais pas triste, elle insiste.

"Cela doit rappeler le passé, pas avec regret, mais en étant heureux de ce qui est arrivé."

Nana Mouskouri et Klaus Wowereit 1

A l'occasion de la sortie du livre de mémoires de Nana en Allemagne, le journal "Bild" a réuni Nana et un de ses amis Klaus Wowereit, maire de Berlin. L'article est paru le 14 novembre 2008 dans le journal allemand. Voici une tentative de traduction en français et anglais, ainsi qu'une présentation du maire de Berlin, personnage atypique et grand fan de Nana. Toute suggestion d'amélioration de la traduction est la bienvenue...

On the occasion of the release of Nana book of memories in Germany, the newspaper "Bild" brought together Nana and a friend of her, Klaus Wowereit, mayor of Berlin. The article was published on 14 November 2008 in the German newspaper. Here is a tentative of translation into French and English, and a presentation of the Mayor of Berlin, and atypical man, big fan of Nana. Any suggestion to improve translation is welcome ...

Klaus Wowereit, un homme de culture et de courage

Klaus Wowereit, né le 1er octobre 1953 à Berlin, est un homme politique allemand de centre-gauche membre du Parti social-démocrate (SPD). Il est depuis le 16 juin 2001 maire-gouverneur de Berlin avec le rang de ministre-président.

Klaus Wowereit, born on 1 October 1953 in Berlin, is a German politician of the center-left member of the Social Democratic Party (SPD). He is since 16 June 2001 Mayor-Governor of Berlin with the rank of Minister-President.

Depuis le 1er janvier 2007, Klaus Wowereit est en charge des relations culturelles franco-allemandes dans le cadre du traité de l'Élysée, succédant à Peter Müller, le ministre-président de la Sarre. Sa fonction est de représenter, pendant quatre ans, les seize Länder allemands pour les relations culturelles et éducatives avec la France.

Culture et éducation sont en Allemagne en grande partie du ressort des Länder et non de l'Etat fédéral. Klaus Wowereit est un des plus célèbres politiciens allemands à avoir ouvertement indiqué être homosexuel. Il est devenu maire-gouverneur de Berlin en 2001, la même année où en France le socialiste Bertrand Delanoë, également un homme politique ayant annoncé son homosexualité, a été élu maire de Paris.

Since 1 January 2007, Klaus Wowereit is in charge for Cultural Relations Franco-German in the framework of the Élysée Treaty, succeeding Peter Müller, Minister President of the Saarland. His function is to represent, for four years, the sixteen German Länder for the educational and cultural relations with France. Culture and education in Germany is largely the responsibility of the Länder and not the federal government. Klaus Wowereit is one of the most famous German politicians have openly stated to be homosexual. He became mayor-governor of Berlin in 2001, the same year in France the Socialist Bertrand Delanoë, also a politician who announced his homosexuality, was elected mayor of Paris.



Entretien en exclusivité pour BILD

Dirigeant de Berlin, il rencontre et interviewe son idole-pop Nana Mouskouri, à l'hôtel de ville rouge.

La musique est le pilier de leur amitié. Elle chantait les chansons de sa jeunesse. Il plonge dans le son de sa voix légendaire. Bourgmestre régnant sur Berlin, Klaus Wowereit (55, SPD) et Nana Mouskouri (74), la déesse grecque de la chanson. Ils sont fans et amis. Ils se connaissent depuis qu'il a pour la première fois entendu sa voix ...

A Berlin, Nana Mouskouri vient juste de présenter son autobiographie appelée "la voix de la nostalgie". Bild a réuni la chanteuse et le dirigeant dans l'hôtel de ville rouge, pour parler de la musique et de la politique, de l'amitié et l'amour, de Obama et Belafonte.

Nana Mouskouri arrive en taxi dans les derniers rayons du soleil d'automne de Berlin. Elle porte une robe de soie noire, des anneaux d'or aux doigts ... à la veste le ruban de lutte contre le sida, et sur le nez des lunettes les plus célèbres du monde.

Leur entrée est lente, mais élégante. Ses mains fines et délicatement bronzé.

"Avez-vous déjà porter des lunettes de Mme Mouskouri, M. Wowereit?", demande la journaliste. "Vous croyez que ça lui ferait plaisir?", plaisante-t-il. "Ce serait une bonne photo pour vous ..." "

Berlin's governor met and interviewed his pop-idol Nana Mouskouri in the Red Town Hall.

Music is the pillar of their friendship. She sang the songs of his youth. He immersed in the legendary sound of her voice. Berlin's Governing Mayor Klaus Wowereit (55, SPD) and Nana Mouskouri (74), the Greek goddess of song. They are fans and friends. They know, since he first heard her voice ... In Berlin, Nana Mouskouri has just published her autobiography "The voice of longing". For BILD the singer and the leaders met in the Red City Hall, talked about music and politics, friendship and love, Obama, and Belafonte.

Nana Mouskouri rises out of the taxi in Berlin last autumn sunshine. She wears a black silk robe, golden rings on the fingers, around the neck ... a magnifying glass, a blouse with AIDS ribbon, and the most famous glasses in the world.

Their gait is slow, but elegant. Her hands gently and softly tanned.

"Do you have the glasses of Ms. Mouskouri already set up, Mr Wowereit?", ask the reporter. "That would have pleased her, do you thing?", He laughs. "That would be a good photo for you ..." "

Ils s'embrassent et plongent dans les canapés en cuir du bureau de Wowereit. Le café est servi sur la table en verre. "Nana le boit toujours sans sucre", dit Wowereit. Les deux sourient comme des amis, qui ne sont pas vu depuis longtemps.

"Etes-vous à Berlin actuellement ?", lui demande le gouverneur. "Oui, Berlin est pour moi – vous le savez, Klaus – comme Athènes. Je trouve que Berlin est chaque jour plus belle. Mais je ne vous envie pas pour votre travail. J'ai aussi tentée par la politique. Mais ce n'était pas pour moi. "

"Je préfère la musique. En concert, les gens peuvent voter tous les soirs, dans la politique, ça prend toujours



quelques années." "Peut-être étiez-vous simplement dans le mauvais parti», dit en souriant Wowereit (Mouskouri a fait partie des démocrates-chrétiens grecs au parlement européen, NDLR).

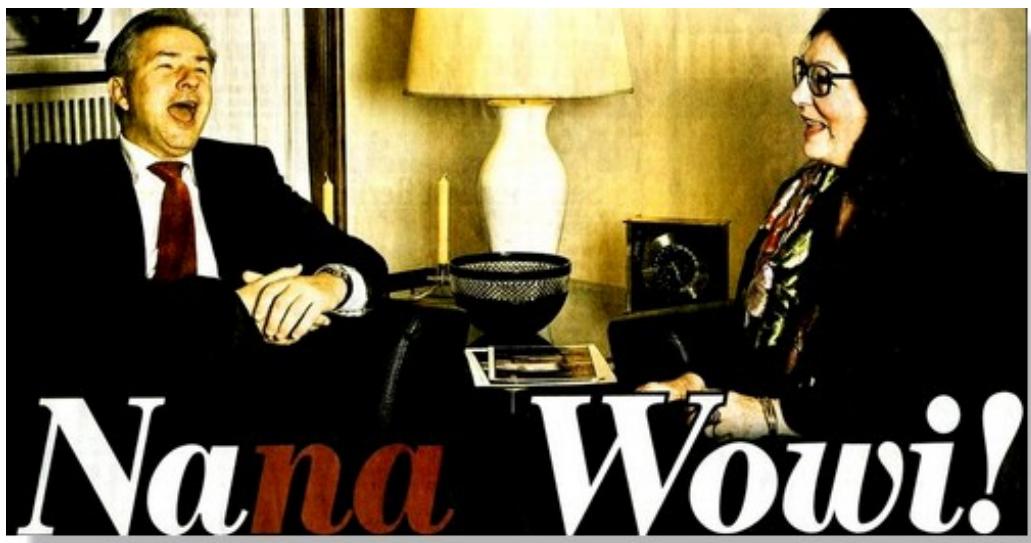
Après avoir assisté à son concert d'adieu à Athènes en juillet, Wowereit s'est envolé de nouveau vers Berlin, pour accueillir Barack Obama à Berlin. L'homme est maintenant le Président des Etats-Unis. "Obama est-il aussi populaire en Grèce ?" Demande Wowereit.

"Oh oui, beaucoup», dit Nana Mouskouri. «J'espère que les gens ne seront pas déçus, même s'il n'accomplit pas des miracles tout de suite. Nous devons faire preuve de patience avec lui. "

The two hug each other and sink into the leather sofas in Wowereit's office. Coffee steams on the glass table. "Nana always drink it without sugar," said Wowereit. The two are smiling like friends who have not seen for long. "Are you now in Berlin ?" Asks the government. "Yes, Berlin is for me – you know it, Klaus – like Athens. I think Berlin is more beautiful every day. But I do not envy you for your job. I did indeed look at the polics. But that was nothing good for me."

"I prefer the music. In concert, people can vote every evening, in politics it always takes a couple of years." "Perhaps you were simply in the wrong party, "Wowereit responds smiling (MousKouri was part of the Greek Christian Democrats MP Europe, NDLR.).

After her farewell concert in July in Athens, Wowereit flew back to Berlin, to welcome Barack Obama in Berlin. The man who now is U.S. president. "Is Obama even in Greece so popular?" Asks Wowereit. "Oh yes, very," says Nana Mouskouri. "I hope the people will not be disappointed if he does not immediately performs miracles. We should have patience with him."



Puis, elle raconte: «J'ai pensé à Harry Belafonte, après de la victoire de Barack Obama. Quand j'étais avec lui en tournée, à cette époque, dans les années 60, il y avait de la discrimination raciale en raison de nombreux problèmes. J'étais un des deux blancs de la troupe, tous les autres étaient noirs. »

"Harry a toujours dit: L'homme blanc est toujours au pouvoir." Cette phrase, je ne l'oublierai jamais. Je crois que je devrais appeler Harry et lui dire: «Voyez-vous, maintenant l'homme blanc n'est plus au pouvoir!"

On peut lire de la satisfaction dans le visage de cette femme, qui a réuni le monde avec la musique. Nana Mouskouri a chanté dans plus de dix langues.

"Depuis quand êtes-vous fan, M. Wowereit? Nous voulons savoir..." "Nana Mouskouri a toujours été là."

Elle sourit. "Sa maman déjà ..." Il rit. "Na, na, na .." "Pourquoi ne pas le dire?", demande-t-elle. "Je suis heureuse quand les gens me disent que leurs parents ont écouté ma musique."

Then she says: "I did after the Obama victory in my time with Harry Belafonte have to think. When I was in the 60s, with him on tour, there was racial discrimination because of many problems. I was one of two whites, all others were black. " "Harry has always said:" The white man is still in power. "I will never forget this sentence. I think I will have to call Harry and say, "Look, now is the white man is no longer in power! "

We look into the face of a contented woman, who has united the world with music. Nana Mouskouri sang in more than ten languages.

"Since when are you fan, Mr Wowereit?" We want to know. "Nana Mouskouri has always been there." She smiles. "His mom has already ..." He laughs. "Na, na, na .." "Why should not say?" She asks. "I am delighted when people tell me that their parents already listened to my music."

Puis, avoue le gouverneur: "Quand j'étais jeune, j'ai capable de chanter toutes ses chansons. Avec sa voix, je trouve la sérénité, mais aussi la sentimentalité et la réflexion. Nana a été et est toujours une icône."

Le jour est tombé devant l'hôtel de ville rouge. Klaus Wowereit et Nana Mouskouri iront manger ensemble plus tard dans la soirée.

Comment cette amitié s'est poursuivie ? "Peut-être pourrons-nous chanter ensemble un jour», dit Nana Mouskouri. Wowereit répond en riant: «Comme je dis toujours,»

Mais elle insiste: «Quand nous nous retrouverons la prochaine fois à une fête chez notre ami commun, Alfred Biolek, nous pouvons certainement aussi chanter."

Les deux amis sourient. "Notre amitié est très importante. Ce n'est pas quelque chose de fabriqué. Nous avons besoin d'amitié, nous avons besoin d'amour", dit Nana Mouskouri. Tout ce dont nous avons besoin, c'est d'amour. "

Une phrase, qui se chante aussi. [all you need is love, NDT]

Then the governing confesses: "When I was young, I could sing along all her songs. In her voice I find serenity, but also sentimentality and thoughtfulness. Nana was and is still an icon."

It is dark now from the Red Town Hall. Klaus Wowereit, and Nana Mouskouri want to go out to eat later.

How does this friendship go? "Maybe some day we can sing together," says Nana Mouskouri. Wowereit replied laughingly: "... as I always say." But she insists: "The next time we met in a party at our mutual friend Alfred Biolek, we can definitely sing something." The two friends are smiling. "Our friendship is very important. This is not something artificial. We need friendship, we need love"says Nana Mouskouri. "All you need is love."

A sentence you could sing ...

Sources :

— bild.de

— wikipedia.fr

Nana présente à la 2ème nuit de la Méditerranée

Dans le cadre de la nuit de la Méditerranée 2013 au mas de l'ille à Barbares, le Prix Nikos Gatsos a été remis à Serge Lama en présence de Nana... et de Thomas Hernandez, jeune chanteur membre du fan club, qui nous écrit ce message :

Que dire...ce fut si intense. Partager une scène avec Nana....

Vendredi 27 septembre j'ai eu le bonheur de diner avec Nana et Serge Lama, nous avons fait connaissance. J'ai eu l'occasion de sympathiser avec Luciano Di Napoli (qui m'a accompagné sur scène pour les deux morceaux que je devais interpréter, « l'enfant au piano » et « Marie la polonaise »).

Samedi 28 septembre, la place Nikos Gatsos a été inaugurée à Barcarès. Nana était émue aux larmes qu'une place située au bord de la mer soit dédiée à son grand ami poète.

Nana a ensuite dédicacé quelques ouvrages au Lydia (immense bateau immobile sur lequel était inaugurée une exposition sur la vie de Charles Trenet).

Nous avons répété en fin d'après-midi. Nana était accompagné de Luciano au piano et d'un autre musicien, batteur et flûtiste.

Durant la soirée elle a interprété deux morceaux (*Il n'est jamais trop tard* en solo et *une île* en duo avec Serge Lama), Serge a également interprété deux morceaux (*Une île* en duo avec Nana et *Star* en duo avec...moi).

Thomas Hernandez



Voici deux photos de la soirée, mais vous en trouverez un grand nombre, prises durant la soirée par ces deux photographes de grand talent, sur les liens ci-dessous :



Copyright Etienne PERRA

Etienne PERRA www.epphoto.fr

<https://plus.google.com/photos/+EtiennePERRAPhotoreporter/albums/5929692738867709649?banner=pwa>



Benjamin LATGER <http://benjaminlatger.wix.com/blphotos>

http://www.flickr.com/photos/benjamin_latger-photographe/

liens utiles :

<http://www.cuillade.eu/culture/le-barcares-2eme-nuit-de-la-mediterranee-sous-le-double-signe-des-poetes-et-du-cml/52444>

<http://www.lebarcares.fr/2013/09/2eme-nuit-de-la-mediterranee/>

Nana se souvient dans Paris-Match

"Jean-Claude est parti comme un seigneur, en emportant une partie de mon âme." Depuis quarante ans, la chanteuse grecque était une amie intime. Elle se souvient... (article de Paris-Match 6 juin 2007)

Jean-Claude ne le savait pas, mais il est devenu mon ami un soir de l'hiver 1961. Je découvais Paris, j'apprenais le français dans ma chambre d'hôtel en répétant des mots sur un magnétophone. J'arrivais de Grèce, ce pays où l'on circulait encore à dos d'âne. J'étais effrayée, oui, c'est peu dire. Un soir, j'allume la télévision...

C'était une émission consacrée à trois hommes qui semblaient être des célébrités malgré leur jeune age, les trois Jean, disait le présentateur : Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Pierre Cassel et Jean-Claude Brialy. Pourquoi l'ai-je aimé tout de suite, lui ? Il m'a semblé que, sous l'éclat taquin de ses yeux, il y avait cette attention aux autres, cette générosité que je guettais dans le regard de toutes les personnes que je croisais.

J'ai pensé que, s'il y avait un Dieu là-haut, il ferait que nos chemins se croisent un jour. Cette première rencontre, c'était au Festival de la chanson d'Antibes, peut-être trois ans plus tard. Je patientais en coulisse, fermée et tremblante, quand je l'ai vu marcher vers moi. Oh, ce sourire de Jean-Claude ! On aurait dit que, sans m'avoir jamais vue, il savait déjà tout : ma peur de décevoir, ma fierté, mon fol espoir d'être aimée malgré tout pour ce qui se cachait derrière mes « affreuses lunettes », comme disaient les critiques. « Viens, m'a-t-il dit, ici tu n'as aucune raison d'avoir peur, tout le monde t'attend, tout le monde t'aime. » Il m'a prise par la main pour me conduire jusqu'à la scène.

Petit à petit, nous nous sommes rapprochés. Il est venu me voir chanter à tous mes Olympia, puis à Londres, à New York, à Sydney, à Tokyo, et un quart d'heure après ma sortie de scène, je savais que j'allais entendre frapper à la porte de ma loge et que ça serait lui. « Ah, ma chérie, tu as été merveilleuse ! Merveilleuse ! Mais pourquoi t'es-tu mise en noir ? Tu es tellement plus jolie en blanc... »



Et debout dans ma loge, avec ce goût des mots qu'il avait, cette façon de jouer, toujours, comme si ça aurait été insulter la vie que de ne pas en faire une œuvre d'art, il applaudissait à ce qu'il avait aimé dans mon récital et m'expliquait pourquoi, ici ou là, ça n'avait pas été aussi émouvant qu'il l'avait espéré. C'est comme cela que, sans le savoir, Jean-Claude a repris auprès de moi le rôle qu'avait tenu le poète Nikos Gatsos durant mes premières années en Grèce. Il ne lui a pas succédé, non, mais il est entré avec lui dans mon cœur, à la même place.

Il partage sa vie avec Bruno, moi avec André, et bientôt, tous les quatre, nous devenons une famille. Quand Jean-Claude joue, nous sommes tous les trois dans la salle. Quand je chante, ils sont là tous les trois, dans les premiers rangs. Et le lendemain de la représentation, quels que soient la ville, le pays, Jean-Claude nous entraîne à travers les rues. A Cuba, au Caire, à Moscou, j'apprends en l'écoutant que, derrière chaque chose, chaque événement, même le plus désespérant ou le plus laid, se cache de la beauté.

Nous ne nous voyons pas vieillir, nous avons tant de choses à faire encore. Et soudain, au dernier nouvel an, il me semble que Jean-Claude n'est plus tout à fait le même. Lui et Bruno ont fait le voyage jusque chez nous, à Genève.

D'habitude, c'est un moment de bonheur. Jean-Claude dispose la table avec ce raffinement qu'il met en tout, et puis il mène la conversation et j'essaie de ne pas penser que je devrais l'enregistrer tant ce qu'il dit est joli, ou drôle, ou romantique. Mais cette fois il est moins bavard, plus grave. «Pourquoi n'irions-nous pas tous ensemble à Londres pour l'anniversaire d'André?» dis-je.

Traditionnellement, nos anniversaires sont prétexte à nous retrouver quelque part. Jean-Claude abonde, je suis contente de mon idée.

Du 9 au 15 février de cette année 2007, nous flânerons dans la capitale britannique. C'est là qu'un matin, en se promenant, il tombe.

«Est-ce que tu es fatigué, Jean-Claude ?

– Pas du tout. Tout va très bien.»

Mais, au retour de Londres, il se fait conduire directement à l'hôpital. Quand je lui propose de l'accompagner, il refuse séchement, avec ce ton d'officier qui me rappelle chaque fois qu'il est le fils d'un colonel.«Tout va très bien, je te dis.»

Le 17 février, Aznavour donne son grand concert pour l'Arménie. Bien sûr, Jean-Claude y est attendu.«Tu devrais plutôt te reposer», lui dis-je. Lui-même est le premier à me rappeler que je ne suis plus une jeune fille quand il me voit fatiguée.

«Mais non, je me sens très bien.

-Tout de même, à Londres...

– C'était un accident, Nana, n'en parlons plus!»

A Londres, je l'avais entendu dire:«Quel dommage! Je ne vois pas quand nous trouverons le temps d'aller au Brésil, et j'aurais tellement aimé montrer Rio à Bruno...» Aussi, quand nous évoquons son prochain anniversaire, le 30 mars, je propose que nous partions tous pour le Brésil. Il réfléchit, il faut bouleverser un peu nos agendas, mais on y arrive, et le 25 mars nous nous envolons pour Rio.

C'est là, dans les rues que, l'observant un jour serrer fort les mains de Bruno, je le revois soudain me racontant les derniers mois de Cocteau. Lui avait 25 ans en ce temps-là, et Cocteau, m'avait-il dit, lui prenait les mains en lui disant: «Serre-moi fort, je suis si fatigué, donne-moi un peu de ta jeunesse.» Et voilà que inconsciemment, sans doute, il répète cette scène qui l'avait bouleversé, lui dans le rôle de son cher Cocteau.

Ce jour-là, je prends conscience qu'il se prépare quelque chose de très grave, mais que je ne dois pas attendre d'explications de la part de Jean-Claude. Je devine qu'il a l'espoir que je vais comprendre toute seule, en dépit de ses dénégations. Cependant, comme chaque année, il organise lui-même sa fête d'anniversaire, choisit son gâteau, dresse la table et mène la conversation. Au consul de France, qui organise une réception magnifique en son honneur, il promet de revenir l'année prochaine pour présider un festival du cinéma et présenter une rétrospective de tous ses films.

Au retour du Brésil, le 4 avril, il se fait de nouveau conduire à l'hôpital. Je vois bien, au regard de Bruno, que lui est dans le secret, et je, sais que, s'il ne me dit rien, c'est par respect pour Jean-Claude, pour ne pas le trahir.

Au mois d'avril, je dois chanter à New York, et le 15 mai nous devons être en Grèce pour l'inauguration de l'exposition «Cocteau et la Grèce» que j'ai organisée et dédiée à Jean-Claude.

«Tu n'es pas obligé de venir à New York, lui dis-je. Tout ce long voyage pour une seule soirée, c'est trop.

– Je t'ai dit que j'y serai, j'y serai.»

Ce soir-là, après le récital au Lincoln Center, il frappe à ma loge. Il a l'air épuisé.

« Tu es fatigué, Jean-Claude.

– Non, tout va bien, aucun problème. Tu as été magnifique! Mais tu sais, au début...»

Et, pour la première fois, je le vois chercher un siège. Il a maigri, ses jambes le font souffrir, et il ne peut plus vraiment le cacher. Plus tard, Bruno me dira que, plutôt que d'arrêter son spectacle, «J'ai oublié de vous dire», il le donne désormais assis.

« Est-ce qu'il ne faudrait pas annuler la Grèce?

– On a dit qu'on y allait, on y va.»

Le 15 mai, nous nous envolons donc pour Athènes, comme prévu. Tout le long du voyage, il dort, lui qui d'habitude aime lire les journaux et bavarder. C'est presque comme si je le veillais, et je me sens très triste.

Puis nous arrivons devant l'hôtel, et il se passe cette scène qui est ma dernière tentative pour partager son secret. Comme il y a des marches pour accéder à l'hôtel et qu'il ne peut plus les monter, je le prends par la main pour le conduire vers une entrée de plain-pied. Je m'attends à ce qu'il me repousse, mais non, il se laisse guider comme un enfant, et cette docilité, si insolite chez lui, me précipite de nouveau dans une grande émotion.

« Tu ne me parles jamais, lui dis-je doucement tout en lui pressant la main. Pourquoi ? On devrait peut-être partager ça aussi. Tu ne trouves pas ? On est de si vieux amis.»

Et subitement il me caresse silencieusement la main, comme s'il me suppliait de ne pas insister. Alors, je me tais, je n'ai plus le cœur à le torturer avec mes questions.



Le lendemain, il doit donner un entretien sur Cocteau au plus grand quotidien grec et je le vois apparaître vers 13 heures. Il est reposé, magnifique, tout habillé de blanc, avec son écharpe sur l'épaule, mignon comme tout. L'entretien se passe très bien, il accepte même qu'on le photographie.

Il doit repartir dès le lendemain, après la conférence de presse d'inauguration, car les 18 et 19 mai il joue à Metz. On lui a suggéré d'annuler, mais il a refusé, malgré son épuisement.

Le 20 mai, il est à Cannes. Il a promis d'être là pour le 60e anniversaire du festival.

Je comprends aujourd'hui que c'est le dernier engagement qu'il s'impose. Au retour, il fait un bref séjour à l'hôpital, puis il rentre chez lui, à Monthyon.

C'est là qu'une réflexion de Bruno me place soudain en face d'une vérité que j'ai préféré me cacher, même si je la sens là, qui rode. « Nana, les chimios ne servent plus à rien, les médecins ont décidé de le laisser tranquille. »

Jusqu'à présent, je ne pouvais pas croire que ce soit possible. Pas Jean-Claude, lui ne pouvait pas s'en aller! Mais, en entendant Bruno, je comprends, et j'ai le sentiment que le sol se dérobe sous mes pieds.

Ce devait être le mercredi 23 mai. Il ne lui restait qu'une semaine à vivre.

Le vendredi, nous avons parlé, Bruno et moi, et j'ai pensé que Jean-Claude serait mieux installé dans le salon, au rez-de-chaussée, plutôt qu'à l'étage.

Quand je suis allée le voir, le lundi 28 mai, on aurait dit que toute la maison se recueillait avant un événement d'une terrible gravité. Les baies vitrées étaient closes, les volets tirés, il régnait sur la propriété un silence oppressant. Les chiens, si joyeux d'ordinaire, n'ont pas aboyé.

Jean-Claude était couché au salon, on avait descendu son lit. Il m'a dit qu'il était content que je sois là, avec André. Il nous a demandé des nouvelles de toute la famille, et puis il m'a regardée droit dans les yeux. « C'est la première fois que je me sens comme ça », a-t-il soufflé.

J'ai repensé à la mort de Nikos. Lui aussi avait eu, de la même façon, une phrase elliptique pour me signifier qu'il allait partir, que nous n'allions plus nous revoir.

« Est-ce que tu souffres beaucoup ? » ai-je demandé. Il a acquiescé en prononçant un oui à peine audible.

J'ai promis de revenir très vite et nous nous sommes embrassés.

Voilà, jusqu'au dernier moment, il a refusé qu'on le plaigne, refusé qu'on le soulage d'un peu de cette angoisse qui devait lui étreindre le cœur au seuil de la mort.

Il est parti comme un seigneur, en emportant une partie de mon âme.

Nana Mouskouri

Paris Match – Nana's article about Jean Claude Brialy

“Jean Claude left as a lord, taking with him a part of my soul.”

For forty years, the Greek singer was an intimate friend. She remembers.....

Jean Claude did not know it, but he is becoming my friend one winter evening in 1961. I discovered Paris, I learnt French in my hotel bedroom by repeating some words on a tape recorder. I arrived from Greece, this country where one still went around on the back of an ass. I was scared, yes, this is to say a little. One evening, I switched on the television....



This was a program dedicated to three men who seemed to be some celebrities in spite of their young age, the three Jean, said the presenter: Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Pierre Cassel and Jean-Claude Brialy. Why have I immediately

liked him? It seemed to me that, under the teasing brightness of his eyes, he had that thoughtfulness for others, that generosity that I watch out for in the look of all the people that I come by.

I have thought that, he was a high priest, it meant that our paths would cross one day. This first meeting, this was at the Antibes Festival of song, maybe three years later. I waited in the wings, closed off and trembling, when I have seen him walking towards me. Oh, that smile of Jean-Claude! You could say that, without ever having sighted me, he already knew everything: my fear of disappointing, my pride, my wild hopes of being liked in spite of all my hiding behind my (awful glasses), as the critics said. "Come, he had said to me, here you have no reason of having any fear, everyone expects you, everyone likes you." He had taken me by the arm to lead me as far as the stage.

Little by little we are drawing closer together. He is coming to see me sing at all my Olympia, then London, New York, Sydney, Tokyo, and a quarter of an hour after my stage exit, I know that I am going to hear knocking at the door of my dressing room and this will be him. "Ah, my dear, you have been marvellous! Marvellous! But why are you dressed in black? You are so much more attractive in white..."

And standing in my dressing room, with this tasteful way of words that he had, that way of playing, always, as if this would have been to insult the life, not to make a work of art of it, he applauded at this what he had liked in my recital and explained why, here or there, that which hadn't moved him as he had hoped for. It's like this, that without knowing it, Jean-Claude was close to repeating the role for me taken by Nikos Gatsos during my first years in Greece. He had not succeeded him, no, but he is entering into my heart, at the same place.

He shared his life with Bruno, me with Andre, and soon all four, we became a family. When Jean-Claude acted, we are all four, were in the hall. When I sang, they are there, all three, in the first rows. And the following day of the performance, whatever the town, the country, leads us through the streets. In Cuba, Cairo, Moscow, I learn in listening that, behind everything, each event, like the most desperate or the most ugly, is hidden beauty.

We are not travelling of late, we have so many things to do still. And suddenly, in the last new year, it seems to me that Jean-Claude is no more able to do the same. He and Bruno have made the journey to our home in Geneva.

From habit, this is a moment of happiness. Jean-Claude sets the table with that refinement that he puts into everything and then he leads the conversation and I try not to think that I am recording a mental note that everything he says is happy, or funny or romantic. But this time he is less talkative, more serious. "Why don't we all go together to London for Andre's birthday"? I ask. Traditionally, our birthdays are an excuse to finding ourselves somewhere. Jean-Claude concurs, I am pleased with my idea.

From the 9th to the 15th February 2007, we are strolling in the British capital. It's there that one morning, in going for a walk, he falls.

"Are you tired, Jean-Claude"?

"Not at all. All is going very well".

But, on returning from London, he drives directly to the hospital. When I suggest that I accompany him, he dryly refuses, with this tone of office which reminds me each time that he is the son of a colonel. "All is going very well, I tell you".

The 17th February, Aznavour gave his great concert for Armenia. Certainly, Jean-Claude is waiting there. "You would rather rest", I tell him. Like he is the first to remind me that I am no longer a young girl when he sees me tired.

"But no, I feel very well.

-All the same, in London...

It was an accident, Nana, speak no more of it!"

In London, I heard him say : "What a shame! I do not see when we will find the time to go to Brazil, and I would so much like to go up to Rio with Bruno ..." Also, when we mentioned his next anniversary, the 30th march, I suggested that we all leave for Brazil. He reflected, it would disrupt our agendas a little, but we got there, and the 25th March we are taking off for Rio.

It's there, in the streets that, observing him one day strongly gripping Bruno's hands, I suddenly saw him relating the last month of Cocteau. He was twenty five years old. And Cocteau he had said to me, had taken the hands and said to him, "Hold me tightly, I am so tired, give me a little of your youth." And there unconsciously without doubt, he repeated that scene which had overwhelmed him, he in the role of his dear Cocteau.

That day, I became aware that he was preparing something very grave, but I did not expect to wait for explanations or the part of Jean-Claude. I guess that he had hoped that I would be able to understand on my own, in spite of his denials. However, like every year, he himself organised his birthday party, choosing his cake, dressing the table and leading the conversation. The consul of France who organised a magnificent reception in his honour, prompted him to come back the next year to preside over a festival of cinema and present an exhibition of all his films.

On returning from Brazil, the 4th April, he again drove to the hospital. I well saw, from the look of Bruno, that he is in secrecy, and I, knowing that, did not say anything, it's from respect for Jean-Claude, for not betraying him.

In the month of April, I had to sing in New York, and the 15th May we must be in Greece for the inauguration of the exhibition, Cocteau and Greece, that I have organised and dedicated to Jean-Claude.

"You are not obliged to come to New York, I said to him. All that long journey for only one night, it's too much.

– I have said to you that I will be there, I will be there".

That evening, after the concert at the Lincoln Centre, he knocked at my dressing room. He had the look of exhaustion

"You are tired Jean-Claude.

-No, all goes well, no problem. You have been magnificent! But you know, at the start.....

And, for the first time, I see him looking for a seat. He was thin, his legs making him suffer, and no more was he really able to hide it. Later, Bruno said to me that, rather than stopping his show, "I have forgotten to say to you," he would give it sitting down from now on.

"Is it that he will need to cancel Greece?"

– We have said that we will go there, we are going there".

The 15th May, we are therefore taking off for Athens, as planned. All the long journey, he sleeps, he who habitually likes to read the journals and chatter. It's almost as if I am watching over him, and I feel very sad.

Then we arrive in front of the hotel, and pass by that scene which is my last attempt for sharing his secret. As there are some steps to reach the hotel and he is not able to go up them, I take him by the hand to lead him towards an entrance on the same level. I expect at this that he will reject me, but no, he lets himself be guided like a child, and that docility, so strange to him, hastens me anew in a great emotion.

"You never speak to me, I say to him gently while he squeezed my hand. Why? We must share this also. You don't think that? We are such old friends."

And suddenly he silently caressed my hand, as if he implored me not to insist. Then, I am silent, I haven't the heart to torture him with my questions.

The following day, he must give an interview on Cocteau to the largest Greek daily, and I appear to see him around 1pm. He is rested, magnificent, all dressed in white, with his scarf on the shoulder, sweet as ever. The interview passes very well, he accepts that they photograph him. He must leave again the following day, after the press conference of the inauguration, because the 18th and 19th May, he was acting in Metz. We suggested to him to cancel, but he refused, in spite of his exhaustion.

The 20th May he is in Cannes. Had promised to be there for the 60th anniversary of the festival.

I understand today that this is the last engagement that he imposed on himself. On returning, he made a brief stay at the hospital then he came home, to Monthyon.

It's there that a reflection of Bruno suddenly placed me in front of a truth that I had preferred to hide, same as I felt it there, lurking. "Nana, the medicines are not helping any more, the doctors have decided to leave him alone."

Until now, I was not able to believe that this was possible. Not Jean-Claude, he was not able to go! But in hearing Bruno, I understood, and I have the feeling that the ground was slipping away under my feet.

This must have been the 23rd May. He had one week left to live.

Friday, we have spoken, Bruno and I, and I had thought that Jean-Claude would be better put in the lounge , on the ground floor, rather than upstairs.

When I am going to see him, Monday the 28th May, it has to be said that all the house was gathered before an event of terrible gravity. The picture windows were closed, the shutters pulled, an oppressive silence reigned over the property. The dogs, so ordinarily joyous, were not barking.

Jean-Claude was lying down in the lounge. He had had his bed taken down. He said he was pleased that I was there, with Andre. He asked us for news of all the family, and then he looked at me right in the eyes,

"It's the first time that I have felt like this."

I thought again of the death of Nikos. He also had had, in the same way, an elliptic phrase to signify to me that he was going to leave, that we were not going to see each other .

"Do you suffer much?" I asked. He has agreed in uttering a hardly audible yes.

I have promised to come back very quickly and we are embracing.

There, until the last moment, he had refused that we felt sorry for him, refused that we relieve him of a little of that anguish which must have gripped his heart with the threshold of death.

He left as a lord, taking with him a part of my soul.

Nana Mouskouri

Nana sur « Fée des Brumes »

Nathalie, alias "Fée des Brumes", une fille du Nord installée dans le Sud (de la France), artiste peintre et artiste textile, aimant la vie et les couleurs, photographie Nana le 21 février dernier lors d'un entretien avec France Bleu Roussillon. Le lendemain, elle poste un article dans son [blog](#). Lorsque nous l'avons contacté, elle nous a donné l'autorisation de retranscrire cet article, en ajoutant ce commentaire "C'est un joli souvenir que sa venue, Nana Mouskouri une personne d'une grande gentillesse"...

dimanche 22 février 2009

Pour moi, Nana Mouskouri, c'est l'album "[Nana chante pour les enfants](#)", qui m'avait été offert à Noël, sur la couverture, si je me souviens bien, des enfants vêtus de sous-pulls orange et bleus électriques, la coupe au bol, étaient assis autour d'elle ... Je devais avoir 8 ans et assez grande pour me servir de l'électrophone familial, j'ai dû creuser les sillons du 33T à force de l'écouter, j'adorais "le N'haricot dans l'oreille" !

Elle était en studio hier et j'ai eu la chance d'assister à son interview. J'avais le beau rôle, je prenais les photos ... mais je n'ai pas perdu une miette de ce qu'elle disait de sa voix claire, avec son léger accent.

Tandis qu'un bracelet aux multiples breloques cliquète à son poignet, petit retour sur son enfance (la guerre, sa soeur chantait mieux qu'elle !), sa carrière (démarrage fulgurant, rencontres déterminantes), elle était là pour présenter son livre autobiographique.

Quand elle raconte que sa "prof" de chant (par disques interposés) était Ella Fitzgerald, qu'on lui passe un extrait et qu'au micro, elle accompagne la voix d'Ella ... un frisson de bonheur et d'émotion nous parcourt l'échine !

Pourquoi ce titre ? Il faut lire le livre pour le savoir et ... je ne l'ai pas encore lu !
La pauvre, elle n'a pu échapper à la signature d'un autographe, mais c'est en chantonnant qu'elle s'acquitte gentiment de sa tâche !

Retrouver l'article (et la dédicace de Nana) sur :

<http://feedesbrumes.canalblog.com/archives/2009/02/22/12644039.html>







Nous Deux : Merveilleuse Nana !

"Nous deux" du 30 octobre au 5 novembre dernier consacrait sa une aux adieux de Nana à la chanson.

David Lelait, journaliste et ami de Nana l'interviewe, avec toute la sensibilité et la justesse qu'on lui connaît...

Nana lui confie ainsi en quelques mots des choses essentielles.



"Faire cette tournée d'adieu, c'est retrouver une dernière fois en accéléré tout ce que j'ai vécu...", "Peut-être aurais-je été une criminelle si je n'avais pas chanté...", ou enfin "Moi, j'ai chanté pour le plaisir, pour cette ivresse, pas pour la gloire ou l'argent"...



Quincy Jones est ma lumière (Entretien) 1

A l'occasion du concert hommage à Quincy Jones auquel participe Nana dans le cadre du festival de jazz de Montreux, voici un entretien paru dans le journal suisse « le Matin ».

On the occasion of the concert tribute to Quincy Jones – in whom participates Nana during the Montreux Jazz festival, here is an interview appeared in the Swiss newspaper « Le Matin ».



-



-



-



-



-

Quincy Jones est ma lumière (Entretien)

A l'occasion du concert hommage à Quincy Jones auquel participe Nana dans le cadre du festival de jazz de Montreux, voici un entretien paru dans le journal suisse « le Matin ».

On the occasion of the concert tribute to Quincy Jones – in whom participates Nana during the Montreux Jazz festival, here is an interview appeared in the Swiss newspaper « Le Matin ».

Nana Mouskouri : « Quincy est ma lumière »

En 1962, Nana Mouskouri enregistrait son album «Nana Mouskouri in New York», grâce auquel elle a rencontré Quincy Jones. Les deux grands artistes se retrouvent ce soir dans le cadre de l'hommage rendu au célèbre compositeur-producteur américain.

En 1962, vous avez enregistré l'album «Nana Mouskouri in New York». C'est grâce à ce disque qu'on va vous retrouver ce soir dans le cadre de l'hommage à Quincy Jones?

Absolument. C'est en enregistrant cet album aux Etats-Unis que j'ai découvert Quincy. L'homme et l'artiste. J'ai appris énormément au cours de notre brève expérience. Il m'a éblouie. Depuis, il est ma lumière.

Quelle place occupe cet ouvrage dans votre imposante discographie?

Une place unique. Ça n'a pas été un immense succès à sa sortie. Mais, comme on dit, il est devenu culte. A cette occasion, j'ai pu aborder le répertoire jazz et c'est cela qui compte.

Vous auriez pu devenir une interprète de jazz de premier plan. Avez-vous des regrets?

Non, pas vraiment. J'ai pris un autre chemin et je n'ai pas à me plaindre (sourire). Ce qui compte pour moi, c'est d'avoir servi la musique avec une passion totale, quel que soit le genre abordé. Au fil de ma carrière, j'ai tout chanté, du classique, du folklore grec, de la country, mais aussi des airs de gens que j'admire beaucoup comme Bob Dylan ou Leonard Cohen. J'ai eu la chance de travailler dans les années 1960. Une période extraordinaire. J'ai tout aimé de cette époque-là, de Janis Joplin à Pink Floyd.

Il paraît que, lorsqu'on vous a proposé de venir à Montreux, vous avez renoncé à tous vos projets en cours ?

C'est exact. Depuis quatre ans, je suis occupée avec une tournée d'adieux. Je devais me produire en Grèce, mais j'ai

annulé deux spectacles. C'était beaucoup plus important pour moi d'être ici ce soir.

Vous êtes sérieuse lorsque vous parlez d'une tournée d'adieux?

J'ai 74 ans mais ne me suis jamais sentie aussi bien. Toutefois j'ai envie de quitter mon public sur une note parfaite et non pathétique!

Tout de même, refaire un disque avec Quincy Jones, ce serait une belle idée, non?

Nous en avons parlé il y a quelques années. Là, je crois que c'est trop tard, ce serait jouer avec la nostalgie. Quincy est attiré par la nouveauté. Il a raison. Mais il nous reste de merveilleux souvenirs. Personne ne nous enlèvera cela.

Jean-Philippe Bernard – le 13 juillet 2008, 23h00

Le Matin



Nana et Quincy Jones durant l'enregistrement
de l'album «Nana Mouskouri in New York» en 1962

Soft Touch, Falling for Nana

by Robert Forster for themonthly.com.au

(voir traduction en français en bas de l'article)

In a far corner of my mind there has always been a place for Nana Mouskouri. She resides there with a few others: Marcel Marceau, Charles Aznavour, Juliette Greco. Postwar bohemians. Cafe performers who got onto TV or into the concert halls early, who had a few hits or breakthrough shows, who managed to expand it into a European career and then tour the rest of the world, usually to the outposts of their own community. But the sun is going down. Marceau and Aznavour are in their eighties, Greco in her seventies. How old is Roger Whitaker? James Last is doing techno in Germany. And Nana has decided to call it a day.

It's funny how we allot certain people places in our imagination, and then over the years, as each new morsel of information comes in, we add it to the drawer we have of that person, never perhaps making anything anywhere near a complete picture, but gathering facts here and there that round the person out a little. In 1962 Nana made an album in New York called *The Girl from Greece Sings*, produced by heavy-duty soul and R&B ace Quincy Jones. I found out that early in her career she sang Bob Dylan songs. And then this: in 1969 she went to a concert at the invitation of Leonard Cohen, who had also asked Dylan along. Dylan asked her who her favourite singer was. She answered Oum Kalthoum. Dylan was stunned. She was his too. Small morsels, but they added to the picture.

Nana's genius is that she has never changed. To the broadest edges of showbusiness change is encouraged. Madonna and Kylie Minogue live and die by it. Nana still has the jet black shoulder-length hair. The black-rimmed glasses. And the faint smile. Contempt? Worldweariness? Who knows? But it's been there, staring out from ads in metropolitan newspapers, for as long as I can remember. It was there again in June when her final ever concert tour of Australia was announced.

I'd see her on German TV variety shows in the 1990s, still stiff after all those years. She exuded mystery. There was either a great intellect behind this or nothing at all. Given the Dylan covers, the choice of Oum Kalthoum and the connection with Cohen, I thought there had to be something. Plus I dug the curtain of black hair, the glasses, the almost medicated impassiveness of everything she did.

Now I'm in seat T32 of the Sydney Opera House – 20 rows back and she looks fantastic. Before her entrance we were shown a five-minute film of her career. There was lots of great '60s and '70s footage, and then a cut to Nana on the streets of Kenya in the late '90s drew a gasp from the audience. She looked fuller in the face, and older. The shock of seeing this up against the sculpted ancient footage had momentarily set up a what-are-we-going-to-see-here scenario. But there she is, in sparkling white, hair black, high heels, trim. The remarkable Nana.

And then bang, she goes straight into Dylan's "I'll Remember You". It's her first message to us on a night of farewells. The show is split in two: the first part is more experimental and roaming, and in the second half come the show-stoppers. Strangely enough, for someone who has sung so much, her voice gets better and stronger as the show goes on. "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" is followed by a wonderful version of "Scarborough Fair". Her tactic is to drain the songs of a little of their sensuality and mystery, to interpret them for their melodies. She uses her voice as an instrument, treating the songs the way a great instrumentalist would, coasting on the melody and joyfully exposing the craft and beauty of the notes. She switches to a warmer, more lilting tone, for a brace of Greek folk songs. And then comes Dylan's "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall", in French, not some truncated version but the whole four verses, six minutes long, with the band on full throttle, Nana's arms flailing in the air. It brings the night alive and sends us out to the foyer, buzzing.

The crowd is European, with hardly an Aussie accent to be heard. There are people in their late-fifties to seventies, well-dressed, with gold chains on handbags and coiffured, luxuriant hair. Their children are here too, brought up on Nana, sons in their twenties who have come with their mothers.

Then she's back, this time in red. Her band are a six-piece in black suits and white shirts. The pick of them is the drummer, who adds some much-appreciated drive to the proceedings. But no one ever encroaches, no one goes off the leash. This is Nana's show. It's restrained; nothing really catches fire. This is smooth, studied professionalism, one show on a world tour that has been rehearsed to within an inch of its life. Except that right in the centre rests the one point of uncertainty, of hesitancy: Nana herself.

There are two wonders of the show. The first is this sense of vulnerability she projects. In an age of sock-it-to-'em showbusiness – think Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand – it is a pleasure to hear and watch a performer within themselves. Nana is about nuance. Maybe it's a European trait, but it is so appealing to see someone so talented and secure in their gift who has no desire to pummel or annihilate the people that pay to see her. And this is why they love her – she has a soft touch.

The second wonder is her artistry. Her band's restraint gives her the room to soar. Her repertoire swings from movie themes to '60s singer-songwriters, to Broadway and beyond. She's middle of the road but all over the road; in lesser hands it would make for a wild mix. Yet everything she sings has gravity, no matter how far she strays into kitsch, and she can stray a long way. But she never loses herself. The songs anchor her. Her cool, crystal voice pulls her through, bringing new meaning to songs you have heard many times before.

The second half of the show is the highlight. She talks more – this is, after all, her farewell, and she wants to impart her life and her music one last meaningful time. So she sings "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" (her father was a movie projectionist) and then a stunning, jazzy "Autumn Leaves". Her big ballads – "Bridge Over Troubled Waters", "The Rose", Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now" – capture the youthful bohemianism of the audience's past. She loves the '60s singer-songwriters and it is uplifting to hear a genuine '60s spirit breathe life into them. In a far-off galaxy, Nana Mouskouri may be the outermost edge of folk rock.

She leaves in triumph. No tears. A wave. An armful of red roses. Good on her for leaving now. This isn't Cher on a battleship or being lowered from the ceiling in a cage. This is a 70-year-old Greek woman getting out of showbusiness; a very fine voice, wrapped in artistic temperament, slipping out into the night.

Published in *The Monthly*, October 2005, No. 6

Traduction automatique par Power Translator :

Dans un coin lointain de mon esprit il y a toujours eu une place pour Nana Mouskouri. Elle réside là avec quelques autres: Marcel Marceau, Charles Aznavour, Juliette Greco. Bohémiens de l'après-guerre. Artistes du café qui ont obtenu sur télé ou tôt, qui avait quelques coups dans les salles de concert ou la percée montre qui a dirigé l'étendre dans une carrière européenne et alors visiter le reste du monde habituellement aux avant-poste de leur propre communauté. Mais le soleil descend. Marceau et Aznavour sont dans leurs années quatre-vingts, Greco dans ses années soixante-dix. Comment vieux est-ce que Roger Whitaker est? James Dernier fait techno en Allemagne. Et Nana a décidé de l'appeler un jour.

C'est drôle comme nous distribuons certains gens placent dans notre imagination, et alors sur les années, comme chaque nouvelle bouchée d'information vient dans, nous l'ajoutons au tiroir que nous avons de cette personne, en faisant n'importe où jamais peut-être n'importe quoi près d'une image complète, mais rassembler des faits ici et là ce

rond la personne dehors un petit. En 1962 Nana a fait un album à New York a appelé *La Fille de Grèce Sings*, produite par âme résistante et R&B as Quincy Jones. J'ai trouvé ce tôt dans sa carrière elle a chanté Bob chansons Dylan. Et alors ce: en 1969 elle est allée à un concert à l'invitation de Leonard Cohen le long de qui avait aussi demandé à Dylan. Dylan lui a demandé qui son chanteur favori était. Elle a répondu à Oum Kalthoum. Dylan a été étourdi. Elle était son aussi. Petites bouchées, mais ils ont ajouté à l'image.

Le génie de Nana est qu'elle n'a jamais changé. Aux bords les plus généraux de changement du show-business est encouragé. La madone et Kylie Minogue vivent et meurent par lui. Nana a encore les cheveux mi-longs noirs de jais. Les lunettes noir-bordées. Et le sourire faible. Mépris? Worldweariness? Qui sait? Mais ce est été là, en dévisageant dehors d'annonces dans les journaux métropolitains, pour aussi long que je peux me souvenir. C'était là encore en juin quand son finale jamais la visite du concert d'Australie a été annoncée.

Je la verrais sur les spectacles de variétés de la télé allemands dans les 1990s, encore raide après tous ces années. Elle a exsudé le mystère. Il y avait ou un grand intellect derrière ceci ou rien à tout. Donné le Dylan couvre, le choix d'Oum Kalthoum et le rapport avec Cohen, je pensais là dû être quelque chose. Plus je le rideau de cheveux noirs, les lunettes, l'impassivité presque médicale de tout qu'elle a fait, a creusé.

Maintenant je suis dans siège T32 de l'Opéra de Sydney-20 lignes en arrière et elle semble fantastique. Avant son entrée nous avons été montrés un film de cinq minutes de sa carrière. Il y avait beaucoup de grand '60s et métrage '70s, et alors une coupe à Nana sur les rues de Kenya dans le '90s tardif est sortie un sursaut de l'audience. Elle a semblé plus plein dans le visage, et plus vieux. Le choc de voir ceci contre le métrage ancien sculpté s'était installé momentanément un qu'est-ce que nous allons scénario. Mais là elle est, en blanc étincelant, noir des cheveux, talons aiguille, coupe. Le Nana remarquable.

Et alors frappe, elle va dans tout droit Dylan "je Me souviendrai de Vous". C'est elle premier message à nous sur une nuit d'adieu. Le spectacle est fendu en deux: la première partie est plus expérimentale et errant, et dans la seconde moitié les spectacle bouchons viennent. Chose étrange, pour quelqu'un qui a chanté si beaucoup, sa voix va mieux et plus fort comme le spectacle va sur. "Le premier Time Ever j'ai Vu Votre Visage" est suivi par une version merveilleuse de "Scarborough Fair". Sa tactique est égoutter les chansons d'un peu de leur sensualité et mystère, les interpréter pour leurs mélodies. Elle utilise sa voix comme un instrument, en traitant les chansons le chemin un grand instrumentiste veulent, en suivant la côte sur la mélodie et exposant joyeusement l'habileté et beauté des notes. Elle change à un ton plus chaud, plus cadencé, pour une attache de chansons folkloriques grecques. Et alors vient Dylan "UNE Pluie Dure est Une Gonna chute", en français, pas quelque version tronquée mais les quatre vers entiers, six minutes long, avec la bande sur manette des gaz pleine, les bras de Nana qui battent au fléau dans l'air. Il apporte la nuit vivant et nous envoie dehors à l'entrée, bourdonner.

La foule est européenne, avec à peine un accent Aussie être entendu. Il y a des gens dans leurs années cinquante tardifs à années soixante-dix, bien habillé, avec chaînes de l'or sur les sacs à main et les coiffures, cheveux exubérants. Leurs enfants sont aussi ici, amené sur Nana, dans leurs années vingt fils qui sont venus avec leurs mères.

Alors elle est en arrière, ce temps en rouge. Sa bande est un six morceau dans les costumes du noir et les chemises blanches. La pioche d'eux est la batteuse qui en ajoute beaucoup quelques-uns appréciée la promenade aux débats. Mais personne n'empêtre jamais, personne ne part de la laisse. C'est le spectacle de Nana. Il est retenu; rien vraiment feu des prises. C'est professionnalisme lisse, étudié, un spectacle sur une visite mondiale qui a été répétée à dans un pouce de sa vie. Mais le droit dans le centre reste celui point d'incertitude, d'hésitation,: Nana elle-même.

Il y a deux émerveillements du spectacle. Le premier est ce sens de vulnérabilité qu'elle projette. Dans un âge de chaussette il à – 'ils show-business-pensez Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand-c'est un plaisir entendre et regarder un artiste dans eux-mêmes. Nana est au sujet de nuance. Peut-être c'est un trait européen, mais il demande ainsi voir quelqu'un si talentueux et obtenir dans leur cadeau qui n'a aucun désir pétrir ou annihiler les gens qui paient pour la voir. Et c'est pourquoi ils l'aiment-elle a un toucher doux.

Le deuxième émerveillement est son talent artistique. La retenue de sa bande lui donne la pièce pour monter. Son répertoire balance de thèmes du film à '60s chanteur paroliers, à Broadway et au-delà. Elle est centrale de la route mais sur la route; dans les mains moindres il ferait pour un mélange sauvage. Encore tout qu'elle chante a la gravité, peu importe comment loin elle s'égare dans kitsch, et elle peut s'égarer un long chemin. Mais elle ne se perd jamais. Les chansons l'ancrent. Sa fraîcheur, la voix du cristal la tire d'affaire, en apportant la nouvelle signification aux chansons vous ont entendu beaucoup de fois auparavant.

La seconde moitié du spectacle est le grand moment. Elle discute plus-c'est, après tout, son au revoir, et elle veut faire connaître sa vie et sa musique une dernière fois significative. Donc elle chante "Quelque part Sur l'Arc-en-ciel" (son père était projectionniste du film) et alors un étourdir, chic "l'automne Part". Ses grandes ballades—"Pont Sur Eaux Inquiètes", "Le Rose", Joni Mitchell "Les deux Côtés Maintenant"-capture le bohemianism jeune du passé de l'audience. Elle aime les '60s chanteur paroliers et il élève pour entendre un esprit '60s authentique insuffler la vie dans eux. Dans une galaxie éloignée, Nana Mouskouri peut être le bord le plus à l'extérieur de pierre folklorique.

Elle part dans triomphe. Aucunes larmes. Une vague. Une brassée de roses rouges. Bon sur elle pour partir maintenant. Ce n'est pas Cher sur un cuirassé ou être baissé du plafond dans une cage. C'est une femme grecque de 70 ans qui sort le show-business; une voix très fine, enveloppée dans tempérament artistique, en glissant dehors dans la nuit.

Une Nana apprivoisée par la musique

Nana Mouskouri est une artiste très internationale. Prétexte à confidences, son autobiographie, "La fille de la Chauve-souris", est aussi le reflet d'une époque.

On ne connaît pas les gens, encore moins les plus connus. C'est pour ça que certains s'adonnent à l'art aléatoire de l'autobiographie. Nana Mouskouri a bien fait. Son livre, "La fille de la Chauve-souris", raconte une époque étonnante, où il semble qu'il y avait bien plus de possibles que maintenant. C'est aussi un livre touchant parce que la chanteuse et musicienne d'origine crétoise, aujourd'hui âgée de 72 ans, s'y confie avec honnêteté et profondeur. Voici celle qui a fréquenté et chanté les plus grands, Quincy Jones, Harry Belafonte, Michel Legrand, Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan, et dont Brassens a dit : "Elle ira loin, cette Grecque-là."



C'est votre ami Jean-Claude Brialy qui vous a persuadée d'écrire votre biographie ?

Oui, et je lui ai répondu que je n'avais pas une vie tellement importante, sauf pour moi. Et puis tout à coup, j'ai pris un peu conscience que j'avais eu la chance d'arriver où j'étais, alors à ma 70e année; j'ai pensé que ça valait la peine de regarder un peu en arrière, de faire le bilan pour moi-même, pourquoi j'étais là.

Le pourquoi est quelque chose qui nous suit toute la vie. Pourquoi moi par exemple, et pas ma soeur qui avait une plus belle voix ? Bien d'autres questions me sont ensuite venues, le livre part de là. En même temps, je décidais de faire ça sérieusement : il fallait raconter les bonheurs et les misères, et la vérité de certaines choses que j'ai cachées parce que je ne voulais pas les admettre, comme l'histoire de mon père.

C'est lui, la "Chauve-souris", ainsi qu'on surnomme, en Grèce, les joueurs...

Vous savez, l'enfance est importante pour chaque enfant, mais c'est aussi ce qui crée toutes les timidités, les hontes, les hésitations. Ce livre, c'est comme si je voulais me faire une psychanalyse, une catharsis pour employer un mot grec. Il fallait rendre justice aussi : au début, j'en voulais à mon père, parce qu'il a mené une vie impossible à ma mère. Puis j'ai compris que c'étaient des faiblesses d'être humain, qu'il n'était pas méchant, et je l'admire même parce que c'était un excellent technicien et il était vraiment un bon joueur. Comme moi j'ai essayé d'être, dans ma vie, une bonne chanteuse, honnêtement.

Là, vous avez décidé que c'était votre dernière tournée, et elle se terminera en Grèce l'an prochain. Que voudriez-vous faire encore ?

Mon rêve est de créer une école de musique, sans but intéressé de ma part. C'est pour offrir vraiment des connaissances et du courage aux jeunes qui veulent juste apprendre à travailler, pas avec des illusions de devenir vedette : le rêve doit être de chanter et d'apprendre le plus possible. Apprendre, c'est ce que j'ai fait toute ma vie. J'ai recommencé plusieurs fois, dans différents pays, avec différentes langues, différentes cultures, à les faire vivre toutes ensemble sans perdre l'identité de chacune.

On a l'impression que vous êtes Française en France, Allemande en Allemagne, Américaine aux Etats-Unis...

C'est vrai, en Espagne c'est pareil. J'ai une histoire dans chacun de ces pays, avec leur musique et leur culture. Mais je suis surtout européenne. J'ai retravaillé il n'y a pas longtemps avec Quincy Jones. Depuis le début, il m'a dit que je serais une chanteuse internationale parce que j'étais une très bonne chanteuse chez moi, en Grèce. Et Harry Belafonte a d'abord aimé ma musique grecque. En réalité, j'avais déjà une base, qui m'a servi ensuite partout.

Votre père était projectionniste. Vous n'avez jamais envisagé le cinéma ?

On habitait dans le cinéma, mais ma mère chantait toujours. Le cinéma, j'ai vécu dedans, mais je n'étais pas bien dans ma peau, mon papa m'avait donné des complexes en ayant envie d'avoir un garçon. Je ne me trouvais pas belle, et à l'époque, il fallait être vraiment une belle fille pour faire du cinéma. Ma soeur avait tout, et moi j'étais son contraire. Jusqu'à aujourd'hui, la chanson est mon issue de secours, ça m'a sorti de tout le reste. Ce petit bout de scène sur lequel on marche. La première chose que je fais quand je vais dans un théâtre, c'est aller voir la scène. C'est un endroit tellement important depuis ce 4 juillet de 1957, où j'ai joué devant 4 000 militaires américains à bord du porte-avions Forrestal ancré à Athènes...

On le dirait en regardant votre photo avec Michel Legrand : est-ce que c'est la musique qui a révélé la femme ?

Au début, j'étais complètement un garçon manqué. Quand j'étais avec ces musiciens, je tombais amoureuse, sans avoir de relations automatiquement, parce que j'étais très timide, et je n'avais pas confiance en moi comme femme. Au début, vous savez, j'avais pitié de mon ex-mari, qui a accepté de m'épouser. Je croyais qu'il me faisait une faveur, tellement je me considérais mal. Par la suite, j'ai commencé à maigrir; je n'étais pas prête à trahir mon mari, mais j'avais envie de plaire, et pour la scène, on apprend à avoir envie d'être belle, de séduire.

En même tant, quand vous faites ça, vous attirez tout le monde, les femmes m'aimaient bien, les enfants, j'avais envie que tout le monde m'aime. Instinctivement, la chanson m'a rendu une fémininité. Quincy Jones était un type qui te disait : "ok, tu chantes, mais je ne sens rien du tout. Touche-moi, fais-moi pleurer." C'est ça qui est intéressant dans la musique : elle m'a tout donné, m'a faite maman, amie, épouse, tout. Je suis devenue un être humain grâce à la musique. C'est un apprivoisement.

*Entretien avec Dominique Simonet pour *La Libre Belgique* en 2007*

Whatever happened to... Nana Mouskouri



Whatever happened to... Nana Mouskouri

GREEK singer Nana Mouskouri became one of the world's biggest-selling female stars following her hit The White Rose of Athens in 1961.

By: Tony Padman

Published: Sat, August 24, 2013

Crete-born Nana, who lives with her second husband, music producer Andre Chapelle, in Geneva, has two children from her first marriage.

Nana, 78, who retired in 2008, was a Member of the European Parliament in the 90s and she has been a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador since 1993.

« I was three years old when we moved to Athens, where my father was a projectionist at the local outdoor cinema, which had a big screen in front of our little house. The stage in front of the cinema screen became my cloud where I could sing.

« I became far-sighted aged 11 and had to wear glasses. Later, as I became successful, I was advised to abandon them. I refused because I wanted to remain sincere to myself.

« There were sad years, which marked my early life. I lived through the Nazi occupation of Greece and the civil war started when I was 13. This was the saddest period of my life.

« I studied classical music at The Greek Conservatory but one day my professor banned me from my exams when he discovered I was singing in jazz nightclubs.

My parents and my teachers believed that it was harming my voice and that it was not the sort of music I should be following. I had to earn a living, so I continued singing jazz and pop music in night clubs.

« I got noticed on American Independence Day in 1957 after singing in English on the aircraft carrier USS Forrestal.

Manos Hadjidakis started writing songs for me and two of these won first and second prize at the first Greek Song Festival in 1959.

The White Rose of Athens, from a German documentary called Greece, Te Land of Dreams, won first prize at the Berlin Film Festival, and it became my first international success.

« I turned professional and began to grow as a singer with a broader repertoire of songs.

« I recorded my first album in 1962, produced by Quincy Jones, and since then, I've released about three albums a year.

Nana Mouskouri, singer, greece, athens, olympics, warAt one point, Mouskouri was one of the world's biggest selling stars

I felt it was a good time to retire when the Olympics were held in Greece in 2004, and I spent the next four years on a farewell tour.

« Then I did my frst tour with Harry Belafonte and, in 1969, my first concert at the Royal Albert Hall.

« I loved my BBC2 series, which was shown all around the world. Among the wonderful guests were Charles Aznavour, John Denver and Julio Iglesias. There is a time for everything, so the series stopped in the 80s.

« From 1994 to 1999, I was a Member of the European Parliament because I was convinced I could help my country.

« I became seriously involved with UNICEF through Audrey Hepburn's encouragement and then I was called upon to carry on her work as she became increasingly unwell. I've witnessed first hand the work they do to relieve the plight of children around the world.

« I felt it was a good time to retire when the Olympics were held in Greece in 2004, and I spent the next four years on a farewell tour.

I don't enjoy retirement, but it allows me to be with my family. Singing was and remains my first love, so I may do occasional concerts.

« I only wanted to discover with my songs if peace and love exists and I discovered that it does. »

For more information about UNICEF, go to www.unicef.org.uk. The international fan club website for Nana Mouskouri is www.nana-mouskouri.net.

Source : <http://www.express.co.uk/entertainment/music/424381/Whatever-happened-to-Nana-Mouskouri>