

DECEMBER, 1974

THE

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ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly



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For that extra-special present, there are Gift Cheques and Gift Vouchers - a nice way to give the recipient freedom of choice and expression.

The store operates its own Delivery Service too, so shopping is no longer represented by an ever-increasing load of parcels and packages and everything is accurately co-ordinated by the new IBM 360 installation, an electronic wizard.

A recent innovation is MINIPRI, the new Super Market and there is also a Lost and Found Department.

There is even a Complaints Department, although it's very small since it isn't used much.

Minion is essentially a friendly place and therefore regards its customers as Friends, for whom it strives constantly to be progressive, thoughtful in all things, and a perfect mirror of their good taste.

Merely to be "chic" is not enough.

MINION

Interad Advertising

community calendar

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

DECEMBER 1

Christmas Bazaar — The German Community's Annual Bazaar, Dorpfeld Gymnasium, Amaroussion.
Exhibition — Until December 20. Childrens books. At the French Institute.

DECEMBER 2

American Community Schools — P.T.A. meeting. At the Gymnasium, Halandri Campus, 7:30 p.m.
Exhibition — Until December 22. George Sikeliotis, paintings and prints. British Council.
Play Reading — *The Hollow Crown*. British Council, 8 p.m.
Short Films — Until December 7. Ten short films by Rene Clair. French Institute, 6 p.m., 8 p.m., 10 p.m.
Concert — The Vienna Orchestra. Dimotikon Theatron, Piraeus, 8:30 p.m. arranged by the Goethe Institute.
Recital — Leonardo Angeloni (flute), Jolanda Severi (piano). Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.
Recital — Yehudi Menuhin (violin), Louis Ketrner (piano). Olympia Theatre, Akademias Street.

Gourmet Dinner — Athens Hilton Supper Club.

DECEMBER 3

Starlight Buffet — Greek and International specialities and mouth-watering desserts. Athens Hilton.
Rotary Club — Dinner. Address by Joseph Bouhatar: *Scandals in Ancient Times* (in Greek). Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.

DECEMBER 4

Kaffee-Klatsch — For older members of the German Community. At Sina 66, 5 p.m.
Lecture — *The Influence of European Civilization on the Development of Contemporary Greece*. Given by the Austrian writer and Philhellene, Father Lawrence Gyomerey. (In Greek) Arranged by the Athinaion International Cultural Centre, Kefalinias 36a. For hour and location call 883-0707 or 822-193.
The Canadian Women's Club — Will meet at the home of Anastasia Petropoulos, Aetiphion 34, Holargos, 6 p.m. Tel. 651-4520.
Lecture — *Power of the City for the Active Civilization* by Hilman Hoffman. Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.
Concert — The Orchestra of the University of Athens. Terpsichore Room, Athens Hilton.

DECEMBER 5

Play Reading — See December 2.
Christmas Bazaar — Organised by AWOG at the Apergi Hotel, Kifissia. Call: Wanda Angelo: 808-0421.
Duplicate Bridge — Bidding in English. American Club, 7:30 p.m. Open to all. Call Jo Heller: 894-3376.
Fashion Show — Until December 10. Men's Fashions presented by Vouloubassakis. Athens Hilton.
Greek folk Dances — Lyceum of Greek Women. Aliko Theatre, 6:30 p.m.

DECEMBER 6

Coffee Morning — The St. Andrew's Women's Guild will meet at the home of Lillian Wallace, Efkliou 3, Kifissia. Tel. 801-2520.
Play Reading — See December 2.
Films — Hilman Hoffman presents short films from the Oberhansen Festival. Goethe Institute, 5 p.m. and 8 p.m.
Hunting Festival — Until December 15. Game specialities served at the 'Pavillion de Chasse' (Taverna Ta Nissia), Athens Hilton.

DECEMBER 7

Handicraft Sale — American Youth Club, 10:30 a.m.

DECEMBER 8

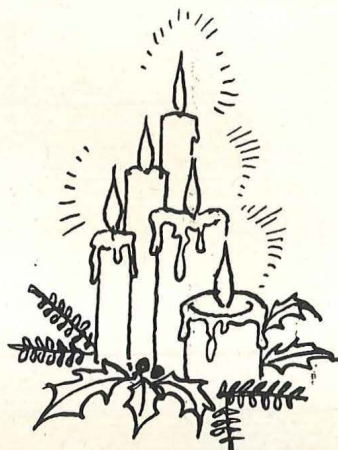
Hellenic International School — Annual Christmas Bazaar. At Kastri, 2 p.m. - 6 p.m.

DECEMBER 9

Lecture — *Chandigarh* given by Miss Jane Drew and Mrs E. Maxwell Fry. British Council, 8 p.m.
Recital — Kussmaul (violin), Leonhard (piano). Dimotikon Theatron, Piraeus, 8:30 p.m. Arranged by the Goethe Institute.
Gourmet Dinner — Athens Hilton Supper Club.

DECEMBER 10

Film — *Animal Farm*. British Council, 8 p.m.
AWOG — Trip to Tourkolimano to visit some fine yachts and the Maritime Museum. Call Liz Wakeman: 801-4789 or Nancy Carouso: 681-5835.
Cours Public — *The First School of Paris (14th Century)*. French Institute, 11:30 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.
Exhibition — *Modern Italian Artists*. Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.
Starlight Buffet — See December 3.
Rotary Club — Celebration Banquet. The Silver Medal will be presented to Christoforos Katsaban in recognition of his services to the Nation. Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.



DECEMBER 11

Round Table Discussion — *Street Accidents* (in Greek) under the auspices of the Greek-German Medical Association. Goethe Institute, 9 p.m.
Kaffee-Klatsch — For younger members of the German Community. A special children's program. At Sina 66, 4:30 p.m.
Film — See December 10.
Concert — The Orchestra of the University of Athens. Terpsichore Room, Athens Hilton.

DECEMBER 12

Recital — Cornelia Mayer, flute, and Rosemary Judt, piano. British Council, 8 p.m.
Duplicate Bridge — See December 5
Recital — Katy Kopanijsa sings French songs. French Institute, 8 p.m.
Greek Folk Dances — See December 5.

DECEMBER 13

Lecture — *Israel* given by Dr. Weber. Illustrated with slides. (In German) at Sina 66, 8:30 p.m.
For Children — *Le cerf-volant du bout du monde*. French Institute, 5 p.m.
Opera — *Orpheus and Eurydice* by Gluck. The National Opera (Lyriki Skini) at the Olympia Theatre, Akademias Street.

DECEMBER 14

Slave Sale — Do you have odd jobs which need doing? The 'slaves' will sell their services. At the American Youth Club, 10:30 a.m.
Raffle Drawing — First prize a black sable coat. At the American Youth Club, 11:30 a.m.
Marionette Theatre — *Peter and the Wolf and The Silver Christmas Bell*. For children four years old and over. Goethe Institute, 6 p.m.

DECEMBER 15

Oratorio — *Palestine* by G. William Crotch. Sung by the Athens Choral Group. St. Andrew's Church, 8 p.m.
Choral Concert — The Piraeus Choir. Dimotikon Theatron, Piraeus.

DECEMBER 16

Lecture — *La Camera Degli Sposi*. The famous Mantegna fresco in the S. Giorgio Tower, Mantova. Given by Rodolfo Signorini (in Greek). Illustrated with a film (in Italian). Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

DECEMBER 17

Christmas Music — At Sina 66, 8:30 p.m.
Christmas Carols — British Council, 8 p.m.
Cours Public — *French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Urban Scapes of the 15th Century*. French Institute, 11:30 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.
Starlight Buffet — See December 3.
Rotary Club — Dinner. To be addressed by Andreas Laskaratos: *Tourism and Folklore Elements* (in Greek). Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.

DECEMBER 18

Christmas Carols — See December 17.

DECEMBER 19

Hellenic International School — Christmas holidays through January 7.
Campion School — Christmas holidays through January 7.
Duplicate Bridge — See December 5.
Greek Folk Dances — See December 5.

DECEMBER 20

A.C.S. — Halandri and Hellinikon Campuses. Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence on January 7.
St. Catherines School — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
Pierce College — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
Ursuline School — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
For Children — *Le voyage en ballon*. French Institute, 5 p.m.
Christmas Concert — Under the auspices of the Greek-Italian Union. Parnassos Hall, Platia Karitsi, 7:30 p.m.

DECEMBER 21

Athens International School — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
Athens College — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
Handicraft Sale — See December 7.

DECEMBER 23

Films — Two short films for children. British Council, 5 p.m. and 6 p.m.
Dorpfeld Gymnasium — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.
Italian School — Christmas holidays begin. Lessons recommence January 7.

DECEMBER 24

Christmas Service — At Christos Kirche, Sina 66. For families with children: 5 p.m. For adults: 7 p.m.
Reveillon — At the Supper Club and the Taverna Ta Nissia, Athens Hilton.
Reveillon — At the Astir Hotel, Vouliagmeni.

DECEMBER 31

Reveillon — At the Supper Club and the Taverna Ta Nissia, Athens Hilton.
Reveillon — At the Astir Hotel, Vouliagmeni.

THE ATHENIAN

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in this issue

Goings on In Athens 6

Our Town 13

The New Democracy Begins 15

The Unique World of Spyros Vassiliou 17

The Holiday Shopper 20

Christmas Eve: A Short Story 27

Flokati: Greece's Shaggy Rug Story 31

Pencil Sketches of Greece 33

Theatre 35

Music 38

Cinema 40

Books 41

Art 43

A Visit to the Land of Make-Believe 44

Eleni Pappa: Coffee-Maker to the Sultan 45

Housekeeper's Grab Bag

Kosmos 48

Radio & Television 49

publisher's note

This month the well-known painter Spyros Vassiliou is exhibiting in Athens for the first time in many years. Two of the artist's friends, noted in their fields, honour the occasion in this issue of The Athenian. Nikos Karydis, the poet and publisher, has written an intimate testament, while Basil Kazandzis, the novelist and journalist, discusses the artist's world. Our art critic, Nikos Stavroulakis, reviews the Vassiliou exhibit in the Art Section.

Antonis Samarakis is a leading Greek author of international reputation. Born in Athens in 1919 and a graduate of the University of Athens, Faculty of Law, he has held a variety of posts in the Greek Ministry of Labour. He has also taken up numerous international assignments, including work for the United Nations in Africa.

An outspoken critic of the Junta, Samarakis now lives in Athens with his wife while working on a new novel about the problems of young people today. For this issue Kimon Friar has translated a short story from Samarakis' collection, Arnoumai, (I Deny).

Our cover is the second by Sofia Zarambouka, writer and illustrator of children's books.

goings on in athens

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS



CHRISTMAS CARDS

A set of seven cards, depicting art treasures from the museums in Cyprus, are now on sale at the XEN (YWCA) Gift Shop, Amerikis 11. Proceeds will go towards alleviating the plight of refugees on Cyprus. Firms wishing to purchase in large quantities may phone 624-293.

Christmas cards from the Society of the Friends of the Trees may be obtained from Anne Cipollaro, Pesmazoglou 20, Kifissia. Tel. 801-2517.

Christmas cards depicting treasures in the Benaki Museum are now on sale at Koumbari Street, during museum hours.

CHILDRENS' THEATRE

Athena — *Puss in Boots*. Produced by Xenia Kalogeropoulou. (in Greek). Tel. 837-330.

Erevna — *Psst... Psst*. Produced by Dimitri Potamitis. (in Greek). Tel. 780-826. For all details please call the theatres.

PLANETARIUM

The Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue (near the Race Course). December 1: *The Sky in December*, 12 noon. December 9 - January 5: *The Christmas Star*, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, 7 p.m. December 29: *Music Under the Stars — Christmas in Other Countries*, 12 noon. In Greek but of interest to all. Foreign language programs can be arranged. Contact Mrs Vereketi at 933-3333.

FOR THE KIDS

CREATIVE DRAMA AND ART, courses for boys and girls over the age of six. Group and individual drama, English in action, making and talking. Small classes for individual attention. Ruth Burns Pantoleon, your play instructor, was trained in Educational Drama at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, Bristol, England and at the University of London. Call her for more details at 646-0719.

CHRISTMAS GETAWAY

Christmas can be a very exhausting time for the woman of the family who has to see to all the preparations for the feast. For those who want to give themselves a rest from the mammoth cook-up and who want to be able to rest and enjoy themselves over these festive days, the Astir Hotel, Vouliagmeni, is offering two special 'packages' for Christmas and New Year.

The Christmas package offers a three-day festive program. It starts on December 24 with a special Christmas Eve dinner dance. On December 25 you take Christmas lunch or dinner and on December 26 there will be a Fashion Show presented by the well known designer Yannis Travassaras at 11:30 a.m. followed by a special buffet lunch. It ends with breakfast on December 27. This three-day vacation is offered for only 4,200 Drs for two persons on a half-board basis. Christmas dinner only costs 550 Drs per person.

The New Year package starts on December 30 and includes the New Year's celebrations. The package ends on January 2 after breakfast. The cost is 3,930 for two persons. New Year's Eve dinner dance only costs 660 Drs per person. For reservations call Miss Tsimberli at 896-0796.

THE FINISHING TOUCH

The whole family can have spanking hair-do's for Christmas by visiting the famous house of haute coiffure, 'George', at the Athens Tower. 'George' has opened a Junior Club where the young are issued special membership cards entitling them to a 20% reduction. Husbands and sons are also taken care of between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. Cars can be parked at the Tower underground garage. 'George', Athens Tower, Messoghion 2, tel. 702-567, 788-065.

Dr. Maria Sten, the well known journalist and writer, will give three lectures in December on Mexican Manuscripts and Pre-Spanish Theatre at the Spanish Institute. For information call 634-931.

CHRISTMAS MUSICAL OFFERING

On Sunday, December 15th, at 8 p.m., the Athens Choral Group under the direction of Dr. Robert B. Betts, will present a performance of the Christmas oratorio, *Palestine*, by Dr. William Crotch (1775-1847) at Saint Andrew's American Church, 66 Sina Street. Considered one of the greatest oratorios of the 19th century, *Palestine* was composed in 1814 in the style of Handel's *Messiah* by one of England's foremost composers of the post-Handelian era, and throughout the Victorian period was a standard offering of British choral societies. The text of the oratorio is by Reginald Heber (1783-1826), an Anglican clergyman who for the last three years of his life served as Bishop of Calcutta, India, and who wrote some of the most beloved Protestant hymns, including *Holy, Holy, Holy*, and *Brightest and Best*. In the past few years there has been a Crotch revival in both England and America, resulting in the performance of *Palestine* for the first time in many decades last Christmas at Cambridge University under the auspices of the newly-formed William Crotch Society of Saint John's College. Admission is without charge, and the public is cordially invited.

TOYS FOR CYPRUS

The Elliniki Merimna, in collaboration with the Social Services Ministry, is collecting toys for Cypriot children for Christmas. If you have toys in good condition to bring joy to a homeless child please take them to Ipitou 7 (off Voulis Street, Syntagma) on Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

SAINTS DAYS OCCURRING DURING THIS MONTH: It is traditional in Greece to send greetings to your friends on their 'namedays'. These greetings may take the form of a phone call, a cable, or a gift of flowers, sweets, etc.

DEC. 4 Barbara
DEC. 5 Savvas
DEC. 6 Nikolaos, Nikos, Nicoletta
DEC. 9 Anna, Anna-Maria
DEC. 12 Spyros, Spyridon,
DEC. 13 Efstratios, Efstratia, Stratos
DEC. 15 Eleftherios, Eleftheria
DEC. 17 Dionysios, Dionysia
DEC. 19 Aglaia, Lilly
DEC. 21 Themistoklis, Themis
DEC. 24 Evgenia, Eugene
DEC. 25 Christos, Christiana, Christina
DEC. 26 Emmanuel
DEC. 27 Stephanos, Stephanie, Stephen
JAN. 1 Vassiliki, Vassili, Basil, Vasso
JAN. 6 Fanny, Theofania, Fotis, Fotinos, Fotini, Fofa, Ourania, Theodouli

MUSEUMS

THE AGORA MUSEUM, in the Stoa of Attalos, entrance from either Platia Thession or Adrianou 24, Plaka (Tel: 321-0185). The Stoa was reconstructed in 1953-56. Used in ancient times for promenading, retail trading, etc., it now houses the finds from the Agora excavations many of which were the everyday paraphernalia of the bustling market place. Originally built for the city by Attalos II of Pergammon (159-138 BC). Open daily: 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

THE ACROPOLIS MUSEUM, located on the Acropolis (Tel: 323-6665). This museum contains all the portable objects discovered on the Acropolis since 1834 save for bronzes and vases which are housed at the National (see below). Open daily: 9 a.m. - 5.00 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

ATHENS NUMISMATIC COLLECTION, first floor, National Archaeological Museum (Tel: 817-769). One of the world's finest collections of tokens, coins and seals from the 7th century B.C. to the present. Open Daily: 8 a.m. - 2.30 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BENAKI MUSEUM, Vassilissis Sophias and Koumbari St. (Tel: 611-617). A treasure of art — predominantly Greek — from prehistoric times to the present, housed in a fine neo-classical building. A unique collection of folk costumes and handicrafts, historical relics of Modern Greece, Byzantine and post-Byzantine icons, manuscripts, church vestments, etc., an unusual display of Chinese porcelain, to name a few. Open daily: 8.30 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

BYZANTINE MUSEUM, Vassilissis Sophias 22 (Tel: 711-027). In the Florentine-style villa built in 1848 for the Duchess of Plaisance. Byzantine and post-Byzantine icons; frescoes; illuminated manuscripts, church vestments with remarkable examples of the art of embroidery; church plates and jewellery. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

THE GOULANDRIS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Levidou 13, Kifissia (Tel: 801-5870). The first centre in Greece devoted to the study of flora, zoology, entomology, geology and paleontology. Exhibition halls open daily and Sundays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 5 p.m. - 8 p.m. Closed on Fridays.

KERAMIKOS MUSEUM, Ermou 148 (Monastiraki) (Tel: 363-552). Located in the ancient cemetery, it houses the finds from the excavation of the cemetery. Archaic and classical funerary sculpture and a collection of pottery from the pre-Mycenean period down to the Roman period. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 5.00 p.m. Sundays and 10.00 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

MUSEUM OF GREEK POPULAR ART, Kythathineon 17, Plaka (Tel: 321-3018). A limited but excellent collection of embroideries, traditional folk costumes, wood-carvings, jewellery, metal-work, and pottery attesting to the craftsmanship and traditions of pre-industrial Greece. Open daily: 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Tositsa and Patisision Street. (Tel: 817-717). The world's finest collection of ancient Greek art - from the prehistoric Geometric period down to the Hellenistic. Finds from Santorini are on display on the first floor up. Open daily from 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

NATIONAL HISTORICAL MUSEUM, on Stadiou St. (near Syntagma) (Tel: 323-7617). Housed in the old Parliament Building, designed by Boulanger and built in 1858. A collection of relics, mementoes and memorabilia from the wars and revolutions which created the modern Greek nation. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. Closed Mondays.

NATIONAL PICTURE GALLERY, Vassileos Konstantinou (opposite the Hilton Hotel) (Tel: 711-010). Works by Greek painters from the 18th century to the present. A few El Grecos and a collection of works by Italian, Flemish and Dutch masters. Of special interest: a collection of sketches, including drawings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Watteau and others, and the exhibit of engravings - from Durer and Brueghel to Braque and Picasso. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. 4 p.m. - 8 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS — Kokkinides paintings (until December 31). Kriezotou 7, Open daily 8:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings open 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 634-454.

GALLERY IOLAS-ZOUMBOULAKIS — Pavlos, paintings and objects (December 12 - January 31). 20 Filikis Eterias (Kolonaki Square). Open daily 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Tel. 608-278.

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY — Sula Koumbi, paintings (until December 9). Valia Nelavitsky, paintings (December 11 - 31). Kydathineon Street, Platia Filomousou Eterias. Open daily and Sundays 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. 322-4618.

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY — Permanent group show of Greek and foreign artists. Diogenes Street, Plaka. Open daily and Sundays 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. 322-6942.

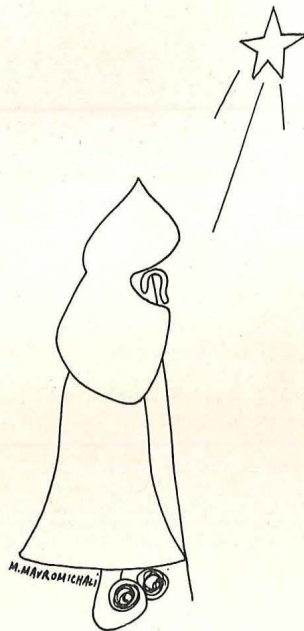
NEES MORPHES — Vekerzdis, paintings (until December 5). Fanourakis, paintings (December 6 - 19). Stylianos, paintings (January 8 - 23). Valaoritou 9a. Open daily 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Saturdays 2 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 616-165.

ATHENS GALLERY — Spyros Vassiliou, still lifes (until December 30). Zouni, constructions (January 2 - 31). Glykonos 4, Dexamini. Open daily 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Saturdays 1:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 713-938.

GALLERY LYBERAKI — Livani, oils (until December 31). Solonos 19. Open daily 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. - 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays 2 p.m. Tel. 626-595.

GALLERY DESMOS — Yannis Mihas, constructions (until December 14). Votsis and Kourousis, paintings, Savides, sculptures (December 16 - 31). Leoforos Syngrou 4. Open daily 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Tel. 910-521.

GALLERY SEVEN — Leonor Fini, paintings (continues until February). Voulis 7. Open daily 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Wednesdays and Saturdays 1:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 324-1695.



ART GALLERIES

The following exhibitions may be subject to change.

GALLERY ORA — Houliaras, paintings and drawings, on the first level (until December 14). Skotinos, paintings, on the second level (until December 13). Kalakaki, Kadzourakis and Vouvousoglou, paintings, on the first and second levels (December 16 - January 6). Xenofondos 7. Open daily 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 322-6632.

LIBRARIES

AMERICAN LIBRARY — Massalias 22, 4th floor of Hellenic American Union. Tel. 638-114. 14,000 American books on all subjects; periodicals; records; reading room. (Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 9 p.m.)

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES — GENNADIUS LIBRARY — Souidias 61. Tel. 710-536. a research library on Greece of all periods, from antiquity to the present. Permanent display of rare books, manuscripts and pictures. (Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1:15 p.m.)

ATHENS COLLEGE LIBRARY — Psychico. Tel. 671-4628 ext. 60. 25,000 books in English. (Mon. - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m., 2:30 p.m. - 4 p.m.) By permission only.

goings on in athens



BENAKIOS LIBRARY — Anthimiou Gazi 2 (near statue of Kolokotroni). Tel. 322-7148. (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., closed Saturdays.)

BRITISH COUNCIL LIBRARY — Kolonaki Square. Tel. 633-211. English books on various subjects; reference library; reading room; record library. (Mon. - Thurs. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 8:45 p.m., Fri. 9 - 1 Closed Sats.)

BRITISH EMBASSY INFORMATION DEPARTMENT LIBRARY — Karageorgi Servias 2, Syntagma Square. Tel. 736-211 ext. 227 A reference, not a lending library, with material on the British way of life. (Mon. Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 2 p.m., Tues. and Wed. 4 p.m. - 7 p.m.)

FRENCH INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Sina 29. Tel. 614-841. French books and records. (Mon. - Sat. 9:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., except Saturday.)

GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE — Pheidon 1. Tel. 620-270. (Mon-Sat. 9 a.m. - 12; 2 p.m. - 5 p.m.; - 8 p.m. — according to the holder's card.)

GOETHE INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Phidiou 14 - 16. Tel. 636-086. German books and records. (Mon. - Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.)

GREEK ANIMAL WELFARE FUND LENDING LIBRARY — Paster 12. Tel. 6435-391. (Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.)

HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION LIBRARY — Massalias 22, 7th floor. Tel. 638-114. Most books in Greek; a few books in English on ancient and modern Greece; records. (Mon - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. Closed Sats.)

ITALIAN INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Patission 47. Tel. 529-294. (Mon. - Fri. and every other Saturday 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.)

NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTRE LIBRARY — Vassileos Constantinou 48. Tel. 729-811 (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 4 p.m. - 8:45 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m.)

NATIONAL LIBRARY — Panepistimiou Ave. Tel. 614-413. (Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., except Saturday.)

NATIONAL THEATRE LIBRARY — Aghios Constantinou. Tel. 520-585, ext. 24 Books on drama and theatre. (Mon-Sat. 7.30 a.m. - 2 p.m.)

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL LIBRARY — Patission St. tel. 611-859. Books on architecture, engineering, etc. (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 7:45 p.m., Sats. 8 a.m. - 1:45 p.m.)

PIERCE COLLEGE LIBRARY — Aghia Paraskevi. Tel. 659-3250, ext. 334. (Mon. - Fri, 8:30 a.m. - 6 p.m.)

PARLIAMENT LIBRARY — Vassilissis Sophias Ave. Tel. 323-8350. (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.)

MISCELLANY

INSTITUTES

British Council, Philikis Eterias 17 (Kolonaki Square), tel. 633-211.
French Institute, Sina 29, tel. 610-013.
Goethe Institute, Fidiou 14-16, tel. 636-086.
Hellenic American Union, Massalias 22, tel. 629-886.
Italian Institute, Patission 47, tel. 529-294.
Spanish Institute, Koumbari 8, tel. 634-931.

ADULT EDUCATION

At the British Council: *Introduction to English Literature*, until May, 1975. Classes will meet two evenings a week, from 7 p.m. - 9 p.m. Tel. 633-211.

The Athens YWCA (XEN), Amerikis 11, tel. 624-291. Courses in pottery and painting, handicrafts, Greek for foreigners and gymnastics beginning October 1. For all information contact Miss Griva.

The Athens YMCA (XAN), Omirou 28 & Academias, tel. 614-944, 626-970. Courses in English (Lower Cambridge), French and Greek for foreigners, shorthand, accounting, sewing, gymnastics.

Downtown Campus of Deree College, Athens Tower 'C', tel. 780-329. Day and evening courses in the English language, the Greek language and Business Administration.

The American Community Schools are offering evening classes at the Halandri Campus: Conversational Modern Greek; The History of Ancient Greek Thought; Film-Making, from Screenplay to Screen; Greek Folk Dances; Introduction to Digital Computers and Photography. Open to all. For further information contact the Community Relations Office, Tel. 659-3200.

MUSIC

Musical events held at the various institutes are listed under Community Calender.

THE LYRIKI SKINI (National Opera Company), Olympia Theatre, Akademias Street, Tel. 612-461. (See Community Calendar).

THE ATHENS STATE ORCHESTRA holds regular Monday night concerts. Rex Theatre, Panepistimiou Street, 8:30 p.m. Tel. 620-320.

CONSERVATOIRES

The three conservatoires listed are the recognised schools of music in Athens. Foreigners are accepted if professors of the instrument they wish to study speak their language.

Ellinikon Odion, Didotou 53, Tel. 620-098. Founded in 1899.

Ethnikon Odion, Mezonos 8, Tel. 533-175. Founded in 1926.

Odion Athinon, Piraios 35, Tel. 522-811. Founded in 1871.

MUSIC & MOVEMENT

The Matey School, Dimocharous 27, Tel. 711-429. Courses in the 'Orf' System, modern dance, ballet, ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of three but there is a waiting list. Greek, English, French, German spoken.

The Pratsica School, Aristodemou Pappa 4, Tel. 646-6972. Mrs Pratsica has her own system. Ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of three. Greek, English, German spoken.

The Karela School, Mithimnis 19, Platia Amerikis, Tel. 858-235. Courses in the 'Orf' System, modern dance, ballet, ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of four and a half. Languages: Greek, French, German.

YOGA

The Yoga Institute, Mavromateon 2a (by the National Museum), Tel. 819-345 between 8-9 a.m. and 1-4 p.m. One hour twice weekly: 600 Drs a month. One hour a week for ten weeks: 650 Drs. Miss Milioni studied Yoga for ten years in Australia and India. This institute has an excellent reputation.

RECREATIONAL

EXCURSIONS

The following clubs plan interesting excursions too numerous to list in the limited space available. Please contact them direct for all information.

The Greek Touring Club, Polytechnion 12, Patissia, tel. 548-600.

The Greek Alpine Club, Karayiorgi Servias 7, Syntagma, tel. 323-1867. Open between 10 a.m. and 12 noon, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

The Federation of Greek Excursion Clubs, Dragatsaniou 4, Platia Klathmonos, tel. 323-4107.

BADMINTON

Those interested in forming a Badminton Club please contact Squibb, Messoghion Avenue and Tzavella 67, Kato Halandri. Tel. 671-0611 Ext. 21.

GOLF

The Glyfada Golf Club, Glyfada (894-6820). Membership requires two regular Greek members as sponsors. Initial membership is 20,000 Drs for one person and 30,000 Drs for a couple. Yearly membership fee of 3,000 Drs for one person and 4,500 Drs for a couple. Visitors to Greece pay a daily fee of 120 Drs on weekdays and 240 Drs on weekends; for 15 days, 1,200 Drs; for a month, 2,100 Drs. A caddy costs 100 Drs for one round (18 Holes). To rent clubs costs 75 Drs and golf carts, 25 Drs. The course has an overall distance of 6,125 meters or 6,725 yards, with 18 holes. Famous Scots golfer Hector Thomson, George Sotiropoulos and Beatrice Stergiou are the club's professionals. Clubhouse contains a restaurant, a tv room, changing facilities and showers. Open 7 days a week from 7 a.m. to sunset year round. For information call Mr. Dedes.

THEATRE

Regular evening performances begin at 9:00, 9:15, or 9:30. Matinees are at 6:00, 6:15 or 6:30 on Saturdays and Sundays — as well as on one week-day. It varies from theatre to theatre.

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR — Pavlos Matessis' adaptation of the Allen Ayckbourn play stars Vera Zavitsianou and Angelos Antonopoulos. This English middle-class farce is directed by Minas Christidis. Lilla Papayanni, Katerina Vassilakou and Nikos Aperghis complete the cast. (*Diana*, Ippokratous 7, Tel. 321-0237)

THE ADVENTURER — Written in 1835 by A. Hourmouzis and never before produced, this period satire is set in the early days of the new 'free' Greek state under the Bavarian autocracy. Hourmouzis, a leader of the Revolution, having first suffered through it, was one of the first to suffer from it. The Elefthero Theatro group presents the play under team direction with music by George Papadakis and sets and costumes by Savvas Haratsidis. (*Vretania*, Panepistimiou 7, Tel. 322-1579).

THE ADVENTURES OF ADAM AND EVE — This new play by actor-director-playwright Dimitri Potamitis has been influenced by Cohout's *August*, *August* which was so successful last year. (*Erevna*, Ilission Kerassoutos, Tel. 780-826).

ALEXANDER'S EAR — Kasia Analyti and Kostas Rigopoulos give remarkable performances in Kostas Mourselas' bitter satire of social cannibalism. With Makis Rematas, Ilias Logothetis, Nikos Pangratis and Katerina Bobou. Victor Pagoulatos directs with sets by George Anemoyannis and musical arrangement by Danae Evangelidis. (*Analyti*, Antoniadou 4, opposite OTE, Tel. 839-739). See Review.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD — Elli Lambetti and Dimitri Papamihail star and Minos Volonakis directs the Chekhov classic. (*Dionysia*, Amerikis 10, Tel. 624-021).

DANTON'S DEATH — Alexis Minotis, the new general Director of the National Theatre, opens the season with George Buchner's epic of the French Revolution. Minotis himself directs an enormous cast of nearly one hundred employing all the actors and actresses of the theatre. An important production not to be missed. (National, Aghiou Konstantinou - Koumoudourou, Tel. 523-242).

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — Nikos Kourkoulos stars in this drama by Brecht, translated and directed by Alexis Solomos. Sets and costumes are by Ioanna Papantoniou. The cast includes George Moschidis, Nora Valsami, and Kaiti Lambropoulos. (*Kappa*, Kypselis 2, Tel. 883-1068).

FEAR AND MISERY UNDER THE THIRD REICH — Known in English also under the title *The Private Life of the Master Race*. Another Bertolt Brecht play, this one presented by Karolos Koun and translated by Petros Markaris. (*Technis*, Stadiou 52, Tel. 322-8706).

FOR A JUNTAFUL OF DOLLARS — A handful of entertainment from the pens of Freddy Germanos and Kyr. A new review with music by Stavros Xarhakos, lyrics by Nikos Gatsos, sets by Nikos Petropoulos, choreography by Vangelis Silinos and directed by George Mihailidis. Stavros Paravas, Zoe Laskari, Dionysis Papayannopoulos, Yannis Mihalopoulos, Betty Arvaniti, Anna Madzourani and Titika Stasinopoulou lead a cast of over seventy. (*Kotopouli*, Panepistimiou 48, Tel. 614-592).



I WANT TO SEE MUSSOV — A Russian farce as adapted by Mark Sauvejon and translated by Marios Ploritis. Presented and directed by Kostas Moussouris, sets and costumes by John Stefanellis and musical arrangement by Alkis Lymouris. Though the farce is weak, the presentation is excellent. Mimis Fotopoulos is the guest star. (*Moussouris*, Karytsi Square 6, Tel. 322-7248) Reviewed in Nov. issue.

ISABELLA, THREE CARAVELS AND A STORY TELLER — Karolos Koun presents this satirical folk play based on Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella. This work by Dario Fo has been translated by Kostis Skalioras. (*Veaki*, Stournara 52, Tel. 523-522).

MANDO MAVROYENOUS — Aliko Vouyouklaki and Manos Katrakis star in George Roussos' historical drama about a great heroine of the War of Independence. The music by Mikis Theodorakis was especially written for this play with lyrics by Vangelis Goufas. Sets and costumes by Spyros Vassiliou. Directed by Kostas Mihailidis. Nikitas Tsakiroglou, Athina Mihailidou, Anna Paitatzi and Vyrion Pallis are among a cast of thirty actors. See Review. (*Aliki*, Amerikis 4, Tel. 323-6447).

MIKROASTIKA — The famous record of the same name describing the life of the petit bourgeoisie in Athens in the Fifties has been adapted to the stage, duly expanded and enriched. The original music and words by Loukianos Kilaidon and Yannis Negropontis has been preserved. Hara Kandreviotou is the director

and Dimitri Yeros has designed the sets. (*Mikro Theatro*, Kerkyras and Riou, Tel. 822-5156).

PLUTUS — The modern Greek text of this Aristophanes classic has been made by the famous poet Kostas Vernalis. Music by Nikiforos Rotas. Sets, costumes and masks by Liza Zaimi. The founder of the Free Circle which presents this production, Kanellos Apostolou, is the director. He also leads a cast which includes Olga Tournaki, Iakovos Psaras and Athanassios Proussalis. (*Rialto*, Kypselis 34, Tel. 837-003).

THE PRIVATE TUTOR — Xenia Kaloyeropoulou and Yannis Fertis present Brecht's adaptation of Lenz's play, *The Private Tutor*. (*Athina*, Derigny 10, Tel. 837-330) See Review.

RED ROSES FOR ME — Sean O'Casey's play about the younger generation's desire for artistic and political freedom. This production of Kostas Karras emphasizes the heroic rather than the human side of the drama. The music by Stavros Xarhakos is excellent. Adapted by Pavlos Matessis, directed by Kostas Bakas and sets and costumes by Ioanna Papantoniou. Kostas Karras leads a cast including Nelli Anghelidou, Anna Veneti and Stavros Konstantopoulos. (*Alambra*, Stournara 53, Tel. 527-497).

REQUIEM FOR A NUN — A revival of the play based on the novel by William Faulkner. Translated and directed by Dimitri Myrat. Sets are by Petros Zoumboulakis. Voula Zoumboulaki, Myrat and Soula Athanasiadis are in the cast. (*Athinon*, Voukourestiou 10, Tel. 323-5524) See Review.

THIS TREE WAS NOT CALLED PATIENCE — A story of resistance against dictatorship that links the German occupation with the Junta period. The Repertory Theatre of Nikos Hadziskos and Titika Nikiforaki present this play by Notis Peryalis with music by Theodorakis and sets by Periklis Dourannis. The cast, directed by Hadziskos, includes Maria Foka and Nikos Pangrios. (*Kava*, Stadiou 50, Tel. 321-0237).

THE TRIAL OF THE HARRISBURG SEVEN — Rev. Daniel Berrigan's theatre-documentary has been translated and directed by Minos Volonakis. It presents the famous trial of Roman Catholic liberals in the U.S. during the Vietnam War. Alekos Alexandrakis and Nonina Galinea are the leading actors. (*Sineak*, Panepistimiou 48, Tel. 620-320).

THE TRIAL OF THE SIX — Another documentary based on the trial and execution of six political and military leaders after the defeat of the Greeks in Asia Minor in 1922. Written by actor-director George Mihalidis. (*Anihto Theatro*, Kefaliniis 18, Tel. 835-070).

WE HAVE A LEADER WITH EYEBROWS — Another satirical revue by Pretenderis and Mihailidis with music by Iakovidis, sets by Nikos Petropoulos and directed Fotis Metaxopoulos. The cast includes Moustakas, Fonsou, Voyadzis, Prekas and Stylianopoulou. (*Vembo*, Karolou 18, Tel. 523-453).

CINEMA

- AIRPORT 1975** (Aerodromio, 1975) A year for sequels. Soon *The Godfather, Part Two*; now, a second dose of 'inspired' Arthur Hailey. A new cast including Charlton Heston, Karen Black, George Kennedy, Helen Reddy, Sid Caesar and Gloria Swanson. The story: a small plane crashes into a Jumbo! (GA)
- AMARCORD** (Thimame) Like a good wine, Fellini mellows as he grows older. *Amarcord*, which means 'I remember,' is a collage of memories of his childhood in a small Italian town in the Thirties. One of his best works and certainly one of his most intelligible, the film blends humour, nostalgia, confusion, and even a touch of fear as fascism is glanced in passing. Fellini buffs will find his usual array of unusual characters. The early classroom scenes are brilliant comedy and the final wedding scene by the sea with a 'Paradisio' sign in the background, is a human yet gently absurd wink at Dante's *Divine Comedy*. All shot with the warm, glowing colours of a favourite faded photograph. (R)
- CHINATOWN** Roman Polanski, now working in America, has fused his technical fluency with an uncanny grasp of American style and subject matter to direct a near perfect detective entertainment about Los Angeles in the 1930's. Jack Nicholson is the glib, suspicious, professional private eye; J.J. Gittis has the cinematic charisma of Bogart at his best. Robert Towne (*The Last Detail*) has scripted the story which involves a neurotic Faye Dunaway and a talented John Huston. The film is Polanski's tribute to Huston who directed perhaps the best detective film of them all, *The Maltese Falcon*. Polanski noses his way into the film in a Hitchcock-like appearance. (R)
- THE CONVERSATION** (E Synomilia) Winner of the 1974 Cannes Film Festival, Francis Ford Coppola's story of an expert wire tapper (Gene Hackman) who is haunted by guilt and afraid of losing his own privacy, is a chilling tale reflecting the moral dangers of electronic surveillance. Coppola (*The Godfather*) began his film before Watergate was a national issue, but such echoes (as well as those of the late junta in Greece) add a touch of frightening immediacy. (R)
- DIRTY MARY, CRAZY LARRY** (E Prostihi Mary kai O Trellos O Larry) John Hough directs Peter Fonda, Adam Roarke and Susan George in a film largely devoted to car races and chases. Fonda and Roarke are two fellows on the bum who extort money from a supermarket manager to pay for a racing car. (R)
- THE FIFTH OFFENSIVE** (Stratarhis Tito) Richard Burton and Irene Papas star in this epic effort, which narrates Tito's career during the Second World War. Music by Theodorakis.
- GOLD** (Chryssafi) The new James Bond, Roger Moore, teams up with Peter Hunt the director of several Bond capers, to produce a tale that at times suggests an Ian Flemming adventure. The plot concerns the flooding of a South African gold mine in order to corner the gold market.
- LACOMBE LUCIEN** (Lacomb, Lucien, Praktor Tis Gestapo) The title refers to the main character, a French provincial youth who drifts into collaboration with the Gestapo during the closing months of World War II. Lucien (Pierre Blaise) is at first seduced by the glitter of power and the good life led by the German agents in an old chateau, but begins to develop a degree of tenderness as he falls for a young Jewish woman whose father he cruelly drives to self-destruction. Louis Malle has scripted and directed this tough but subtle film, which at times reminds one of Bresson's work. It is shot with flawless technique and a rich eye for cinematic texture.
- THE LAST DETAIL** (To Teleftaio Apospasma) Two American career sailors (Jack Nicholson and Otis Young), one white, the other black, are chosen for SP duty to escort a young sailor from Norfolk, Va., to the Marine Prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In the course of the five-day trip Nicholson manages to show the frightened boy a slice of life in Washington, New York and Boston. Although the prisoner-sailor begins to have confidence in himself, he is left at the end to face an eight year sentence behind bars. Nicholson dominates this subtle story with a script by his friend, Robert Towne, capturing the surface bravado but hidden anxiety of a swabbie without a future but never without a joke, a gesture, and an excuse for adventure. Directed by Hal Ashby.
- MERESTOU 1936** (Days of '36) Greek director Thodoros Anghelopoulos has created a film about a political prisoner who holds a minister as a hostage in an effort to escape the authorities. Winner of the Best Director prize at the Salonika Film Festival in 1972, Anghelopoulos has caught international attention with his talent and his concern for political tyranny.
- THE ODESSA FILE** (Aporitos Fakelos Odessa) Jon Voight plays the role of a German journalist investigating war crimes against the Jews in the film version of Frederick Forsyth's bestseller. Ronald Neame directs.
- PIAF** (Edith Piaf) Brigitte Ariel and Pascal Christophe star in this look at the life of one of France's most beloved singers.
- SERPICO** — Continued proof that the new American cinema is still very much alive. One supposes that Haskell Wexler's (*Medium Cool*) script had as much to do with the substance and pacing of the film as Sydney Lumet's (*Pawnbroker*) direction. Al Pacino (*The Godfather, Scarecrow*) is moving and convincing as an honest cop fighting a Don Quixote battle against a corrupt New York Police Department. Based on a true story. The phoney Italian-American music is by Mikis Theodorakis.
- SLEEPER** (O Ipnaras) Woody Allen writes, stars in and directs his latest comedy. Woody takes a satiric look at the world two-hundred years from now and creates some of the best current American cinematic humour in the process. (Reviewed in Nov. issue) (GA)
- THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT** (Fraoules Ke Ema) 'Revolutionary Chic' is perhaps the best phrase to describe this blatantly commercial pop film about a student uprising in the late sixties in San Francisco. Banned in Greece since it was made a few years ago, Stewart Hackman's film follows the metamorphosis of a happy-go-lucky crew jock (Bruce Davison) as he becomes involved with a politically active chick (Kim Darby) and so commits himself to the student movement, as the cops crash the university gates. American audiences saw through the boom-zoom trick photography and the booming rock soundtrack to the thin story line, but the movie is guaranteed and audience here because of the superficial resemblance to the events at the polytechnic. (GA)
- THE TAMARIND SEED** (Agapisa Ena Kataskopo) Blake Edwards who has given us everything from *Breakfast at Tiffany's* to *Days of Wine and Roses* now offers an adaptation of the Evelyn Anthony novel starring an unlikely couple, Omar Sharif and Julie Andrews. A romance set against an atmosphere of international espionage around Europe. (R)
- UNE BELLE FILLE COMME MOI** (Ena Oraio Koritsi San Ke Mena) Francois Truffaut's cinematic comic strip about the picaresque adventures of Bernadette Laffon, who is splendid in a role that reminds one of *Playboy's* little Orphan Annie. The film is uneven, but Truffaut manages some of the spontaneous bedlam reminiscent of *Tirez Sur Le Pianiste*.
- THE EXORCIST** (O Exorkistis) — William Friedkin who entertained us with his direction of *The French Connection* has returned to disgust rather than to frighten us with this film based on the best-seller by William Peter Blatty (who also wrote the screenplay). The acting by Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb and Jason Miller as well as the cinematography are of a high quality but it is wasted on a pretentious story about a girl possessed by the devil and depends on cheap tricks rather than substance. [17]
- THE GREAT GATSBY** (O Iperohos Gatsby). The only thing great about this re-filming of Fitzgerald's classic was the budget. Even if one tries to forget Fitzgerald and enjoy the film as a film, one is confronted with a slow-paced work of little imagination. British director Jack Clayton causes super-star Robert Redford to falter as Gatsby. Sam Waterston as Nick the narrator is worth watching, however, because of his easy-going Mid-Western manner (he at times reminds one of a young Will Rogers), and Mia Farrow is an appropriately flitty and flighty Daisy.

ART CINEMAS

Many cinemas these days moonlight as art cinemas, but those with a consistently high standard are:

ALKYONIS, Ioulianou 42. Tel. 881-5402. For December: Eisentein's *October Professor Hannibal* by Hungarian Zoltan Fabri. Hungarian director Karoly Makk will appear to show and discuss his 1973 film, *Love*.

STUDIO, Stavropoulou 33 (Platia Amerikis). Tel. 861-9017. *Week of Dec. 2nd*: Kierion, dir. Demos Theos, winner of Salonika Festival, 1974. *Week of Dec. 9th*: tentatively Rene Clair *Week* in cooperation with the French Institute. The famous French director will be on hand throughout the week to speak as all of his films are shown. A rare treat for all film buffs. *Dec. 16th*: *Les Planetes Sauvages*. A French animated science fiction film which won an award at Cannes, 1972.

restaurants and night life

The establishments reviewed have been visited by the editor of Restaurants and Night Life and are recommended as indicated.

We welcome comments from our readers and invite suggestions.

RESTAURANTS

LUXURY, WITH MUSIC

Ta Nisia, Athens Hilton. Tel. 720 - 201. A very luxurious restaurant with Greek atmosphere. Spacious and elegant. Service and food excellent. A fabulous selection of Greek hors d'oeuvres and specialties (roasted lamb with oriental rice). Guitar music in the evening. Expensive. Mr. Fondas is the maitre and one of the best. Open daily: 12:30 - 3:30 p.m., and 7:00 - 11:30 p.m.

The Grill Room, Astir Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-0211. For opulent dining few surpass the gracious restaurant of the lovely Astir Vouliagmeni hotel complex. Well prepared French cuisine served with elegance. Georges Diadaras at the piano. Entrees from 150 Drs. Call for reservations.

Tudor Hall, Constitution Square. Tel. 232-0651. The penthouse of the King George Hotel. Sophisticated but warm, beautiful Tudor decor with candelabra. Magnificent view of the Acropolis especially in the summer when they move most of the tables onto the terrace. Soft appealing music in the evening. Good international cuisine, excellent service. Entrees from 150 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Riva, Mihalakopoulou 114. Tel. 706-611. Very fine French cuisine served beautifully garnished. Chef Kourtis provides a fare both pleasant to the palate and to the eye. Maitre Kosta at your service. Chris Koures at the piano. Justifiably expensive. Daily 8.30 p.m. - 12.30 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Asteria Taverna — Glyfada (on the coastal highway). Tel. 894-5675. Rustic decor with beamed ceilings and windows looking onto Glyfada bay. Food good. Table d'Hote 385 Drs per person. George Theodosiades' Orchestra and singer George Petrides. Floor show begins at 11 p.m. and continues until the early hours. Entertainers: Elia Phillipou, Kaiti Homata, Eleni Rodanou. Bouzouki: Polyhandriotis. Open daily from 10 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Pamela's, Voula (on the coastal highway). Tel. 895-2105, 895-9901. One of the most pleasant restaurants for either lunch or dinner. Luxurious modern decor with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by plants. In the evening Loukas at the piano and the Trio Elenik create a very agreeable atmosphere. Pleasant bar. Expensive. There is a 10% increase in the prices. Open daily 12:30 p.m. - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

RESTAURANTS WITHOUT MUSIC

Balthazar, Varnazou 27 at the corner of Tsoha (close to U.S. Ambassador's residence). Tel. 644-1215. Mr. & Mrs. Paleologus preside at this spacious old mansion decorated with paintings and a rare collection of glasswork. The international menu has not only been enriched with new dishes but the cuisine has improved. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open daily 8 p.m. - 1.30 a.m. Open for lunch from Nov. 15. Closed Sundays.

Le Calvados, Alkmanos 3 (four blocks north of the Hilton), Tel. 726-291. Arcades and rustic furniture create a warm atmosphere reminiscent of the white houses on the Normandy coast. Chef Yanni offers a fine selection of well-prepared dishes: frogs' legs, escargots, kidneys flambe, prawn croquettes, crêpes, etc. *Vin maison* very good. Entrees from 100 Dr. Open daily 7:30 p.m. — 2 a.m. (Highly endorsed by several readers).



Lotophagus (The Lotus Eaters), Parodos Aharnon 30-32, Kifissia. Tel. 801-3201. (Below train station). An unusual place both in decor and cuisine. A cottage set back in a garden tastefully furnished with ceramic tile tables set around a copper fireplace. Carefully prepared dishes graciously served. Sangria to start and an array of unusual hors d'oeuvres: Indian eggplant, Italian hot dip, and various salads unusually spiced. The main courses are marinated dishes and the desserts excellent. Quiet and refined. Entrees from 82 Drs. Reservation necessary. Open daily from 9 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

La Toscana, Lamahou 5 (near Olympic Palace Hotel). Tel. 324-6790, 324-5783. This fashionable restaurant is located in a renovated old house on the fringes of Plaka. Small rooms separated by arches create a replica of a Tuscan house. Several rooms upstairs with handpainted ceilings and murals. The Italian personnel have now been replaced by Greeks. The food is fairly good but unreasonably expensive. Open daily 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

The Eighteen, Tsakalof 20, Kolonaki. Tel. 621-928. A ground floor flat converted into a restaurant and bar with a very congenial atmosphere. A choice of four to five dishes and a variety of tasty salads. Tuna fish salad 22 Drs, veal casserole in lemon sauce 55 Drs, baba au rhum 25 Drs. The carafe of red Wine is worth trying. Open daily 11:30 a.m. to very late. Closed Sunday lunch only.

Winter Clochard, Tsakalof 2, Kolonaki. Tel. 634-042. A snug basement restaurant and bar with rustic decor and dim lighting. Few but well-cooked dishes at reasonable prices. The veal cutlet in curry sauce is perfect 100 Drs. Very efficient service. Open daily 9 p.m. - 2 a.m.

The Steak Room, Aeginitou 4 (close to the Hilton Hotel). Tel. 717-445. A cosy split-level candle-lit room. Excellent cuts cooked on an open charcoal grill and served with baked potatoes or french fries. Tasty salads with imaginative dressings. The owner, Mr. Papapanou is a charming host. Entrees from 145 Drs. Open daily and Sundays 6:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. The Steak Room has opened an Annex cocktail lounge almost adjacent to the restaurant. Open daily 6:30 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.

Mitchiko, Kidathineon 27 Tel. 322-0980. Well-prepared oriental dishes, served in a historic mansion in the Plaka — King Otto once lived there. Three stately rooms and a third with Japanese decor. Entrees from 175 Drs. Open daily from 1 p.m. - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed for Sunday lunch.

Tabula, Hatziyanni Mexi 7 (near the Hilton). Tel. 716-134. Below street level, very cosy, rustic decor, dim lights. Joanna and Fotios, graduates of the Ecole de Tourism offer French and Greek specialties. The *plat du jour* usually worthwhile; the Tabula salad, special; very good onion soup. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open 9 p.m. - 4 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Pagoda, Bousgou 2, Tel. 602-466, 643-1990. The first Chinese restaurant in Athens, with branches in Beirut, Cyprus, and Nairobi. Pleasant atmosphere with a touch of Chinese decor. Offers quite a variety of dishes that are not extraordinary but quite acceptable. Sweet and sour pork, 73 Drs. Chicken with bamboo shoots, 80 Drs. Beef with mushrooms; 75 Drs. Spring rolls, 50 Drs. Open daily: 12.00 - 3.30 p.m. and 6.00 p.m. - 2.00 a.m.

Papakia, Iridanou 5 (about 2 blocks from Hilton). Tel. 712-421. An old, established restaurant offering attentive service and good food. International cuisine and Greek specialties. Duck with orange and olives, 120 Drs. Open daily 12 - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Les Gourmets, Meandrou 3 (Hilton area). Tel. 731-706. Small French restaurant on two levels (we prefer the lower level). The *plat du jour* indicated on a small blackboard is usually a good suggestion. The French chef is also the owner. The *rilette maison* and the *gigot d'agneau* very good. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open daily: 7:30 - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Blue Pine, Tsaldari 27, Kifissia. Tel. 8012-969. Enchanting, elegant country club atmosphere with woody, rustic decor. Exceptional garden. Red tablecloths, comfortable arm chairs, candlelight and soft taped music. Excellent formal service. Consistently high standard. Offers excellent cuts on charcoal. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily: 8:30 - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.

MAINLY GREEK CUISINE

Gerofinikas, Pindarou 10. Tel. 622-719, 636-710. Taverna style, offering a great variety of Greek and Turkish specialties. Oriental desserts exceptional. Businessmen's lunches. Moderately expensive. Open daily: 12:30 - 4:00 p.m., 7:30 - 12:30 a.m.

Corfu, Kriezotou 6 (next to the King's Palace Hotel). Tel. 613-011. A typical city restaurant in the centre of Athens (one block from Constitution Square) with very good Greek cuisine tending to emphasize the specialties of Corfu. Spacious wood panelled room, filled with businessmen and tourists. Quick and attentive service, reasonable prices. Veal stewed with fresh beans, 67 Drs. Pork cutlets in wine sauce, 73 Drs. Pudding a la Corfu, 14 Drs. Open daily from noon to 1:00 a.m.

Delfi, Nikis 15. Tel. 323-4869, 323-8205. Formerly a taverna, now a full-fledged restaurant whose high standards have not only been maintained but actually improved. Bright, business-like decor with clean tablecloths and spotless napkins. Service prompt and efficient. A fine choice of hors d'oeuvres, egg, pasta and fish dishes, vegetables, salads, cheeses, entrees, grills and *plat du jours*. Entrees from 55 Drs. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. - 1 a.m.

Bouillabaisse, Zisimopoulou 28, Amfithea (behind the Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue). A very ordinary looking sea food restaurant which serves delicious bouillabaisse, excellent fresh fish, and a variety of shell fish. Bouillabaisse 35 Drs, lobster salad 64 Drs, lobster 320 Drs per kilo, red mullet 252 Drs per kilo. Open daily 8 p.m. to midnight. Sundays open for lunch.

TAVERNAS WITH MUSIC

Myrtia, Markou Mousourou 35, Tel. 719-198. Excellent cuisine with pleasant music. Choose from specialties that appear in ritual fashion: cold and hot appetizers and pittas. Choice of stuffed chicken or roast lamb in lemon sauce. Highly recommended. Prices moderately high. Daily 9 p.m. - 1.30 a.m. Closed Sundays.

To Perivoli T'Ouranou, Lisikratous 19, Tel. 323-5517. An ordinary looking taverna with claim to fame for having smuggled songs of the resistance into their programmes during junta times. The same team directed by Kimon Vasilas present a well-chosen series of songs: Ioannidis, Moutafis, Tambaris, Diamandi are some of the performers. Very pleasant atmosphere but music rather loud. Food acceptable. Showtime 11.00 p.m. Min. charge 120 Drs. Entrees from 120 Drs.

Xynou, Angelou Yerondos 4, Plaka. Tel. 322-1065. One of the oldest and best known tavernas in Plaka which has managed to retain its authenticity. Separate rooms, the walls covered with murals representing the life of old Athens. Pleasant garden. Spicy appetizers, very good cooked dishes, excellent retsina. Two guitarists entertain guests with popular Greek songs. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Palaia Athena, Elessa 4. Tel. 322-2000. A well known taverna in Plaka with picturesque interior. Entertainers: comedian Moustakas, singers Cleo Denardou and Terris Chrisos and Fotis Metaxopoulos and his ballet. Show at 11:30 p.m. Food edible. Entrees from 200 Drs.

NIGHT CLUBS — CABARETS

The Nine Muses, Akademias 43. Tel. 604-260, 601-877. A fashionable discoteque with all shapes, colours, sizes of old mirrors set on black walls creating a tasteful and discreet decor. Red tablecloths, dim lights, long and spacious bar. Excellent food, attentive service, good choice of music (and not too loud). From 9.30 p.m. till the wee hours. Entrees from 200 Drs.

Neraida, Vasileos Yiorgiou, Kalamaki. Tel. 981-2004. Dancing to the orchestra and entertainment by pop singers Nelli Manou and Danaï from 10 p.m. Greek show begins at 12:30 a.m. Filipos Nikolaou, Litsa Diamandi, Eleni Roda, Kondolazos, Dimitri Psarianos. Minimum charge: 280 Drs. Closed Sundays.



Copacabana, Othonos 10, Syntagma. Tel. 323-2061. Orchestra and well-selected international floor show including the well known Spanish ballet of Paco de Loutsio. Acceptable food. Minimum charge: 180 Drs.

Athinea, Panepistimiou 6. Tel. 620-777. Pleasant atmosphere, good food. Dancing to music by the Athinea Orchestra and songs by Elena & Georges. No floor show. Daily from 10 p.m. Closed Sundays. Min. charge 130 Drs. Entrees from 150 Drs.

Athinea, Syngrou 165. Tel. 934-3485. George Katsaros presents: Doukissa, Yannis Dounias, Katie Ambavi, Lefteris Mitilineos and Mouflozelos and Christina Geo. Katsaros and his orchestra begin at 10.30 p.m. Show-time 12.30 a.m. Minimum: 250 Drs. Open Daily.

BOITES

The boites are now in full swing. Once small, unpretentious places, those in Athens no longer fit the proper definition of the genre. They now operate in larger areas but one can hear popular singers performing the latest songs, frequently the work of the finest poets set to music. Drinks are served as well as dry fruit or sandwiches. Admission prices are about 130 Drs. and include one drink. Phone ahead to check on possible changes in programmes. Most boites are in Plaka.

Arhontissa, Adrianou 134, Tel. 322-6105. Yannis Parios, Dimitra Galani, Smokovitis, Zouni, Sounas. Bouzouki: K. Papadopoulos. Musical direction: George Hatzinasios.

Esperinos, Ragana 13, Tel. 323-5935. Entertainers: George Zografos, Nitsa Theodoraki (the niece of the composer), Mary Dalakou. Two performances: at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Harama, inside the rifle range (*skopevrtion*), Kessariani, Tel. 766-4869. Vassilis Tsitsanis, Sotiria Bellou. Bouzouki: Stavros Michalopoulos. One programme, starting about 11 p.m. and going on indefinitely. Minimum charge: unspecified.

Kyttaro, Epirou 48 (opposite 3rd Sept Street) Tel. 824-134. Yannis Markopoulos has taken over the auditorium made famous last year by Dionysios Savvopoulos, who will not be appearing this winter. Also on the program are: Halkias, Garganourakis, Nikolaou, Alexandra, Romanou, Sidiropoulos. Santouri: Aristidis Moschos. Two programmes at 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.

Medousa, Dionisiou Areopagitou & Makri 2 (near the Acropolis). Tel. 918-277. Entertainers: George Manos, Kaiana Balanika, Lilanda Likiardopoulou and others with Nikos Danikos' orchestra. A music-hall type revue. Daily programme at 11:30 p.m.; Saturdays 10 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Orizondes, Skoliou and Hill (corner). Tel. 323-7427. A new boite in a nicely renovated old house. A three-hour programme starts at 10 p.m. Entertainers: Mairi Dimitriadi, Aphroditi Manou, Dimitrief, Yannis Sirris, Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Rigas, Afroditi 9, Tel. 322-3702. Entertainers: Kaloyiannis, Xanthipi Karathanasi, Effie Panayotou, Fotis Fotiadis, Nina Zakoyanni, Natasa Dionisopoulou. Three shows: 10, 12, 2 a.m. Saturdays: 9, 11:30, 1:30 a.m. Minimum charge 125 Drs.

Skorpios, Kithathineon 15. Tel. 322-3881. Entertainers: Kostas Hadzis and his guitar. Also Loukas, Mihalopoulos, Nadia Hadzi and others. Two shows at 10 and midnight. Minimum charge 120 Drs.

Themelio, Kythathineon 35, Tel. 323-3619. George Dalaras, Haris Alexiou, Anna Vissy, Lambropoulos. Bouzouki: H. Nikolopoulos.

Zoom, Kythathineon 37, Tel. 322-5920. Entertainers: Manolis Mitsias, Tsanaklidis, Pandis, Danezis, Eleni Mandelou with Theodorakis orchestra. Two shows daily at 10 and midnight. Minimum charge 120 Drs.

Zygos, Kythathineon 37. Tel. 322-5595. Auditorium-like hall with tables set on several levels. Entertainers: Viki Moscholiou, Themis Andreadis, Georgia Longou and Dimitris Xenidis. Two programmes at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 130 Drs.

Where times and minimum charge not given they are approximately in line with most Plaka boites: 10 p.m. midnight, minimum 130-150 Drs.



our town

POLITICAL PASSION PLAY

The Setting

IN post-junta Athens it is not only the political parties that have shifted position, but the squares in which political rallies take place.

Klafthmonos Square which for over a century held the majority of political gatherings is strictly out of the running. The City Police and the Ministry of Public Works agreed that it could not support pressure — particularly political pressure. The reason for this is the much-discussed garage which has been constructed underneath it. Like so many successful political positions in the past, it has undermined itself.

Generally it has been a landslide in the direction of Constitution Square. The latter actually predates Klafthmonos in political history being the place where King Otto was first forced to grant a constitution to his people in 1843. Klafthmonos, nevertheless, became the traditional square for political mass meetings shortly thereafter and remained so for generations.

It is, however, only a nickname for what is officially the Square of the 25th March. It derives from the word 'klafthmos' meaning weeping or lamentation.

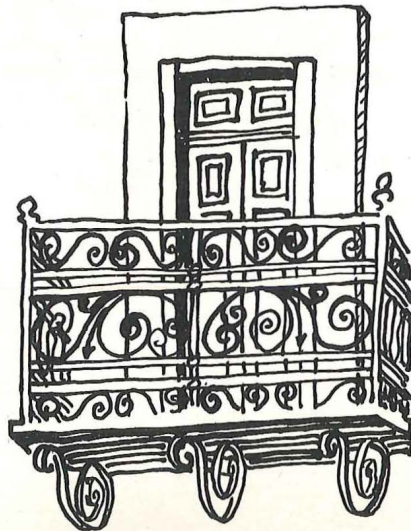
In the nineteenth century there were even more ministries in the vicinity of the square than there are today and governments rose and fell with customary rapidity. 'Rousfeti', or patronage, was also well established in those days which meant that with a fall of government all the state employees — and there were vast numbers of them — lost their jobs and so they used to gather in the square to bewail their fate; hence, the Square of Lamentation.

The Curtain Rises

THE five political gatherings preceding the elections were anything but lamentations. The whole political life of Greece — like Solomon Grundy's — expressed itself in one week. It was a grand celebration.

It opened merrily on Monday with the rally of Petros Garoufalias and his National Democratic Party. As the party of the Extreme Right it had a very limited popular base. It was attended by a few hundred supporters of the party and about 60,000 others, who came, as they made it quite clear, strictly for 'laughs'.

The followers of Garoufalias, many of whom wore black gloves, were protected by a thick cordon of police.



They really did not need it. Though it is believed to have been the greatest anti-demonstration in Greek political history, it was neither bitter nor angry. There were hecklers, of course, and a certain amount of tomato-and-yoghurt throwing, but otherwise it was good natured and satirical.

The figure of Garoufalias was looked upon by the majority as a rather pathetic ghost out of the past, making a foolish public spectacle of himself. The placards and slogans reflected this: 'Bring Back the Trams!' 'Long Live Wide Trousers and Narrow Neckties!' 'Arise, Hilter and Behold!' 'Raise the Minimum Voting Age to 80!'

Garoufalias spoke a heroic 14 minutes and concluded with the statement that he was impressed by the great numbers who had gathered to hear him.

People spoke of him as 'one of those professional politicians who never knows when his time is up', or compared him to 'the senile old doctor who, when he sits down, takes the pulse of his own chair'.

Garoufalias was to speak later in the week in Piraeus. This plan failed to mature after the Athens rally. In all, it was partly a tragi-comedy and partly a farcical curtain-raiser.

Act One: Exposition

ON Tuesday the drama began in earnest. The rally of the Centre Union — New Political Forces took place in Omonia Square. It was the only rally to take place there.

It was an enormous gathering, packing the square and spilling out into the adjacent streets under a forest of banners.

In light of the drama's conclusion, however, it might be well to observe that Omonia is really not a square but a circle, not so much a meeting place as a crossroads. It also has a hole in the centre of it. Though five avenues lead into Omonia, it can be said with equal truth that five avenues lead out of it.

George Mavros was the only speaker and he was listened to with enthusiastic respect. His words on education and international affairs were particularly well-received. Of all the week's speeches, his gave the strongest impression that there were specific issues to discuss. The favoured slogans were 'Give the Junta to the People' and 'Forward into Europe'.

A huge replica of a mortar and pestle had been hoisted into the air with a banner reading 'The People Hold the Pestle!' It should be made clear that *goudi*, the Greek word for 'mortar', is also the name of that area in Athens where several notorious political executions took place in the past.

Though the crowd was strongly represented by the professional and solid middle classes, it was also in a cheerful mood. There was much laughter and the music by Theodorakis,

accompanied by three drilling machines tearing up a piece of pavement and several noisy generators there to enforce the electrical supply for the floodlights, added to the happy bedlam.

In retrospect, there was a noticeable lack of cohesion when the gathering broke up and drifted off into different directions. Indeed, the only post-rally camaraderie was in the crowd that dispersed up Panepistimiou. Here, before the Panhellenic Social Party headquarters, there were ardent cries of 'We will unite in Parliament!' and further on, in front of the United Left headquarters, the crowd stopped and applauded. It was as if the Centre, in its euphoria, had forgotten to unite....

Act Two: Fiesta

WEDNESDAY evening was the Great *Glendi* of the United Left. Though the leftist party EDA had been legitimate in the years before 1967, for the Communist elements it was the first legal gathering in twenty-seven years. There were lots of people and perfect organization. There were balloons. There was singing. There was music. There was *kefi*.

The principal speaker was the highly esteemed Ilias Iliou. Far from making any personal attacks, he made it clear that the Left had accepted its newly gained freedom. In artistic excellence it was certainly the high point of the week. Mikis Theodorakis and the poets Varnalis and Ritsos led a long list of the celebrated. The speeches were moderate, there were few red flags and even fewer hammers and sickles. It was a highly respectable looking gathering of people, even bourgeois, mainly due to the fact, perhaps, that the ranks of Kou-Kou-Ess (Communist Party, Interior) and Kou-Kou-Ex (Communist Party, Exterior) had been greatly swollen by the adherents of that new social phenomenon, Kou-kou-chic.

Whatever the reason, of all the week's political meetings, it seemed the most joyous, the most united and showed the greatest *esprit de corps*.

Act Three: Melodrama

ANDREAS Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Party gathered on Thursday. It was a day also memorable for its afternoon earthquakes. At first it was rumoured about town that the epicentre of these lay in the vicinity of the First Cemetery of Athens, and that the Grand Old Man (George Papandreou) was sending out a Commandment to his People. Local

seismologists, however, could not decipher its meaning, nor even whether it was angry or approving.

Notwithstanding, the followers of P.A.S.O.K gathered with great fervour — and without neckties — at eight o'clock in Constitution Square. The favourite epithet 'maverick' was rather hard to brand on Andreas Papandreou that evening, surrounded as he was by tens of thousands of young followers.

In comparison, the meeting of the United Left the night before had been moderate. At this rally there were



personal attacks on political figures which were rapturously received by the crowd. There was a radical atmosphere and the speeches as well as the slogans were adjusted to the young. The latter was a seriously-engaged, passionate and idealistic group — so idealistic, in fact, that a pedlar selling nuts was upbraided by an intent young woman for catering to the consumer society.

The hysterical enthusiasm that greeted every statement of Papandreou, it was later felt by some, not only scared away people from the centre of the square that evening, but also scared them away from the Centre Union in Sunday's vote.

There were observers present who were relieved to note that many in the crowd were too young to vote and others who remembered that the young grow up quickly and nowadays do not easily change their minds. Finally, there were many who, if they disapproved of Papandreou's manner, felt that he had important and justifiable things to say, and that his party was a welcome, realistic and necessary part of the country's over-all political opinion.

Grand Finale

ON Friday night, New Democracy put on an extravaganza and gave the country a lesson in *Son et*

Lumiere. There were not only firecrackers, there were fireworks. There were not merely balloons, there was confetti. A helicopter let loose cloudbursts of leaflets; flocks of doves soared up to meet them.

Constantine Karamanlis' appearance on the second storey balcony was greeted by the crowd like the Second Coming. 'You brought me. If you are not going to give me your vote, why did you bring me?' he cried. The crowd roared approval. It was the most rhetorical of questions. Never were the balconies of the G. B. and the King George so packed with elegant well-wishers. In some peripheral areas the loud speakers crackled badly. 'It doesn't matter what he says,' exclaimed a well-dressed middle-aged man, 'he's got my vote,' and everyone around him seemed to agree. It was remarked that the Prime Minister's manner in Constitution Square was like that of a prince inviting the people into his palace. If this was so, the people certainly seemed to feel at home.

Limbo...

FRIDAY. Midnight. Constitution Square. The leaflets have settled. The doves have flown. A small but vociferous group is still shouting outside the New Democracy headquarters. Yet the square, without its expanses of cafe chairs and tables looks larger and emptier than ever.

Street cleaning vehicles at the foot of the square heap up mountains of paper. From a distance they look like giant plows clearing away snow drifts. Street-sweepers doggedly brush up the litter on the pavements. It's been as hard a week on them as it's been on the politicians. Coils of wiring are being stored into lorries: OTE and DEI have disconnected.

Five nights of celebration are over. Most have gone home. Many, however, have remembered. They have gone over to the Polytechnic, when all the shouting has stopped, to pin up a small spray of flowers on the wrought-iron fence.

Saturday. All the political headquarters are packing up and vacating their offices. The familiar red-on-white 'To Let' signs are being pasted up again. The upper floors of the old Prappas Building in Omonia, headquarters of the Centre Union and unoccupied for years, are empty again.

Over one hundred thousand leave the city to vote in their home towns. These are the *eterodimotes*, residents in Athens but still registered voters in their former home towns. Among them are

THE NEW DEMOCRACY BEGINS

political hopefuls who feel they may have a better chance finding constituents in a smaller world than that found in the diversity and anonymity of an Athens crowd. In America such candidates are disparagingly referred to as 'carpet-baggers', but in Greece it is still respectable and traditional. Altogether, it is the biggest exodus from Athens since the General Mobilization back in July — and a great deal happier.

For the rest, however, it is like a Saturday in Holy Week, a day in limbo. Driving in Athens is difficult. It is not that people are rude or impatient or reckless. It's as if the drivers are not sure where they are going.....

But the numbers of flowers on the fences of the Polytechnic are growing. They proliferate.

...And Resurrection

SUNDAY. Election Day. Very quiet. Very orderly. The armed soldier standing by the door of the school or *kafention* serving as a polling station, looks out of place. Even he seems to feel it. Most people have voted early and by afternoon there is almost no one left.

But by the time the polling stations close, the fences of the Polytechnic have become fantastic floral walls made up of innumerable small bouquets. It is an astonishing sight.

From the bars of the front gate, a painting hangs. It depicts the figure of a young man with closed eyes lying on the ground. In his arms that lie gently folded across his naked chest, he holds seven small red flowers. In the background on either side of him are two trees laden with fruit. At centre two figures hover over him in space, holding between them a small green wreath....

Has the voter matured? This had been one of the most repeated questions of the campaign. If he has, it may be due in part to his memory of those from whom, a year ago, maturity was forever denied. Those young — who fought and died — are already infinitely older than the new democracy.

THE results of our first parliamentary elections in ten years came as a surprise to a great many people, not because they were won by the New Democracy party of Constantine Karamanlis but because of this party's unprecedented majority. Fifty-four and a half per cent of the total vote is indeed an enviable performance and, under the electoral system agreed upon by the parties involved, it gives the New Democracy party a total of 220 seats in the 300-man parliament.

The chief opposition party is the Centre Union-New Forces grouping led by George Mavros. This party had been expected to do better than the 20.4 per cent it finally obtained. Andreas Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement won 13.6 per cent of the vote and the United Left, consisting of the Greek Communist Party (internal and external) and the United Democratic Left (EDA), which had acted as a cover for the Communist Party during its long years of illegality, polled a bare 9.3 per cent of the total vote. The extreme right-wing party of Petros Garoufalias, the only party leader to declare himself in favour of the monarchy, managed to capture only 1.2 per cent.

In analysing these results, most observers agree that after the trauma of a seven-year dictatorship and a near-war with Turkey, the people decided to put their political convictions or sympathies aside and give Constantine Karamanlis a powerful enough mandate to be able to guide the country's destinies with no fear of suffering any reverses or laying himself open to votes of 'no confidence' in parliament.

In voting for Karamanlis, the people voted for stability and for a period of grace during which the country's extremely urgent foreign and financial problems could be solved by the only man they deemed capable of solving them.

Some apologists for the poor showing of the left-wing parties claim that it stems from the fear of many of their supporters that too strong a leftist vote might alarm the military again and cause the tanks to rumble into the streets for another coup. This and the low profiles projected by Communist leaders Emmanuel Florakis and Ilias Iliou, plus the very little time Karamanlis allowed the parties to gird themselves for these elections, are said to have

caused people who would normally have voted for the United Left to switch their votes to Karamanlis.

Other observers believe that the working classes have succeeded in obtaining so many benefits during the past seven years and enjoyed such an unprecedented degree of prosperity during the building boom, that very many of them have made the transition from the proletariat to the petite bourgeoisie and that the Communist Party has lost their vote forever.

Another argument put forward to explain the relatively poor showing of the Centre Union-New Forces party is that most of the New Forces candidates were intellectuals and, as such, unintelligible to the masses who could more easily understand the directness of Constantine Karamanlis and the bluntness of Andreas Papandreou.

Finally, some observers ask you to add up the communist, the socialist and the centre votes to find the true percentage (45 per cent) of the left-wing element in Greece, on the grounds that it was personalities such as John Pasmazoglou, Virginia Tsouderos, George Mangakis, Dimitrios Tsatsos and Anastasios Peponis — all inveterate socialists — who gave the party its 20 per cent of the vote.

Whatever the reasons behind Karamanlis' resounding victory, the fact remains that he has been given strong and solid reins of power to move on to the next phases of the country's political life which are: 1) The referendum for the future of the monarchy slated for December 8; 2) A settlement of the Cyprus question and a return to friendly relations between Greece and Turkey; 3) Our status with NATO; 4) Keeping the lid on inflation and getting the economy to move again so we can keep up the rate of growth we have enjoyed since 1969; 5) Deciding on what sort of republic we are to have if the monarchy is voted down: a presidential republic with increased powers invested in the President a la De Gaulle, or a republic with a figurehead president and with the real power invested in parliament and the prime minister.

The next few years are going to be interesting and one cannot be blamed for looking ahead at them with a good measure of hope.

—ALEC KITROEFF

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THE ELECTIONS AND AFTER

THE 1974 parliamentary elections will remain memorable for at least two reasons: they were perhaps the first elections in Greece which were conducted in a free, democratic, quiet and mature manner; and they were the first elections ever in which one party won such a lopsided victory.

Setting aside one's jubilation or disappointment over the results, let us stop for a moment and rejoice at the fact that they took place at all. It was only three and one half months before, that we were suppressed, disheartened and demoralized under the junta yoke by the prospect of national disintegration.

Within this 16-week period much was accomplished. The change over to civilian rule, which could have been riotous and revolutionary, took place more smoothly than anyone dreamt of. A coalition government of the two major parties, with the consent of the other political forces, was formed and took the necessary steps to handle the Cyprus crisis, to arrest galloping inflation, to infuse confidence in business and begin a semblance of economic revival. The same regime made headway in bringing the army under civilian rule, normalized political conditions — legalizing the Communist Party and abolishing most anti-

democratic acts — and prepared for elections.

Despite some inevitable acrimonies among the political parties, the nation found itself united by the spirit of newly-won freedoms, in the face of the Cyprus crisis and the spectre of a potentially explosive transitional period. The parties agreed to conduct a circumspect campaign. We rejoiced in seeing a host of new dailies, weeklies and periodicals expounding every conceivable point of view.

We marvelled at the sight of the Communist Party secretary Florakis, who for the first time in almost thirty years appeared legally in public and offered a prudent political analysis, over the State TV and Radio network, alternating with Andreas Papandreu, Mavros and Karamanlis.

We were delighted to see the disciplined crowds at the political rallies of all major parties on TV. In the confusion of the campaign and the impressions of the lopsided results, let us not forget the common elements that united the people: the expression of freedom, the desire for social justice, the demand for punishing the Junta (*Doste tin Junta ston lao*), and the respect for the victims of the Polytechnic. Finally, the election took place with

practically no incident.

It seems as if we have matured. The Left matured after the bitter experience of defeat in the Civil War and the subsequent persecutions that lasted till the end of the Junta era. The Right matured because its leaders and followers had tasted the same persecution, torture, imprisonment and exile, as the Left and the Centre had suffered.

Obviously, we have not solved our problems. Athens and Salonica do not constitute the whole of Greece. The provinces have a long way to go before people there shed their traditional fear of the authorities, read the papers of their choice and express their views without looking around to see who is listening. The Cyprus problem absorbs our attention and our energies and demands solution; so do our balance-of-payments problems. The economy needs reflation in the face of inflationary pressures at home and an economic malaise that is world-wide. Our society suffers from inequalities, poor social services, and an inadequate and antiquated educational system. These are only a few of the problems.

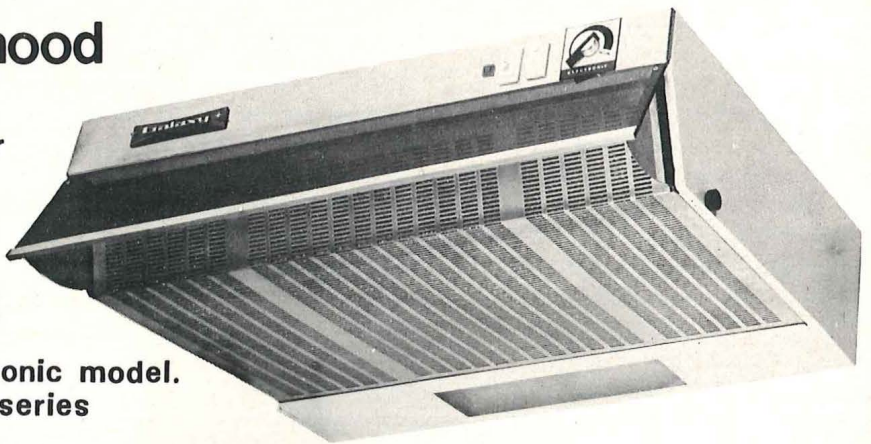
We need all the maturity, all the wisdom, all the patriotism, and all the love for democracy that we can muster in order to come out of our forthcoming travail. It has fallen on Constantine Karamanlis to tackle these problems in the near future. We wish him well.

— D.S.K

for a clean atmosphere

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The Conversation

THE UNIQUE WORLD OF SPYROS VASSILIOU

WHEN the invitation postcard for this year's 'Natures Mortes' exhibition arrived on my desk, I looked at the items portrayed thereon: an old phonograph, a mandolin, a violin and bow, a neoclassical box, a flute, a candle and, naturally, a *komboloi*, plus the monumental 'Lights and Shadows' and the blue magic of the 'Window on the Sea' record-cover — the everyday world of Spyros Vassiliou. An assortment? Far from it.

A composition constantly recomposed, an achievement in harmony which never seems to have an intermediate phase — colours and lines and forms and words and sound all in a fascinating perpetuum. One never knows the ultimate destination of all these elements: there is music in the paintings of Spyros Vassiliou as there is colour in his prose, and of course where the painter stops, the stage — or costume — designer takes over, with the architect or landscaper lurking to balance off some brilliant academic display by The Teacher.

This explains the immense popularity of Spyros Vassiliou in almost all cultural strata, Greek and international.

I have known Spyros for a good forty years now and have never seen him lose his sense of balance in public, even under the most trying circumstances.

Just to make sure, however, that this blatant statement applies to his private life as well, I rang up his wife, Kiki Vassiliou, and this is what she had to say:

'Spyro never really explodes into anything except work. No harsh words, no shouting. If I see him fretting over something too much, I, as a wise wife, gently slide out of the house and go for a walk'.

Perhaps it is a coincidence that almost every house which the Vassilioues have occupied has had the easiest possible access to open spaces! For inside this soft-spoken, smooth-mannered young septuagenarian lies a tremendous strength of character coupled with that type of physical endurance which enabled his fellow-craftsmen of other centuries to paint the domes of St. Peter's and St. Mark's lying on their backs on a scaffold some 150 metres above the ground.

Spyros, in his time, 'did' his churches too. Foreign visitors to Athens include

on their cultural itinerary a visit to the Church of St. Dionysios of Areopagos, off Kolonaki Square, to look at his splendid iconography which was honoured by the Academy of Athens with a special prize in 1936.

Yet my own most treasured collection of memories of the Vassiliou family (one can never think of Vassiliou without the surrounding and ever-thickening family web) goes back to the bitter years of the German Occupation, when any work of art by Spyros Vassiliou was, if not butter, surely bread, and only those who have been through it all know what a great compliment this is.

I happen to possess a couple of very good Vassiliou paintings of the Eretria period, but I would give a fortune (and they are worth one) to own anything dating from the Black Years. In fact, his had been doubly black, for he resorted to carving at that time, paints being virtually unobtainable.

These were the woodcuts of those days: The Women of Mesolonghi, Makriyannis Singing under the Parthenon the night that Gouras was destined to be killed, the Burial of Kostis

Palamas, the Woe of Kalavryta — this was the blood that Vassiliou transfused to all of us when tomorrow seemed like a monstrous improbability.

Then came the Liberation, and Vassiliou the Secret Consoler and Inspirer became Mr. Open House. (These were the occasions when Kiki Vassiliou could not venture out even for the shortest stroll). From his own church-decorating scaffold Vassiliou seemed to enter another Scaffolding era; Athens in the Hands of the Civil Engineers! Architecture was temporarily (?) dormant in those days.

On to 1960 and The Guggenheim National Section Award is awarded by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation to Spyros Vassiliou for his painting 'Lights and Shadows'.

And this is where I started disagreeing with Spyros Vassiliou (and of course with the Guggenheim Foundation). Athens, indeed the whole of Greece, tends to look better than it actually is in the paintings of Spyros Vassiliou. Moreover, 'Lights and Shadows' and an intense tourist poster campaign in which Vassiliou played no mean part have created a legendary Greece which poor tourists seek in vain when they set foot on Greek soil.

Reconciliation is fairly easy in the case of Spyros Vassiliou. In my particular case it happened on a certain *Kathari Deftera* in the course of the usual party which the Vassiliou family gives for their friends at Eretria.

It is, or was, the custom for some masquerading on this day and Spyros had rigged up for himself an authentic shepherd's costume, crook and all. There was a genuine primitive aura about him, reminiscent of his deep roots in the Greek soil and explaining one of the basic factors of his work — Greekness as a living reality. In this I think I can quote a statement by Leslie Finer: 'A Vassiliou party is often worth as much as a dozen learned books for those who wish to inquire into the sights and the soul of Greece'.

Shortly after, I happened to pass by the Eretria studio and found the artist at work. He was painting a sunset, and the sunset was there, right across the Euboian Straits, and it was this constant, balanced conflict between the actual red sunset and Vassiliou's deep mauve sunset that led me to write a poem called 'Eretrian Vespers'.

Here again we have the phenomenon of the painter improving on the Greek landscape without actually faking it. I think Pandelis Prevelakis, as always, has defined this latent truth in an article published in 'Ellinika Gram-

mata' in May 1935: '... Mr. Vassiliou, with his twin gifts of an original imagination and penetrating perception, brings reality to his cavases. He shows accuracy and intellectual power in his observation, understanding in the way he plays with form, inventiveness in combining and positioning subjects. And all this is expressed in vivid and well-chosen colours, in a composition full of gems of artistry...'

Had I been writing a biography of Spyros Vassiliou, I would have started with 'The Golden Hour' and ended it somewhere around the wedding of his daughter in 1965. So does the painter, in fact, in the case of 'Lights and Shadows', and this is already almost ten years gone by.

What may be characteristic of these last ten years, is perhaps a more intense self-concentration, one might say, in the middle of happy family surroundings, a more widespread international recogni-

tion, and a warmer Panhellenic acceptance of the painter and his work.

One has a feeling that Greece is paying back the debt to Vassiliou for preserving what should be preserved and embellishing what is being molested. This universality apparently will be obvious in this year's presentation. The objects will start speaking to us in the usual transmutable process.

'... As a painter, he speaks a language that is both graceful and unaffected, a language that has the invincible attraction of the fairy story and the fascination of a child's dream, that penetrates to the most sensitive compartments of our mind. That is why he has deeply touched men's hearts...'

This is by Angelos Katakouzinos, Professor at the University of Paris and a well-known art-lover — a fitting tribute to a unique achievement: staying young and keeping others young in this very soul-consuming world.

— BASIL KAZANDZIS

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE

THERE are many things I do not know, but one thing has bothered me: I do not know how to paint. It has always been a little sorrow in my life that I couldn't become a painter — since a painter one cannot *become*. Even though I tried, even though I chose Spyros Vassiliou as my teacher and was going to his house every Sunday with pencils and paper, I could not learn. Long after, Spyros told me that he had kept these smudged papers of mine. I don't know if he'll ever find them. From this early effort years later, some verses emerged:

'On Sunday afternoons he was painting cages with open doors — always without birds — keys of houses big as crutches — on white paper with black pencil — never in colour — he who loved all colours — except black and white'. The truth is that my teacher was not giving me paints. But then, how are poems written...

With time I accepted the fact that I wasn't going to be a painter, but my love for painting remained. Still I don't know much about it, and writing of the painter Vassiliou, I cannot tell you to which School he belongs, I can't recognise whom he is influenced by, I cannot say if he's a great painter or a mediocre painter. The only thing I can say when I see a painting of his is that I'm moved,

I'm pleased, I'm happy, depending on the subject.

A demolished house, an empty beach, an old mirror, a tin kafenion table, Hymettos full of light, sunlit Zappion. I could never end this if I mentioned all the titles of his paintings, which are never the same, not only in subject matter but in style, colour, and mood. Each painting is different and yet they all carry his seal. The colour of the sea is only his, the colour of the mountain is only his, even the red flowers in a basket have his own red.

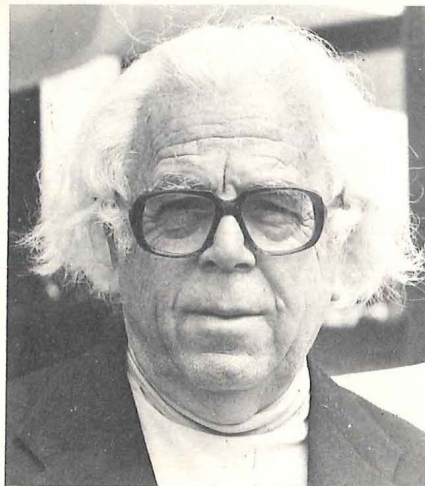
But since I know nothing about painting, why do I write all of this? I'd better write of the person. It's a subject I know better. After all, if I love the painter Vassiliou, that is a personal matter.... I've lived near him for many years. I was near him when he was painting a small chapel in Poros, when he was decorating the cathedral in Xylokastro. Up on the scaffolding while he was painting God Pantocrator or the Virgin, you'd think he was praying. I spent many summers in Aegina beside him while he was painting the caiques and the coffee shops, sitting on a stone and you'd think he was singing. But isn't every painting of his a prayer or a song?

This Greek from Galaxidi has learned the secret: to work and pray, to paint and to sing softly, simply, humanly

and always with dedication, with good humour, with ease and confidence. yet anyone who knows him well may guess that under the ease and the confidence there lies the agony of the artist and the toil of man.

The skies and the seas, the mountains and the sand, the streets and the beaches are himself and it may be for this reason that he often draws his own figure into a corner of his pictures like the Old Masters. But even without his figure, each painting is made in his own likeness.

'Through the eyes of Vassiliou,' Marinos Kalligas once wrote, 'the trivial becomes precious, the forgotten acquires glory'. Who has even paid any attention to a half-finished house, to a staircase, to a sewing machine, to a cheap straw chair? But when we see these things painted by Vassiliou, we discover how much magic and poetry the most common and everyday things have in our lives. Tell me, is not the conversation of the four chairs on an empty beach one of the most beautiful Greek poems? For thirty years now — as long as I have known him and cherished him — I have lived in a circle of writers, poets, actors, painters,



journalists and politicians. It is a beautiful world inhabited by superior people who are very special, but capricious, often difficult, spurred by passions and even hatreds which very easily break bones. I can lay my hand upon fire and swear, I have never heard anyone say one evil word about Vassiliou. His kindness, his open-heartedness, his innocence, have made him a most lovable person. The warmth, the freshness, the sensitivity and lyricism, the clearness: these elements

that characterize his paintings cannot be detached from his being. In the times we live, it is not enough to be a great artist, it's necessary to be a good man, as well.

I don't think it's a sacrilege that I, the ignorant one, should speak of the painter Vassiliou. To all that has been written about him and said of him, I have added this personal testament, which is nothing more, nor less, than what is true.

I would like to end this, with verses from Kalvos, Solomos, Sikelianos, or to read pages from the Gospels and Makriyannis, as I believe they are worthy of you, Spyro. But I will do something much simpler which I think benefits you more. This moment I put my hand on my heart and greet you.

— NIKOS KARYDIS



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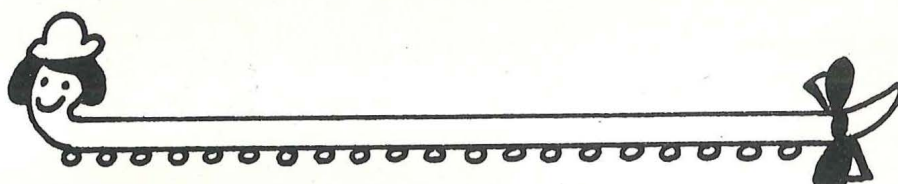
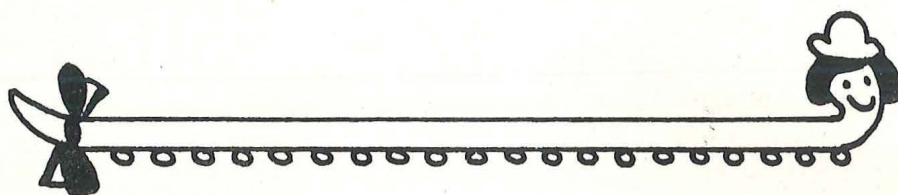
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Kavouri (Athens)

the holiday shopper



Gifts for the Young

One of the joys of parenthood is shopping for children at Christmas. It is sadly true that the selection of toys in Greece is limited and their prices high, but with a little imagination one can select gifts that are enduring and worthwhile, and less expensive presents for under the tree and for stockings that will please children of all ages.

Should toys be educational, gimmicky or useful? Some are all of these at once, as we discovered on our early explorations in November. *Silva* located at Asklipiou 14, is an excellent educational toy shop. Choose from a wide selection of building bricks, alphabets (Greek and Latin), numerals, abaci, puzzles and all manner of devices to teach little minds to choose the right shape to fit the right hole in a drop box, to count and to spell. They also carry nursery and school-age size chairs, tables, and desks. One unit particularly caught our eye: a cube chair which can be used as a table, shelf and, by bolting two together as a small cart. The single unit costs 390 Drs and the set of wooden bolts and wheels 390 Drs. There are bunk beds for the older children and very large toy boxes on wheels which fit under the bunks. Everything is made from imported Swedish, non-splinter wood and the paint used is non-toxic. They also have a small selection of posters and books with new methods for learning simple arithmetic and spelling, and a wonderful lotto game along the same lines. The prices are very reasonable and within most peoples' pocket books.

Pets of all sorts are a sure success with young and old children. The *Pet Supply Centre*, Karneadou 7, (Kolonaki), has birds, hamsters and tropical fish. Budgies 120 Drs; canaries 350-700 Drs; hamsters 150 Drs; tropical fish 20-30 Drs. They are complete outfitters for all manner of pets in sickness and in health, and for their home environment, grooming and walking out. Mr. Platon Vaos is very helpful and speaks French, English, Arabic and Turkish besides Greek. If you are in search of a kitten or puppy, contact the Greek Animal Welfare Fund, tel. 643-5391. Rabbits, chicks, and ducks for children with gardens who may wish to raise their own animals, may be found at the Central Market on Athinas Street.

In the August 2 issue of *The Athenian*, we wrote about *Gifts from Greece*, Iperidou 5, Athens. Besides Don Sebastian's wonderful flokati animals (40 - 450 Drs), he has 'yeti' (flokati) slippers in all sizes (90 - 150 Drs), flokati egg cosies (25 Drs), tea cosies, pyjama bags, and hassocks.

For those with a well-filled purse a visit to Ioupi, Tsakalof 14 (see *The Athenian*, June 21) would result in the most delightful gifts for children. But things are pricey.

Don't overlook the department stores. They will be bringing in large supplies for the holidays and usually carry a large assortment of cards, wrapping paper and decorations.

Katrantzospot, Stadiou 38, probably has the largest supply of sports

equipment in the country. If you are stuck for a gift for enthusiasts of any age you are bound to find a wealth of ideas in their shop. Katrantzos are the sole local distributors for many of the world's major manufacturers. Ping pong tennis, basketball, volley ball, squash, hunting, mountain climbing, skiing, fencing, cycling, muscle building (even a 'karate killer' to strengthen fingers!) — you name the activity and you will find the equipment and appropriate outfit there. They also carry luggage and picnic bags. One item that caught our eye was a flask that may be plugged into a car's cigarette lighter to bring its contents to a boil!

Maljohn's, Tsakalof 10 (see *The Athenian*, June 21) is the place to go for crayons, outside pencils, notebooks, and all manner of nice stocking-fillers. And absolutely *de rigueur* is a visit to *The Trick Shop*, Akademias 82 (up three steps and inside a hallway). Little bigger than a kiosk, it is stuffed from floor to ceiling with the most amazing selection of tricks from the amusing to the questionable. Mice, spiders, magic ink, sneezing powder to name just a few. The owner has a sense of humour and demonstrates his wares with wit and skill. Tricks sell for as little as 5 Drs and the most expensive is 95 Drs. Excellent as stocking-fillers and family magic acts, but they should not be opened before parents have downed at least two cups of morning coffee.

— M.D.L.

Books for Children

Collectively, the English language bookshops in Athens offer an excellent assortment of children's books. Pandelidis (Amerikis 11) has a lively collection of fiction and first readers for the very young. Kakoulidis (Panepistimiou 39) has a smaller, but extremely well-selected department, piled rather precariously behind a till. Eleftheroudakis (Nikis 4) offers a wide range of books. Kaufmann (Stadiou 28) has a small section in a tiny alcove upstairs where you are in constant danger of being buried under the entire stock; but if you survive, you will find some good titles. Samouhos (Amerikis 23) concentrates on informative and reference books rather than fiction.

● *Fiction for Older Children:* If your children like Enid Blyton they will be in heaven. There are vast stocks of the *Famous Five*, the *Secret Seven* and the *Mallory Towers* series everywhere (hardback 50-75 Drs and paperback 20-30 Drs). Equally popular are the Hardy Boys, the Nancy Drew series (50-60 Drs) and Hitchcock's *Mystery Stories* (hb 65 Drs or 30 Drs). There is also a fair sprinkling of such old favourites as Louisa M. Alcott, A.A. Milne, Anne Sewell, Mark Twain and Joanna Spyriouris and some titles by Arthur Ransome are to be found at Pandelides (pb. 30 Drs).

Bill Pappas' tales of life in modern Greece with his brightly coloured free form illustrations bring a breath of fresh air (100-125 Drs). Michael Bond's Paddington Bear has found his way to Athens and taken up residence at Kakoulidis and Pandelidis. Paddington is an unusual bear to say the least and everyday occurrences become highly unpredictable events when he is around. (hb 60 Drs, pb 30 Drs). Sadly, there was not a trace in Athens of the Wombles of Wimbledon Common, Elizabeth Beresford's creatures who have over-run England.

Comic strips are in good supply. Goscinny and Underzo's highly entertaining series about Asterix are on sale at Pandelides and Kakoulidis (30 - 95 Drs hb and pb). Samouhos has a very large and lively collection of Brown Watson omnibus books, and someone at Kakoulidis has a soft spot for Peanuts for they are there in force — in omnibus editions (240-280 Drs), and individual

hardbacks and paperbacks (80 Drs and 50 Drs).

● *For the Very Young:* The emphasis seems to be on informative books rather than fiction, and Samouhos has a large and varied stock in this category. Pandelidis also has a large stock, and Kauffman some titles.

The Collins and Harvill Beginner Books are available at most stores, including Dr. Seuss's original, rather bizarre creations (selections from this series, 75 Drs). Kakoulidis has some of Blackie's *Fun to Read Books* which live up to their name with a fresh, bouncy approach and illustrations (65 Drs). Pandelidis has many alphabet books, including the Hamlyn *So-High Books* (30 Drs). Here one can also find Beatrix Potter's books, still favourites with slightly older children (44 Drs). Eleftheroudakis has some interesting and clever Ward Lock Books, *The Circle Sarah Drew*, *The Line Sophie Drew*, etc (75 Drs).

● *Anthologies and Encyclopaedias:* Anthologies of poetry are unfortunately difficult to come by, and what is available gives the impression that poetry stopped with T.S. Eliot. Kauffman has quite a good selection of poetry and songs, outstanding among them *The Faber Book of Children's Songs* set to music and enchantingly illustrated (275 Drs); and *The Faber Book of French Folk Songs* complete with translations and music (180 Drs). Kakoulidis has two excellent collections of verse, *This Way Delight*, edited by Herbert Read (45 Drs), and *The Oxford Book of Children's Verse*, a large volume from Chaucer to Nash and Eliot (225 Drs). *The Illustrated Treasury of Poetry* edited by David Ross is also very comprehensive (350 Drs at Pandelidis).

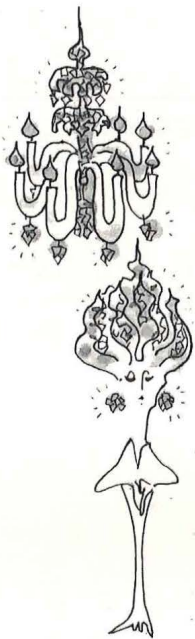
Anthologies of fairy tales are available everywhere, particularly those of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. Eleftheroudakis has perhaps the largest collection ranging from 130 to 225 Drs. They also have selections from Tolkien, Kipling and Dickens. Samouhos has *The MacDonald Junior Reference Library* (45 Drs each); the *Oxford Children's Reference Library* (135 Drs each). Kakoulidis offers a variety of big glossy encyclopaedias ranging from 155-224 Drs.

● *Crafts and Hobbies:* The common denominator is Hazel Evans's *Things to Do* which is an excellent, lively book designed to encourage children to use their initiative and the minimum of materials (paper, bottles, string, etc.) to create their own toys (200 Drs), and Eleftheroudakis has a good selection mainly supplied by Hamlyn. *Things to Do and Make* sets out traditional do-it-yourself games and crafts, such as the bean-bag game and printing with vegetables. Others such as *My Fun with Wood Book* and *My Learn to Cook Book* are more original, describing how to construct a go-kart, or how to concoct a pizza followed by a Knickerbocker Glory (66-82 Drs).

● *Greek Myths, Legends and History:* Tales of the gods, heroes and historical figures of ancient Greece are abundant and varied, retold for all ages. One of the best is *The Voyage of Odysseus* retold by James Reeves and complete with a map on which one can follow Odysseus's wanderings (250 Drs). Another is a simplified version of Thucydides' *Peloponnesian War* by Rex Warner (140 Drs); also prevalent are Roger Lancelyn Green's comprehensive versions of greek myths and legends (125 - 200 Drs). All these are on sale at Eleftheroudakis, which also has a book called *The Buildings of Ancient Greece*. By giving reconstructions of archaeological sites (Knossos, Mycenae, etc.) with people in period dress going about their everyday lives, it brings the past very much to life for younger children (130 Drs). At Pandelidis one can find in *Tales of Ancient Greece* myths ranging from Atlas to Orpheus, retold by Mae Broadley and vigorously illustrated (75 Drs). A. Church's version of the *Iliad* and the delicate line drawings make a good buy at 150 Drs. Besides James Reeves' *Odyssey*, Kakoulidis provides a selection from Compton Mackenzie's *Golden Tales of Greece*, which relate the heroic stories of the ancient heroes (140 Drs). For younger readers there is a bonus from the Roman Empire — *Androcles and the Lion* which uses very modern, amusing and human illustrations and the simplest of words to breathe new life into the old favourite (130 Drs).

— VALERIE OSBORNE

Easy Shopping



One of the most overlooked shopping centres in Athens is located at the Athens Hilton. Leave your car at the Hilton garage, take the lift up to the hotel lobby, and then quietly browse at your leisure without the usual crush and exasperation of downtown shopping. The service is courteous and there will always be someone who can speak your tongue, be it English, French, German, Italian or Arabic. It is the ideal place for Christmas shopping because many of the shops remain open all day long and most accept credit cards — a boon to the busy husband shopping for presents at the eleventh hour without sufficient cash in his wallet. Before leaving you can have a drink in the Pan Bar, dine at the Taverna Ta Nissia or take a quick snack and a coffee at the Byzantine Cafe.

Now for the shops themselves.

Lalaounis — A fine selection of jewellery and trinkets which reflects the excellent reputation of this famous designer. Don't be afraid to go in because you can find something for as little as 900 Drs. After that the sky is the limit here. Open daily 8:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. Saturdays 8:30 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Cleo's — A wide choice of embroidered caftans, costume jewellery, macrame bags and purses. Hand-embroidered book marks 30 Drs. Old pieces of embroidery are beautifully framed. At 500 Drs they would make a delightful gift. Open 8:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. Closed Sundays.

National Welfare Organization — Very fine handiwork here. Needlepoint rugs and cushion covers, hand-embroidered guest towels — a set of two for 110 Drs. Open daily 8:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. Closed Sundays.

The Kodak Shop — Cassettes and records of all the latest Greek and foreign music. Slides of Greece and all equipment for photography. They also do passport photos. Open daily and Sundays 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. No credit cards accepted.

L'Emeraude — Precious and semi-precious stones in beautiful settings of fine workmanship, also enamel work. Surprisingly, gifts start at 300 Drs. Open daily 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Collector's Antique Shop — A well chosen selection of paintings, pottery, jewellery, copper, silver and hand-blocked materials. From 300 Drs up. Open daily 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. Sundays 12 noon - 9 p.m.

Yannis Travassaros — One of the leading Greek fashion designers who combines texture, colour and trimmings to perfection. Handspun silks and handwoven wool are given the final touch with handmade trimmings from the Sarakatsani tribe in northern Greece. Old embroideries are incorporated into modern designs of Greek inspiration. Delicious evening dresses and fun furs. This is the place for the 'special' present. Open daily and Sundays 8 a.m. - 9 p.m. Closed Christmas day only.

Yannis Travassaros also has a second, less expensive, boutique specialising in knits. Open the same hours.

La Belle Jardiniere — Lovely fresh flowers and floral arrangements. A useful shop to know about as it opens daily and Sundays from 8:30 a.m. - 8:30 p.m. Public holidays 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m.

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American Newstand — Excellent selection of books on Greece covering all subjects. Magazines and newspapers. Open twenty-four hours a day. Closed Sunday 11 p.m. - Monday 7 a.m.

About Smoke — Besides cigars and cigarettes you will find all the paraphernalia for the smoker. Open daily and Sundays 7:30 a.m. - 11 p.m. No credit cards.

— M.D.L.

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Eleni Alevra makes beautiful Christmas candles. Choose from large or small blocks or cylinders in clear, singing colours from the palest to the brightest hues of the spectrum. A group of them would make an agreeable centre piece for a dinner table. Prices approximately from 100 Drs to 250 Drs. Visit Ploutarchou 4, between 10 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. and 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. The exhibition runs from December 1-20.

Beautiful batik pictures in all sizes and colours would make lovely gifts. Already mounted, the pictures begin at 500 Drs. Call Ingrid Frische at 637-883.

Brightly painted, handcarved tree, wall or window hangings. Jovial Santa Claus, angels and stars. Decorative pins in whimsical designs for all ages — Cheshire cats, cheeky mice, happy flowers and wise owls. From 30 Drs to 70 Drs. Call Andrea Cameron: 724-204.



Books on Greece

On everyone's Christmas gift list there may be several friends for whom a book may be the perfect gift. Best sellers, hobby books, cookbooks — this season there is something for everyone. However, several books are of special interest to those living in Greece whether permanently or temporarily.

'Nature scatters flowers profusely over the land of Greece,' begins Kaity A. Argyropoulou in the introduction to a soft cover book titled, *Wild Flowers of Greece* by the Athens Society of the Friends of The Trees (150 Drs).

Wild Flowers of Greece (1500 Drs) by Constantine Goulimis and illustrated by Niki Goulandris has long been a favourite and is now joined by *Wild Flowers of Cyprus* by Elektra Megaw (see review). Those whose budgets do not allow for the purchase of the costlier editions will find the smaller book to be a helpful guide. It includes 60 brilliant colour reproductions and short descriptions of various flowers.

A small soft cover book called *Herbs of Greece* by Alta Dodds Niebuhr; printed by J. Makris, Athens and

sponsored by the New England Unit of the Herb Society of America (150 Drs), is not only a beautifully photographed guide to many familiar plants to be found here, but it is also an instructive little book filled with interesting facts. Did you know that carob seed from the carob or locust tree was the original 'carat' weight used by jewellers? Or that the fig tree is the first fruit tree named in the Bible? Sage has been esteemed for centuries as a seasoning for foods and as a medicine. Doctors in medieval Salerno used to ask 'How can a man die, who grows sage in his garden?'

If one's interest, however, leans more towards Greek cuisine, *Adventures in Greek Cookery* by Stella Kopulos and Dorothy P. Jones (Thomas Y. Crowell, New York) is not only a book of recipes but it is also an informative book on Greek foods, traditions and menus for special occasions. This is available at the Stars and Stripes.

A different kind of children's book, *The Island Kids* by Willard Manus, a regular contributor to *The Athenian*, is

a slim volume that will be of special interest to children living here. Using photographs rather than illustrations, it pictures the life style of a boy and girl growing up on a Greek island. It is published by Anglo-Hellenic, -Publishing House, Athens. The photographs are by Lennart Osbeck.

Last, but by no means least, *Reflections On Greece* (Walker and Company, New York) is a book that those of us who are living in this country temporarily will treasure all our lives. It contains the most magnificent full-colour photographs of Greece and is threaded throughout with extracts from Nikos Kazantzakis' *The Odyssey* 'A Modern Sequel'. It is a large volume of the type referred to nowadays as a coffee-table book. The photographs by Roy Moore spring to life: the distant hazy mountains, the glitter of the Aegean, the 'sun-shot stately columns' of the Parthenon, all are photographed with breathtaking clarity. It is available at Eleftheroudakis and at the Hilton Bookshop.

—ANNE ST. MARTIN

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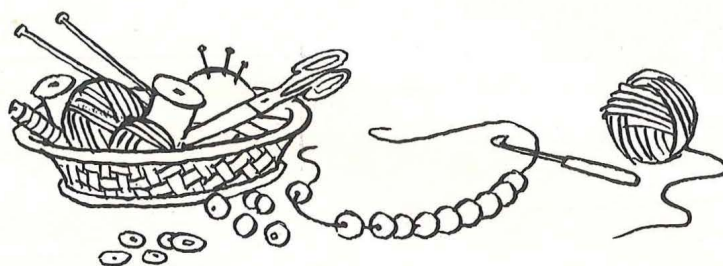
For a Crafty Christmas...

Would you like to immortalize George Washington, the Mona Lisa or a Renoir nude in thread? Perhaps you are a husband who likes to see his wife knitting away by the fireplace, a teen-ager who makes his own leather goods, beaded necklaces and earrings, or a serious-minded needlewoman who tats her own antimacassars. Whichever the case, handicraft materials — from yarns to beads to leather — are in full supply in Athens and an entire winter's stock of material to keep big and little hands busy can be easily found in the central shopping areas. The prices are palatable and the variety, as may be expected in a country with a strong handicraft tradition, is good. What is more, stores have consultants on hand who will advise customers, without charge, on patterns and stitches.

● *Needlepoint*, embroidery and crewel must be enjoying some kind of a renaissance: the sheer number of stores with immense supplies of threads and canvasses could keep at least half the population needlepointing for two years! Modest storefronts and narrow staircases lead to cavernous shops jammed with goods. Giraffes, friendly lions, tulips, little mice, ducks and indians are brightly stamped on the gros point (large-holed) canvasses which, unlike the traditional petit point, are worked with a large needle, heavy thread, and can be finished very quickly by beginners from the age of six on. The canvas (from 50-75 Drs) may be framed or made into cushion covers. *Zaharidis* (Voulis 21 with branches at Kifissias 89 and Patission 155) sells complete kits for children, including the frame, for 120 Drs. Experienced needlepointers can find more elaborate designs in the gros and petit point which can be put to many uses. *Panagos* (Ermou 46) will fit a finished canvas on to a lampshade and match it to a lamp base sold in the store.

Plain canvas in varying widths and textures, as well as fabric for embroidery and crewel are sold by the metre at most of the specialty shops as well as at some department stores such as *Minion*. Patterns are usually in Greek — but the consultants will help.

● *Yarns* — from bright cerise, to burnt umber to baby blue — may be found on one short block of *Evanghelistrias* Street (off *Perikleos* between *Syntagma* and *Monastiraki*) where the selections, at varying but reasonable prices, are enough to cause both confusion and



ecstasy. The yarns are sold in 50, 100 and kilogram quantities, while prices vary according to texture and wool (or synthetic) composition. The kilogram size is the cheapest but stores may, if you ask, reduce the price of smaller skeins bought in a large quantity. Check the cheaper or sale yarns carefully and be warned that thick yarns tend to 'diminish' at places into thread and are frequently knotted or pieced together.

Molokotos (*Evanghelistrias* 18) has a particularly good selection of all types of yarn and good, pure wool, Greek yarns beginning at 23 Drs for 100 grams as well as a woolly-looking acrylic for 18 Drs (for 100 grams). Consultants are available during regular shopping hours.

Vrontisis (*Athinaios* 6) has cotton (40 Drs for 50 grams), rayon, and speckly gold yarns that sell for a starry-eyed 2,500 Drs per kilo. They also sell beads and trims and 'frames' for making your own evening or hand bags. *Pratikakis* (*Ermou* 50b) sells children's clothes and a nice selection of Greek and imported yarns all under one roof.

● *The Bead* has passed through many a Greek finger on many a *komboloi* but not until recently has the simple mass-produced bead enjoyed the popularity of a cult symbol — adorning blue jean outfits and even replacing the neckties of unconventional businessmen. There is a wholesale and retail bead shop near the main cathedral square (*Pal. Benizelou* 6) where wallfuls of beads in all shapes, colours, and sizes can be bought to make necklaces, bracelets, and even your own originally-designed *komboloi*. Prices for individual beads begin at 10 lepta and go to approximately 20 Drs for the large hand-painted varieties. Many have holes large enough for leather string to pass through and so are eminently suitable for young stringers. Evil eyes, metal clasps, leather string, and assorted threads are also in full supply.

● *The Macrame* or creative knot-tying cult may have infiltrated the string supply of Athens and *Takis Kaloyeropoulos* (*Pandrossou* 25) keeps a big assortment of ropes and strings. (Frustrated wives may wish to make a gift of rope to their boating-mad husbands to keep their reef and slip knots 'in shape' during the long winter months). If you have mastered the basic knots, then simple belts, headbands, hanging-pot holders, and even dog leashes make quick projects and eagerly received gifts. If you seek the unusual in rope and string, wander over to the streets bordering the Flea Market (near *Athinas*) where a fishing supply or hardware store may carry unusual *spangos* (string) or *skini* (rope).

● *Leather* is not only for shoemakers, as all enthusiasts who make their own wallets, belts, pocketbooks, and sandals will testify. *Miaouli Street* (off *Athinas*) is the leather street and although shelves stacked with rather massive hides reveal this to be the wholesale district, some stores will sell in small quantities. *A. Mizrakian* (*Miaouli* 7) sells pieces by the kilo (120-150 Drs) and by the square metre (350-400). Leather glue is available (9, 16 and 50 Drs) and leather string at 3 Drs per metre. This string seems to be omnipresent in many *Monastiraki* shops and even hangs in spaghetti-like bunches from some kiosks.

● Finally, remember in shopping for craft supplies, as in anything else, comparative pricing is recommended on all items. Not only are the stores numerous and their prices varied, but stores often tend to stock incongruous combinations, and one should be prepared to explore and browse in and out of the obvious, and not so obvious, places.

—S.A.

Greek Records

Yannis Markopoulos. *Thitia* (Military Service) H. Garganourakis, T. Tsanaklidou, L. Halkias. Lyrics, Manos Eleftheriou. Insert poster and Greek text. EMI-Columbia, 200 Drs. Mikis Theodorakis. *18 Lianotragouda Tis Pikris Patridas* (18 Brief Songs of a Bitter Country), with George Dalaras. Lyrics, Yannis Ritsos. Minos, 200 Drs. (Also available with Mairi Dimitriadi; Eleni Vitali and others. Lyra, 200 Drs, and with Maria Farandouri and Mikis Theodorakis, Minos, 200 Drs.)

Mikis Theodorakis. *To Axion Esti*, with G. Bithikotsis, Th. Dimitrief, M. Katrakis (narrator), Chorus and the Athens Small Orchestra. Poem by Elytis. EMI-Columbia, 2 records. 300 Drs. (R)

Mikis Theodorakis. *Romiosini*, with G. Bithikotsis. Lyrics, Yannis Ritsos. EMI-Columbia, 160 Drs. (R)

Mikis Theodorakis. *Arkadia 6-Arkadia 8*, with Maria Farandouri. Lyrics

Theodorakis (Arkadia 6) and Anagnostakis (Arkadia 8). Minos, 200 Drs.

Stavros Xarhakos - Nikos Xylouris. *Syllogi* Xylouris sings *Erotocritos* and new songs by Xarhakos. EMI-Columbia, 180 Drs.

Stavros Xarhakos. *To Megalo mas Tsirko* (Our Great Circus), with N. Xylouris, Jenny Karezi, N. Kazakos and N. Dimitratos. From the stage-play by I. Kambanellis. EMI-Columbia (2 records, delux album with free short-playing disc), 300 Drs.

Domna Samiou. *Ehe Yeia Panayia* (Your health, Holy Mother). Domna Samiou sings herself in most of these folksongs collected from various parts of Greece. EMI-Columbia, 180 Drs.

Mimis Plessas. *Ekini Ti Nihta* (That night). One of several new Plessas records with a political flavour, with D. Psarianos, V. Bonatsos, E. Vitali, M. Douraki. Lyrics, George Kalamariotis. Lyra, 200 Drs.

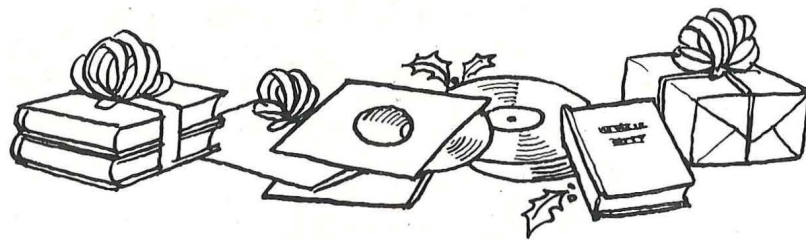
Themis Andreadis. *Yeliografies* (Cartoon

sketches). Andreadis mimics Greek life and styles of singing. Lyrics Y. Logothetis. EMI-Columbia, 180 Drs.

Yannis Papaioannou. *O Yannis Papaioannou se Afthentikes Ekteleisis* (Yannis Papaioannou in authentic performances). Re-pressings of old and recent songs of the great rebetic composer and singer who died a few years ago. Sonora, 180 Drs.

George Mouflouzelis. *O Mouflouzelis Erhete* (Mouflouzelis is coming). Another composer and singer of the rebetic era, Mouflouzelis sings songs of the thirties and forties, accompanying himself on the *baglamas*.

Manos Hatzidakis. *O Odiporos, Methismeno Koritsi kai O Alkiviadis*. (Street-walker, drunk girl and Alcibiades). Trendy song cycle in dramatic form, performed last winter at Hatzidakis' boite in Plaka. With six young singers. Lyra, 200 Drs.



Classical Records

Some ideas about buying — and about not buying — recently issued and re-issued recordings. The latter is denoted by an (R).

You must

Shostakovich: *Violin Concerto, No. 1, A minor*, op. 99 David Oistrakh (violin), New Philharmonia Orchestra. Maxim Shostakovich, conductor — HMV ASD.

Mozart: *Piano Concertos, Nos. 12, in A (K. 414) and 17, in G (K. 453)* Alfred Brendel (piano), Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Neville Marriner, conductor — Philips.

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 3, E flat major*, op. 55 'Eroica' NBC Symphony Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini, conductor — RCA (R).

Mahler: *Symphony No. 10* (revised performing version by Deryck Cook) New Philharmonia Orchestra. Wyn Morris, conductor — Philips.

Beethoven: *Symphonies Nos. 8 and 9*, 'Choral' Soloists, Chorus, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Karl Böhm, conductor — DG. Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas No. 6, in F, op 10 No. 2 and No. 23, F minor*, op. 57, 'Appassionata' Emil Gilels (piano) — DG.

Mozart: *Mass No. 18, C minor*, (K. 427) 'Great' Soloists, John Alldis Choir, New Philharmonia Orchestra. Raymond Leppard, conductor — HMV ASD.

You Could

J.C. Bach: *Three Keyboard Concertos* Ingrid Haebler pianoforte, Vienna Capella Academica, Eduard Melkus conductor — Philips.

Schumann: *Symphonies 1-4. Manfred Overture*, op. 115. *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*, op. 52. Dresden Staatskapelle Orchestra. Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor — HMV SLS.

Sibelius: *The Tempest-Incidental Music*, op. 109. *In Memoriam-Funeral March*, op. 59. Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Charles Groves, conductor — HMV ASD.

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concertos 1-3*. Emil Gilels (piano), New Philharmonia Orchestra. Lorin Maazel, conductor — HMV SLS.

Verdi: *Simon Boccanegra*. Cappuccilli, Raimondi, Ricciarelli, Domingo, RCA Chorus and Orchestra. Gianandrea Gavazzeni, conductor — RCA.

Debussy: *String Quartet, G minor*, op. 10. Ravel: *String Quartet, in F major*. LaSalle Quartet. — DG.

Haydn: *Symphonies: No. 96, D major*, 'Miracle'; No. 102, B flat major. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Hans Hubert Schönzeler, conductor. — CFP.

You'd better not

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1-6*, BWV 1046-51. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult, conductor — HMV SLS.

Mozart: *Piano Concertos No. 21, C major* (K. 467) No. 25, C major (K. 503). Stephen Bishop (piano), London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis, conductor — Philips.

Mozart: *Clarinet Concerto, A major* (K. 622) *Bassoon Concerto, B flat major* (K. 191). Alfred Prinz (clarinet), Dietmar Zeman (bassoon), Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Karl Böhm, conductor — DG.

Stravinsky: *The Firebird-Ballet* (original version). *The Rite of Spring-Ballet* (original version). Petroushka (original version) London Philharmonic Orchestra. Bernard Haitink, conductor — Philips.

Bach: *Mass, B minor* BWV 232. Soloists, Vienna Singverein, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Herbert von Karajan, conductor — DG.

Mahler: *Das Klagende Lied*. Soloists, Czech Philharmonic Chorus, Prague Symphony Orchestra. Herbert Ahlendorf, conductor — Supraphon.

— A.P.

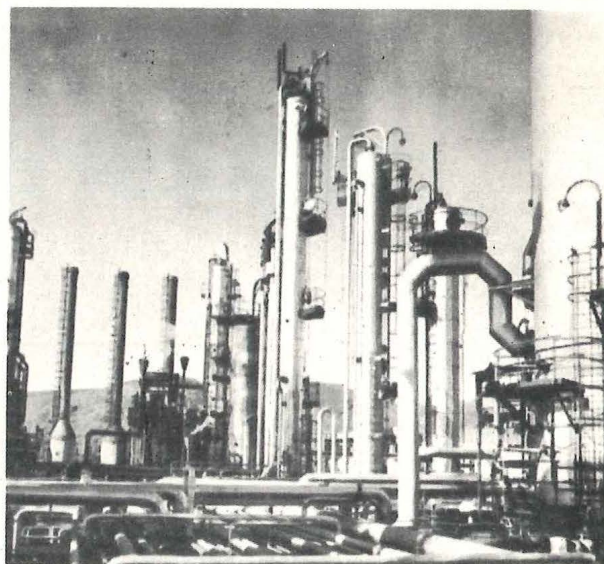
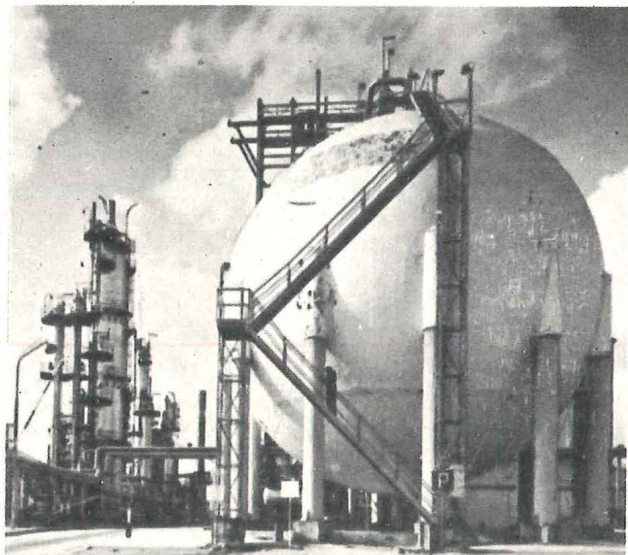
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CHRISTMAS EVE

A Short Story by Antonis Samarakis

Translation by Kimon Friar

AFTERWARDS he went straight on. Down Eolou Street towards the Church of the Madonna of the Golden Cave.

'Went straight on' is an idyllic phrase to describe what actually was happening on that Christmas Eve: every step meant bumping into some 'neighbour' who suddenly became very 'neighbourly', every step was a new assault for the step to follow....

In the brilliantly illuminated streets there were thousands upon thousands of people. They, too, were illuminated for the occasion and weighed down with gifts and that traditional greeting 'Merry Christmas!' These two words hung everywhere that night, on every lip, in the shop windows of every store, from the florist's to the butcher's.

He went beyond Vissis Street and just barely avoided being crushed by a tall bulky man who staggered under tons of gifts and fat.

He continued straight down Eolou... straight down... and entered 'The Shop of a 1,000,000 Toys'.

There was such a mob at the 'The 1,000,000 Toys', and such commotion, that for an hour he backed into a corner and didn't dare move. Finally he decided to venture out, the crowd had thinned, and he took a step forward.

'I beg your pardon...' he said to the very young, very charming, very brunette clerk. 'I beg your pardon, miss....'

'Mrs.... if you please....' she said to him with a smile.

'Oh, forgive me....'

'A trifling error...forget it! Well? Toys?'

'Yes, I'd like a few...'

'A few?'

'Yes, a few...'

'That's to say, how few? How many children have you?'

'Five.'

'Five! You've five children already?'

'Already? What do you mean, already? You don't mean to say that... that I don't look....'

'Well then, yes! That's exactly what I do mean. You don't look that old at all. So young, and five children!'

'Young!' He smiled with a shade of melancholy. Then he stooped toward the young lady as though he wished to

entrust her with something dreadful:

'I'm forty-two! Yes, I'm not kidding. Forty - two'.

'I know nothing, I see nothing... I know only what I see with my own eyes!'

'Since you insist....'

'Well now, let's get back to the toys. Let's see, five children... that makes five toys. Right?'

'Right!'

'Fine!' Let's begin at the beginning. No. 1: A boy...'

'Just think of that! You've guessed it!'

'Twelve years old.'

'But that's incredible!... You're dangerous!'

'Come now, don't exaggerate so. We've got the facts of our problem: a boy twelve years old.'

She scrutinized the toys on the shelf to her right.

'Let me help you,' he said.

'Why not? Anyway, you'd know what he'd like.'

'Yes... that automobile.'

'This one?'

'No... the other... That other one, to your right. That big one, the red one...'

'Oh, you mean this pump.'

'A pump?'

'Yes, it's a pump. A fire engine.'

'Wha'dya know! It's a fire engine What does it do exactly?'

'See, it runs with a dizzying speed, screeching like a real fire engine with red lights flashing on and off and then it squirts water as soon as it stops.'

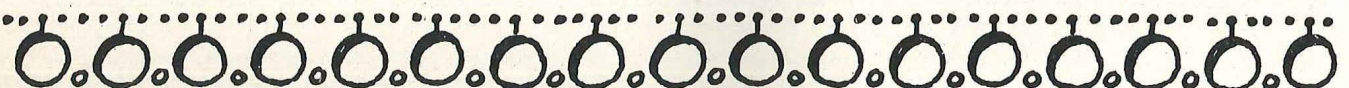
'You don't say so! It does all that?'

'You don't believe it? Well, then see for yourself....'

The young lady took the fire engine, wound it up, put it down on the mosaic floor and it began running with dizzying speed, screeching like a real fire engine with its red lights flashing on and off and....

'Okay!' he said. 'It's very much, very much okay!', and he took up the fire engine in his hands. 'It doesn't have to get us all wet,' he added laughingly.

The young lady laughed too. Some others waiting their turn to buy, laughed also.





A plump woman to his right took off one of her shoes which was pinching her, and in taking it off stabbed him in the ankle. He didn't say anything, he didn't protest, because it was Christmas Eve and because he was very happy that he had chosen for the first gift this astonishing fire engine.

'I like it terribly,' he said.

'That's to say, *he'll* like it terribly,' the young lady corrected him.

'I hope he'll like it. But really now, his name is...'

'Alexander!'

'Alexander?'

'Yes, Alexander. But please notice! Alexander! Not Alex or anything like that...'

'Agreed! That gets rid of one fifth.'

'Gets rid of?'

'Ah, I see that slang annoys you.'

'It doesn't annoy me at all. But isn't 'get rid of' going a bit too far?'

The young lady laughed. Then she said:

'Let's go on to the second. A boy...'

'You've guessed it again! Yes, a boy ten years old, and his name's Demetrius.'

'Beautiful! So the second one's a boy too...'

'Why? Does it matter?'

'Oh, no! And leaning toward him: 'Well, since we're confiding... I've been married three months now, and I'm expecting... And you know something? Yes, we both want it to be a boy!'

Then she turned back to the toys.

She showed him a green and yellow tank. 'It's more real than the real thing', she told him. 'It's gun carriage turns right, left, up, down. And...'

'No, no!' he interrupted. 'My children... I don't want my children learning so soon... I don't want my children playing war...'

She looked at him without saying anything. But in her eyes a shadow passed that for a few seconds turned their clear colour to dark brown.

'This thing here... what do you think of it?' she asked him, showing him an airplane. And she added: 'It's a passenger plane!'

She wound it up and the airplane at first wheeled down the mosaic floor and then flew up and began turning in circles.

'Okay! The airplane's been auctioned off too,' he said, and caught it in flight.

The young lady placed it beside the fire engine. Then she said: 'We're finished with two-fifths!'

'Yes... we're rid of them!'

'Aha, there I've caught you! Now you've said it. Well then?'

'I've put my foot in it. This'll teach me not to be such a smart aleck next time!'

'Let's get on to No. 3.'

'I'm tiring you,' he told her.

'You're tiring me! Not at all! On the contrary, I'm sharing in your happiness. Yes, when I think that in your home all five children are waiting for you... On Christmas Eve... five children, five whole children. Their eyes wide open, their hearts wide open...'

'Let's get on to No.3.'

'A boy!'

'Ah, no! You slipped that time. Now we've come to my little girl. My precious and only one. My Artemis!

'How old?'

'Seven.'

'Seven! She's going to school for the first time this year...'

'Yes.'

'This doll here... It doesn't say anything to you at first glance? Of course in life there are dolls and dolls, just as there are men and men... But see what a doll I've selected for your little girl! Artemis who this year is going to first grade...'

The doll began to walk, to open and close its eyes, to curtsy, to walk again, to curtsy a second time...

'I'll buy this doll for Artemis!' he said loudly.

'I'm very glad you like it.'

'And now for the twins.'

'Twins!'

'Of course. Five years each.'

'And they're called?'

'Stavros and Leonidas.'

'Stavros and Leonidas,' the young lady said as she searched on the shelf to her left.

'Look... there, to your right... that small monkey.'

She threw him a glance that seemed a bit angry.

'I beg your pardon!... Kindly watch your language!'

'I don't understand... it's a monkey, isn't it?'

'No, my dear sir. It's not a monkey. It's a certain kind of monkey. It's my chimpanzee!'

'Ah, is that so? I'm sorry!'

'It's my chimpanzee. Look at him! Come closer, just look at him!'

The young lady took the chimpanzee, placed it on his shoulder, and the chimpanzee began somersaulting.

He laughed. The young lady laughed too. Others around them laughed.

'It's okay about the chimpanzee too! I'll keep him for Stavros.'

'And now for Leonidas. Well then, how about this spinning top for Leonidas? A common gift, you'll say. Very common indeed... And yet! This top you see is no ordinary top, no golden mediocrity.This top you see is perpetual motion itself! Wind it up but once... and it spins, spins like a top ... a whole quarter of an hour!'

The young lady began to wind up the top.

'That's not necessary,' he interrupted her. 'I like it, and I'll take it. Anyway you've already won my complete confidence.'

'Thank you very, very, very much!'

'And so we're finished!'

'Yes?'

'Yes. Five children... five gifts.'

'And for your wife?'

'A toy? Oh, no! For Anna the best gift is flowers. I'll bring her carnations. Red... deep red carnations.'

'Red carnations! As though it was still the time when...'

'Yes, as though it was still the time when we first fell in love.'

Suddenly the young lady let out a screech: 'Ah, the gentleman isn't wearing his wedding ring! Of course, when



he's cruising around far from home, the wedding ring weighs on him heavily, it annoys him...'

'My, my, but you've a sharp eye! Nothing escapes you!'

'Just you watch out, and you'll see what I'll do to you if I ever see you again without your wedding ring! You're lucky it's Christmas Eve today!'

'I give you my word I'll never do it again.... this year!'

The young lady laughed, threatening him with the ball point pen she was holding in her hand to make out the bill. She totalled the entire sum then ripped off the duplicate.

'Merry Christmas,' she said to him.

'Merry Christmas,' he said to her.

HE was lucky to find a taxi, put the packages of toys in first, called out 'Patisson' to the driver, lit a cigarette, opened up the window a bit, then leaned back in his seat.

'Christmas Day tomorrow,' said the driver, opening the conversation.

'Yes... Christmas Day...' he said, arranging the box with the doll.

'How's it going? he asked the driver.

'Eh, how should it go? One picks up a bit of change these days. But then, it's no great shakes.'

'No?'

'Of course not! A great many private cars now. Everything's hashed up because of them. Then there's the private cabs. That's another worry. And then to have the traffic cops breathing down your neck. You'd think they'd a personal grudge against taxi drivers.'

'You're right. Traffic cops... traffic fines...'

'Forget it! It's a dirty job. And to be on night duty too! All night long at the wheel.'

'How many years?'

'How many years? That's not saying a thing! In March it'll be thirty years.'

'A whole lifetime!'

'Oh well! At least let's keep our health. And let's have peace!'

'Yes. And peace...'

'For the kids, eh? Toys?'

'Yes.'

'How many kids?'

'Five.'

'Bravo!... May they live long.'

'Thanks.'

'We've got two. Two boys. One's serving in the navy. The other...' he braked suddenly. The traffic cop had raised his hand at Angelopoulou stop.

'At Amerikis Square slow down a bit... I want to buy some flowers.'

'Flowers? For the house?'

'Yes. For my wife'

'I'll turn in at Tenedou and wait for you. It's impossible to park in the square.'

'Okay. Tenedou... I won't be long.'

He got out, ran to the flower shop on Patisson Street and told the florist he wanted some carnations, red carnations.

On his way back to the taxi he saw some wine in the shop window, went inside and bought a bottle of dry red wine.

'And now straight home,' he said to the driver.

'Straight home', if you only knew how well I understand you! How eagerly they must be waiting for you at home! And how moved you too must be to be with them soon.'

For three or four minutes there was silence.

'The second street to the right, third door to the right. It's that small house over there...'

AS the taxi turned back towards Patisson Street, he took out his keys and opened the door.

Picking up the packages, he brought them into the hall. Then he switched on the lights, all the lights in all the rooms. He went from room to room, switching on the lights. All the lights. The house was flooded with light.

He turned the radio on full blast. The house filled with sound. With happy sound...

He divided up the carnations, the red carnations, in two vases, one on the table and the other on the buffet. The house was flooded with red carnations.

Then he took seven wine glasses, opened the bottle of dry red wine and poured some into each of the seven glasses.

'That's it!' he said. 'Anna and I make two. And five for the children makes seven.'

He wound up the fire engine and it began running on the parquet with dizzying speed, screeching like a real fire engine, with its red lights flashing on and off...

He wound up the airplane and it first wheeled down the parquet and then began flying and turning in circles...

He wound up the doll and it began to walk, to open and close its eyes, to curtsy...

He wound up the chimpanzee, placed it on his shoulder, and it began to somersault...

He wound up the top and it began spinning round and round...

'That's to say — things aren't exactly so,' he said. 'It would have been so if all hadn't turned out as they have... Yes, we would have been seven... Anna and I... that makes two. And the five children — that makes seven. Of course, right now we're not exactly seven... we're one!'

He took up his glass, clinked it with the other glasses, one by one. 'Merry Christmas' he said loudly, his voice resounding strangely in the lonely room. 'Merry Christmas', he said again still more loudly. Afterwards he said nothing, nothing at all, drank only a sip of the red wine, in the middle of the large room, in the middle of his large illusion, the gift he had given himself on Christmas Eve, this illusion of not being alone, of standing in the middle of the large room, standing in the middle of his large illusion and tasting it sip by sip like the dry red wine he was now tasting sip by sip, the red carnations forever standing on the table and on the buffet, the dry red wine and the six glasses standing forever, the announcer over the radio saying that midnight was approaching bit by bit, on the parquet to his left the fire engine forever screeching, to the right the airplane forever turning in circles, to his right also the doll forever waiting, on his shoulder the chimpanzee forever somersaulting, the top forever spinning round and round him like a top, in all the rooms all the lights lit forever and ever, the whole house flooded with light, the whole house flooded with light forever, and in his heart....

ANTONIS SAMARAKIS



Antonis Samarakis is often referred to as the Graham Green of Greece. His first collection of stories, *Zititai Elpis* (Wanted: Hope) was published in 1954 and quickly became a popular and critical success. In his fiction Samarakis focuses on the plight of common people caught in degrading and dehumanizing social and political dilemmas. In terms of style he has consistently been witty, brief, clear and colloquial. His other story collections include *Arnoumai* (I Deny) 1961, *I Zoungla* (The Jungle) 1966 and *To Diavatirion* (The Passport) 1973, the title story of which grew out of his personal eighteen month struggle to obtain a passport from the recent military junta. His novels are *Sima Kindynou* (Danger Signal) 1959, and *To Lathos* (The Flaw) 1965, translated into English by Peter Mansfield and

Richard Burns. *The Flaw*, which will soon be released as a film starring Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi and Mario Adorf, has been translated into twenty languages and has received international attention including Japan and Brazil.

In Greece, Samarakis' works are best sellers having sold over a quarter of a million copies. *The Flaw*, for instance, is in its twelfth edition.

Edwin Jahiel, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, has written three articles on this distinguished Greek author. He has perhaps best summarized his importance as 'a renovator of contemporary Greek literature and a major world writer; a voice from Greece speaking to all humanity in acutely relevant and modern terms.'

— A.H.

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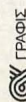


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GREECE'S SHAGGY RUG STORY

*Are you afraid to wash or cut your flokati?
Our Flokati-Fancy Man is back with all the answers
and a few secrets of the trade.*

SEVERAL years ago the manufacturers of synthetic fibres got together and began a massive campaign to promote synthetic floor coverings. They were wildly successful and nearly ruined the market for wool rugs. The use of synthetic carpeting in kitchens, pool-sides and terraces, for example, can be miraculous, but the superiority of wool for most carpeting became self-evident not long after the introduction of synthetics.

Wool is best for carpeting because of its basic construction. Wool fibres are spiraled, not straight, and are, therefore, springy to walk upon. They are also sheathed in cells which overlap rather like shingles on a roof. This not only protects the central core from dust and dirt but accounts for wool's ability to shed water easily and to drip dry so quickly. Wool fibres are also opaque, rather than transparent, and therefore they do not reflect dirt — making it less noticeable.

Wool can absorb up to 30% of its weight in water vapour without even feeling damp: therefore, *beware of buying flokati in damp basements or on rainy days.* This ability to absorb moisture prevents static electricity which attracts dirt like a magnet. If you have both kinds of carpeting and have wondered why the synthetic one seems to get dirty more quickly than the wool, this is your answer!

Today no one producer has a monopoly on flokati. There are several large factories which produce both machine and handwoven varieties and many stores also sell, as their own, flokati they buy from individual weavers who loom them for 'egg money'. There are, however, certain basic things to look for in buying flokati, regardless of where it is made. As we explained in our earlier article, most of the wool used in their manufacture is the same and the quality and price depend on the *weight*. In the heavier handmade rugs, however, the wool fibres definitely are longer, whiter, softer, and have a more luxurious appearance. By law the minimum weight for export flokati is 1.6 kilos per square metre which, in my estimation, is too light and sparse in pile to be



satisfactory. From 1.8 to 2 kilos per square metre should be your minimum standard. If you are on a budget this is perfectly satisfactory for casual use in bathrooms, or for spare throw rugs.

Any rug weighing around 2.5 kilos per square metre should do well for almost any other use except perhaps for living and dining rooms which are the show areas of your home and which receive a great deal of use. Some producers claim to have flokati weighing up to 4 kilos per square metre, but your limits will be guided by your budget and personal taste. There is no denying the beauty and pure luxury of these heavy rugs. They will last a lifetime and if you buy them in white they can be dyed later in other colours.

Besides the cost, however, there are other things to consider. A 2×3 m. rug at 4 kilos per square metre weighs approximately 50 pounds. How often do you think you will shake it? Despite the many gadgets and vacuum appliance attachments, I remain convinced that shaking is the only satisfactory method of weekly maintenance — even if it means getting up in the middle of the night to avoid confrontations with your neighbours below! They also stay

cleaner longer and unless you have a *willing* man around the house, guess who is going to be doing it?

An amazing thing about flokati is how little care they require. Here is a professional trick you can perform on yours for special occasions as long as the rug is clean: sprinkle it lightly with your clothes sprinkler and then, with one person at each end, shake it vigorously up and down several times. You will see the water come out in a fine mist and fall back on the rug. This will open the strands of wool like Japanese water flowers. The rug will dry in a few minutes and will look very impressive!

In flokati the back is more important than that of other types of rugs for two reasons. First, it must be shrunk properly so that it looks similar to felt, otherwise the strands (pile) which are not tied-in are more likely to come out. Secondly, if the backing is thick — accounting for too much of the rug's weight in proportion to the strands — then you are wasting your money because you can get padding for less than what you pay for flokati.

The shag itself comes in various lengths. Some people prefer very long strands, others a medium length. Flokati

from Crete seems to be curlier than those from elsewhere. The strands should be fairly thick but their length is a matter of personal preference. Heavier flokati wear better and look beautiful no matter how many paws, pads, feet and hoofs (relatively speaking) are trampling over them all day.

Some rugs are a pure white, others an offwhite or eggshell. This colour, preferred by some, is not necessarily an indication of inferior quality. Flokati processed in the autumn and winter, when there is much rain and snow leaching out the chemicals from the soil, tend to be offwhite. There is nothing more cheerful or beautiful than a bright flokati lying at your feet. If red or orange expresses 'your personality', as decorator guides put it, jump right in because not even a rainy day can take away their warmth! But first, a few observations about colour.

A rug, especially in these days, involves a considerable investment that one has to live with for a long time. It also generally takes up more space than any other item you buy and therefore is more noticeable. Red and orange in anything except throw rugs tend to be very difficult to live with after the first glow of ownership. Black and dark blue show every blessed piece of lint, fuzz, cookie crumb — and every dust mote in the neighbourhood seems to land on them. They even show prints made by bare feet. Pastels and light colours show dirt more quickly than white. Blues, greens, turquoise, mauve and all variations thereof tend to *fade* in strong light. This is of course true with other materials as well — even automobiles — but people seem to forget when buying flokati.

White is more practical than it might first seem. If you can train your family to leave their shoes at the door where they belong, a white flokati will show the dirt gradually so that it will not be noticeable until one day you look in and shriek, 'What is that godawful black thing lying in the middle of my living room?' For another, flokati are not hard to clean as we shall explain. Before we go into this, however, we should mention a few other minor, but puzzling 'problems'.

The very idea of cutting flokati seems to shock some people, yet it is but another of its many virtues. *Any good flokati can be cut without ravelling.* It is not necessary to bind a cut edge, but we use a blanket stitch when cutting simply because it then has a finished look. It is also very easy to sew pieces together. A certain amount of know-how is required but almost invisible sewing can be done or even a quick over-stitch is all that is

needed. Properly done, the top will never show a seam.

A good illustration of the practicality of this is when flokati is used in the bedroom. It is sheer madness to put flokati under a bed: besides wasting your money, this is where all the dust collects, as every good housekeeper knows, and how are you going to clean under *there*? An excellent solution is a 'bedroom set'. For example, if you have a double bed you can use two 150 × 200 cm. rugs to wonderful advantage by cutting one down the middle lengthwise, and the other across the width. The rug that is split lengthwise will be the exact size to fit from the head of the bed to the foot and will cover a 75 cm. width on each side of the bed. The other two pieces placed side by side with the cut edges facing the bed will cover the entire area at the foot. The total effect will look as if the bed were standing on one large flokati, yet nothing will have been wasted and the four pieces will be easy to clean. The two pieces at the foot can be sewn together.

You may cut flokati into any shape to fit particular areas. Finally, don't be afraid to buy two rugs 2 × 3 m. in size or to cut a 3 × 4 m. rug into two pieces to cover this much area. They can be washed and handled more easily.

Customers always inquire, 'Will my flokati slip on a wooden floor?' Of course it will, on any slippery surface, and so will any other rug not properly treated! You are asking for trouble if you do not anchor every rug, especially small ones. Flokates are often placed as throw rugs over wall to wall carpeting or, in the absence of regular padding, over old carpeting. It is very easy to buy sheets of plastic foam rubber which are sold in 1 × 2 m. sizes. These can be sewn together on an ordinary sewing machine. It is best to cut old material — sheets, shirts, any thin fabric — about two inches wide and then fold the strips over the edges of the foam rubber as you sew it together. This prevents the thread from tearing through the foam rubber. Ordinary binding tape sewn on top and bottom acts just as well. Expensive padding is not needed for flokati. Our grandmothers sewed rings from Mason's jars to the corners of small rugs to prevent them from slipping.

Two final points before we all gather around to wash our flokati. Moths are not usually a problem when rugs are in use, but their larvae have a feast when rugs are stored in warmth and darkness. The best protection for storage is to wrap the rug, after rolling it up, and to put a few crystals or moth balls on the *under side only* because some of the

chemicals do cause yellow spots. They do not go through the rug.

Since flokati, if it burns, does not *flare* but only chars, it is difficult to understand why wholesale export to the U.S. has been hampered by the law governing flame-proofing. Private or individual shipments are not affected, however.

Small flokati articles like pillows and slippers wash beautifully in a home machine and the commercial ones will take many of the large-size rugs. Throw rugs can be washed in the bath tub. If they are all white let them soak overnight in water. When washing use cool or cold water and a wool soap such as Woolite because these preparation leave the rugs softer and fluffier than detergents. Washing them can be fun. If you have two little indians around the house let them pretend they are trampling grapes and the dirt will come out in no time. The important thing is thorough rinsing. Let them drain in the tub for an hour before hanging over something so they can drip dry. In the summer a small rug will dry in two hours.

Large rugs are fairly easy to clean if you have an area where you can use a hose — a terrace, lawn, patio, roof top, balcony, any place where a rug can be spread out. The first step is to soak the rug with as much water as it will hold, then sprinkle it with a wool soap. Be careful not to get in too much soap because if you do it will take hours to rinse out. Spray the surface just enough to dampen the soap and then rub with your hands so the soap is worked in and the dirt loosened. In the summer it is easiest to simply put on a swimming suit and get right in with hands and feet — a wonderful exercise and a sun tan at the same time! When you have gone over the entire rug, soak it again with water until it streams out. Fold the rug as small as you can and step on it so that your weight squeezes out the soap suds. If you have used plenty of water, once will do.

Next hang the flokati over something so that the water can run out freely and use the hose again until the water draining from the rug is perfectly clear. If possible, hang between two lines or over garden furniture so that air can circulate under the rug. Leave all the edges hanging free so that the water can drip out freely. After about two hours turn the rug over to allow the backing to dry more quickly and when you think it is dry turn again. It is easy to clean a large rug within one hour. The total drying time varies, of course.

Not everyone can wash large rugs at home but most cities have commercial

laundries that can handle rugs. Do try to get them to use Woolite or its equivalent — even if you supply it — because they normally use detergents made for commercial establishments which may leave your rug looking more like it did when it first came out of the loom. If at all possible, avoid dry cleaning. I have seen rugs come out beautifully and others ruined. The owner of one establishment had *steamed* the rug but nonetheless refused to pay full damages. As with dealers, *know* the place first.

Shaking a washed rug while it is still damp makes it fluff out. It is also a good idea to comb it after washing because it may be somewhat tangled. One can buy

strong, wide-toothed, plastic combs which do a good job. Some dealers use a wire brush similar to a dog brush, but this merely pulls out the fine ends of the strands leaving those in the rug tangled. Combing is rarely needed because shaking will keep your rug looking its best.

Since accidents do happen, it is probable that long before your rug needs washing there will be a spot on it. In nine times out of ten a stain will disappear in two minutes just by running cold water through it — or by dipping that area in a bucket of water and scrubbing a little.

As in any fabric, once a stain has

'set', it may be impossible to get out. If your rug is white, you can use a sodium perborate base bleach — never, never chlorine on wool! — and this may help.

Flokati rugs are not for everyone, perhaps, but we have noticed that usually a customer who buys one comes back for another. We can only hope that this article has helped you understand them better. They are wonderful gifts, great to own, and their ability to create a warm atmosphere carries on the classic tradition of Greek hospitality.

—DON SEBASTIAN

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PENCIL SKETCHES OF GREECE

(1965 - 1966)

SKETCH X

Poinsettias in Bloom

YANNI, the gardener, was right. The poinsettias are in bloom. Each twig, it seems, bears a flower at least ten inches in radius.

As I stand at our bedroom window the blooms loll over, scratch against the panes, and form a red lace pattern. When the midday sun hits the flowers, it filters through the petals into the room, casting the walls in rose. Thus the garden intrudes itself into the house: that is as it should be. I leave the lace pattern in my window and move outside the house.

The whole front is smeared with this blood red profusion spilling its colour and life all over the house. It should be a spring flower, the symbol of rebirth, but born as it is in the chilled month of December, it holds forth a promise. It is a harbinger.

I am reminded of the words of Kazantzakis: 'Speak to me of God, I said to the Almond tree, and the Almond tree blossomed.'

SKETCH XI

Yanni Cuts Back the Garden

AS I drive up to the house I barely recognise it. The poinsettias have been cut to the quick. The fruit trees have all been pruned. The withered stalks of summer flowers have been removed. The house looks naked, ashamed of itself — like some poor collaborator whose hair has just been



shorn. I am stunned. It takes a while for it all to penetrate and I move from stub to stub, from bare root to expanse of naked earth along the garden path. My first thought is wild, irrational uncalled for and totally unfair.

'John,' I put my head back and bellow. 'John, come here, immediately!'

'Yes, Mother. Gee, what's going on? I thought you were hurt or something, the way you were screaming.'

I came to my senses. Of course not, he wouldn't have cut down the whole garden. He couldn't — even if he had wanted to.

'Nothing John. Oh, wait a minute. Did Yanni come and cut this down?'

'How do I know? I just got back from kindergarden!'

I realised then that Yanni indeed must have cut it down, or at least set some of his henchmen to do the dirty work.

My lovely, lovely garden. I didn't know how much I had grown to love it, even the dying-out of it, until I saw that it had all disappeared. I long for the fragrance again, the crowded growth and thick intertwining of the things that I had loved in it. I feel as if all my closest friends have been dispatched to some foreign place where I will never see them again.

I pull myself up short. Somewhere along the way I had stopped regarding it as a mess, a jungle, and had begun to enjoy it as it was. Have I changed that much in the five months I have been in Greece? My grandmother's and mother's tidy gardens in Cape Cod now seem sterile.

I enter the bedroom and look out across an unobstructed view to where my son John scampers with Paris. Before, my bedroom window had been partially covered with the poinsettias. This is the first time I am able to see any distance through it. The window is big and cold, letting in the chilly air of a drab January day. Kiki moves silently on her catfeet into the bedroom.

'That window looks too big now, Kyria Marder. It makes me feel cold to look through it.'

'I know, Kiki, I know what you mean.'

SKETCH XII

Kiki

KIKI, our maid, is very silent. When she walks, it is with the lightness of a cat. When she talks, which is rarely, she speaks only of the sufferings she has lived through — sufferings which mirror the history of Greece for the last forty odd years.

When she came to us, her reference card read Kiki, and not knowing where to put the maverick Greek *tonos* (stress mark), I put it on the wrong syllable. So we always call her 'KI-ki.' One day some member of her family called her on the phone and asked for 'ki-KI'.

'Why did he ask for Ki-KI?' I questioned her.

'Because that is how you pronounce my name.'

'But from the beginning we have been calling you KI-ki and you never corrected me.'

'Never mind,' she said sadly, 'It doesn't matter,' and sighed.

Kiki always sighs. It is as if sighs were the tongue in which she speaks, as if no other language could express her fears, longings and disappointments. Sometimes I hear her sighs from the kitchen

and think they are groans, escaping from some deep, dark part of her soul.

Her childhood must have held some joyous moments. Often, when she describes her village and *ktimata* her eyes show a tiny brightness, but then the sighs and groans start again and the eyes become private and sad.

'Where was your village, Kiki?'

'Around Volos.'

'Oh, where?' asks my husband eager to know having just taken a trip to Volos and the surrounding areas.

'Eight hours away,' says Kiki, backing away from the map that my husband has just unfolded to pinpoint her village.

'Eight hours? Impossible!' we both say at once, knowing that in eight hours you cross the whole country.

'Eight hours with what means of transportation?' asks my husband.

'Eight hours by foot,' says Kiki. 'We never had transportation. That's why we are in Athens and not up there on our beautiful *ktima*.

'What beautiful fruit! We had oranges, lemons, figs, tangerines, grape vines. Oh, it was beautiful! Even apples. And there they would lie all over the ground, the field rats and bugs feasting on them because we had no way to get them into town to sell them.

'Can you imagine such things going to waste? We would eat all we could, preserve all we could, and then stand there and watch it all rot. It took us eight hours to get to Volos. I've walked there and back in one day. Oh, what misery! I remember we carried hard candies to suck to kill the thirst because there was little water on the way. Oh, my Virgin! Once my cousin got sick and they took her to the city, to the hospital there. After a week or so we had no news of her and so we decided to walk to Volos.

'Eight hours by foot. Oh, what agony! We walked eight hours there, visited with my cousin and walked eight hours back to the village. How I miss the village and the land! We were happy there for a time. But we can't go back. We can't live there anymore, even though they have transportation now, it's too hard.

'Do you know, once we lost some of our neighbours in a snow storm. Once, it started to snow, slowly and lightly and the sky was hardly darkened. We had the impression that it was too warm to snow and that it would stop soon. My neighbours came by — a woman and her grown daughter — and asked if I wanted to help get the sheep down before it really started to snow. I said I didn't mind, that I'd go but I didn't believe that it was going to keep snowing. We started

up into the hills, and couldn't find the sheep and couldn't even hear the bells. As we went farther and farther away from the house, the weather got colder and the sky suddenly grew black as if it were almost night. "Let's turn back," I said, "before it is too late. Look at that snow come down."

'As we started back, the snow piled up right in front of our eyes so that every footstep became a burden. Oh, my Virgin, what agony! The neighbour woman said she was going to stop, she was too tired to lift her feet. I said, "Don't! You'll freeze to death in this," but she sank to the frozen snow. Her daughter said, "Go on, Kiki, get some help, I'll stay with her!"

'I hurried to the village to get help and by the time they found the mother and daughter it was night. The mother was dead and the living body of the daughter frozen to the corpse. They had to rip off the clothes of the daughter to get her loose. No, I couldn't stand that life again.' She sighs.

I sigh too. I am not thinking of Kiki anymore but of the others who still live up there in her village.

—BRENDA MARDER



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FIRST NIGHTS

In order to survive one must be servile. This is the leitmotiv of Lenz's *The Private Tutor* as it has been adapted by Bertolt Brecht. In this case, servility leads to castration, the play's sardonic conclusion. Suitably translated into Greek by Marios Floritis, this simplified satire of the rising bourgeois class is given the Brechtian style of fragmented theatrical narration.

Immediately noticeable in the present production is the loving care with which it has been prepared and directed by Xenia Kaloyeropoulou. She has been ably assisted by George Patsos who has done the sets and costumes, Leonidas De Pian, choreographer and Aristidis Karydis-Fouks who has arranged the lighting. It is, however, the music of Michael Gregoriou that most closely interprets the spirit of the play, accompanying it, as it does, from the beginning to the end.

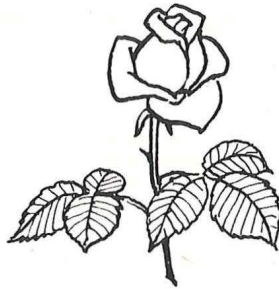
The efforts of the entire group of talented actors to adapt themselves to stylization is most praiseworthy. This stylization of the acting is necessary to provide vigour to what is in some ways a naive plot. Praiseworthy as it is, the performance still lacks continuity and homogeneity. Yannis Fertis as the private tutor is the leading performer. If, however, he scaled down his stylized manner to the level of the other actors, the performance would have been more balanced and the results more rewarding. The maturing talents of such actors as Vasso Andronidis, Vassilis Andreopoulos and Betty Valassi must be noted as well as the juvenile performances of Alexander Antonopoulos, Danis Katranidis, and Christos Valavanidis.

In *Sh***, Marietta Rialdi does just about everything. She has written it, directed it, produced it and is also its leading protagonist. We are already accustomed to Rialdi's direction which is always thorough and effective. In this production however, it is her brilliant characterizations which are remarkable. She plays two roles. In one she portrays a Greek-American lady, an outwardly comic figure which conceals an inner savagery... suggesting, perhaps a female, feline Agnew. In her other part, she plays a heartless, baby-faced girl whose blank look of stupidity clearly reflects a brain that has been washed by Establishment propaganda.

Matching this fine performance is Tzeny Kollarou, who plays many, and by no means easy, roles. Indeed, the whole cast is excellent.

The sets are by Esme Pilidis, the choreography by Lia Meletopoulou and the singing voice is of Loukianos Kelaiditis.

As for the play, it is a caustic protest against the threatening prevalence of a technology without culture, guided only by money—a social order, at heart bloodthirsty, which having first turned people into puppets, then turns them into killers:



The play, unfortunately, ends in a catechism of do's and don'ts, out of keeping with the rest of the piece. Though the play's mixture of the comic and the tragic has been criticized, there is a justification for it, because the comic is only a mask concealing a dramatic condition.

George Roussos, whose *Queen Amalia* gave Aliki Vouyouklaki a great success three years ago, now offers us *Mando Mavroyenous*, another historical biography of the War of Independence. Perhaps the most interesting part of the play describes the dissensions amongst the Greek chieftains while the young state was in the making. These dissensions, stirred by foreign powers, form the central theme about which the activities of Mando Mavroyenous are woven. They culminated at last in the obligatory installation of a foreign king.

The play is crammed with music by Theodorakis which, though written especially for this play, sounds too familiar. Its abundance breaks both the continuity and the dramatic climax.

The acting is generally of a high level. Aliki Vouyouklaki manages to forget herself for once and to get under the skin of her heroine.

The play remains curiously too long and too unfulfilled at the same time. Damaging cuts appear to have been made to allow for the musical intervals which in turn leave the audience unprepared for the climax.

The director Costis Mihalidis has been given a large cast, a long play and a cascade of standardized Theodorakis music. Perhaps it was too much to handle. The poor choreography is hardly helpful.

On the other hand the play has its good elements. There is the dynamic Aliki Vouyouklaki in the title role. There is also the imposing presence of Manos Katrakis as Kolokotronis. Athina Mihalidis as the heroine's mother, Vyron Pallis as the versatile Papaflessas, Nikitas Tsakiroglou as Dimitri Ypsilantis, among other good actors move through the delightful sets of Spyros Vassiliou. The play, by the way, has attracted the largest audience on record for a long time.

William Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* has been made into a vehicle allowing Voula Zoumboulaki to play a bravura performance in the role of a lady of the world who has the soul of a prostitute. It is a nonrealistic play that can only be played realistically. Only in a novel — which *Requiem for a Nun* originally was — can its characters be explained and properly justified. Hence the necessity for a bravura performance.

The play itself portrays a struggle between truth and family prestige. As a duel it is today a dated conception of life, though perhaps not entirely dated if extended into other fields. This stage duel, however, is expertly performed by Zoumboulaki and Myrat. Myrat's direction is excellent. The suspense is maintained fully alive throughout the first act. The second takes place in prison where the negro prostitute, a devoted servant who has killed for love — finely delineated by Soula Athanasiasidis — lies condemned to death. This leads to the catharsis of the play whose acceptance or rejection depends upon one's personal conception of life and death. In any case, it contains one of the best performances of Zoumboulaki and Myrat of the last decade.

— PLATON MOUSSEOS

THE VOYOUKLAKI PHENOMENON

It is usually from up-stage — but if it isn't it certainly *looks* that way. It is *always* quick, it is *always* a deep sweep down to the footlights followed by a long 'cross'. It is *always* an intimate recognition of the audience before even so much as a 'how-do-you-do' to the other actors. This is *the* Vouyouklaki 'entrance'.

The Athens theatre season without Aliki Vouyouklaki is as unthinkable as the tourist season without the Parthenon. Like the Parthenon, Vouyouklaki is so familiar in so many ways that it is for all practical purposes impossible to judge her as a work of art. She is above all a phenomenon: she is so overwhelmingly *there*.

Being, however, very much a lady of the theatre, she feels obliged to play a role, or more precisely, to play at playing a role. This year she is Mando Mavroyenous. If one doesn't get a very vivid picture of this revolutionary heroine, it is only because one comes away with the impression that Mando Mavroyenous has given a splendid impersonation of Aliki Vouyouklaki. It doesn't matter: her choice of the role is merely a concession to public taste. The gain is all ours: the image of this vague character out of the past has now been forever imbedded in our minds.

What exactly is the Vouyouklaki magic? This is impossible to answer, because if we could describe it exactly, it wouldn't be magic. It has first of all, to do with that rapport she creates with her audience which is almost tangible. Her appearance arouses in her spectators an inexplicable urge to rise and sing the National Hymn. What is so delightful about this rapport is that it is essentially the sharing of a secret, enhanced by the fact that it is open and can be shared by all. It is not just that ravishing wink she gives us every now and then, it is the whole manner. In this particular case, the secret is this: though we may have Kolokotronis, Dimitri Ypsilantis and Papaflessas on our right; Kolettis, Mavrocordatos and Capodistrias on our left; here, down stage centre we have Aliki Vouyouklaki playing straight out to her admiring public. It is the most honest of hoaxes.

Once this is established — and it is established at once — we can sit back, relax and enjoy the many-sided subtleties of her performance. We have seen most of it before: Aliki, the innocent girl; Aliki, the seductress;

Aliki, the dutiful daughter; Aliki, the winsome comedienne; Aliki, the rejected woman (beware!); Aliki, the grande dame; Aliki, the ethnic champion.

Within this plenitude, however, there are marvellous modulations. By example: Aliki (alias Mando) has just been told that Ypsilandis has abandoned her. It's a lie, of course (who could ever abandon Aliki?) but it adds piquancy to our wildest dreams. 'You are crying,' her informer tells her. 'I, cry? I never cry,' she retorts, turning away from him swiftly. Then suddenly she sits, at the other side of the stage, alone, and stares out at us across the footlights in an enormous, devastated stare, with eyes literally 'beyond tears'. It is a superb moment. We know it — she knows it — and we are mutually happier for the knowledge.

It is hardly surprising that Vouyouklaki is appearing in a second George Roussos play in three years. His historical costume-dramas are a perfect vehicle for her, giving her that kaleidoscope of sudden situations and moods so suitable to the variety of her talents. What Aliki can do with a costume is itself a revelation. It is strictly a case of Woman making the Dress. The energy she consumes is nothing less than heroic, she must be one of the fastest costume-changers in theatrical history. She must take backstage corners faster than an Athens taxi. Here we have the Red Aliki, there the White, suddenly the hopeful Pink, the Desperate Purple, the pathetic Brown.

Acting may be the most external of arts, but to be fine it must conceal something. In the case of Aliki Vouyouklaki what might this be? She scans the auditorium with the utmost familiarity. It is after all, *hers*. She wins us all, but we are not at all sure whether we win her. Together, perhaps, we do: this winning smile is unspecific. We sense that she is more aware of the occasional empty seat than by the many occupied ones. She has a way of dividing us up as she looks at us. She accepts our applause. It pleases her. But we feel that she never asked for it. How does she divide us up?

First of all as men and women. Women admire Aliki more openly. Men tend to be circumspect. In fact her whole attitude on stage towards men is curiously enigmatic. A single man she sees through quite easily — but to what? — another man? Other men? Or



perhaps another image of herself? This enigmatic quality we have seen in some of the greatest actresses: in Garbo and Dietrich, to take only the most glaring examples. Aliki however, is no *femme fatale*. If anything she wants to give us the ingenue. But there is something inaccessible about her. Men find something untrustworthy about her, a quality she encourages. She is clearly not a man's woman. She is her own woman. There is a coldness about her, a certain hardness, which intrigues us more that it repels us.

Note her curtain calls: how she brusquely throws her supporting actors forward for their applause, disposing of them as if they were infinitely recyclable. Then she comes forward for her own. She sets herself apart. This is not the self-loving star. It's an essential part of herself. She is at heart *la princesse solitaire*.

Vouyouklaki does not want us to solve this enigma — and, who knows, she may not want to solve it herself. She arranges her productions accordingly.

By and large these productions are several cuts above those one sees around town. They are elaborate, well-done, highly professional. She assembles excellent actors.

In both Roussos plays she has acquired the sizable talents of Manos Katrakis. Anyone who has seen him in *King Lear* and *Prometheus Bound* will recognize him as an actor of absolutely the first rank. Yet she has *chosen* him and he has *accepted* her. So we might

best look at them together. To say that his back has more real dramatic force than her front is entirely beside the point. Vouyouklaki has that innate sense of theatre to realize that one cannot stack the cards all one way. Their scenes together are a rudimentary drama of the stage — a confrontation between a Great Personality and a Great Actor, in which neither wins but both are enhanced. It is as basic as Aeschylus.

So should it be surprising that Vouyouklaki can make even the music of Theodorakis into a vehicle to launch herself into a role which we have never seen her play before: Aliki, the Heroine of the Polytechnic? Can it matter that when she takes up the flag of liberty she shows herself as a fabulous, heart-warming fraud? And is it not delightfully to the point, that with forty theatres in Athens, each staging its own revolution, that the *coup* down at the Aliki should be strictly *de theatre*?

—S.E.

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music

THE NEW SEASON

The 1974-75 musical season has begun, the recent political upheaval and forthcoming elections notwithstanding. The State Orchestra gave its opening concert on Monday, November 11th, under the able direction of Byron Kolasis with a varied musical offering which included the overture from Beethoven's sole opera *Fidelio*, the *Cyprus Suite* of Alkis Baltas, the Fifth Shostakovich Symphony, and the Schumann Piano Concerto in A minor featuring the noted Greek pianist, George Themelis. All were well performed throughout, the orchestra and soloist responding to the measured and thoughtful conducting of Maestro Kolasis. Future weekly symphony concerts promise a number of interesting

programs, in particular that of November 18th which features Greece's leading mezzo-soprano, Kiki Morfoniou, in the rarely heard Mahler *Kindertotenlieder*. The Athens Opera has not as yet released its final program, but rehearsals are underway and one is told that among the operas scheduled for this season is Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, a work as delightful as it is difficult, and particularly apropos to Athens since the author of the libretto, Chester Coleman, is a local resident.

Among the embassy cultural programs, the Goethe Institute deserves special commendation for its presentation on November 3rd of the avant-garde vocal work, *Stimmung* (1968) by Karlheinz Stockhausen. One of the most renowned composers of music in its contemporary electronic forms. Stockhausen has departed from the usual pattern by employing a purely vocal ensemble of six voices (three male

and three female), which improvises, seated in a circle (each singer with his own microphone) in alternating crooning and *sprechstimme* fashion on various atonal themes based on an augmented B-flat seventh chord which, it must be admitted, grows somewhat wearing after the first hour. The reviewer is not averse to music of the contemporary idiom, having performed works of a similar style by Lukas Foss under the composer's direction, but he still has the distinct feeling that what Stockhausen has to say could be said in considerably less time than the extended duration required by *Stimmung* (1968). The singers of the Cologne Collegium Vocale were excellent in both voice and musicianship, but one would like to have heard them in a work which showed their obvious skills to greater advantage.

—ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

OUT AND A-BOITE IN PLAKA

'*Winter is icumen in, Ihude sing goddam!*' It certainly is, and one of the compensations is the opening of the winter boites, in and around Plaka. The boite, it is claimed, was invented by Theodorakis some eleven years ago, as 'a place where for a reasonable price one could hear music and poetry which were politically committed.' For obvious reasons the boites could hardly have been expected to maintain this standard of idealism, but the definition of a boite is still a place where you go to hear more or less good music sung by more or less talented, usually well-known singers.

The boite-owners, whose cash turnover must be unthinkable, have got their business down to a fine art. The entertainment machine goes into high gear at about ten to ten-thirty on weekdays (except Mondays), and earlier on Saturdays when they have three performances. Going to hear Mitsias at the *Boite Zoom* on a Saturday, I waited in a queue which stretched the length of the block at an average of six deep, until the end of the first show.

None of these places appears to be particularly large when you're inside, but you frequently have the feeling of watching a conjuring trick as you stand in the queue and watch the previous audience pouring past you in an apparently endless stream. Once inside,

you sit at a table, and you can be quite sure that the maximum ratio of chairs to tables has been achieved. Try not to be too far back in the queue, incidentally, since the waiters tend to become very upset if you move your chair a couple of inches for a better view.

Silence falls. The *bouzouktzides* and the rest of the orchestra appear. At the *Boite Zoom*'s Theodorakis' orchestra, including his old pianist and orchestrator, Yannis Didilis and the left-handed *bouzouktzis* Lakis Karnezis.

The spotlights focus on the stage and the orchestra strikes up a melody from *Axion Esti*. It doesn't matter that the first singer to come on is young and inexperienced — you can hardly hear him because the audience knows the song as well as he does.

At the *Boite Zoom*, in fact, the early part of the programme is the most exciting. The unknown singers who precede Mitsias and Tsanaklidou (the great names of the evening) turn out to be not much inferior, and the songs they sing — mostly old Theodorakis numbers — are unquestionably better as songs than most of his recent output.

About half way through the evening George Danezis introduced a couple of songs from Theodorakis' *Canto General*, the cycle of songs he wrote to texts of Pablo Neruda. As far as I know the

Canto has yet to be recorded. There was talk during the summer of recording it in Paris with a 120 - voice choir, but Theodorakis didn't seem particularly optimistic when I saw him in August. Danezis sings these songs powerfully (though with too many hand gestures), and the audience was duly spellbound. He sings them, by the way, in Spanish.

Tania Tsanaklidou, the second name on the programme, is a young and beautiful singer who sang with Markopoulos last winter and made her name with the record *Thiteia*. She is reported to have said she won't work with Markopoulos again because he wouldn't let her sing the way she wants. Unfortunately her performance at the *Zoom*, with a hysteria that matches Farandouri at her most unmusical, suggests that Markopoulos may have been right.

And finally Manolis Mitsias. I was more impressed when I saw him last January. Though he sang many of the same Theodorakis songs that he does now, the fact that they were banned then, and that he was interrogated by the military police for singing them, may have inclined me to be less critical. Though his new record is of a high standard, somehow the same songs in 'live' performance don't seem to carry so much weight. The whole thing ends

with an enthusiastic sing-along of 'The bells will ring' from Romiosini — a fine song and in many respects a fine programme: but not even Theodorakis' orchestra and Mitsias can celebrate the prodigal's return for the whole of the coming winter without turning it all into a cliché.

An altogether more balanced programme, with a very different set of personalities, can be heard at the *Boite Zygos*, just across the road. I found it impossible to get in there on a Saturday, but if you go any other night, it's never more than three-quarters full. The *Zygos* does duty in summer-time as a cinema and, with red and green star-spangles on the roof and waiters in uniform, it's on a larger and plushier scale than the more traditional *boite* such as the *Zoom*.

The programme gets off to a quiet start, recapping some of last year's hits and including a few numbers of Theodorakis, Markopoulos and Xarhakos as a taste of what's to come. By the time Themis Andreadis appears things are beginning to heat up: a lot of people know his recent record *Yeliografies* (Cartoon Sketches), but not many have seen him sing. This seemingly shy, bearded figure with an ingenuous boyish smile no sooner seizes the microphone than he dives into a series of violent and apparently random movements. Andreadis is a character. But the shocked delight with which the audience takes to him has to be explained: the tradition in Greek singing has always been that the performer stands in an embarrassed formal pose in front of the microphone. Recently the trait has become less marked, but even so you will rarely see Farandouri or Xylouris or Mitsias or Tsitsanis move with ease in front of an audience. And Bithikotsis, as an old film clip of ten years ago shows, used to stand before the mike, hands by his sides, for all the world as if he were apologising for being there.

Andreadis has deliberately taken things to the opposite extreme, but his frenetic acting is by no means haphazard. His songs are all skits on Athenian life, and also of older styles of singing. With an engaging lack of seriousness, he parodies the gestures and voices of other singers. 'You've got to have a penthouse', he sings, in the rebetic style of Tsitsanis, 'or people call you louse,' while to describe a 'romantic dinner' his voice takes on the nostalgic lightness of a Neapolitan tenor, in the kind of *kandadha* popular in Athens forty years ago.

But the 'big name' at *Zygos* is that of



Viki Moscholiou, the only Greek singer I have seen who will, for a few bars, take the risk of singing without a microphone. Ten years ago she specialised in tender nostalgic songs mainly provided by Xarhakos, but recently she has acquired a new hardness and maturity. One of the most impressive moments of the evening was when she sang the 'Polytechnic' song from Xarhakos' new disc, *Our Great Circus*, and her performance of several numbers from *Metanastes* (Markopoulos) and *Thalassina Fengaria* (Theodorakis) was even finer than on the records.

Altogether different is the *Harama*, the hideout of Vassilis Tsitsanis and Sotiria Bellou in the middle of the rifle range at Kessariani. Here the atmosphere is quite unlike that in Plaka — as are the prices. The tables are laid out much more casually and there is a dance floor. You can dance either there or on the tables (though be warned, the ceiling is low!) and plates can be ordered for breaking — again at a price.

On a Saturday night the proceedings begin in a listless fashion around eleven o'clock but most people don't begin arriving until after midnight. The clientele is often as 'period' as the orchestra (Fifties haircuts and pencil-line moustaches) and the whole thing is a well-to-do spoof of the rebetic bouzouki dens where Tsitsanis and Bellou made their names, singing of prisons and whores and hookahs, to an audience which wore its jackets over one shoulder, so as to get at the knives more easily.

All that has gone, of course, and many of the old songs have been castrated by censorship. But the atmosphere is carefully preserved, and some of the prosperous *manghes* sitting round

the tables looked as if they might once have worn their jackets over one shoulder.

Sotiria Bellou must now be in her sixties, and seeing her, a short woman in a knee-length everyday skirt, perched on the edge of her chair, it is difficult to associate her with the sly, brilliant head and shoulders, with greatcoat collar turned up, in a photograph on the back on one of her record-sleeves. The voice is perhaps hoarser and a little heavier than on the early records, but her vibrant bass has not lost its hint of a suppressed chuckle. In any case, an affectation of heavy world-weariness lies at the heart of rebetic singing. As a voice, she is certainly way ahead of Tsitsanis, who discovered in the early Fifties that he was probably the best bouzouki player in the world, but for some reason insisted on making his name as a singer. In the gaps between the verses, he improvises and some of his asides must certainly be unrepeatable. All this he does with the blandest nonchalance as he leans forward to sing the next verse.

A word of warning. Don't expect to get away from the rifle-range before four or four-thirty. And don't be too surprised if dawn finds you still at the 'Harama'!

—RODERICK BEATON

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THE NEW GREEK CINEMA

The Trial of the Judges

Things are looking up for the Greek film industry after several very bad years. The fact that Orson Welles will soon be working on a film in conjunction with a Greek company, for instance, is a symbolically healthy sign. The recently released Greek film *I Diki Ton Dikaston*, (*The Trial of the Judges*) is yet another indication that the home industry is rapidly maturing.

The film traces the events in the life of a fiery newspaper editor who was appointed judge at the trial of Kolokotronis, one of the heroes of the Greek War of Independence, in Nafplion during the 1830's. Athanassios Polyzoidis (Nikos Kourkoulos), a historic figure, becomes a hero himself when he refuses to sign the trumped-up death verdict for the aging warrior. He is subsequently thrown in prison himself after being forced to sign the false document at gunpoint. As historical cinema, *The Trial of the Judges* is an interesting glimpse of a troubled Greece after the assassination of Capodistrias when the tension between King Otto and the democratic-minded people ran high. The film is generalized enough, however, to be easily intelligible without a knowledge of the historical background.

The professional calibre of the technical aspects of the film directed and written by Panos Glikofridis is impressive. A veteran of several Thanassios Vengos comedies and several other projects, Glikofridis has developed a fluent cinematic style unusual among Greek directors. He has

used colour to good advantage, by using for instance, rich colours for the exterior scenes in Hydra and Nafplion while reserving muted shades for the more sombre action of the long courtroom drama.

His camera technique and editing skill are apparent in an early scene in which Polyzoidis is being chased across a large field by three horsemen. Glikofridis begins with a long shot of the landscape which is both impressive and imposing as it suggests the vulnerability of our hero-on-the-run. He then builds tension by quickening the pace of shots which leads to a middle-close up of the trapped subject. While the director must be given credit for orchestrating the film, it must be noted that it is only because of improved equipment and laboratory processing in Greece that such filming has become technically possible.

The Trial of the Judges also carries an appealing democratic message. Although the film was shot during the early summer when Ioannidis was still in power, many scenes, which would surely have been cut under the previous government, must have been filmed in hopes of an imminent change. As the film appears today, it is whole and uncensored. The release of the film could not have been better timed because the maltreatment of individuals under the royalist regime of a century and a half ago is a not-so-subtle reminder of the abuse of power during the past seven years. Nikos Kourkoulos' long tirade in favour of justice, democracy and common decency at the end of the film also draws hearty cheers and *zhito's* from today's audiences.

The film is a commercial project and suffers somewhat from the compromise between art and the need to be financially successful. Kourkoulos, who looks something like a Greek Burt Reynolds, is a fine actor but he is so over-powering in his crusade for justice that he comes close to self-righteousness. The trial scene suffers from the verbiage and occasional stagnation common to courtroom drama. In contrast the simple Greek spectators stand silently rivetted in place throughout the proceedings, a feat that no real Greek crowd could accomplish. The fact that the film is

billed for foreign distribution as well as domestic viewing means that the specific Greekness of the subject has in some ways been deliberately subdued.

Glikofridis' film remains, however, many cuts above most Greek efforts in recent years. Although it is commercial in the sense that it should draw the kind of audience which thrilled to Hollywood epics like *Doctor Zhivago*, *The Trial of the Judges* maintains its own basic integrity. There is, after all, no dominating love story nor a theme song to become a hit record.

Film-making in Passalimani

It is a chilly autumn evening at the Mykonos taverna near Passalimani Harbour in Piraeus. A waiter approaches and serves two young men, a young blonde and a woman old enough to be her mother. The four raise their glasses in a toast and as they drink, the blonde begins to choke. 'Stop!' a man's voice yells out, and at once the silent figures at adjacent tables burst into animated conversation. Another shot for the film *Death Has Blue Eyes* has been completed.

While the director of photography, George Panossopoulos, moves his camera into position for the next take, I chat with the director, Nikos Mastorakis, and the cast.

Mastorakis explains that the film is his first feature work which he is shooting for a new Greek production company called Taurus Films. A familiar and often controversial figure connected with Greek television, Mastorakis has directed and hosted American styled TV shows similar to *What's My Line* and *To Tell The Truth*. He radiates with what seems inexhaustible nervous energy and attends to the numberless duties of a director. He introduces me to the starring actors at the table. The attractive blonde (no longer choking) is Maria Aliferi, a Greek TV and film star. There is Jessica Dublin, an American actress who has appeared in films by Fellini and Visconti as well as Terence Hill Westerns; Chris Nomikos, a popular Greek film star and a co-producer of the film, and Peter Winter, a young British actor who has been in several BBC films and has acted with the British National Theatre Company.

According to Mastorakis, *Death Has Blue Eyes* is to be an adventure-thriller. Two down-and-out fellows arrive in Greece, meet Christine (Maria Aliferi), a strange young woman with the power to read minds and cause destruction with her thoughts. The plot thickens and boils as the two friends discover that for

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some unknown reason they have become marked men. I ask Mastorakis, who is also the script writer, if he had difficulty in writing the story. He assured me that the basic plot took him half an hour to construct while the script required a full three days' work.

Shot in English, the film is being geared for an international audience. The music will reflect an 'international modern thriller' style as well as the story. Greece, therefore, is used as a 'new' background for suspense. The budget, two million drachmas, is a large one for a Greek film, but, as Mastorakis explains, it is nothing compared to American film budgets. In America they would spend this much just for the advertising previews.

Jessica Dublin has a few free moments before her next appearance. It is past midnight and the cast has been at work since five-thirty. She looks tired but excited about her role. She also looks very familiar. Even after she tells me she played in Fellini's *Roma* and *Satyricon* I cannot place her exactly. 'I played one of the whores in *Roma*,' she says with pride, 'it was one of the great experiences of my life!' I then recall the splendid scene where the young fellow visits the 'house' in the early hours of the morning. She speaks of her admiration for Fellini, her enjoyment of Rome and her love for Greece where she now lives with her husband. 'Don't miss *Amarcord*; it's a marvellous film,' she says as she returns to work.

Everyone takes their places as a Greek dancer complete with long mustache and *Komboloi* appears on the scene, and begins to do a *syrtaki* dance to the accompaniment of a silent bouzouki band. Like most European films, *Death Has Blue Eyes* will have the sound dubbed in later in order to reduce the expenses required for simultaneous sound recording.

I stay for one last scene. The handsome young man in a blue-jean jacket sits alone at a corner table. As he lifts his napkin we see a pistol with a silencer attached. He fires. There is real sound this time, Mastorakis cries, 'Stop!' and the cameraman falls 'dead'. The taverna crowd breaks into applause and laughter.

Death Has Blue Eyes will be released simultaneously in Athens and several other cities in December. If the film is as entertaining as the fun connected with the making of the production, it should be a great success.

—ANDY HORTON

THE NATIVITY

By Kimon Friar. Bilingual edition. Translated into Greek by Nikos Kazantzakis. With six coloured paintings by Georges Rouault. Plias, Athens. 1974. 84 pages.

Many years ago, Kimon Friar began work on a poem about Christ's 'Nativity', setting it in modern terms with the widest possible human implications, for a world torn at that time by a global war. The work was originally designed as a narrative in five parts to be performed as a dance. After its initial performance at Adelphi College in New York, where Friar was then teaching, it was later produced several times over the radio, including one performance in which the well-known black singer Mabel Mercer participated.

Reading the poem today — December 1974 — one might suggest that it is to Kimon Friar's credit that his students and their parents were shocked by the contemporaneity of his images. He reminded them that any artist should certainly be free to re-interpret the eternal story in his own particular setting with meanings relevant to the problems of his time.

Friar's choice of a modern megalopolis with all its 20th century concomitants therefore is perfectly justified. This paralysed world of ancient Rome or of today describes itself as follows: 'We are the fabulous engineers building the futuristic and sterile cities, / The ingenuous mechanics, the dieticians, the patient and scrupulous scientists, / Huddling in movie-palaces, dreaming of dreams of action.'

We have the confused inhabitants of any present-day city: 'We are greatly


confused, we are lost in whirlwinds of print and radio voices, we do not know what to say, what to think, what to do./ How shall we vote? In what shall we believe? Who will tell us the truth?.../ Shall we accept the dictator? Shall we follow the demagogue?/ Shall the reformer be the liberator? Is democracy the answer?'

The Virgin Mary with all the incandescent incomprehensibility of her myth appears commuting back and forth in the Manhattan subway, doing the daily dishes or going without her supper. She visits the poor, in all her simplicity: 'Her story is always the same, it does not vary, she repeats it with the greatest of patience, / she insists she has no formula, she cannot sell it, she says it may be read in the faces of hungry children, / in the expansion of empires, the exploitations of nations and colonies.'

The Flight into Egypt takes place in a world, the disasters of which assail our conscience every day from the comfortable distance and immunity of television, radio, and newsreels. The words on present-day Cyprus are perhaps the strongest of all: 'Parachutes like poisonous mushrooms are falling in the fields/ of Cyprus, on the cobbled lanes of Paphos and Kyrenia.'

In the fifth section of the poem, Christ appears as the Prince of Peace, as 'delicate as a gazelle,' as 'powerful as a dynamo.' All the news media proclaim His nativity as 'The Birth of Peace, of a New Life, the Economic Discovery, the Spiritual Rediscovery/ Born out of the Human Will, out of the sweat and the blood and the brains of humble people.'

This acme of the five-part narrative ends on a triumphant note of hope with



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an invocation for mankind to lift up its heart and sing. It may be that in a certain sense Kimon Friar overemphasizes this hopeful message, but the poem still remains an honest and moving testimonial by an eminent man-of-letters who has given eloquent expression to his understanding of human suffering.

This fine bilingual edition is enhanced by the Greek translation of Nikos Kazantzakis, with all the familiar strength of his resilient demotic style. To mention only one example of his sensitive translation: the 'Prince of Peace,' who is so vital to Friar's work, Kazantzakis renders by the word 'Archon' rather than by the literal but insipid word 'Prinkipas.'

Another attraction of this beautiful

edition lies in the appropriate choice of six coloured reproductions of paintings by Georges Rouault whose 'fervent Christianity is concerned less with personal redemption than with humane sociological values... with man's spiritual union with his fellows, violated by every instance of cruelty or other human degradation.' Precisely, this *humane* preoccupation is the essential contribution of Friar's entire interpretation in his 'Nativity.' It is an interpretation ideally suited to our times, to the present moment in Greece. Readers of both Greek and English will find it as applicable for the Christmas of 1974 as it was for the Christmas of 1940.

— AMY MIMS

Old Friends

IF you recall your childhood and those long, glorious summer afternoons engrossed in wild tales of ugly frogs turning into handsome princes; poor but outrageously beautiful golden-haired maidens whose loveliness captivated sons of kings; and mean and wicked witches and dogs and cats who spoke, you're remembering the fairy tales written by two brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm. Since the first German edition appeared in 1812, children have read, loved and been frightened out of their wits by the grim tales of the Grimm brothers. The first English version of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* was published in 1884 by a London firm and translated by Margaret Hunt. In 1922 an American by the name of Frances Jenkins Olcott edited a selection of these stories. Since then many versions have appeared. The Follett Edition *Grimm's Fairy Tales*; (Follett Publishing Company; 412 pp. \$6.95) uses Olcott's version and has been illustrated by children. As Frances Clarke Sayers notes in her introduction to this edition 'There are those who say these tales are not for children, that they are full of cruelty.' The revelation of these tales, she continues, is 'the golden proportion between good and evil, violence and concern, love and hate. Even so... Frances Jenkins Olcott... deleted some of them.' There are now many versions available with varying degrees of 'deletions' but in most the characters bear little resemblance to the now familiar cute and lovable inventions of Walt Disney.

Although the Follett Edition was published in 1968, a new copy is now on



the shelves of the Airport Library and can no doubt also be ordered from local bookstores.

Many years after the Grimm brothers published their stories, in 1957 to be exact, a very different type of children's stories began appearing. They were the creations of a man named Theodor Seuss Geisel. While an undergraduate at Dartmouth College, Geisel edited the college humour magazine to which he contributed cartoons with bizarre animals as subjects. When he sold his first cartoon to the Saturday Evening Post he signed it, 'Dr. Seuss.'

And Dr. Seuss he is to the millions of children all over the world (many grown-up now) who have giggled their way through such absurd and imaginary gobbledygook as found in *The Cat in the Hat*, *Yertle the Turtle*, *Gertrude McFuzz*, *Bartholomew and the Oobleck*, to name only a few. Who but Dr. Seuss could so delightfully tackle the problem of children's suspicions of unfamiliar food as he has in *Green Eggs and Ham*. It should be compulsory reading for all children who raise a howl at the sight of octopus, dolmades and anything that doesn't resemble standard Anglo-Saxon fare!

Seuss's books are written especially for young readers and painlessly require them to look at words carefully and to read phonetically. There are few books so enjoyable to children. A good selection is prominently displayed in Athens bookstores and may be found at the Stars and Stripes.

Is there anyone still around who does not know that Carolyn Keene, that prolific creator of the Nancy Drew series, was really a man? Well, at least the first three volumes were written by Edward L. Stratemeyer before the series was taken over by his daughter, Harriet S. Adams. The story of the Stratemeyer Syndicate and the hundreds of books it produced is extremely fascinating but much too involved to cover in a sentence or two. Many of the very early children's series were written by the Syndicate.

Whatever your feelings are about this popular girl sleuth (she's hated by many librarians and adored by teenagers), the Nancy Drew series has been around for years and new editions, with modern, eye-catching covers, are again on display at the local shops with many titles from which to choose. It appears that Ms. Drew, undaunted by her literary critics, will continue to shadow unsuspecting victims, fearlessly solving one 'spine-tingling' mystery after another, on into the Twenty-First Century. Close behind and in hot pursuit are her other 'syndicated' friends, the equally fearless, *Hardy Boys*, which are also available.

In another area, however, the boys are not even in the running. Younger chefs learning their way around the kitchen will be delighted with a cookbook all their own. *The Nancy Drew Cookbook* (Grosset and Dunlap, New York; \$2.95) is filled with tempting, easy-to-follow recipes and painlessly solves the mysteries of concocting such tantalizing dishes as 'Crumbling Wall Coffee Cake,' 'Phantom Eggs,' 'Hidden Staircase Biscuits' and even 'Vanishing Nut Bread.' Girls and male-chauvinist boys alike will enjoy it.

— ANNE ST. MARTIN

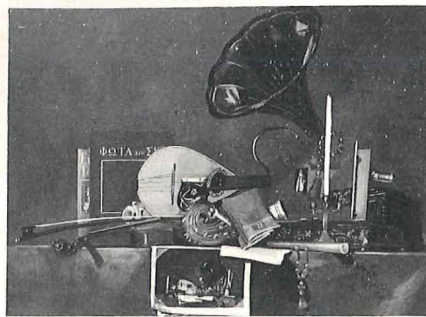
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A Detail from *Cartons of Plenty*

THE Athens Gallery opened an exhibition on November 25 showing twenty-four paintings by Spyros Vassiliou who is probably the most 'with it' of all the Greek painters of the older generation in that he is consciously aware of both new trends and tendencies in the contemporary art scene. What has always struck me about the work of Vassiliou is the sense of achievement that is quietly reflected in even the most simple of his paintings, as well as the understatement that is implicit in his choice of subjects. His paintings, for the most part, represent the result of a highly personal insight — though as a painter, he points in a direction rather than at himself.

The present selection of his latest work is dominated by several canvases that use as a starting point the artist's own homage to his masters in the art of 'nature morte'. The basic form of several well-known classic still lifes is re-created with analogous objects drawn from contemporary life, though in each case, somewhere in the canvas there is a small version of the original. The landscapes are bright and direct without resorting to too many 'tricks' in order to set them into the artist's own style — a style which is characterised as being a reduction to simple statement. The most successful and lyrical of all of them is a scene taken from a balcony covered with flowers, that shine brightly against a dark indigo sky. It is relieved only by the massive hump of Hymettos in the background. The most touching and sensitive are several large paintings



Song for Chardin

in honour of the memory of the poet, George Seferis. Collage centres of newspaper-clippings form the central focus of these. These collages are in turn enmeshed in delicate backgrounds of dried amber and gold stems, their dessicated leaves and flowers creating almost a haze of light.

If at times Vassiliou seems almost facile in his manipulation of a well understood and controlled technique, it should be borne in mind that in many ways he is representative of a tradition that sees in the artist not the innovator and constant source of stimulus for an over-excited public, but rather the poet who is freed from the burden of an egotistically directed experience. What comes out of these paintings that is distinctly Vassiliou is an almost quixotic sense of humour. This is reflected in a love and sense of the beauty of ordinary things, be it the lamp that has been hitherto lost in the general decor, or the pile of garbage which, seen from a fresh viewpoint, becomes a varied composition of lights and darks. If at times we sense the presence of a decorative element as well as a lack of focal point in his paintings, both oddly reminiscent of something one has seen, it is no doubt due to the fact that the artist himself is well rooted in the Byzantine tradition of painting. In this tradition the eye and the mind were accustomed to wander through the maze of a painting rather than have their attention rivetted to one spot in the manner of Western mannerist art. Whatever is Byzantine in Vassiliou is an essential expression of the principles of colour, light and inversion of form and perspective. It is the application of these ideals in the art of Byzantium to a personal language of painting that has certainly made Vassiliou into one of the most outstanding painters of modern Greece.

That the Polytechnic Uprising of '73 should have provided a source of

inspiration for artists was anticipated, though like a great deal of revolutionary art it seems that it is best created and seen in a post-revolutionary atmosphere. It has often crossed my mind whether or not the great *kleftic* ballads were in fact ever sung within earshot of Turks, especially as it is well known that the best songs of the Resistance were written after 1945. Be that as it may, Athens has had its fill of Polytechnic-inspired art for the month of November.

One of the better shows on this subject was by Panayiotis Gravvalos and took place at Nees Morfes. The paintings — or 'Documentaries' as the artist called them — were begun not too long after the fall of the Polytechnic and are mostly black and white, resembling mono-prints that use a well-controlled system of *resist* over which an application of colour has been applied. The effect is that of large wood-cuts, the strong black-and-white contrasts being ideally suited to the sombre subjects. Some of the most interesting of the present works were those in which the neoclassical facades of the University and Tomb of the Unknown Soldier were used as backdrops for scenes of students in the days immediately preceding the Fall of the Polytechnic. Another painting, depicting pigeons, and one of the finest in the present show, was indicative of the painter's ability to convey the impression of a single moment of flight. The view, through the deep abyss of buildings, of students marching towards an immovable wall of policemen was a quite eloquent comment on the general dehumanized conditions of life today as it struggles with its own creations.

The Iolas-Zoumboulakis Gallery, in conjunction with the British Council exhibited a collection of silk-screen and lithograph prints by the British artist Richard Smith in November. It is impossible to describe these very subtle and sophisticated creations as they are an odd mixture of collage, paintings drawing and sculpture. Not only do they utilize the print technique but also a peculiar system of adding depth and sculptural effects by cutting through sections and layers of the paper. One's reaction to these works is highly subjective — determined precisely by how one reacts to the cool intellectuality of some aspects of modern art where the mind seems to be reflecting itself rather than the world around it. This was what

one might call a 'stunning show', though I had the distinct feeling that I was perhaps wearing the wrong suit, or perhaps shouldn't have been wearing a suit at all!

That Gallery 7 should have had the recent November showing of drawings by Alix Steiner-Deonna follow on that of Dali is unfortunate in that one was forced to compare their common theme and its quite different expression, namely, sexual fantasies. Whereas Dali, with his technical genius and almost Gothic humour, made the kinky side of his inner life — which is quite straight really — into something of interest, Steiner-Deonna provided almost nothing more than a stereotyped glimpse into the limbo of post-Freudian sex symbolism that most of us have been

exposed to for too long. Certainly good art, if not great art, should transcend its message, if it has one. In this case the message, which was nothing more exciting than to tell us that Lesbianism is 'in', was all there was. One's personal liberation is a very important and exciting affair; that it involves 'coming out' is even more exciting; but in the case of these drawings I had the distinct and quite embarrassed feeling that the lady in question really hadn't made it, and that she was still 'in' — which in the seventies of our century is quite a sad affair. One of the things that makes Dali an experience — an experience that is lacking here — is that no matter what he does, he has a sense of humour.

— NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

A Visit to the Land of Make-Believe

THE hall was dimly lit and lonely until eight little girls burst through the door. At that moment everything came alive with flowers, trees, meadows, giants and gusts of wind.

Lito, Anghelika, Rebecca, Maggie, Catherine, Charlotte, Jessy and Christina spread out in the empty space and stood quite still. Then noses began to twitch and fingers to wriggle. One arm was jangled about and then another. Knees, shoulders, and heads joined in and the whole room became one gyrating mass of bodies. Suddenly, stillness: down on the floor, flat on backs, arms and legs spread-eagled — instant calm.

A Marcel Marceau spectacular? No, it was the opening moments of a creative drama class in Kifissia run by Ruth Burns Pantoleon, and the enthusiasm of the children was infectious.

Their interpretation in mime and movement of things imaginary was fascinating to watch. All the children became stiff Guy Fawkes but Little Maggie became stiffest of all. When 'a hole developed in her knee' and 'the stuffing began to trickle out' she gradually became limper and limper until she finally settled her by then 'empty' body like an old sack onto the floor.

Then everyone went to the flower market to buy plants. Rebecca carefully potted hers, while Anghelika stood up and dug a hole, arranged the plant dead centre, covered it with earth, and even remembered to water it! These imagi-

nary plants grew and grew and the children were told to climb up to their very top. All the little faces registered the delight of stepping onto a beautiful grassy meadow. Then came earnest expressions as they tried to get through a prickly wood and audible gasps as a huge house came into view on the other side. Squeals of horror greeted the news that a *giant* lived in this house.

The children's total concentration and complete lack of self-consciousness in these fantasies are the result of Ruth Pantoleon's gift for releasing the creative spirit in the children she works with.



Ruth Pantoleon and friends in a huddle.

Trained in Educational Drama at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School and at London University, she has worked with children, students and adults in England and the United States, where she founded a Children's Theatre Workshop.

Through the stories and movements she devises, the children can work out many of their small problems. With the young ones this might mean 'preparing for a journey' and 'arriving at their destination'. Christina, Iris and Lito went by air and all sat in the same row doing 'hand exercises' to keep fit, as they explained to Ruth, on the journey! Rebecca visited her grandmother, Charlotte, and travelled by 'helicopter', landing right in Grandma Charlotte's 'garden'. Jessy and Catherine invented an 'umbrella-plane' for their journey and all agreed afterwards that it had been much more fun travelling without parents!

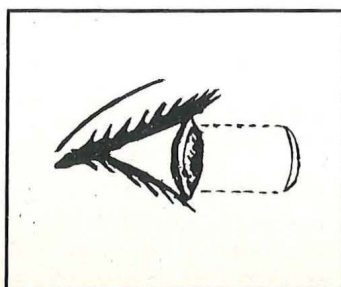
Ruth asks older children to pair off into 'sister and brother', 'mother and child', 'school teacher and pupil' and the resulting situations often run parallel to their own 'real life' relationships. How they act and interact is an ameliorating process.

The old maxim *all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy* is especially true in these days of premature specialisation and pressure-learning forced on children. One or two hours a week of creative drama is not only *fun* but it opens the door to a 'disciplined' form of free expression. Sending children out 'to play' usually results in wails of 'What can we do?' Creative drama activates the imagination and learning becomes a game. For Greek children it is a fun way to learn English.

We spent an enchanting hour with Ruth Pantoleon who without props or costumes creates a magic world. If you have a boy or girl who would enjoy this stimulating activity ring her at 646-0719.

— M.D.L.

Photograph by Ingrid Frische



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From Soup to After Dinner Mints



Turkey is not the traditional Christmas repast in Greece but in recent years it has become more popular. Your neighbour may insist that turkeys must be boiled before roasting, but this is no doubt a hang-over from the days when they were very tough. Locally raised turkeys have their admirers and detractors and certainly they can be delicious although they usually tend to be fatty. Imported turkeys will be available although some of those imported from the U.S. are 'budget' turkeys which may be missing a limb or otherwise damaged — so read the label carefully. Turkeys raised in Salonika at the American Farm School are usually excellent specimens and will be available at Alfa-Vita, Marinopoulos - Prisunic, or by calling Mr. Okalides at the Farm School (tel. 031-411-522). Place your order ahead of time. Be sure to compare prices carefully. Last year, for example, imported, frozen turkeys were as much as 15 Drs per kilo cheaper than frozen local ones.

Christmas is a time for family baking. Traditional holiday treats are *kourabiedes* and *melomakarona*. (You may begin to polish up your coins for tucking in the *vassilopitta*, the special New Year's bread). These, as well as many other holiday specials, are available at all sweet shops.

If you have not made your own mincemeat for the holidays shop early at the supermarkets where it will be available. If your family refuses to eat traditional Christmas pudding, why not serve it as a sweet bread? Cranberry sauce, available in tins, can be spruced-up with orange juice and served covered with ground walnuts. All the ingredients in the following recipes are available in Athens.

CHESTNUT SOUP

1 cup sliced celery
 2/3 cup sliced carrots
 1½ cups chopped onions
 1 tablespoon olive oil
 2 chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in 4 cups hot water.
 ¼ cup chopped parsley
 ¼ cup Port
 3 whole cloves
 1 tin chestnut puree
 ½ cup light cream
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Chopped chives for garnish

In a large saucepan saute the celery, carrots and onions in oil. Add chicken stock, parsley, Port and cloves. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes or until vegetables are very tender. Discard cloves, stir in chestnut puree and remove from heat. Blend a little at a

time in the blender until smooth. Return to pan, stir in cream, salt, pepper. Heat but do not boil. Serves 8.

CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT BREAD

2 cups sifted flour (all-purpose)
 4 teaspoons double-action baking powder
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 egg, beaten
 ½ cup milk
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 tablespoons melted shortening
 1 cup prepared mincemeat, moist
 ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Combine flour, baking powder and salt. Combine beaten egg, milk, brown sugar, shortening and mincemeat and vanilla essence and add to flour mixture. Stir thoroughly until flour mixture is well absorbed. Grease loaf tin or forms and sprinkle bottom with breadcrumbs so that the bread does not stick. Bake for one hour at 350 F. Decorate with Christmas symbols cut from candied fruit.

TURKEY WITH TWO STUFFINGS

Stuffing for the crop:

12 large prunes, soaked overnight in ¼ pint red wine.
 2 level tablespoons butter
 1 head of celery, chopped
 1 large onion, chopped
 2 teaspoons mixed herbs
 Rind of one lemon
 1 kilo chestnuts, peeled and cooked
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 egg, beaten

Simmer prunes in wine until tender. Stone, and cut into four. Saute celery and onion, add the remaining ingredients and the chestnuts broken into pieces. Add juice from prunes. When cool stir in the beaten egg. Stuff the crop of the bird with this mixture.

Veal Stuffing for the body of the bird

½ pound veal (*moschari*) lean, (or rabbit)
 2 cups lean bacon or ham
 3 shallots (green onion) chopped
 2 cups stale bread soaked in milk
 2 level tablespoons creamed butter
 2 large mushrooms, chopped
 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
 Salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne
 1 pinch of mace or nutmeg
 1 large egg.

Mince veal and bacon. Saute onions and when cool add to meat. Squeeze out excess milk from bread add to meat mixture. Pound well, or put through the mincer. Add mushrooms, herbs, seasoning and beaten egg.

BRANDIED SWEET POTATOES

4 medium sweet potatoes
2/3 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup water
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup seedless raisins or
1/2 cup chopped apple
1/4 cup cognac.

Wash potatoes but do not peel. Cover with water and boil until barely soft, about fifteen minutes. Drain, cool, peel. Slice into greased casserole. Preheat oven to moderate (350 F). Bring to the boil brown sugar, water, butter and raisins. Add cognac and pour mixture over potatoes. Bake uncovered for thirty minutes, basting several times with the syrup in the casserole.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS

450 grams icing sugar
1 egg white
1/4 pint (142 ml.) double cream (Krema Akhtipiti)
Few drops of peppermint essence or *creme de menthe*.

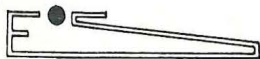
Sift icing sugar into a bowl, mix with egg white and cream. Mix to smooth cream, add essence gradually. Dust a board with icing sugar, roll out paste and cut into rounds. Place on wire rack to dry.

COCONUT KISSES

Barely 2 cups icing sugar
1/4 pint double cream (Krema Akhtipiti)
4 tablespoons desiccated (shredded) coconut.
Few drops of cochineal (red colouring).

Sieve icing sugar into a bowl, add cream and 3 ounces desiccated coconut. Knead well, add cochineal and continue mixing well. Shape into balls, roll in coconut and allow to set.

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Kosmos

AMONG the forty-odd crank parties registered with the Supreme Court for the November 17 elections, one was called the Cosmophysical Movement headed by 37-year old Dimitri Papaspyrou. This party's primary aim was to change the calendar and the decimal system, making both more compatible with mathematical accuracy. He also intended to the horror of many, to Latinize the Greek alphabet.



IF anyone is wondering what former Prime Minister Adamantios Androutsopoulos is up to these days, the magazine *Tahydromos* published a photograph of him a few weeks ago watering his plants on the balcony of his Pangrati apartment. The magazine added that he never goes out and is visited occasionally by a few members of his late government. Sic transit gloria junta!

NOTED owner and publisher of *Kathimerini*, Eleni Vlachou, accepted her honorary election into the Karamanlis Government with more stoicism than joy. She informed her London friends that though the fall of the dictatorship left the political scene something less than ideal, it was no time to complain. 'I'm like a person who has been offered a plate of soup into which some flies have fallen', she explained. 'If

you are not hungry, you ask that the plate be taken back in return for another. If you are hungry, you carefully remove the flies and then drink the soup. If you are truly famished you swallow the soup and the flies without second thought. After seven years of dictatorship I feel rather like the last.'

SOME eyebrows were raised when the Chairman of the Industrialists' Association, Mr. D. Marinopoulos, said recently that Greek industrialists were all for well-organized labour unions. He then explained that one knew better where one stood when agreement was reached with responsible and true representatives of the workers. The inference was that poorly led and disorganized workers could be more troublesome and less predictable.

THEODOROS Venardos, imprisoned as the alleged perpetrator of sensational hold-ups earlier this year, recently appeared before the Magistrate's Court for the theft of a package of cigarettes and some small change carried out early in his career. Wearing a white dinner jacket and a dark shirt, he appeared calm and smiling. Before being hauled back into jail, Venardos made a short political speech: 'I was arrested by a dictatorship,' he cried, 'I cannot be judged by a democracy. Furthermore, the King remains Chief of State!'

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television

The following is a *guide* to television viewing. Schedules are sometimes changed at the last moment and new programmes introduced.

EIRT broadcasts the news in *demotiki* at 8:00, 10:00, and at sign-off. YENED broadcasts the news at 7:30, 9:30 and at sign-off. The latter station usually presents a summary in English.

Well-known performers are now appearing regularly, with the latest in music and views while the 'talk' programmes grow more interesting by the day. In addition to the usual cartoons, Lucy, etc., there are many programmes for young people in the early evening. We especially recommend *Thunderbird*, *Jacques Cousteau* (in French), *Exploring the Untamed World*, *On the Wrong Side of Time*, the *Flaxton Boys*, *Follyfoot*.

Programmes in Greek are followed by an asterisk (*).

SUNDAY

EIRT 6:00 Children's Programme... 6:30 Lassie... 8:15 Jacques Cousteau: The Mystery of the Sea (in French)... 9:30 Jolly Sunday with stars of theatre and song*... 10:20 Film...

YENED 11:00 a.m. Marionettes*... 11:20 a.m. Documentary*... 12:15 Folk Songs and Dances*... 1:30 Week's International News in Review*... 6:00 Cartoons... 6:30 Lucy Show... 7:45 General Hospital... 8:15 Eyes on Sports*... 10:00 Film... 11:30 Alfred Hitchcock...

MONDAY

EIRT 7:00 Puppet Theatre*... 8:15 Dream of Jeannie... 9:15 Elizabeth I, BBC series with Glenda Jackson... 11:25 Songs*... 11:55 Ballet...

YENED 6:00 Exploring the Untamed World... 7:00 Folk Songs and Dances*... 7:50 Documentary... 10:00 Theatre*... 11:30 Cannon...

TUESDAY

EIRT 7:00 Children's Programme*... 8:15 Political Programme*... 8:35 The Waltons... 10:50 Thriller: A British series...

YENED 6:00 The Ski Boys (for children)... 7:50 Combat... 8:46 Documentary*... 10:00 FBI...

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 7:00 On the Wrong Side of Time... 8:15 Tom Grattan's War... 9:10 Les Miserables (in French)...

YENED 6:00 The Flaxton Boys... 7:50 Eyes on Sports*... 10:45 Kung Fu...

THURSDAY

EIRT 7:00 Karagiozi Theatre*... 7:15 Kentucky Jones... 9:00 Musical Variety*... 11:00 Hawaii 5-0... 12:05 Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow, music old and new*...

YENED 6:00 Carter Primus (children's Programme)... 7:00 Air Patrol: Chopper One... 8:45 Zane Gray Theatre... 10:00 Comedy*... 10:45 Mannix...

FRIDAY

EIRT 7:00 Thunderbird, Fascinating space series with puppets... 8:15 Follyfoot: British series based on a book by Monica Dickens... 9:00 Our century*... 10:50 Gunsmoke... 11:40 Serious Music...

YENED 6:00 Cartoons... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 10:30 Kojak... 11:30 Musical Moments...

SATURDAY

EIRT 6:00 English Soccer... 6:50 Gymnastics and Health*... 9:05 Do Re Mi (musical)*... 9:35 International Sports*... 10:20 Film...

YENED 3:00 Sports*... 6:00 Dennis the Menace or The Real McCoys... 9:15 Songs... 10:00 Film*... 11:30 Petrocelli with Barry Newman...

radio

NATIONAL BROADCAST COMPANY-EIRT

Presents three programs daily: National Program (728 KHz, 412 m) and; Second Program (1385 KHz, 216.8 m) offering news, commentary and music; the Third Program (665 KHz, 451 m) presents classical music from 6 p.m. to midnight daily.

News in English, French and German daily (except Sun. & holidays) at 7.25 a.m. & 2.40 p.m. Weather report in Greek and English daily at 6.30 a.m.

THE ARMED FORCES RADIO-YENED

YENED broadcasts the news in English and French daily at 2.25 p.m. & 11.15 p.m. Suns. at 2.35 p.m. & 11.15 p.m.

VOICE OF AMERICA - VOA

VOA may be heard in Athens from 5 a.m. - 7 a.m.: 7200 KHz (41.6 m), 6040 KHz (49.6 m); 7 a.m. - 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. - midnight: 9770 KHz (30.7 m), 6040 KHz (49.6 m).

Regular programming includes news on the hour and 28 minutes after the hour, *The Breakfast Show*, *Press Conference U.S.A.*, *VOA Magazine*, *Science Digest* as well as jazz, popular, and classical music programs.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION - BBC

BBC may be heard in Athens from 7 a.m. - 9.30 p.m. 11.75 MHz (26 m); 11 a.m. - 8.30 p.m. 15.07 and 12095 MHz (20 and 25 m); 4.30 p.m. - 1.15 a.m. 9.41 MHz (32 m)

BBC broadcasts 24 hours a day a variety of programs ranging from World News to radio horror theatre. Programs include music of all kinds, reviews, commentaries, sports, science reports, business and press reviews.

RADIO CANADA INTERNATIONAL

News broadcasts in English are from 8.30 to 8.57 p.m. 6140,9655 KHz (31.07, 48.86 m) and 10.58 to 11.55 p.m. 17820, 15325, 11855 KHz (16.84, 17.58, 25.31 m).

News broadcasts in French are from 10.00 to 10.58 p.m. 17820, 15325, 11855 KHz (16.84, 19.58, 25.31 m).

DEUTSCHE WELLE

News broadcasts in German: 9, 10, 11 a.m. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 p.m. 6075, 9545 KHz (49.38, 31.43 m).

News broadcasts in Greek: 9-10 p.m. 6075, 7285 KHz (49.38, 41.47, 41 m)

U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO

AFRS broadcasts 24 hours a day from Athenai Airport (1954 KHz) and from Kato Souli (1484 KHz).

News and weather are heard on the hour. Popular, jazz, classical music and religious program can be heard regularly, as well as various Community Service bulletins.

Meet the Press, *Face the Nation*, and *Issues and Answers* are heard on Mon., Wed., and Fri., respectively.

Major sports events are often broadcast by taped delay on Sunday afternoon at 1 p.m.

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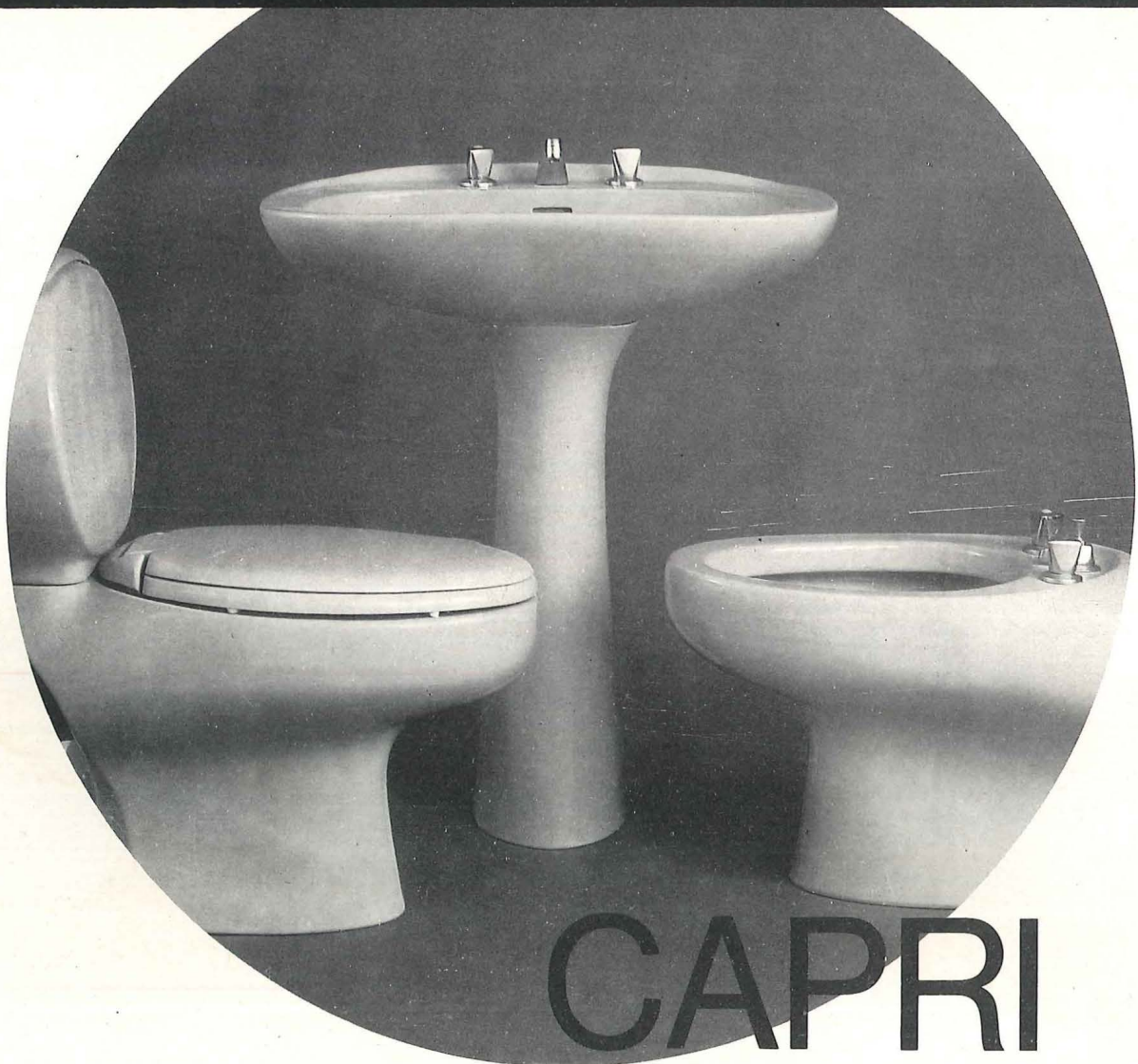
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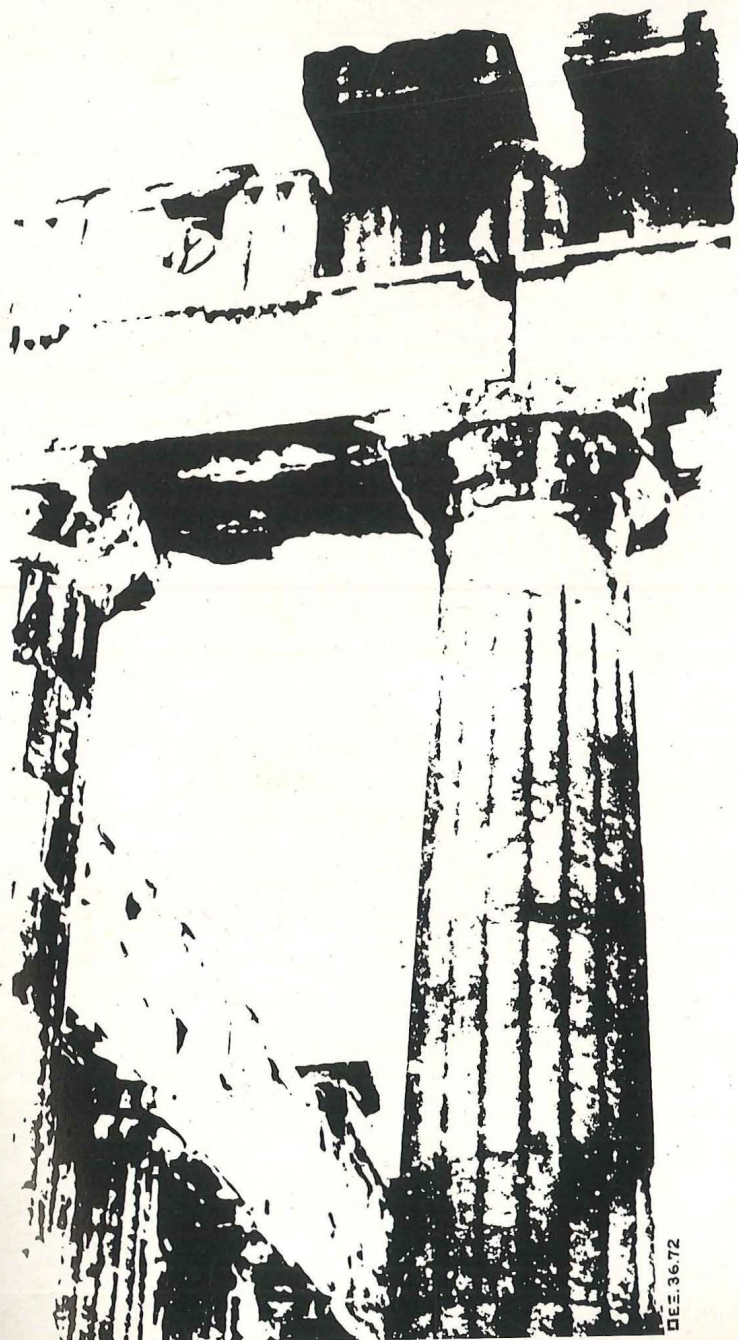
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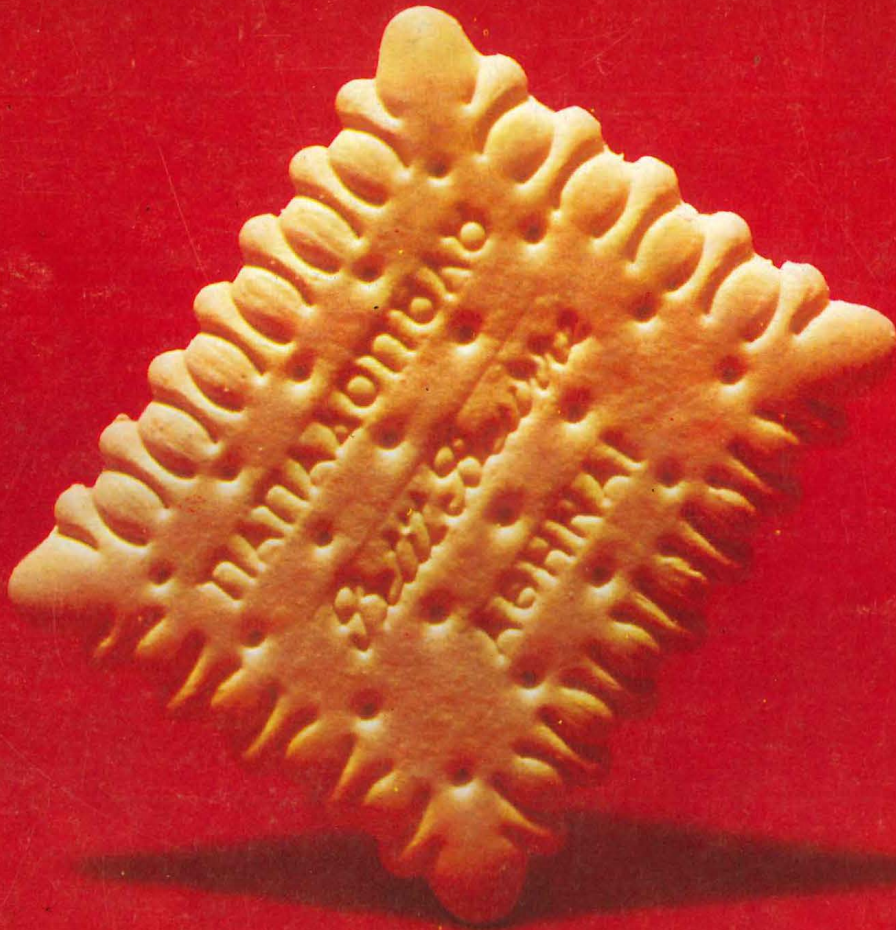
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