

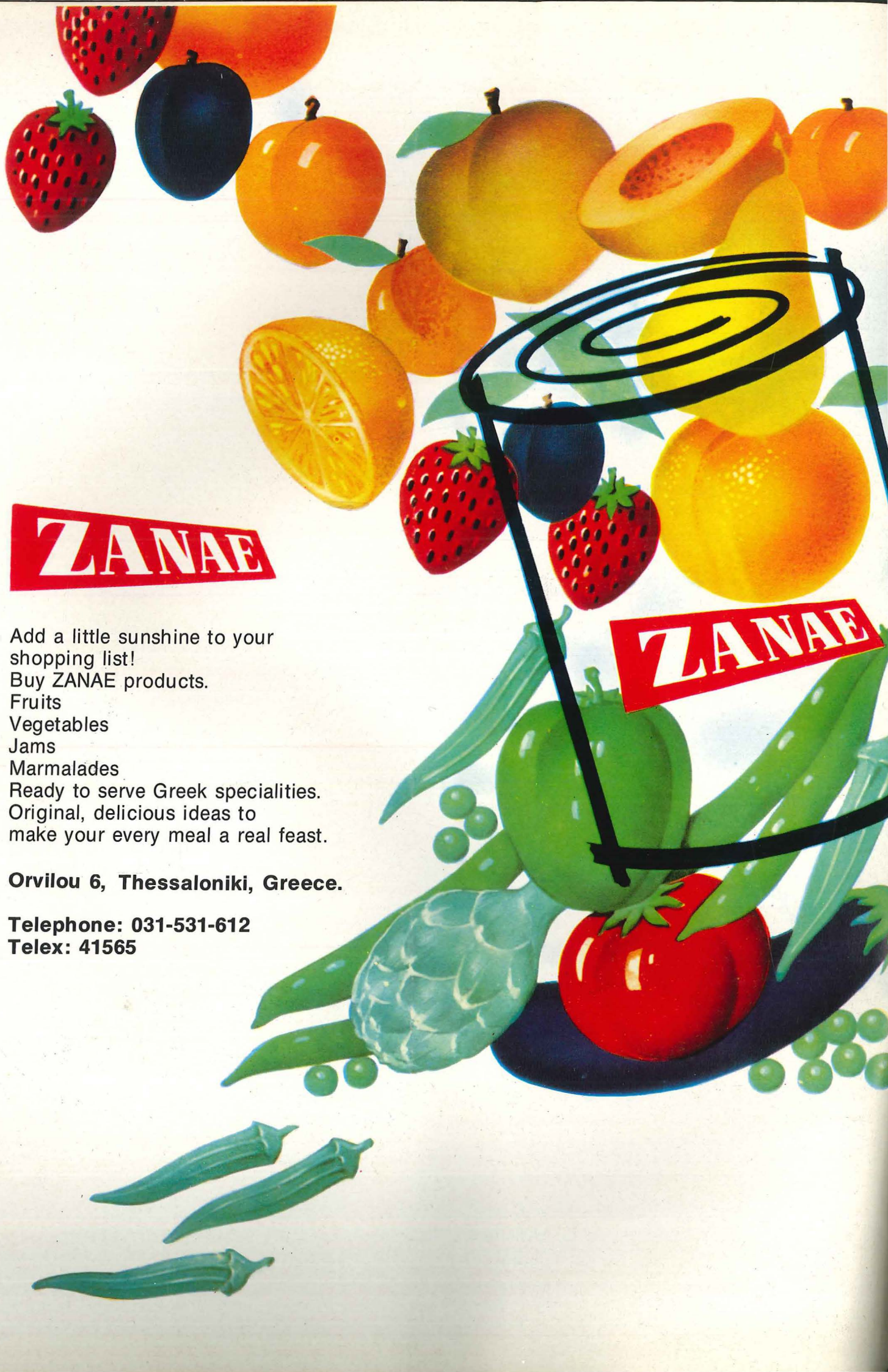
March 1975

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THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly





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community calendar

MARCH 1

Exhibition — Ends March 11. Effie Athanasiou, paintings. Hellenic American Union.
Pool Tournament — For teenagers. American Youth Club, 2 p.m.

MARCH 2

Pool Tournament — For sub-teens. American Youth Club, 2 p.m.

MARCH 3

Cultural T.V. — *T.V. For The Pre-School and School Child* (in German). Films at 6 p.m.
Lecture at 8 p.m. (Dr. Walter Flemmer). Goethe Institute.
Duplicate Bridge — Bidding in English. American Club, 7:30 p.m. Open to all. Call Jo Heller at 894-3376.

Lecture — *Littérature et Esthétique: Unité ou Dualisme dans l' Oeuvre d' André Malraux* (Jean Fallot). L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

MARCH 4

AWOG — Exhibition and sale of works of art by Nikos Stavroulakis. Followed by a visit to a private museum. Call Liz Wakeman at 801-4789.

Cours Public — *De l' Occident à l' Orient: La Vie dans les Villes d' Autrefois* (Edith Désaleux). L' Institut Francais, 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Afternoon Tea — Followed by a musical programme. Lyceum of Greek Women, 5:30 p.m.

Rotary Club — A dinner to mark 70 years of Rotarian life. Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.

MARCH 5

The Canadian Women's Club — Will meet at the Nina Palace Hotel, Leoforos Alexandras, 10:30 a.m.

Exhibition — Ends March 12. *Energiepolitik*. Goethe Institute, First Floor. Mon.-Fri. 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Cultural T.V. — *T.V. in Adult Education: Tele-Koleg* (in German). Films at 6 p.m.
Lecture at 8 p.m. (Dr. Walter Flemmer). Goethe Institute.

Film — *Civilization Part 2*, at 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. British Council.

Chamber Music — *Quartetto di Perugia*. Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

Lecture — *De Guillaume de Machaut ... à Philippe Soupault* (Monique Royer). L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

MARCH 6

Lecture — *Histoire de l' Art: La Naissance de la Céramique Européenne: Beauvais* (G. Nicolacopoulou). L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

MARCH 7

The St. Andrew's Women's Guild — Will meet at the home of Mattie Earnest at 9:45 a.m. Information: 707-448.

Lecture — *Problems of Energy in the '70's* (Dr. E.F. Schumacher). In German. Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.

Chamber Music — Jan Dobrzewski, violin, Jacques Trouillet, violoncello. L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

MARCH 8

Volley Ball — Girls vs. Boys. American Youth Club, 2 p.m.
Carnival — The German Community, Sina 66, 8:30 p.m.

MARCH 9

Rock Group — *The Revivals*. American Youth Club, 2:15 p.m.

MARCH 10

Exhibition — Ends March 27. Simonetta Abbey, watercolours. British Council Library.
AWOG — Lecture: *Alexander the Great* (Ipatia Vouloumi). Call Tomiko Finley at 681-8825.

Fourth Seminar on Contemporary Music — Ends March 14. *Composition of Electronic Music*. Goethe Institute. Enrolment details: 608-111.

Film — *Kuhle Wampe* a 1932 classic, at 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Goethe Institute.

Illustrated lecture — *Costumes of the Peloponnese* (in Greek). Lyceum of Greek Women, 7 p.m.
Duplicate Bridge — See March 3.

Cinema — *Remparts d' Argile* (1970). L' Institut Francais, 7:30 p.m.

Recital — Harp and Voice by the celebrated Welsh harpist Osian Ellis. British Council, 8 p.m. Tickets: 100 Drs. Students: 75 Drs.

MARCH 11

Cours Public — *Une Ville Inspiratrice des Peintres: Venise* (Edith Désaleux). L' Institut Francais, 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Membership meeting-luncheon. Athenée Palace Hotel, 2:15 p.m. Information: 601-311.

Afternoon Tea — Followed by a piano recital. Lyceum of Greek Women, 5:30 p.m.

Recital — See March 10.

MARCH 12

Kaffee-Klatsch — For young members of the German community followed by a talk: The subject will be the new regulations in Germany pertaining to the law governing the status of children of mixed marriages. Sina 66, 4:30 p.m.

Film — *Tschetan — The Young Indian* (in German). At 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Goethe Institute.

Film — *Civilization Part 3*, at 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. British Council.

Music — A recital of recorded songs by Argentinian Atahualpa Yupanqui. Spanish Institute, 8:30 p.m.

MARCH 13

Cinema — See March 10.

MARCH 14

Exhibition — Ends March 27. *25 Years of Eremiten Publications: Books and Graphics*. Goethe Institute, First Floor. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Children's Cinema — *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. L' Institut Francais, 5 p.m.

Film — *The Morals of Ruth Halbfass* (in German). At 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Goethe Institute.

Recital — Miranda Strongili, piano. Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

MARCH 15

Bingo — American Youth Club, 1:30 p.m.

MARCH 16

Rock Group — See March 9.

MARCH 17

Duplicate Bridge — See March 3.

MARCH 18

Illustrated lecture — *Towns and Monuments in Sicily* (Prof. Lagano). In Italian. Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

Lecture — *New Faces of Empiricism and Some Comments on Philosophy and Intellectual Life in Britain Today* (L.G. Cohen). British Council, 8 p.m.

Rotary Club — A dinner to celebrate 25th March. Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.

MARCH 19

Films — For children of the German community. Sina 66, 5 p.m.

Film — *Civilization Part 4*, at 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. British Council.

Recital — *Hommage à Ravel*. Héro Palli, voice and Yannis Papadopoulos, piano. L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

Slides and Music — From Uruguay. Spanish Institute, 8:30 p.m.

Lecture — *Contraception and Abortion* (in Greek). Greek-German Medical Association, at the Goethe Institute, 9 p.m.

MARCH 20

Exhibition — Ends March 27. *Books: Modern English Literature*. British Council, 6th Floor.

Cours Public — *L' Université dans la Ville d' Aujourd'hui* (George Candilis). L' Institut Francais, 7:30 p.m.

Recital — Helmut Roloff, piano. Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.

MARCH 21

Campion School — Last day of classes. Re-opens April 7.

British Embassy School — Last day of classes. Re-opens April 7.

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AWOG — Nature walk to Kaisariani. Call Peggy Phyllan at 360-794.

Children's Cinema - *L' Ile aux Tortues*. L' Institut Francais, 5 p.m.

Lecture — *Le Monde et les Choses dans la Poésie Française Contemporaine depuis le Surréalisme* (Robert Mauzi). L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

Play — *Little Brother, Little Sister*. The Athens Players. British Council, 8 p.m. Admission Free.

MARCH 22

Lyceum of Greek Women — Celebrations for March 25, 11:30 a.m.

Puppet Theatre — *Bartholomew Quicksilver*. Goethe Institute, 7 p.m. For children over 12 years.

Play — See March 21. Admission: 50 Drs. Students: 25 Drs.

MARCH 23

Jewish Community Center — March 25 Celebration, 7:30 p.m.

MARCH 24

Lecture — *Birth and Death in Karpathos* (in Greek). Lyceum of Greek Women, 7 p.m.

Duplicate Bridge — See March 3.

Boy Scouts — Court of Honour, Troop 343 (U.S.). American Club, 7:30 p.m.

Recital — Lidia Grichtolowna, piano. Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

Play — See March 21. Admission: 50 Drs. Students: 25 Drs.

MARCH 25

Film — *The Drummer* (in German). At 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Goethe Institute.

Film — *Civilization Part 5*, at 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. British Council

Cours Public — *Les Problèmes de l'Adolescent dans la Ville Moderne* (Alain Giabacani). L' Institut Francais, 7:30 p.m.

MARCH 27

Hellenic International School — Last day of classes. Re-opens April 2.

American Community School — Last day of classes. Re-opens March 31.

Athens International School — Last day of classes. Re-opens April 1.

AWOG — Archeological Trip to Marathon and Rhamnous. Call Eddi Cotsis at 801-2898.

Afternoon Tea — Followed by a talk: *Women and Freedom* (in Greek). Lyceum of Greek Women, 5:30 p.m.

Cinema — *Les Coeurs Verts* (1969). L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

lecture — *The Proper Study — F.R. Leavis and the Centrality of Literary Criticism* (Christopher Scott). British Council, 8 p.m.

MARCH 28

Children's Cinema — *Le Mime Marcel Marceau*. L' Institut Francais, 5 p.m.

Chamber Music — Patrice Fontanarosa, violin, Michel Dintrich, guitar. L' Institut Francais, 8 p.m.

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — 4th Charter Ceremony Dinner. Glyfada Golf Club, 9 p.m. Information: 601-311.

MARCH 29

Scavenger Hunt — American Youth Club, 10:30 a.m.

The addresses and telephone numbers of the institutes are listed in the Athenian Organizer.

THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly

Vol. 1, No. 17, March, 1975

Alopekis 20, Kolonaki
Athens 139
Telephone: 724-204

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PRINTED BY

E. Valassakis / K. Angelis O.E.
E. Valassakis, Sina 38

PHOTO TYPESETTING

Fotron S.A. - A. Lechonitis
Anap. Polemou 16

The Athenian is owned and published by Helen Panopalis Kotsonis, Koumbari 8, Athens.

Yearly Subscription Rates

Greece & Cyprus: — 200 Drs.
Other countries: — \$9.
Air Mail: Europe — \$10.
Rest of the World — \$16.

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publisher's note

Greece's most widely translated contemporary writer, Antonis Samarakis, has been acclaimed by some of the major figures in the world of literature. Andy Horton's interview with the author reveals, however, a man who rejects labels and views himself and the world around him in terms of fundamental truths. In 'Samarakis', the author emerges as a realist whose pellucid attitudes are refreshing in this age of changing and confused values.

George Theotokas (1905-1960) has been described by Linos Politis in A History of Modern Greek Literature as having been 'one of the most lovable men of letters.' Theodore Sampson's translation of Vardekis' Monologue, an excerpt from Theotokas's *the Sick and the Lame*, will bring to mind many prominent personalities of today. The book was originally published in 1964.

Carnival is observed in Greece in many different ways. In Athens its celebration ranges from simple carousing in the Plaka to sophisticated masquerade parties. In other parts of Greece it is marked by elaborate ritual. Thanos Dimitri Velloudios reports on some unusual customs in 'The Dionysian Spirit of Carnival'. Mr. Velloudios as a folklorist has travelled around Greece for twenty years gathering material on practices that appear to have survived from ancient times. As Air Lieutenant Colonel Velloudios he is one of the founders of the Greek Air Force.

The end of Carnival is marked by another celebration, Kathari Deftera (Clean Monday). In An Athenian Syllabus, Basil Kazantzis provides us with a sardonic explanation of the traditions associated with that austere day. If you are wondering what to do on the holidays that result from the many celebrations occurring in March and April, Willard Manus has a suggestion: Ski Greece.

Our 'Kathari Deftera' cover is by Sofia Zaramboula.

goings on in athens

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.

MAR. 1 Evdoxia, Koula
 MAR. 22 Theodore, Theodora, Dora, Theo, Ted
 MAR. 25 Evangelos, Evangelia, Vangeli
 MAR. 31 Ipatia

DATES TO REMEMBER

MAR. 1 St. David's Day
 MAR. 9 Mothering Sunday
 MAR. 9 Carnival Begins
 MAR. 17 Clean Monday
 MAR. 17 St. Patrick's Day
 MAR. 25 Independence Day: A National Holiday
 MAR. 30 Catholic and Protestant Easter Sunday

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Please refer to the Organizer for names, addresses, and phone numbers of churches and synagogues.

PRE-LENTEN AND LENTEN SERVICES

At the Orthodox Churches

Sunday services: Matins 7:00 a.m., Liturgy 8:30 a.m.; Evening services during Lent: 5:00 p.m.

March 17: CLEAN MONDAY 5 p.m.
 March 21: A' HAIRETISMI (1st Salutations) 7 p.m.; March 25: EVANGELISMOS THEOTOKOU (Annunciation of the Holy Virgin) 7 a.m. and 8:30 a.m.; March 28: B' HAIRETISMI (2nd Salutations) 7 p.m.

St. Nikodimos (Russian Orthodox) March 19: Lit. of Presanctified Gifts, 7 p.m.; March 21: Salutations, 7 p.m.; March 26: Lit. of Presanctified Gifts, 7 p.m.; March 28: Salutations, 7 p.m.;

Roman Catholic

St. Denis Roman Catholic church will celebrate Easter on May 4 to coincide with Orthodox Easter. March 19: ASH WEDNESDAY 6 p.m.; March 21: THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.; March 28: STATIONS OF THE CROSS 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.

PASSOVER SERVICES

Beth Shalom Synagogue

March 26: SEDER of 1st night, 6:20 p.m. March 27: Morning Prayer, 7:30 a.m.; SEDER of 2nd night, 6:20 p.m. March 28: Morning Prayer: 7:30 a.m.; SEDER, 6:20 p.m. March 29: 1st day of *Kabalat Shabat Hol A Moed*, Morning service: 7:30 a.m.; Afternoon service: 6:20 p.m. March 30: 2nd day of *Hol A Moed*, Morning Prayer: 7:30 a.m. April 1: 4th day of *Hol A Moed*, Morning Prayer: 7:30 a.m., Afternoon Prayer 6:25 p.m.

EASTER SERVICES AT OTHER CHURCHES

St. Paul's Anglican Church

March 23, PALM SUNDAY: Family Communion, Blessing and Distribution of Palms: 9 a.m.; Matins: 10 a.m.; Holy Communion: 11 a.m. March 24-27: EVENSONG: 6:30 p.m.; Holy Communion: 7 p.m. March 28: GOOD FRIDAY: Antecomunion and Litany: 9 a.m. Matins: 10 a.m. An Hour of Devotion: 1 p.m. March 29: HOLY SATURDAY: Evensong and preparation for Easter Communion: 6:30 p.m. March 30: EASTER SUNDAY: Holy Communion 8 a.m. Family Communion 9 a.m. Matins 10 and 11 a.m. Holy Communion 12 noon.

St. Andrew's (Protestant American). March 23: PALM SUNDAY: 11 a.m. There will be a programme of special Easter music presented by Dr. Robert Betts and the St. Andrew's Choir. March 27: MAUNDY THURSDAY: 8:15 p.m. Service will be celebrated with the German Evangelical Congregation, in German and English. March 30: EASTER SUNDAY: Ecumenical, Multilingual Sunrise Service at 6 a.m. on Philappou Hill. Choirs from the various churches. Special Easter Service: 11 a.m.

Christos Kirche (German Evangelical) March 30: EASTER SUNDAY: Ecumenical Sunrise Service, 6 a.m. (see above), followed by Easter Breakfast and egg-hunt for children. Easter Service: 9:30 a.m.

MUSIC AND DANCE

THE LYRIKI SKINI (National Opera Company) Olympia Theatre, Akademias 59. Tel: 612-461. Tickets from 75 to 200 Drs. Performances begin at 7:00 p.m. on Sat. and Sun. and at 8:30 p.m. all other evenings, the number of performances varying each week. The repertoire for March will include *Falstaff*, *Il Trovatore*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *O Vapstikos* and a special March 25th programme featuring excerpts from *Markos Botsaris*.

THE ATHENS STATE ORCHESTRA holds regular Monday night concerts. Rex Theatre, Panepistimiou Street, 8:30 p.m. For tickets and programme information Tel. 614-344 Mon. — Sat. from 9 a.m. to 1:15 p.m. Sun. 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

THE PEIRAMATIKO BALLETO ATHINON (The Athens Ballet Theatre of Yannis Metsis) — Aliko Theatre, Amerikis 4. Tel: 324-4146. Performances every Monday, 8:45 p.m. Tickets 120 Drs.

GREEK FOLK DANCES — Aliko Theatre, Amerikis 4. Tel: 324-4146. Performances are sponsored by the Lyceum of Greek Women and are given every Thursday at 6:30 p.m. Tickets 40 Drs.

FOLK DANCING CLASSES — The Lyceum of Greek Women (Lykion Ton Ellinidon), Dimokritou 14. Ladies: Fridays 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Children and young people: Wed. and Sat. 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Tel: 611-042, 628-978, 625-864.

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RECREATIONAL

Sports Centre, Agios Kosmas (across from the old airport) Tel: 981-5572. Entrance fee 2 Drs. Open daily from sunrise to sunset. Tennis (court fee 10 Drs. Rackets may be rented; bring identification); volleyball, basketball, ping pong, mini-golf.

GOLF

The Glyfada Golf Club, Glyfada (Tel. 894-6820). An 18-hole course. Overall distance 6,125 metres. Clubhouse with restaurant. Sponsorship required for regular membership. Visitor's fees: 150 Drs. daily, 270 Drs. on weekends. Caddie fee, rental of golf clubs and carts, extra. Open daily from 7 a.m. to sunset. For information call Mr. Dedes.

TENNIS

Athens Tennis Club, Vas. Olgas (Tel. 910-071). Restaurant, tv room and tennis courts. Two regular Greek members required as sponsors. Initial fee: 7,500 Drs. Annual fees: 2,600 Drs. Temporary residents of Greece may make special arrangements to use the courts. Open daily from 8 a.m. - 7.30 p.m. For information call Mrs. Papatamou.

Attica Tennis Club, Philothei (Tel. 681-2557). Initial membership fee: 3,000 Drs. for adults, 1,500 Drs. for those under 18. Annual fees: 1,200 Drs. for adults; 800 Drs. for youth. Open daily from 8 a.m. — 12 noon and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.

AOK, Tatoiou, Kifissia (Tel. 801-3100). Sponsorship required for regular membership, but others may acquire temporary membership to use the courts: 2,000 Drs. per year for adults; 800 Drs. for youth. Open daily 8 a.m. to sunset.

Ekali Club, Ekali (Tel. 803-2685, 643-2236) Tennis courts, table tennis, swimming pool, restaurant. Telephone for further information.

RIDING

The Riding Club of Athens (Ipiikos Omilos Athinon), Geraka. Initial subscription 4,000 Drs. Yearly membership fee, 4,000 Drs. Riding and lessons extra. Non-members: 150 Drs. per hour (mornings only). Call 659-3830.

The Hellenic Riding Club (Ipiikos Omilos Tis Ellados), Paradissos. Initial inscription 10,000 Drs. Yearly membership fee 3,000 Drs. Riding and lessons extra. Non-members: 200 Drs. per hour mornings or afternoons. Call 681-2506 or 682-6128.

MISCELLANY

The Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue (near the Race Course). March 2 (at 12 noon): *The Stars in March*. Through March 16 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *The Beginning and the End of the World*. March 17 through April 13 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *Flying Saucers and Space Civilisations*. March 30 (at 12 noon): *Music Under the Stars — Vivaldi: The Four Seasons*. April 6 (at 12 noon): *The April Sky*. In Greek but of interest to all. Foreign language programmes may be arranged by contacting Mr. Vereketi at 933-3333.

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 5 p.m. Closed 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, Kythathion 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, Tositisa and Patission 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.

LIBRARIES

AMERICAN LIBRARY — Massalias 22, 4th floor of the Hellenic American Union. Tel: 638-114. Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. Closed Saturdays. Books, periodicals, records, and reference. In English. The H.A. Union has a Greek library on the 7th floor.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES — GENNADIUS LIBRARY — Souidias 61, Tel:

710-536. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1:15 p.m. Primarily a historical library (from the 16th Century). Modern Greek literature.

ATHENS COLLEGE LIBRARY — Pshiko. Tel: 671-4628 ext. 60. Mon. - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m., 1:30 p.m. - 6 p.m. Sat. and Sun. 9:30 a.m. - 1 p.m., 2:30 p.m. - 7 p.m. By permission only.

BENAKIOS LIBRARY — Anthimou Gazi 2 (off Stadiou Street, near Kolokotroni's statue) Tel: 322-7148. Mon.-Sat. 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m. Closed Sat. afternoon. Newspapers, journals, periodicals. Books in several languages. For reference use only.

BRITISH COUNCIL LIBRARY — Kolonaki Square Tel: 633-211. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. Books, periodicals, records, and reference. In English.

BRITISH EMBASSY INFORMATION DEPARTMENT LIBRARY — Karageorgi Servias 2, Syntagma Square. Tel: 736-211 ext. 227. Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 2 p.m., Tues. and Wed. 4 p.m. - 7 p.m. For reference use only.

FRENCH INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Sina 29. Tel: 614-841. Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m. Closed Saturday afternoon. Books, periodicals, reference and records. In French.

GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE — Fidiou 1, Tel. 620-270. Archaeological research library. (Mon., Thurs., Fri. 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.; 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., Wed., Sat. 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.) By permission only.

GOETHE INSTITUTE LIBRARY, Fidiou 14-16, Tel: 608-111. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m. Closed Saturdays. Books, periodicals, reference, records. In German.

ITALIAN INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Patission 47. Tel. 529-294. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. Closed Saturdays. Books, periodicals, newspapers and reference. In Italian and Greek.

GREEK ANIMAL WELFARE FUND LENDING LIBRARY — Pasteur 12. Tel: 643-5391. Mon.-Sat. 8:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m. Mostly books in English and French.

NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTRE LIBRARY — Vasileos Konstantinou 48. Tel: 729-811. Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 2 p.m., 4 p.m., - 8:45 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m. Scientific journals and periodicals in all languages except Greek. For reference use only but photocopies made upon request.

NATIONAL LIBRARY — Panepistimiou Ave. Tel: 614-413. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., closed Sat. afternoon. Reference library. Books, periodicals, etc. in several languages, primarily related to modern Greece.

NATIONAL THEATRE LIBRARY — Agios Konstantinou. Tel: 520-585, ext. 24. Books on drama and theatre. Mon.-Sat. 8 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.

DEREE-PIERCE COLLEGE LIBRARY — Agia Paraskevi. Tel: 659-3250, ext. 334. Mon.-Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 6 p.m. By permission.

PARLIAMENT LIBRARY — Vass. Sofias Ave. Tel: 323-8350. Mon.-Sat. 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL LIBRARY — Patission St. Tel: 611-859. Books on architecture, engineering, etc. Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m. - 7:45 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 1:45 p.m. For reference use only.

Y.W.C.A. LIBRARY — Amerikis 11. Tel: 624-291. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. Books in several languages, primarily Greek and English.

ART GALLERIES

The following exhibitions are subject to change.

ASTOR GALLERY — Kanellis, oils (ends March 8). Iliaki, oils (From March 10). Kar. Servias 16. Open daily 10 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 322-4971.

ATHENS GALLERY — Apergis, sculptures (March 10 - April 5). 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 DESMOS — Kondos, paintings (through March). Syngrou 4. Open Monday 6 p.m. to 12 midnight. Tuesday to Saturday 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 910-521.

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY — Edelmann, watercolours, lithographs (ends March 9). Kosh, paintings; Bass, coloured etchings (March 10 - 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 12, Plaka. Open daily and Sundays 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. 322-6492.

GALLERY IOLAS-ZOUMBOULAKIS — Group Show (through March). 20 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.

GALLERY ORA — Papachristopoulos, paintings, on the first level (ends March 2). Flessas, paintings, on the first level (March 3 - 19). Boulgoura, paintings, on the first level (March 20 - April 7). Georgiou, sculptures, on the second level (March 3 - March 19). Xenofondos 7. Open daily 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 322-6632.

GALLERY PARNASSOS — Manolakkis, first level; Xenos, second level; Kaloumenos, third level, (ends March 8). Melas, first level; Skiada, second level; Daglanides, third level (March 9 - 28). Aghiou Georgiou Karitsi 8. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Open Sundays. Tel. 322-5310.

GALLERY SEVEN — Jean-Paul Cleran lithographs (through March). Voulis 7. Open Monday, Wednesday, Saturday 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Friday 10 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 322-4971.

GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS — Michalea, sculptures (ends March 18). Mavrides, paintings, (March 22 - April 24). Kriezotou 7. Open daily 8:30 a.m. to 2

Nikos Stavroulakis' paintings and woodcuts will be exhibited at a private showing and sale for members of AWOOG on March 4. Mr. Stavroulakis is a well-known artist and art historian. His works are in many collections in Greece, London, Rome, Israel, Canada, and the U.S.A., including that of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. He is a regular contributor to *The Athenian Magazine*, both as a writer and artist. His most recent cover for the *Athenian*, *The Gypsy*, appeared in February. For further details about the exhibition call Liz Wakeman at 801-4789.

p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 634-454.

NEES MORPHES — Polychroniadi, painting (ends March 15). Tetsis, engravings (March 17 - April 2). 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.

THEATRE

Regular evening performances begin between 9:00 and 9:30 and matinées between 6:00 and 6:30 p.m. Most theatres present matinée performances on Saturdays and Sundays as well as on one week day. Tickets may be reserved by calling the box-office and in most cases may be picked up at the theatre on the night of the performance.

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR — Pavlos Matessis' adaption 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)



ACROBATS — Poet Mona Mitropoulou, whose plays have been produced in Paris, is now being presented in Athens for the first time. Vassilis Kanakis, Kostas Kokakis and Theano Ioannidou are the players and Nikos Petropoulos has designed the sets and costumes. The director is Stelios Papadakis. (*National*, New Stage, Agiou Konstantinou - Koumoundourou, Tel: 523-242).

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* (Free Theatre) 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 CHERRY ORCHARD — Though the return of Elli Lambeti has been greeted with enthusiasm, her performances as Liubova in Chekhov's classic is uneven, at times exquisite, at others unconvincing. Dimitri Papamichail is excellent as Lopachin, though in general the famous undercur-

rent in Chekhov's plays is hardly felt. (*Dionysia*, Amerikis 10, Tel: 322-1579)

Reviewed in Feb. issue.

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

EAR AND MISERY UNDER THE THIRD REICH — Karolos Koun has directed this fine production of Bertold Brecht's series of early sketches. Dimitri Hadzimarkos, Effi Roditi and George Armenis are all fine. (*Technis*, Stadiou 52, Tel: 322-7248). Reviewed in Feb. issue.

CHILDRENS' THEATRE

PSST ... PSST. A children's musical by D. Wood. Produced by Dimitri Potamidi. Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 p.m. Sundays at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. (*Erevna*, Ilission 21., Tel. 780-826).

PUSS IN BOOTS by Brian Way. Produced by Xenia Kalogeropoulou. Wednesdays at 5 p.m. Sundays at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. (*Athina*, Derigny 10, Tel. 837-330).

I WANT TO SEE MUSSOV — A Russian farce adapted by Mark Sauvejon and translated by Marios Floritis. 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 STORYTELLER — Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella, yes, but Dario Fo's satirical shafts spare no one and no thing. Karolos Koun's direction is intense and purposeful. A resounding stage success. (*Veaki*, Stournara 52, Tel: 523-522). Reviewed in Feb. issue.

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

THE LITTLE MAN — Famous columnist and playwright Dimitri Psathas provides a comic vehicle for Yannis Yionakis. (*Broadway*, Patission - Aghiou Meletiου, tel. 862-0231).

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. (*Aliko*, Amerikis 4, tel. 323-6447) Reviewed in Dec. issue.

MIKROASTIKA — A play based on a record must make this unique in the annals of theatre. Lively group-theatre at its best. (*Mikro Theatro*, Kerkyras and Riou, Tel: 822-5156). See Review.

THE NATIONAL COMEDY (*Ethniki Komodia*) — A series of bold sketches by the well-known satirists, Bost, Skourtis and Mourselas. Most depict with caustic wit the not-so-heroic behaviour of Athenians during the late authoritarian

regime. (*Amiral*, Amerikis 10, Tel: 639-385). See Review.

PLUTUS—The Aristophanes classic translated by the famous late poet, Kostas Varnalis, is given a rousing production by a group of young actors. (*Rialto*, Kypselis 34, Tel: 837-003). See Review.

THE POLICE — Brocek, whose 'Tango' was such a success recently, is the Polish author of this play, produced and performed by Xenia Kaloyeropoulou and Yannis Fertis. (*Athina*, Derigny 10, Tel: 837-330).

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 Karras. Sets and costumes by Ioanna Papantoniou. Kostas Karras leads a cast which includes Nelli Anghelidou, Anna Veneti and Stavros Konstantopoulos. (*Alambra*, Stournara 53, tel. 527-497). Reviewed in Nov. issue.

THE ROSENBERGS MUST NEVER DIE — Elli Fotiou and Stefanos Lineos give the best performances of their careers in this drama of tremendous impact. An excellent production, highly recommended. (*Alfa*, Patision 37, tel. 538-742) Reviewed in Jan. Issue.

SH* — Marietta Rialdi has not only written, directed and produced this play, she acts a great many parts as well — all remarkably, some brilliantly. (*Piramatiko*, Academias 28, tel. 619-944). Reviewed in Dec. issue.

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 Douramnis. 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 performers. (*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 Theatre*, Kefalinias 18, tel. 835-070).

UBU ROI — Anarchic, scatological, sharp-eyed, surrealistic, caustic adolescent, grotesque, and just plain hare-brained: the French have compressed all these into a single adjective, *ubuesque*. Alfred Jarry's prophetic satire that scandalized Paris in the 1890's is today a modern classic. Director Alexis Solomos, composer Vassilis Tenidis, set and costume designer Spyros Vassiliou, actors Pendelis Zervos, Mary Aroni and everyone else have conspired together in their careful, loving and infinite subtlety to make it all look like delightful bedlam. (*National*, Central Stage, Agiou Konstantinou - Koumoundourou, Tel: 523-242).

CINEMA

Greek titles are given in brackets as a guide to our readers who may otherwise have difficulty identifying films. Age restrictions appear at the end. 'G' represents general admission (katalilo) and 'R' restricted (akatalilo). There are two categories of restricted films: 13 years and up (ano dekatrion or di'anilikous) and 18 years and up (ano dekaokto or afstiros).

The Athenian lists anticipated new releases for the current month. After their initial appearance at the first run theatres where they sometime remain for prolonged engagements, films reappear at the neighbourhood houses. We suggest that our readers keep these guides for future reference as space does not permit us to list in every issue all movies appearing in the area.

Many excellent films (usually 'classics') are shown at the various institutes. These appear under the Community Calender.

BLAZING SADDLES (Botes, Spironia Kai Kaftes Selles) Mel Brooks' zany spoof of the Western. Complete with a gay black sheriff and Count Basie's band sitting in the middle of the desert. (GA)

BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO GARCIA (Ferte Mou to Kefali tou Alfredo Garcia) Sam Peckinpah, the director of this taut, violent and peculiar minor masterpiece, once commented that all stories are Westerns, including his *Straw Dogs* set in England. All of the familiar Peckinpah Western themes. Like *Getaway* it takes place in our times. A mercenary gringo named Bernie (Warren Oates) tries to collect on a murder contract which leads to a bloodbath. Visually a brilliant film. (R)

EMMANUELLE (Emmanuella) A young French bride (Sylvia Kristel) is initiated into a number of sexual adventures in Bangkok and emerges feeling 'more a woman'. This high-class porno has caused a sensation in Europe. Based on the 1957 autobiography of Emmanuelle Arsan, directed by Just Jaeckin. (R)

E RIZES TOU TOPOU MAS (The Roots of Our Country) Nestor Matsas has spent a number of years gathering documentary shots of various folk customs around Greece to complete this unusual record of traditions which are all too quickly disappearing. Here are scenes, for instance, from a Cretan wedding, of fire-walking in Northern Greece, and pre-marital relations in Metsovo. Filmed in colour, the major weakness of this nonetheless interesting work is the reliance on much touristic movie photography. Matsas' film records surfaces but fails to capture the *spirit* of the traditions. (GA)

EXECUTIVE ACTION (E Dolofonia Enos Proedrou) Burt Lancaster acts in this chilling fact and fiction film based on a Mark Lane (*Rush to Judgment*) script about a highly organised plot to assassinate John F. Kennedy. Acting is skillfully blended with documentary shots of Kennedy's assassination, Oswald's arrest, and other events in the case. David Miller directs. (GA)

THE FRONT PAGE (E Proti Selida) A re-filming of the 1930 film from a Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur script. Billy Wilder directs, Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau star. (GA)

THE GODFATHER PART II (O Nonos) Francis Ford Coppola has, according to many critics, done the impossible. He has produced a sequel film superior to the original. Al Pacino stars. (GA)

JUGGERNAUT (Iperokeanion Britannic, O Stohos tou Ekvviastou) Another ship at sea disaster film but this time with more substance as director Richard Lester (the Beatle films, *Petulia*) tries his hand at a trite genre. Much suspense and a good performance by Richard Harris. Omar Sharif and David Hemmings also perform. (GA)

MAME (E Axiolatrevti Thea Mou) The creaking film version of the Broadway musical starring the energetic but too obviously aged Lucille Ball. (GA)

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK (Panikos sto Needle Park) Al Pacino and Kitty Winn (who won a Cannes award for this performance) play the star-crossed and drugged young lovers in this unflinching look at the world of addicts in New York. Jerry Sachberg directs this 1971 contribution to the New American Cinema movement. A harder film to like than his recent *Scarecrow*, but a more profound work. (R)

THE TOWERING INFERNO (O Pyrgos Tis Kolaseos) Disaster films are drawing the crowds at the moment. This film about an out of control blaze in a modern skyscraper is the hottest thing going. Hollywood covers up a weak plot with millions of dollars spent on special effects, so sit back and watch the screen explode with bright hues against the night sky. Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Faye Dunaway and William Holden co-star with the skyscraper. (GA)

ART CINEMAS

ALKIONIS, Iouliano 42, (Platia Viktorias), Tel. 881-6402. Feb. 24th - Mar. 2nd: Eisenstein, *Ivan the Terrible* (a new print). Mar. 3rd - 9th: Andrzej Munk's *The Passenger* (1961). First Greek viewing of this important Polish director's work. Also an Eisenstein short. Mar. 10th - 16th: Pan-Soviet Cinema Festival.

ALEX, Papadiamandopoulou 57, Ilisia. March 3-9. A Japanese Festival: N. Oshima's *Boy*, a strong glance at modern Japanese society as well as a moving portrait of troubled youth told without romantic cliches. K. Shindo's *Lost Feeling*. A Kurosawa's classic *The Seven Samurai*.

DEREE COLLEGE CINEMA CLUB will present free showings of important films on Friday March 14 and 28. Call 659-3250 several days before for titles and exact times.

STUDIO, Stavropoulou 33 (Platia Amerikis), Tel. 861-9017. Call for exact dates. *With Poems and Guns* (1973): A documentary on Chile by the Lucha Educational Film Collective. *When the People Awake* (1972-73): An excellent documentary completed before Allende's death by an anonymous group at the University of Santiago. *Attica* (1974): A documentary of the 1971 upstate New York prison riot by Cinda Firestone. *The 17th Parallel* (1965): A documentary of a North Vietnam village during the war filmed by Dutch director Joris Svans.

TENIOTHIKI (The Film Club of Greece) Kanari 1, Tel. 612-046. Showings every evening at 8 p.m., except Sundays when there is an 11 a.m. performance at the Asti Cinema, Korai Street. A wide selection of foreign and Greek films, old and new. Members only. No guests. Season membership: 200 Drs. for adults; 150 Drs. for students.

restaurants and night life

RESTAURANTS

LUXURY, WITH MUSIC

- The Athens Hilton Starlight Buffet. With its twinkling, panoramic view of Athens, fine array of Greek and international specialties and delicious sweets, it is a favourite with Athenians. Dancing to Alekos Laskarides and his Four Stars. *Every Tuesday night*. A complete selection from the buffet for 295 Drs. per person. For reservations: Tel. 720-201.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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. George Miliaras at the piano. Entrees from 150 Drs. Call for reservations.

RESTAURANTS

- 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.
- Bagatelle, K. Ventiri 9 (near the Hilton) Tel. 730-349. The accent is on French cuisine. Service good. The downstairs is more rustic. Nikis at the piano in the evening.

Fairly expensive. Daily: 1 - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Cave Mirabelle, Levendi 8, Kolonaki: Tel. 743-843. A cosy, warm restaurant, with more or less Spanish decor. A bar on the ground level, large open spit on second level. You may make your own selection from the wine cellar. The food is excellent. Personnel very obliging. Piano and guitar music. Entrees from 110 Drs. Daily from 8:30 p.m.

Blue Pine, Tsaldari 27, Kifissia. Tel. 801-2969. Gracious country club atmosphere. Exceptional garden. Red tablecloths, comfortable arm chairs, candlelight, soft taped music. Good formal service. Consistently high standard. Offers excellent cuts on charcoal. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily: 8:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Le Saint Tropez, Vassileos Konstantinou 4, Glyfada Square. Tel. 894-0027. A French restaurant in the centre of Glyfada. Attractive country decor. Simple but good taste. A great variety of French dishes. Expensive. We recommend the *champignons a l'escargot* 20 Drs. and *la terrine maison*, 80 Drs. The *Tournedos Henry IV* and the *sauce Bernaise* were superb (150 Drs.) For dessert try the *crepes maison*. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Chriso Elafi, on the 20th km. to the right on the way to Mt. Parnis. Tel. 246-0344. Enchanting atmosphere. Chalet-like with wood panelling, fireplace, pelts on the walls. Mainly game and steaks. Calf's feet soup. Good food and service. Daily: 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sundays for lunch as well. Closed Mondays.

Nikos, Koumbari 5, Kolonaki. Tel: 603-617. Another new addition to the restaurants in the Kolonaki area, situated a few doors above the Benaki Museum, next to the 'Ellinikon' coffee shop. Knotty pine decor and wooden benches create a chalet type atmosphere. Spacious bar. Limited but tasty choice of dishes, unpretentious and at very reasonable prices. Recommended for casual, after theatre supper. Chicken with cheese and bacon 80 Drs. Tasty salads. Open daily from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m.

Grande Bretagne — Syntagma Square. Tel. 323-0251. Stately and genteel with palm-court atmosphere in Athens' oldest and best known hotel. Open daily from 1:00 - 3:30 p.m. and 8:00 - 11:00 p.m. Lunch and dinner from 220 Drs. (Also a gracious place for afternoon tea or coffee).

L'Abrevoir, Xenokratos 51, Kolonaki. Tel. 729-061. Athens' oldest French restaurant. Frog's legs, *coq au vin*, *steak au poivre*, etc., all very good. Reserve in advance. Moderately expensive. Daily: 12 - 4 p.m., 7:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Stagecoach Loukianou 6, Kolonaki. Tel. 730-507. Wild West atmosphere complete with long, brass-railed bar. Clever decor. American cuisine from ham and eggs to huge steaks. Fairly expensive. Daily: 11:30 a.m. - 4 p.m., 7 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Le Calvados, Alkmanos 3 (four blocks north of the Hilton). Tel. 726-291. Arcaded rooms reminiscent of the white houses on

the Normandy coast. Somewhat informal (paper placemats, some booths) but offering a fine selection of well-prepared dishes: frogs legs, *escargots*, kidneys flambe, prawn croquettes, crepes, etc. *Vin maison* very good. Entrees from 100 Drs. Open daily 7:30 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Lotophagus (The Lotus Eaters), Parodos Aharnon 30-32, Kifissia. Tel. 801-3201. (Below train station). A tiny, charming restaurant located in 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 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. Reservations, necessary. Open daily from 9 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

The Bowling Center Restaurant, Piraeus. Tel. 420-271. A restaurant with panoramic views of Athens and the Saronic Gulf serving Greek and French specialties. Open daily 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1:30 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.

MAINLY GREEK CUISINE

Kapalos, Formionos 102, Pangrati. Tel. 766-9903. Lodged in an old brownstone. Decorated with primitive art, mirrors, family photos, embroidery. Lovely atmosphere. The menu is a scroll. Nice selection from the simplest Greek fare to the most elaborate, including kid with artichokes in casserole. Moderately expensive. Daily 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Psaropoulos, Kalamou 2, Glyfada, Tel. 894-5677. One of the oldest and finest seafood restaurants, pleasant and comfortable the year round. Wide selection. A view of the yachts anchored in the marina and the activity on the boardwalk. Attentive service. Medium to high price. Daily 12 - 4:30 p.m., 8 p.m. - midnight.

Fatsios, Efroniou 5, Pangrati (south of the Hilton). Tel. 717-421. Attractive murals, painted ceilings, cheerful atmosphere. Choose delicious Greek and oriental specialties, with the help of Mr. Fatsios, from display counter. Moderately priced. Good variety of dishes. Daily 12:30 - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - midnight. Closed Sunday evenings.

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

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. Entres 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.

Epta Sofi, Makriyanni 8, Tel. 922-4974. A popular taverna with entertainers Thanos Karras, Venya Papa, Panayiotis Foskolos and others. Show starts at 10:30 p.m. Entrees from 90 Drs. Minimum charge 100 Drs. Closed Mondays.

Harama, inside the rifle range (skopectirion), Kessariani. Tel. 766-4869. Entertainers: Vassilis Tsitsanis, Sotiria Bellou, Stavros Mihalopoulos. Programme begins 11 p.m. and continues through the night. Minimum charge: unspecified.

Steki Tou Yanni, Trias 1 (Kypseli). Tel. 812-953. A favourite taverna which has kept up its standards and atmosphere. Huge variety of appetizers brought to your table. Very good retsina. Full course approximately 180 Drs. excluding wine. Open daily: 7:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

Palaia Athena, Flessa 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.

Mostrou, Mnisikleous 22, Tel. 322-5558. A well known taverna with entertainers George Konstantinou, Dakis, Errica and Margarita Broyer, George Yerolimatos, Elena Kiraka. Show starts at 11:30 p.m. Entrees from 200 Drs. Closed Mondays.



TAVERNA WITHOUT MUSIC

Taverna Pitsios (To Balkoni Tou Imitou). Pavlou Mela 3, Terma Kareia (on the slopes of Hymettos). Tel. 764-0240, 765-5908. Just ten minutes by car from Sintagma. Difficult to find but worth the search. A large country taverna with huge fireplaces at both ends. Exceptional atmosphere. Salads, cheeses, excellent broils of meat or game, yoghurt with honey. Veal 57 Drs., pork 49 Drs., souvlaki 57 Drs., quail 46 Drs., woodcock 167 Drs., *garthoumba* 29 Drs. Daily from 8 p.m. Sunday, all day.

Kavaleriateros, Tatoiou 36, Metamorfofis. (Off the Nea Filadelfia Road, within easy reach of Kifissia.) Tel. 279-8780. An unspoiled taverna. Three rooms divided by window panes. Lanterns and paper tablecloths. Country sausage, tripe a la Grecque, broils, country salad, yoghurt. Inexpensive. Daily: 8 p.m. - 12:30 a.m. Open Sundays for lunch.

Kyra Antigoni, Pandoras 54, Glyfada (near the swimming pool). Tel. 895-2411. A rustically decorated room with fireplace. Good service. A great variety of appetizers, several tasty casseroles, boiled tongue. Prices reasonable. Daily: 8:30 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Lambros, on the shore road opposite Vouliagmeni Lake. Tel. 804-0250. A spacious taverna by the sea with a lovely view of the bay. A variety of appetizers, all very good, and usually a fine assortment of fish. Service variable. Prices reasonable. Daily: 10 a.m. - 1 a.m.

To Limanaki, at the end of Avras Street, between Kavouri and Vouliagmeni. Tel. 896-0405, 896-0566. Set on a hillock at the end of a small road, this rather plain taverna offers a splendid view and is recommended even in the winter.

Excellent fresh fish, a few appetizers, salad. Daily: 12:30 - 5 p.m., 8:30 - 11:30 p.m.

To Pithari, Paliyenesias 2 (on the peripheral road of Lycabettus). No phone. Cosy in Cycladic style, decorated with earthen casks. Spicy appetizers, broils (served on wooden platters), pork and green peppers (a specialty), yoghurt with honey and nuts. Reasonable. Daily: 12:30 - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 2 p.m.

To Tzaki, Vas. Konstantinou 8, Glyfada (near Congo Palace Hotel). Tel. 894-6483. Spacious, wood-panelled with huge fireplace. Large assortment of appetizers (stuffed spleen, sausages, fried squash, garlic sauce, etc) Moderately priced. Daily: 6:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sundays: 10 a.m. - 2 a.m.

Kanakis, Lavriou Avenue 76, Liopesi (on the inland road to Cape Sounion). Tel. 664-2385. A well known country taverna in operation since 1910. Lovely summer garden and spacious rooms with rustic decor and a huge fireplace. Excellent slightly resinated kokinelli at 20 Drs per kilo. Starters include spiced pickles 6 Drs, country sausages 12.50 Drs, small tasty meat balls 20 Drs. From the various charcoal broils we chose lamp chops 53 Drs and pork shish-kebabs 49 Drs. Open daily 8 p.m. to midnight. Sundays open for lunch as well.

Ta Pedia Tou Pirea, Milioni 4 (Kolonaki). Tel. 615-803. A popular taverna serving good Greek food. A wide choice of hors d'oeuvres, pastas, various roasts and broils, vegetable dishes and some Turkish sweets. Prices are moderate and the service is good. Open daily and Sundays from 12 noon until well after midnight.

Rodia, Aristipou 44 (near the Lycabettus funicular). 729-883. An old house converted into a taverna decorated with family memorabilia. A miniature garden covered with vines and holding only nine to ten tables. You can choose from a great variety of appetizers in addition to two to three cooked dishes. Quick service. Very reasonable prices. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.

O Nikos, Skopelou 5, Kifissia. Tel. 801-5537. On a road running parallel to the main road of Kifissia: turn right just before the Mobile station at Nea Erithrea. Excellent hors d'oeuvres: aubergine stuffed with walnuts and wrapped in ham, 10 Drs; eggplant salad, 11 Drs; stuffed vine leaves, 23.50 Drs. Entrees (mostly broils) from about 50 Drs. Open from 9:00 p.m. and for lunch on Sundays and holidays.

Vassilena, Etolikou 72 (Piraeus). Tel. 461-2457. An exciting eating experience in a renovated grocery store. Sit back and enjoy a parade of about 18 delicious Greek delicacies, brought to your table. Yiorgos, the son of the founder, successfully continues the picturesque tradition. No menu - one price: 125 Drs., drinks excluded. Daily: 7:00 - 10:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. Call for reservations.

O Platanos, Diogenous 4, Plaka. Tel. 322-0666. A very simple taverna but one of the oldest in Plaka. Weather permitting, tables are set out under the plane trees. Beside charcoal broils there is usually a *plat du jour* such as lamb with noodles 44 Drs or veal with eggplant in tomato sauce 42 Drs. Open daily 8 p.m. to midnight. Closed Sundays.

PUB - RESTAURANTS

Dewar's Club, Glykonos 7, Dexameni Square, Kolonaki, Tel. 715-412. Small and cosy, something between a bistro and a pub. Excellent fluffy omelettes from 45 Drs besides one or two other dishes served with salads. Service prompt and friendly. A spacious, comfortable bar. Open daily from 7:30 p.m. till very late.

Mike's Saloon, Vassileos Alexandrou 5-7, (between the Hilton and Capsis Hotels), Tel. 791-689. A new, attractive bar in an *art nouveau* setting. Drinks well prepared and served. Hot dishes as well as a regular menu. Generous portions of hot spaghetti with fresh sauces. Excellent chili con carne (50 Drs.). Popular for after-theatre suppers. Open daily for food and drinks from 11 a.m. until after midnight.

Prince of Wales, Senopis 14 & Evrou (behind the Athens Tower), 777-8008. An English pub with a restaurant. Country decor with brick walls, benches and wooden beams. Large spacious bar. Omeletes 45 Drs, hamburger steak 60 Drs, sandwiches from 25 Drs, entrees from 85 Drs. Soft stereo music. A good place to eat after a movie or the theatre. Open daily from 11 a.m. to very very late.

Saloon, Alkmanos 39 (Leoforos Mihalakopoulou), Tel. 742-208. In saloon style with a long spacious bar. It has not managed to create a warm atmosphere. The food is fairly good and very reasonably priced. It has a piano player. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 2:30 a.m.

PIZZA

Many pizzerias have opened in recent years in the capital. We consider the Porto Fino chain to be the best in town and worthy of recommendation. They offer a variety of delicious pizzas, wine, beer, soft drinks etc., at reasonable prices. There are many imitators but the following are the real ones:

Porto Fino No 1: Yiavasi 7, on the main square, Agia Paraskevi, Tel: 659-1517; No. 2: Mesolongiou 23, Halandri, Tel: 682-3448; No. 3: Papadiamandi 7, Kifissia, Tel: 801-7478; No. 5: Yiavasi 11, on the main square, Agia Paraskevi, Tel: 659-1666; No. 6: Nimfeou 32 & Grigoriou Afksendiou, Ilissia, Tel: 709-666.

TOURKOLIMANO

A very picturesque corner squeezed between Neon Faleron and Castella about twelve kilometres from the centre of Athens. In the olden days it used to be one of the three harbours of Piraeus. The hill above was used as a fortress because of its geographical position, hence its name Castella.

Today Tourkolimano is a colourful recreation and yachting centre with many seafood restaurants dotting the shore where lunch or dinner can be a relaxing and delightful experience. Roving flower sellers, photographers, and guitarists are all part of the scene. In Greece do as the Greeks do and follow the waiter into the kitchen to choose your own fish.

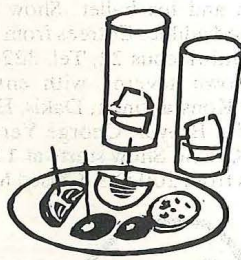
Considering the cost of fresh fish, prices are reasonable—unless you select lobster or cray-fish. Fried squid is a great favourite with children especially and is very inexpensive. The specialty of the area is *giouvetsi*, shrimp with feta cheese and tomatoes cooked in an earthenware pot.

The restaurants are usually open from 12 - 3:30 and from 8 to 11:30 p.m. During the summer they remain open until well after midnight.

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.

Arthontissa, Adrianou 134, Tel. 322-6105. Entertainers: Yannis Parios, Dimitra Galani, Smokovitis, Zouni, Sounas Bouzouki: K. Papadopoulos. Musical direction: George Hatzinasios. Two shows: 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 140 Drs. Closed Mondays.



Egokeros, Lisiou 15, Tel. 324-4124. Entertainers: Mihalis Violaris, Dimitris Mitropoulos, Christiana, Harry Klynn and others. Two shows: 10:15 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Minimum charge 150 Drs. Closed Mondays.

Kariatis, Flessa 11. Tel. 324-5930. Entertainers: Maria Koh, Andonigdis, Aleka Aliberti, Papakostantinou, Anna Chrysaifi and others who present a review of the history of the Greek popular song from 1933 to 1955. Two shows: 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

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

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 Aeropagitou & 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 show at 11:30 p.m. Saturdays 10 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Minimum charge 140 Drs. Closed Sundays.

Orizondes, Skoliou and Hill (corner), Tel. 323-7427. Entertainers: Maria Dimitriadi, Aphroditi Manou, Dimitrief, Yannis Sirris. The three-hour show starts at 10 p.m. 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. Closed Mondays.

Rizes, at the bottom of Odos Kékropos. Nikos Xylouris with Domna Samiou and others recently opened with a new show.

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

Themelio, Kydathineon 35, Tel. 323-3619. Entertainers: George Dalaras, Haris Alexiou, Anna Vissy, Lambropoulos. Bouzouki: H. Nikolopoulos. Two shows: 10:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Minimum charge 150 Drs. Closed Mondays.

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

Zygos, Kydathineon 37, 322-5595. Entertainers: Viki Moscholiou, Themis Andreadis, Georgia Longou, Dimitris Xenidis. Two shows: 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 130 Drs. Closed Mondays.

NIGHT CLUBS — CABARETS

The Nine Muses, Akademias 43. Tel. 604-260, 601-877. A fashionable discotheque 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 Danai from 10 p.m. Greek show begins at 12:30 a.m. Filipo 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, Singrou 165. Tel. 934-3485. Georg Katsaros presents: Doukissa, Yannis Dounias, Katie Ambavi, Lefteris Mitilineos and Mouflogelos and Christina. Geo. Katsaros and his orchestra begin at 10.30 p.m. Show-time 12.30 a.m. Minimum: 250 Drs. Open Daily.

Elysee — Mitropoleos 1, Syntagma Square (Tel. 322-0575, 322-9389). A night club with cosmopolitan atmosphere, acceptable food and good service. Open daily from 10:00 p.m. Light orchestral music during dinner. The show begins at 11:45 p.m. and the singers are Nadia Constantinopoulou, Alekos Anastasiadis and his guitar, Takis Morakis and his violins, followed by a Greek popular (bouzouki) programme at 2:00 a.m. Entrees from Drs. 210.

our town

Preserving Greek Heritage

THE Council of Europe has declared 1975 The Year of European Architectural Heritage. For the first time, Greece is actively participating with the Council and, in response to this declaration, The Elliniki Etairia sponsored last month a three-day symposium devoted to a campaign for the protection of our monuments. The Elliniki Etairia is an organisation which, for a number of years, has applied itself to this enormously important matter with single minded devotion.

The symposium, held in the spacious but crowded Lecture Hall of the National Gallery, was addressed both by the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Biris, and by the Minister of Culture, Mr. Trypanis, ample evidence that the present government is not only aware of the need for this campaign but is anxious to join it.

Mr. Kostas Karras, President of the Elliniki Etairia, in his opening address drew attention to the contradictory fact that while we admire and praise our past we are wantonly careless about its preservation. Indeed, there are few countries in the world that can equal Greece in the depth of its awareness of, and in its sense of debt to, its historical continuity.

Yet the thoughtless destruction continues about us. What is required is planning and a sense of purpose. This is what the Elliniki Etairia is determined to publicize.

The problems, of course, are enormous: organisational, economic, social, and, perhaps most of all, educational.

Lord Duncan Sandys, President of the International Committee of the Council of Europe, has said that if communities are not interested in saving their cultural past, then the governments representing them will not act.

The time is late for Greece — as it is in most countries — but it is also propitious. The government promises to act. Sensible proposals have been made. Plans are being seriously studied. The

accomplishments of the Elliniki Etairia are drawing a wider and more enthusiastic response.

The Phenomenal Snowmen

KYRIA Elsie dropped in for a visit in February to report on her most recent experiences. On the day of our annual snowfall, our friend recounted, she was driving toward Ekali in the company of an English gentleman by the name of Mr. Jones. He had just arrived in Greece and kept staring incredulously at the snow and the lines of cars heading north out of the city. He also persisted in exclaiming, 'Well! I never expected to see snow in Athens! Where on earth are all these people going? It can't be much fun motoring in this sort of weather!'

While feeling personally responsible for the weather and at a loss to explain the festive response to it, Kyria Elsie managed to answer calmly, 'Why it snows at least once every year without fail! These people love the snow. It's because of the weather that they are all going to the country.' Mr. Jones was unimpressed. 'If it snows every year regularly as you say,' he commented drily, 'why do they want to see the snow all that much?'

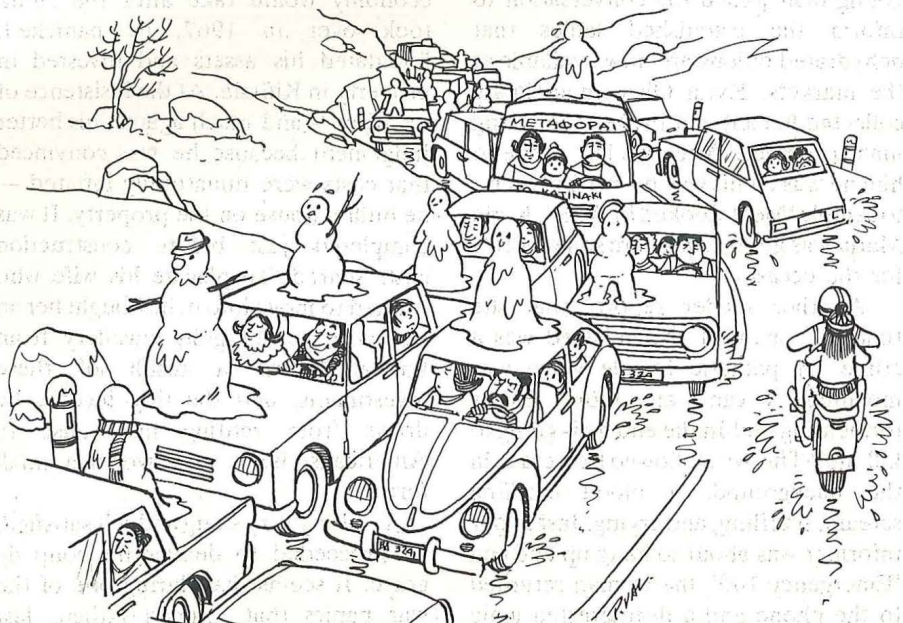
Kyria Elsie was stumped. How, she

wanted to know, do you explain to an Englishman that at the first sign of a snowflake half the inhabitants of the city dash to the mountains to play and frolic — as often as not without boots, hats, or gloves?

By the time they reached Maroussi the first wave of explorers were returning to the city. Mr. Jones grew more bewildered as car after car drove slowly past proudly displaying snowmen perched on their roofs and bumpers, and skewered on to the antennas. Some were planted smack in front of the drivers who managed to stay on the road only by hanging their heads out of the side window or by carefully following directions from others in the car with a better view. (Kyria Elsie made no reference to the fact that the emphasis this year was on realism, with various parts of the anatomy carefully punctuated on voluptuous specimens. Not wishing to embarrass her, however, we did not raise the matter.)

Mr. Jones sat bug-eyed watching the procession with astonishment. 'Why are they taking their snowmen back to town?' he demanded, convinced that Athenians were slightly mad.

'Oh,' said Kyria Elsie with all the dignity she could muster, 'but that is a tradition. You must go and look at the snow and then bring back proof that you have done so.'



The roads by then were blocked in all directions, but nobody seemed to mind. Cars were filled with ancient grannies clutching infants, children gesticulating animatedly, and mothers trying to keep them under control. The fathers intent on reaching home with their prizes intact, drove slowly and with the utmost care. 'I've never seen anything like it,' exclaimed Mr. Jones. 'Neither have I,' Kyria Elsie agreed, but added that she was not referring to the snowmen.

Dialing More Vicious Circles

IN our February issue we mentioned that an official of OTE had complained that Athenians spend more time on the phone than any other people in the world. While we were flattered, as we always are, to hear that we are *first* at something, we were compelled to remind him that much of our time is spent on the phone listening to others talking over crossed lines. This has led to a lively response from our readers who have enthusiastically kept us informed about the conversations *they* have overheard. Some of them are, of course, unprintable, but some have been interesting and even valuable.

One young man of our acquaintance, for example, was able to record and pass on Kyria Olga's 'Meat Cooked in Wine'. Meat, lamb, or rabbit would do, the good lady explained to her friend Kyria Maria, as the young man made careful notes. Kyria Olga, it seems, belongs to the 'no nonsense' school of cooking. Just add whatever you happen to have lying around the kitchen, put it all in a pot with some wine, turn on the stove and forget about it for a few hours. Don't bother with onions, she advised. Cleaning and chopping them, it seems, is too much of a *belas*, a 'bother'. The young man joined the conversation to inform the astonished ladies that dehydrated onions are now available at the markets. Kyria Olga immediately collected herself and invited the young man to dinner. When we last spoke to him he was on his way over to her house to sample 'Meat Cooked in Wine'. Kyria Maria was going to prepare some sweets for the occasion.

Another reader reports that she tuned in on what she believed was a crime. A pathetic female voice was moaning, 'I can't any more! He is tormenting me! In the end he is going to kill me!' This was followed by a crash in the background, a blood curdling scream; scuffling, and crying. Just as our informer was about to hang up and call 'Emergency 100', the woman returned to the phone and a disinterested male

voice asked, 'What happened?' 'He knocked over his glass of milk', was the reply. Far from having been a murder, it was a wifely mid-morning report to a bored husband at work about their two-year old's antics.

Meanwhile from OTE has come *another* announcement. They are about to introduce a new service guaranteed to tie up the service permanently. It is called 'Dial a Fairy Story' and will begin in the next few months. By merely dialling 196 the younger set can tune into a fairy tale — assuming they do not get a crossed line and another recipe from Kyria Olga. Anyway, our favourite fairy tale begins, 'Once upon a time we got a right number...'

The Rewards of Panic

OUR FRIEND Kostas used to be a healthy, hysterical, middle class male who worried constantly, carefully weighed every investment in the hope of outwitting the economic forces, and regularly developed ulcers. In the good old days before the stock market went into its tailspin, he used to call his broker several times a day ordering him to buy and sell at the slightest sign of a lurch in the market.

We bumped into him the other day as he was examining a store front in downtown Athens and approached him with some hesitation. In view of recent developments in the economic sector here and abroad and the panic that has regularly gripped Athenians, sending them scurrying to the grocers, we expected to find Kostas reduced to a stammering idiot. Much to our astonishment he was not only calm, he looked downright *happy*. We asked for an explanation which he readily gave.

Unable to decide what direction the economy would take after the Junta took over in 1967, he panicked, liquidated his assets and invested in property in Kifissia. At the insistence of his wife — and much against his better judgement because he was convinced that costs were unnaturally inflated — he built a house on the property. It was completed just before construction costs soared. To placate his wife who wanted to move into it, he bought her an elaborate set of gold jewellery from Lalaounis. As a result of these investments, and the tidy income he draws from renting his house to Americans, he is now worth a small fortune.

Looking very smug and self satisfied, he proceeded to deliver his coup de grace. It seems that during one of the war panics that gripped Athens last

summer he lost his head completely and raced around the city buying up all the non-perishable foods he could lay his hands on. From this source alone he received an unexpected windfall as food prices have continued to rise. Now, after careful soul-searching, he has decided that the panics are bound to continue and he is opening a supermarket.

We are happy for our old friend and were all the more delighted when we came across an article in *Ta Nea* by Nikos Kambanis who offered some sound advice to would-be grocers. We have translated it in part and produce it here for the benefit of Kostas and any of our readers who may have been considering expanding their activities into this area:

If you are planning to start a supermarket or just a grocery store in an Athenian neighbourhood and wish to fill it up with customers on the day of its opening, don't bother to advertise or to print invitations. It's an unnecessary cost. Just go to the nearest kiosk, buy a pack of cigarettes, tell the owner, in confidence, that they have just recalled the leave of a relative of yours who is a first lieutenant in the army, and that it sounds a bit suspicious. Don't bother to say anything else. Take the cigarettes and go. The kiosk owner will tell ten of his customers that he has certain information that they have cancelled all leave of military personnel and that at any moment we will have general mobilisation in view of the forthcoming war. The kiosk owner's ten customers will then rush off to tell one thousand of their acquaintances to turn on their radios at once in order to hear the government's proclamation of war. These thousands will tell all their friends that the Evros military operation has already begun. By this time enough people will have been informed. They will circulate the news that they have heard with their own ears the sirens announcing an air raid, that the first naval battles and the first dogfights have taken place, and that our gallant forces have already captured Houlia Hozigit, the Turkish equivalent of our own Aliki Vouyouklaki. From there on you may relax and enjoy the pleasure of a merchant who sees his store being swamped by millions of customers buying anything that they can get their hands on that is edible.

THE
ATHENIAN
is phototypeset by
FOTRON S.A.

“AND THERE ARE NINE MILLION OTHERS LIKE ME..”

IT IS not generally known, no formal ceremony took place, no special gifts were brought to any particular new born baby, in fact no announcement was ever made about it. But it's news: Greece's population has passed the nine-million mark and is steadily heading for the ten millionth. 'So what?' a Chinaman might retort. But he forgets it took the Greeks eighteen years of effort to get from eight million to nine million.

It's news, we insist, but in fact it's not new at all. For the event itself took place at some unspecified and fleeting moment in mid-1974, but the relevant records have just been gathered, checked and rechecked. And to be on the safe side, an asterisk was placed next to the population figure of 9,020,000 with a footnote indicating: 'Provisional estimate — Errors and omissions excepted'.

Does anyone wonder how the total population figure is arrived at? The recipe is quite simple. Every once in a while (the U.N. recommends it be done once every ten years) you count heads. Then every year or so, you subtract those who pass away in the meantime, you add up those who are born, you subtract again those who emigrate and lastly you add those home-sick emigrants who choose to return. The outcome is known as 'estimated population' at a given date. The accuracy of the figure, of course, is approximate, as confused relatives, midwives or undertakers sometimes neglect to register births or deaths, while emigrants and repatriates often get mixed up with tourists at crowded Ellinikon Airport.

The last time a population census took place in Greece was on a bright Sunday, March 14th, 1971, when everyone was asked to stay indoors and be counted. There is no guarantee that everyone actually did so. One must take into account the customs and habits of Greek motor car owners who insist on going out for Sunday picnics, not to speak of those who, for sundry political reasons, preferred at the time to keep their whereabouts to themselves.

In any case, the counting yielded a total of 8,768,641 Greeks. The figure was officially announced more than a year later, and the voluminous population census results make fascinating reading — if you can read between the figures — and at the same time can be very useful to economists, sociologists, politicians and even market analysts. Sociologists, for instance, are interested



in observing changes in the population's age structure, while politicians coming from an area with a declining population may be concerned lest their constituency be deprived of the right to send a deputy to Parliament at a future election. Market analysts, on the other hand, noting a cautiously rising marriage rate but a sharply dropping birth rate, may advise you that there is some future in the wedding-gown renting business but that diaper manufacturing is not likely to be a profitable undertaking.

The last census figures revealed that there are sixty-six and one half Greeks per square kilometre. One is inclined to think the figure is higher in the Omonia Square kilometre, especially when counting those crossing the street from Marinopoulos' drugstore.

What is disquieting, however, is that the annual rate of population growth in the past decade has been quite low — a mere 0.45% — pretty much the same as Britain's, though half as high as that of France. The reason has been a declining birth rate and a high emigration rate. For instance, there are now on an average 3.3 members to a household compared to 4.3 way back in grandmother's twenties. With population shifts from the countryside to the big cities, families have been getting smaller and smaller. Cramped apartments, air pollution and late night television shows are thought to be responsible.

Emigration has deprived the country of several million able-bodied Greeks. In the past decade alone, more than 800,000 Greeks emigrated in search of work and adventure, mostly to West Germany. Recently the emigration rate has fallen to a mere trickle, with the inflow of repatriates actually exceeding the outflow. The Bonn government's decision to restrict immigration of foreign workers should be reflected in higher population figures in Greece in the coming years. Incidentally, one good thing about a low rate of population increase is that people are considered richer (at least statistically) when a high growth rate is registered in the national income.

An interesting feature of Greek population statistics is the massive shift in population to the urban centres. The phenomenon, of course, is worldwide, but it seems to be more phenomenal in Greece. One hundred years ago, the country's rural inhabitants made up 72% of the total population. In 1928, the rural population (that is, inhabiting villages with less than 2,000 inhabitants) made up 54% of the total. By 1971, it had shrunk to 35%.

The Greeks have a word for it: 'astifilia'. Briefly, it means giving up the countryside in response to luring stories about jobs and joys in the cities.

In 1870, Athens, Piraeus and their suburbs had a population of 59,000. A hundred years later, the figure had risen

by 4,205% to 2,540,000. Now three out of every ten Greeks are crowded in the greater metropolitan area — and more are coming. No less than one quarter of all deputies in the present Parliament represent this area.

If you ask three Athenian passers-by about their origins, the first is likely to say he comes from an island. The second's father probably came from Northern Greece and the third's grandfather came from Asia Minor. Tens of thousands of Greeks fleeing from Attila in 1920 built flourishing refugee townships around Athens, with names reminding them of their original homes on the other side of the Aegean continental shelf — names such as Nikea, Nea Smyrni, Nea Philadelphia, Nea Ionia, etc. Before they flourished and became Athens' suburbia, these townships were quite poor; yet they were never as bad as the slums or ghettos of other countries.

The trouble though, is that most of these townships sprang up and developed without formal planning, without adequate public transportation, without even a sewage system. Most suburban houses are actually floating atop innumerable cesspools, whose periodic evacuation with the help of Herculean trucks brings back to the nostrils memories of the Augean stables.

(Footnote. Here's an investment tip: Purchase an abandoned country cottage as far away from it all as possible. You'll need it for a breath of fresh air when life in the metropolis becomes impossible — on condition, of course, that every other Athenian does not buy or build a cottage in the same area.)

About a hundred years ago, it was estimated that there were 93 Greek women for every 100 men. Efforts by the feminist movement since then seem to have paid dividends, for now the proportion is 105 women to every 100 men. In fact the sex structure of the population is something of a puzzle to geneticists. More boys are born than girls and in the 0-24-year age group, the number of males definitely exceeds the number of females. From about the 25th year onwards, however, something happens and females outnumber males. For instance, there are 195,640 women aged 75 years and over compared to 135,580 men. Women also choose to outlive men. It's uncomfortable to think that there are almost six times more widows than widowers.

The percentage of married Greeks (as well as those divorced) has been rising in recent years, just as that of single and widowed people has been on the decline. Most Greek men marry in the 25-29 age group; they are usually matched with women five years their junior. However, the 1972 Statistical Yearbook records the marriages of two bridegrooms in the 15-19 age group with two brides aged 40-44 — but tells nothing of their experiences. Also two men aged 60-64 were 'matched' with two 15-19 year-old maidens in the same year. (Incidentally, matchmakers should hurry as 1976 will be a leap year and hence, according to popular belief, not an auspicious year for matrimony. That's when the marriage rate is sure to go down.)

People live longer nowadays, which evidently explains why relatively fewer people die. In fact, the death rate has

dropped sharply from 17 per 1,000 inhabitants forty years ago to a mere 8.5 in 1972.

The causes of death, unlike the causes of birth, vary with the times. In the less developed Thirties, pneumonia, tuberculosis and malaria were listed among the principal causes of death. But with improved living and public health conditions, such afflictions are now out of fashion. (Malaria has disappeared altogether.) Heart diseases, cerebrovascular diseases and cancer were responsible for half the 76,860 people who took the one-way trip to Hades in the year of affluence 1972.

The fact that the Greek population lives longer means that it also grows older. The 0-14 age group made up 39% of the total population about a hundred years ago, but the percentage has now fallen to 25% and is dropping. In some semi-abandoned villages it is hard to find any children playing about. Meanwhile, the percentage of people aged 65 years and over has almost quadrupled to 11% and is growing. Pretty soon a sizeable segment of the national income will be devoted to looking after pensioners. It would not be amiss to find novel ways of keeping these people profitably busy. It might also be good for their health. For after all, it matters little whether more people live longer — the quality of life should be just as important.

— A.M.E.

The latest Greek-English edition of the Concise Statistical Yearbook of Greece may be purchased at the office of the national Statistical Service (Ethniki Statistiki Ipiresia), Likourgou 14-16, Omonia. (Tel: 324-7805)

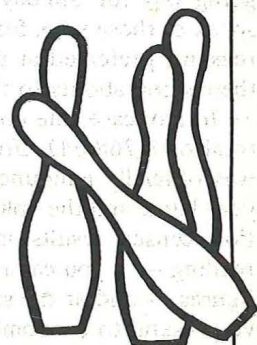


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B.A.T.S. IN THE B.E.L.F.R.I.

WHY is it that the British and the Americans have always shown a fondness and a weakness for the Turks? This is a question we Greeks often ask ourselves and it looms larger today when our own love and affection for our western allies appears to have been basely betrayed.

I decided to seek the answer with none other than the foremost authority on the subject, Professor Heinz von Krautsalat of Heidelberg University. This eminent psychologist has just completed the first part of a scientific study on the British-American Turkophile Syndrome, or B.A.T.S. for short. If I could persuade him to give us a preview of his findings, we might well be on our way towards understanding the perverse preference of our friends for the descendants of the Seljuks and Osmanlis.

The Professor was uncommunicative at first when I called him at Heidelberg and reversed the charges. However, he became more expansive when I offered to reimburse him for the phone tolls and hinted I might send him a packet of pistachio nuts with the next post. Here is what he had to say:

'When B.A.T.S. was launched with the help of a ten-million-dollar grant from the Gennadius Library, we selected four British and four American test subjects. They were all prominent members of the Establishments of both countries and one was a businessman, another a general, another a diplomat and the fourth a politician.

'We wired up their hearts, brains, sweat glands, pulses and taste buds to measure their mental and emotional reactions, and wired up their guts for their gut reactions.

'We then projected two alternate film clips, one showing typical Greek scenes and the other showing characteristic Turkish behaviour.

'The wires were all connected to a computer which combined all the readings to produce a final verdict on the test subject's mental, emotional and gut reaction. This verdict was flashed on a screen and carefully noted down by one of my assistants.

'The first film clip showed the sylvan glades of Mount Pelion in mythical times with satyrs cavorting through the chestnut trees with wood nymphs and naiads. The reaction registered was "Mild Interest". Next, we showed a scene in a Turkish harem with a group of

beautiful Circassian slaves doing a sinuous belly dance in front of the sultan. The response in seven of the test subjects was "Wild Enthusiasm" and "High Excitement" combined. The eighth test subject was the British politician who showed no reaction at all. He was further examined and found to be a closet queen or, to be more precise, a secret transvestite. We got rid of him fast and later heard he had undergone a sex change and was seeking a post in Mrs. Thatcher's shadow cabinet. But I digress.

'The next film clip showed the Agora of ancient Athens with Socrates holding forth to his pupils. The reaction again was one of "Mild Interest" only. There being no ancient Seljuk or Osmanli philosophers to draw on for a comparable Turkish scene, we showed the Seljuks galloping across the plains of Anatolia, slaughtering Byzantines right, left and centre and occupying large chunks of Greek territory. The test subjects registered varying degrees of enthusiasm with some confusion on the American side as to who were the "good guys" and who the "bad guys".

'We then showed a clip of Phidias putting the finishing touches to the Parthenon. Again, no reaction higher than "Mild Interest" with the exception of the British diplomat who registered some excitement when the camera zoomed in on the friezes and sculptures of the famous temple. The alternate scene was the bombardment of Constantinople in 1453 by the Sultan Mehmet II and his troops who finally stormed and took the half-ruined city. "Much Excitement" from the test subjects and a query from the American businessman who got his centuries mixed up. He wanted to know if any contracts were up for grabs for the reconstruction of the city.

'Next came a scene from the movie

The Guns of Navarone showing Anthony Quinn, as the Greek, saving a bunch of Britons from the Germans. Mild favourable response from the British but no response from the Americans. This was followed by a sequence from *Lawrence of Arabia* showing Jose Ferrer, as the Turkish officer, making goo-goo eyes at Peter O'Toole. The British responded with "Extreme Discomfort" while the Americans registered "Silent Mirth" — all except the American diplomat who wanted to know exactly what had happened between the Turkish officer and Lawrence, after which he applied for a transfer to Ankara.


'The climax of the test was the two final scenes: one showing the Security Council debating the Cyprus question. All eight test subjects fell into a deep sleep. Then we showed a hypothetical sequence of Mr. Karamanlis in Moscow being fêted and made much of by a jovial and beaming Mr. Brezhnev. There was a "Mild Curiosity" reaction from the British but the effect on the Americans was devastating. The businessman got on the phone to his stockbroker and ordered him to sell all his shares in the Greek Coca-Cola company. The diplomat suffered a massive coronary occlusion. The politician sought an immediate audience with Archbishop Iakovos of North and South America. The general contacted the nearest CIA agent and ordered him to topple the Greek government forthwith.

'We are now in the process of feeding all the test data on B.A.T.S. to the Binomial Elucidation Lineogram for Research Inference — B.E.L.F.R.I. for short — and we hope to have the definitive answer to the question in about a week's time.'

'Thank you very much, Professor,' I said. 'So for the time being one could say that our British-American friends are temporarily B.A.T.S. in the B.E.L.F.R.I.?'

'Exactly', said the Professor.

— ALEC KITROEFF



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SAMARAKIS

*Graham Greene has described *The Flaw* as a 'masterpiece'. Arthur Miller has called it a 'powerful' book. Arthur Koestler in a 1969 article named it the best book of the year.*

I DON'T think about how I'm writing. I just write. I do know that some reviewers have called me a Greek Kafka... although I do not accept this. I don't even accept the title of author or writer. I am simply a common man with faith in people.'

Antonis Samarakis is modern Greece's most widely translated writer after Nikos Kazantzakis. He has published four collections of short stories since 1954 and two novels. *To Lathos (The Flaw)* has been translated into over twenty languages. Graham Greene has called it, 'A real masterpiece. A story of the psychological struggle between two secret police agents and their suspect told with wit, imagination and quite outstanding technical skill.' Arthur Miller has written, '*The Flaw* is a powerful work. I only wish some people who profess democracy would read *The Flaw* and see what it is they actually support. We are all living in a time when words and their substance are very unrelated — to the point of meaninglessness. And this is not only in the question of Greece.'

Antonis Samarakis was born in Athens in 1919. He holds a law degree from the university. Between 1935 and 1963 he worked for the Greek Ministry of Labour. He has travelled extensively and worked abroad for the United Nations on labour and social problems in Africa, Brazil and other countries.

'If I had the possibility to start again, I would try to have two jobs. I read an article years ago in which many authors were asked whether they liked writing full-time, and most said no, it would be bad for their writing... Believe me... the human or social experience of work is very important for a writer.'

Samarakis is now retired from the Ministry of Labour. He lives in a comfortable house in Kipseli with his wife, Eleni, who is an attorney-at-law. African carvings, Danish woodprints, Greek sketches and pottery — the furnishings of their house reflect their varied experiences and tastes.

The author holds his favourite pipe but does not light it. He is short and energetic. His eyes are alert, warm, playful. His manner is so gentle and open that it is difficult at times to remember that he is the same man who

has written so strongly about the threat of totalitarianism to the common man. He speaks clearly and spontaneously in English although it is not his native language.

'After I left the Ministry, I worked for more than three years with the United Nations and then on other jobs in Greece. I worked as a slave, for instance, translating the memoirs of Winston Churchill into Greek. It took me three years. I had to have sixteen pages translated every week for a weekly serial ... I was exhausted when I finished in 1967, a few days before the Junta.

'Now I feel uneasy because I don't have a concrete job. I detest theory. I detest philosophy. I have a passion to do something concrete. I'm trying to find something else. It is more difficult now because I am married and I want my wife, a lawyer, to have her own career. But I don't want to be just a writer.'

Samarakis' characters, it has been said, are anti-heroes, common people. The author agrees.

'That's because my life has always been with the common man. I don't like to be called a "writer", or an "author"... my heart is just like it was when I was a child. I'm always touched by the reactions of the man in the street, the common man... For example, I would never write even one sentence for people like the heroes of Marcel Proust.

'I started by writing poetry. I was ten years old and lived in Athens. I wrote maybe fifteen poems and published four or five in magazines, but I was never a professional writer because I have never had the mentality of a professional writer. I don't like to write every day... In 1953 I wrote my first collection of stories, *Wanted: Hope*. I wrote these stories because some of my friends with whom I used to go to tavernas heard me mention my ideas and told me I must write them down. I wrote them, really, to be free of my friends!'

Samarakis' first book appeared in 1954. The author himself paid the publication costs, and peddled it to the bookstores, practises common in Greece today. He met with indifference, and it was not until the famous critic, Evangelos Papanoutsos, devoted an entire column to the book on the front



pages of *To Vima* that it became a success.

'With writing you never know. you can write five or ten good books and then the eleventh may be a zero...'

One critic has said that Greek writers find the short story easier... partly because they do not have the time since most hold other jobs.

'I wouldn't have written more novels even if I had more time... I wrote *Danger Signal* while I was working at the Ministry. It depends on the idea. I knew from the beginning that both of my works would be novels. Of course I had not planned everything. I just had some general ideas of the plot. I didn't know the ending either. You see, I am not a slave of my own art.'

Samarakis' writings are international. He explains that he has written in this way because the serious problems of our times are general and universal and not limited to any particular nation. In both *The Flaw* and *The Passport* no specific country is mentioned.

His use of the Greek language is a blend of *demotiki*, *katharevousa* and foreign words that have entered Greek usage. His work has the virtue of being easy to read and I ask if he has written as a 'common man' in order to gain a larger reading public. He responds that he began writing as a *reader* and not as a *writer*. The books he enjoyed most were those written in a simple, direct manner. A writer can be modern without being confusing, he suggests. He believes that the best modern art is clear, straightforward, direct.

'I believe that language expresses everyday life. Language must be and is flexible. You cannot stop foreign influences... I don't believe in boundaries or limits. Foreign words and expressions don't need passports to travel! My style, for instance, is not literary in the usual sense. It is literary in another way. It is the style of the simple, of the everyday. I detest too many adjectives and what I call "sauce".'

'I admire Simenon very much. Gide, for instance, said something really revolutionary. He said that if young writers really want to be good writers, they should read Simenon! And of course books by Simenon are not really detective stories, they are human stories.'

Edwin Jahiel of the University of Illinois has written about the cinematic qualities of Samarakis' prose. Has he been consciously influenced by the cinema? 'I can't say yes and I can't say no', he replies. 'The fact is that I love cinema and I have seen many films since the time I was a child. But as for my writing, I have never thought about the



'I want my wife, as a lawyer, to have her career.' Antonis and Eleni Samarakis in their home in Kipseli.

cinema. I have written my work exactly as I was feeling. If critics now say they have discovered some cinematic elements in my work, this makes me happy, of course, because I believe cinema is popular art and can do many things for a better humanity. Cinema can influence masses more than literature... People who have seen a movie can make a revolution. I remember as a child I saw *Pancho Villa*, with Wallace Beery, more than thirty times. I remember that everyone, adults and children, was crying. When we left the cinema we were ready to make a revolution ourselves. But I wrote my books without thinking of cinema. I had no need to think of cinema because my life is full of cinema!'

In addition to the widely publicized *The Flaw*, several of his other works have been made into films. *The River*, a short story, was made into a film by Nikos Koundouros. It was produced by Americans with the music composed by Hadzidakis. Made in both Greek and English, it won first prize in 1960 in Thessaloniki and in Boston. The English title was *This Side of the River*. *Tetragono* (The Rectangle) was made into a film in 1964 with music by Xarhakos. *The Flaw* has also been made into a TV drama for Japanese television and another story, *Ideas Bureau*, was used for a Canadian television production.

'It's my opinion that a writer must stay in his own country to write. I stayed in Greece even when I finally got my passport from the Junta', he says, referring to the episode which led to another story, *To Diavatio* (*The Passport*).

While other Greek writers such as Kazantzakis have wrestled with their nationality, it does not seem to be an issue with Samarakis. He is Greek. He belongs here. This is his country and he examines its society with an analytical eye.

'Much Greek propaganda says that Greece is the country that gave the light of civilization to all other countries. But I wonder if that's really what happened. Then I wonder if Greece perhaps gave away all of these lights of civilization but forgot to keep one for herself. I know very well, with all of my heart, that there is no culture in Greece. This is a problem for young people in Greece. One professor recently told me in Thessaloniki that they have the feeling that they are just civil servants. You understand me. If you have a professor of the university saying that he is a civil servant, then it is impossible to continue any kind of dialogue.'

Samarakis expresses the surprise he felt in 1960 when he visited American universities. There he saw students sitting outside discussing whatever they wished to discuss with their professors.

In Greece, he comments, such dialogue never happens in such a way. The problem of Greek education is not a bureaucratic one, but the difficulty of finding professors with *pnévma* — spirit.

‘Culture on the one hand means something concrete. You can check on culture with certain cultivated people. At the same time, culture is something which is not concrete, something you cannot check or prove. It is an atmosphere, a climate.

‘It exists with the young generation which is a fantastic generation. Most of those who read good books and appreciate the theatre and cinema are very young. Youth is always in the front line. Remember the Polytechnion, for example. The young generation is what gives me optimism today. Culture is a whole climate. You see, my idea is for all of us to swim in a sea of culture. We don’t swim at the moment, however. We just stick our fingers in to see if the water is cold or not. Of course the common man and young people are not guilty of this. The guilty ones are all governments.’

Samarakis remarks that even the fight for freedom is a sign of culture. He was dismayed that so many showed apathy towards the Junta during the first years. Really cultivated people, he maintains, cannot accept such stupidity and suppression. Culture means more than having read many books and to have been successful at exams. It is a mentality, a spirit, ‘a movement of the soul’.

In 1944 Samarakis, a member of a resistance group, was arrested by the Nazis but escaped. During the past seven years he was an outspoken critic of the Junta.

‘In 1970 the government refused to renew my passport. This event became the basis for my story, *To Diavatirio* (*The Passport*) which was first published in the anti-Junta collection, *Nea Kimena 2*. After the refusal, the Secret Service often “invited” me to go to their offices. Sometimes agents would show up at my house at 5:30 in the morning for no reason. So I published the story to get back at them.’

The charges brought against him, however, were related to articles he had written before the Junta came into power. ‘I had, of course, spoken and written against the Junta on many occasions, but I was accused because of an interview I gave in 1965 to a foreign publication in which I said the problem of political prisoners must be solved. They also accused me of saying in my writings that I was against war and even against nuclear war!’



This is the photograph of the Political Suspect as it appears in To Lathos. It is in fact Samarakis himself photographed in 1951.

He throws up his hands in a gesture of disbelief.

‘You see, to be sincere, we must accept that all of us are guilty. The colonels were not a fruit that appeared just like that; they were the result of many things that happened in the past.

‘I was invited to respond to their charges in my own handwriting. But I refused from the beginning. I told them, “Don’t expect any type of correspondence with me. You refused me a passport? Alright, refuse me, but I will do whatever I can against you.” If they asked me I would even have refused to write what day it was. This went on almost every week for eighteen months. Finally the Secret Service came to me and said, “Why don’t you just say a few words in favor of the regime?” And I told them they were silly to ask me.

‘I made two appeals against the government to the Council of State. My first appeal was against the silence of the regime which had given me no written accusation at first. Two months later the regime sent its refusal but sent the answer through fifteen different police districts with “address unknown” stamped on it! This was, of course, just to make me lose time.

‘But after I got this written answer, I sent another appeal. I wanted to make sure that my case would be discussed before the Council. Months later the case was discussed. I won.

‘Three months later my dossier was carried across the street from the Council of State to the Passport Office, a five minute walk. At the Passport Office they told me I needed a new

application. They asked me to come the next day. I went the next day and they told me, “Mr. Samarakis, the Secret Service would like to see you again.” That is when I told them, “I will never see the Secret Service again. They know where I live. If they want to arrest me, let them come!” I wrote a new demand for a passport. Three more months went by without an answer.

‘Finally I got a rude call one day to return to the Passport Office. This time I received my passport. They discovered that they could not fight me in the way they wanted to fight me. I also think the international pressure was very important.

‘Now, of course, I can write anything I want to write. But I don’t think that the fight for freedom is finished. On the contrary, it is not easy to suddenly have a democratic country after almost eight years of a totalitarian regime. And secondly, I believe and I know that Greece was never a really democratic country. Never. I think here in Greece we have had trouble in modern times ever since Greece was independent from the Turks. First we had the establishment of a foreign king and his wealthy supporters. Then the Greek Church has always made a really democratic Greece difficult. And even today it is the same. Don’t forget that during all of the years of the Junta, where were all of these famous heads of the Greek Church? They never dared to say just one word in favour of all of the victims. And don’t forget that these heads of the Church were very secure in their positions; the colonels would never have dared to do something against them. But in spite of their security, they never dared to say anything. So they are “dead” persons for me.’

Samarakis is a man who writes with a serious purpose, but he makes much use of wit and satire. He has used this technique in *The Passport* especially, because he feels that at some point all totalitarian leaders make themselves appear ridiculous. He gives the case of Greek television as an example. For years the democratic governments of Greece argued the pros and cons of having television with the result that nothing happened. When the colonels took over, however, they swiftly began television broadcasting on a large scale on the theory that they would be able to reach all Greeks including those on remote islands and in mountain villages. The members of the Junta appeared daily on television opening new buildings, kissing babies and greeting foreign dignitaries. Although they thought they were making themselves popular, he

notes, they were exposed to the nation as the ridiculous figures they were.

Many writers have stated that all people are political creatures whether they are aware of this fact or not. Samarakis agrees. Everything is political. A decision not to be involved in politics — and he belongs to no political movement himself — is a political act. He thinks of himself as a critic of all governments.

'In my 1965 interview which the Junta used against me, I said that the Communist Party must be allowed to exist, although I am not a communist. And I said that the intellectual and spiritual level of the common man is on a much higher level than that of the king, the church leaders, political figures, university professors and writers. And I made a point to mention the king's name first! Do you know that when the king was married, he spent millions and millions of drachmas for the most expensive champagne? Why did he do this when Greece is a country

without many hospitals, without good schools, without most of anything! And Frederika (the Queen Mother) received flowers everyday from the Middle East on a special plane sent to get them. I detest all of them. I detest all totalitarian regimes. I know very well what I say and that's why I say that a writer must be free.'

Speaking freely, he states that if we are to have a better world, capitalism must be destroyed together with bureaucratic Christianity. He points out that the real miracle of Christ is that He has survived despite the Christian Church.

'Would Jesus be head of the Christian Church if He returned today?' he asks with an ironic look in his eye.

What function does his writing serve? Does he write for pleasure or to save the world? Samarakis explains that he writes because he has a need to express himself. 'I think this is the basis of any art and any human activity', he adds. But writing is not his whole life

and perhaps he will stop writing tomorrow. What he enjoys about the written word is the possibility it offers of dialogue between writer and reader even if the reader is unknown.

Arthur Koestler has written, 'His novel, *The Flaw*, has wheels within wheels which carry you from a Schweik-like start into a Kafkaesque nightmare redeemed by the masterly ending.' Yet Samarakis, despite universal acclaim, says 'I don't even accept the title of author'.

He has spoken often of the common man. He thinks of himself as a common man writing for other common people. What and who is the common man? The working classes, the middle class?

'The person who is not a member of a "gang", either a literary, political or capitalist "gang". The common man is the man who is able to have a certain interior freedom and who is without the idea that he is something very important in this life.'

— ANDY HORTON

The Filming of the Flaw

A political suspect is arrested in an unidentified country by agents of the National Security Department. In order to break down their prisoner the agents hatch a 'flawless' plan. On the long trip by car to the capital city, engine trouble (part of the plan) forces the agents to separate. The Interrogator remains overnight in a nearby town with the suspect, but as the plan is executed, the Interrogator begins to discover a flaw: he comes to appreciate the honesty and humanity of the suspect and to doubt his own role in the National Security force.

Most of *The Flaw*, to be released this month, was filmed in Greece last summer. The French-German-Italian production directed by Peter Fleischmann stars Michel Piccoli as the Interrogator, Ugo Tognazzi as the Suspect and Mario Adorf as the Second Agent.

Samarakis explains that the international success of his novel led to numerous film offers over the past few years from European and American producers. Most noteworthy was that of Luis Bunuel who wrote to the author from his home in Mexico City in 1971 that he wished to direct the film. The letter was awaiting Samarakis when he and his wife returned from their first vacation in many years. Samarakis hurried to contact the dynamic Spanish director but discovered that Bunuel had in the meantime committed himself to

other projects. Bunuel's script writer, Jean-Claudé Carriere, wrote the screen adaption of the novel with Bunuel's approval, nonetheless. The expatriate Spanish director has also written about the novel for the press. '*The Flaw* interested me enormously', he wrote, 'the structure is both novelistic and cinematic; truly interesting. *The Flaw* is *ad hoc* for the cinema.'

Marcello Mastroianni, Franco Nero, Gian Maria Volonte and Michel Bouquet were among the performers who wanted to participate in the film but could not because of prior commitments. Fleischmann even persuaded Samarakis to take a screen test and, convinced that the writer had hidden acting talent, tried to cast him as the Chief of National Security. The novelist was flattered but declined to accept a role he felt should go to a professional Greek actor. He does appear Hitchcock-fashion in one scene, however. Dimos Starenios plays the part of the Chief while other Greek actors include Themis Karatsanis and Vangelis Kazan.

Filming in Greece is a pleasant enough assignment for a foreign crew but the *Flaw* group had its surprises while working on this anti-totalitarian project. On one occasion, for instance, they arrived in Nafplion in the early hours of the morning. The set-men quickly installed in the *platia* a huge emblem of the imaginary Regime



'I believe that cinema is popular art and can do many things for a better humanity. Cinema can influence masses more than literature,' says Samarakis. Michel Piccoli during the filming of *The Flaw* in Athens last September.



The emblem of the imaginary Regime used in the filming of *The Flaw*, vaguely reminiscent of the emblem of the late Junta. When set-men installed it in the platia in Nafplion during filming last summer after the fall of the dictatorship, two elderly women who saw it promptly fainted.

featuring a clenched fist and a double-headed Minoan axe. Its appearance, suggesting a new coup only a few weeks after the fall of the 21st of April Junta, caused great distress to the unsuspecting townfolk the next morning. Two older women happened by, looked up at the new emblem with horror, crossed themselves, uttered a few desperate *Panayea mou's* and fainted.

The novel is generalised in terms of location, time, and nationality, but the film cannot escape looking somewhat Greek because of landscape shots and scenes such as one in the Zappion. The Greekness is down-played, however, in order to maintain the universality of the novel.

The Flaw, like most films based on novels, is not a slavish imitation of the written word. Critics have noted, for example, that *The Great Gatsby* would have been a better film had director Jack Clayton not relied so heavily on Fitzgerald. Samarakis explains that, 'Personally, my idea was not for the film to be a bad one because it followed my book word for word. I wanted a good film based on my novel.'

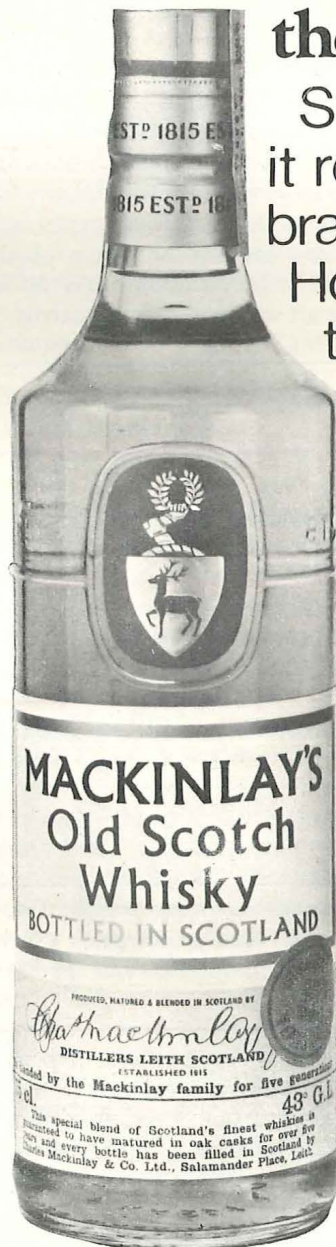
The music was composed by Ennio Morricone who wrote the score for *Sacco and Vanzetti* and other films. Fleischmann is not a well-known director, but the few films he has directed have shown an eye for cinematic detail and humanistic concern. His first, *Scènes de Chase en Bavière*, won two awards at Cannes in 1969. *The Flaw* will be entered in the 1975 Cannes Festival in May. If the product is as good as the ingredients we shall be hearing more about this new work.

— A.H.

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On the slopes of Mt. Pilion the skiers dot the landscape.

SKI GREECE

Ski in Greece? In March and April? Why not?

EVER since I came to live in Greece I have done my skiing elsewhere, making the long and expensive journey every winter up to the jam-crammed, trendy Alpine resorts like St. Moritz, Kitzbuhel and Courmayeur. Mind you, I knew there was skiing in Greece but, *schuss-snob* that I was, I simply couldn't believe it would be any good. What could Greece possibly offer me but rope tows, stone huts and Mediterranean snow as thin as *filo* pastry?

Imagine my shock then when I finally got around to trying the local slopes this year — and discovered just what good fun skiing in Greece is. That's

not to say it's in the same league as the Alps: there are no thrill-chilling, six-mile runs down a 6,000 ft. mountain like the Piz Corvatsch, no hip-deep endless snow fields like those fanning out from Courmayeur to Zermatt, no cable-cars, no crow's nest restaurants serving *Glühwein* or *tortelloni valdostani*. But in its own way, Greek skiing is unique, with a flavour and feeling all its own. The country offers a surprisingly large range of slopes to please beginner and expert alike, and the settings are beautiful and unspoiled.

That last factor is almost reason enough to ski in Greece. Unlike most ski resorts in western Europe, there are no

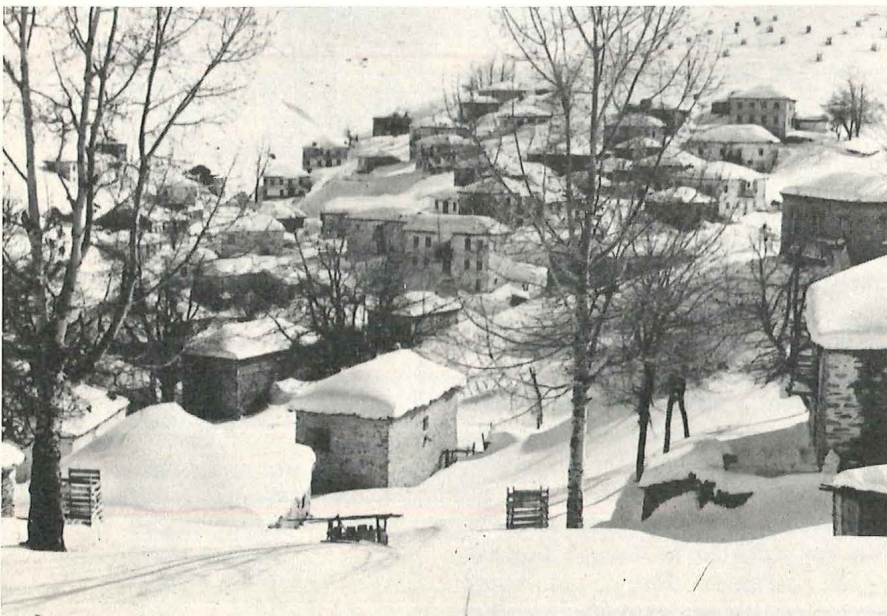
hordes milling around the ski lifts or littering the *pistes*. The numbers you encounter on the mountain are in the hundreds, not the thousands. Hence there are no one-and-a-half-hour-long chairlift lines, and the ski classes do not resemble World War II infantry advances. Compared to a country like France, where a mere five percent of the skiable terrain remains undeveloped, skiing in Greece is in its adolescence. It's a virgin bride, not an aging harlot.

There are approximately a dozen ski areas scattered around Greece. Most of these are financed and managed by the Greek Alpine Club (E.O.S., Karageorgi Servias 7, Athens. Tel: 323-1867) and are, as I originally feared, small, jerry-built rope-tow operations which go into action on weekends, depending on the snowfall and whether the portable generator is still functioning. However, the EOS can be proud of what it has accomplished in Vermion and Pilion, the two oldest, best-known and most-developed ski sites in Greece.

Vermion, which sits about one and a half hours away from Thessaloniki, is right in the heart of the wine-and-peach-growing part of Macedonia. (It's only 18 kilometres from Naoussa.) The mountain offers superb snow conditions from December to April. The snowy riches are only part of the allure. There is a reliable chairlift in operation here besides a network of swift T-bars which offer a wide variety of runs, both steep and gentle, down the 1,200 metre long face of the mountain. Vermion can also boast a ski patrol and ski school, staffed by both Greek and foreign instructors. Morale is high on the slopes: lots of joking and laughing on the lift-lines. Vermion definitely has *kefi*.

The big drawback here is the lack of accommodations up on the mountain. There is a small hotel, but it has only 30 beds. There wasn't room for my family when we skied there over Christmas, but we solved the problem by staying in Thessaloniki, at the Mediterranean Palace Hotel. This hotel caters to skiers and ski groups, offering special bed and breakfast prices over the winter season, and arranging sightseeing tours to Pella, Halkidiki and other tourist sights on non-skiing days. Contact Mr. Paul Hadzigiorgio, Manager, Mediterranean Palace, Thessaloniki, for further information.

Staying in Thessaloniki meant having to drive to Vermion and back every day, but that wasn't so bad, particularly in light of the absence of after-ski action in Vermion. But in Thessaloniki, with restaurants like Olympic-Naoussa and Krikella's at hand, and dozens of movie houses and discotheques, a rock concert



A side of Greece rarely acclaimed: the village of Vermion under a deep snow.



The chairlift at Vermion.

and even a Russian circus for the kids, and we were able to rustle up more entertainment than we really needed.

The *après-ski* life is considerably more restrained around Pilion (in a mountain range two hours above Volos) but what Greece's second-largest winter resort lacks after dark it more than makes up for by day. The landscape is probably the most beautiful in all of Greece, particularly in winter: gnarled grey spires of rock thrusting skyward, snow-frosted evergreens tinkling like temple bells in the wind, bright white snow glistening in the sunlight. From these heights you can stand in your skis and look out over a vast sweep of blue Aegean and see the islands of Skiathos and Skopelos raising their brown humped backs like giant sea turtles.

The sport here is as good as the scenery. With a double chairlift and numerous T-bars, the Pilion area is easily able to absorb the 500-600 skiers who enjoy the mountain every weekend in winter. The *pistes* tend to be narrower and shorter than at Vermion but there are some steeper drops and a few knee-slamming moguls. Thus, while the area is best suited to intermediates, even the cockiest downhill racer will find himself challenged.

Unlike Vermion, we had no trouble finding nearby beds. There are some two dozen-odd small villages in the vicinity of Pilion — villages like Makrinitza, Zagora, Horefton — and all of these offer accommodation. The hotels and 'pansyons', the local pronunciation for pensions, are unpretentious, but warm and adequate, and the

villagers are the salt of the earth. Staying in these people's houses is what gives the skiing its unmistakable and intimate Greek flavour.

Near the village of Zagora, for example, we were directed to have dinner in a restaurant called 'Chanea'. More farmhouse than restaurant, simple to the point of being crude, the food was nonetheless some of the best we've found in Greece: not fancy but fresh, indigenous, cooked with a sure and generous hand. We had roast partridge and pheasant, pots of beans and green vegetables, a local demi-sweet wine out of the barrel, brown bread, yoghurt, apples as big and red as a Dutch girl's face. The cost? If I told you how little we paid, it would make you weep.

Speaking of costs, I estimate that we spent about 200 drachmas a day per member of the family for lift tickets at Vermion and Pilion. The bite is bigger, though, at Parnassos, the newest ski area in Greece. Located on the southwest side of Mt. Parnassos, not far from Arachova, the area is privately owned but associated with the Athens Ski Club and has been officially operating since last December. For a 10,000 drachmas initiation fee, plus a yearly charge of 1,500 drachmas, you can become a member and use the ski facilities free of charge. Non-members must pay 400 drachmas for ten runs on the J-bar.

I have not skied Parnassos myself, but am indebted to George Legakis, public relations director of Mobil Hellas, and a knowledgeable veteran of the Greek ski scene, for my information

on the area. For Legakis the 700 metre downhill run at Parnassos is the best in Greece because 'it's the widest and best manicured. There are no trees in the way and you can ski with ease and pleasure at all times. And in the spring you can snow-ski in the morning in a short-sleeve shirt and water-ski in the afternoon, down at Itea, in short pants.'

At present there are no living quarters on the mountain, just a small restaurant. Nearest accommodations are at Delfi, where the Athens Ski Club has a special arrangement with the Amalia Hotel. As many other hotels in Delfi remain open the year round, skiers will have no trouble in finding rooms and food at comfortable rates.

The night life? Well, according to Legakis there were 200 people up on the mountain the last time he skied Parnassos — and all of them seemed to turn up that Saturday night at the Amalia. Lots and lots of partying till the wee small hours.

There it is, then. Uncrowded slopes, reasonable prices, lots of *kefi* and friendliness, various kinds of nightlife to choose from, ample snow, roast partridge and home-made wine: that's skiing in Greece. It could be a lot worse.

— WILLARD MANUS



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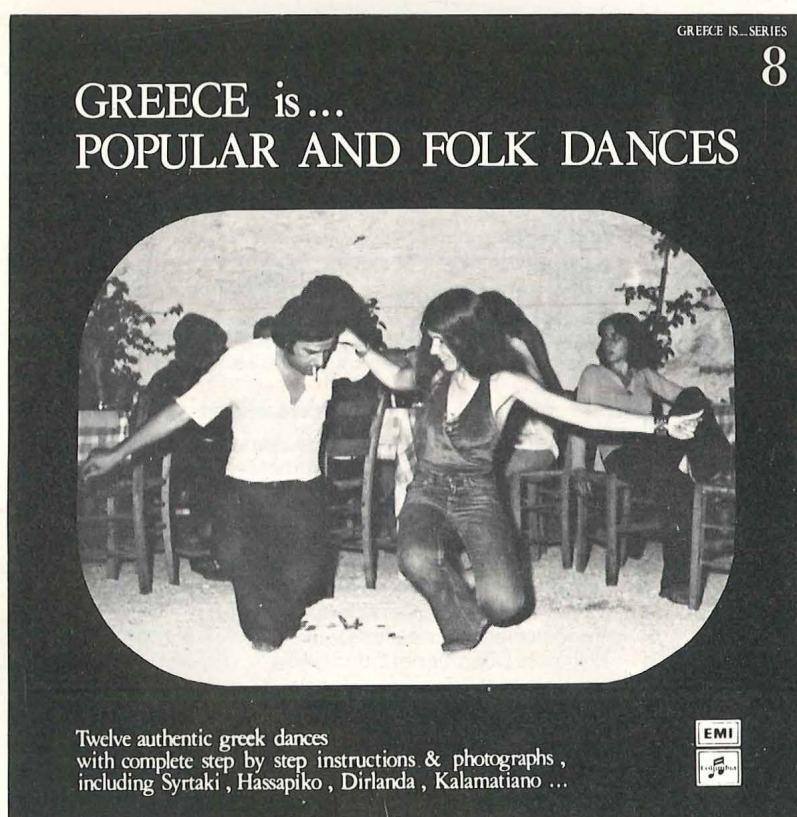
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Vardekis' Monologue

by George Theotokas

WHEN you earn a lot you also find yourself giving away a lot. When you give away money, people never ask you how you came by it. When you are kind, affable, obliging and generous, no one seems to be interested in finding out about your past. And when you are giving receptions in a sumptuously appointed house, everyone you know wants to be on the invitation list. Also, if you happen to own a luxury yacht and invite people on a cruise, then you find that celebrities from all walks of life are just dying to be asked along. The great virtue of the free-enterprise system is that it accepts human beings for what they are; that is, it condones their weaknesses, pettiness, mistakes and moral skulduggeries. As a system, capitalism is flexible, judicious and accommodating, for it believes in the wisdom of experience and understanding. It is because of these virtues that it manages so well to survive in times of crises. How many times since the last century have prophets of doom proclaimed its death! But lo! After each crisis, it rises again from among the ruins, smiling and winking at us, as if to say 'Let bygones be bygones. Past troubles are water under the bridge. Let us now concern ourselves with the present — with our immediate self-interest and well-being.' Our system is not given to political ideologies, utopias, or dogmas. It does not ask you to be perfect in any way. It simply wants you to succeed in life. Success — that's what really matters. *That is the question.* If you can cope with the system, then all your transgressions will be forgiven — all the petty moral compromises human beings usually have to make when dedicating themselves to the pursuit of success; for it is success which constitutes the system's highest ideal: an ideal which as a powerful and beneficial force, impels society to ever greater wealth, affluence and frenzied diversions.

My name is Vardekis and I am a very rich man. I acquired my wealth because of a natural shrewdness. I have always possessed a sharp business sense and the ability to adapt myself to changing circumstance; which is to say that I never let opportunities pass me by. Like a good sea-captain, I have always been able to steer clear of troubled waters, cope with all kinds of bad weather and sail through rough and dark seas. I have run aground once or twice; known poverty, hunger and the humiliation that comes with shabby clothes. But now everything is forgotten. Now I am a figure greatly admired and respected by the public because I am helping it to prosper: I set up new industries, undertake public projects, and contribute to the wealth of the country in general by creating new job opportunities. I am generous and equitable towards all my employees, and allow those close to me to make fortunes for themselves as well. I financially support a number of newspapers, and am always willing to give money to whichever political party asks for it. I entertain my friends royally, and as a result add glamour and excitement to the life of high society. Thousands of people are able to earn their living because of me: the workers in my factories and offices, as well as a host of other

people: dressmakers, milliners, hairdressers, florists, chefs, waiters, chauffeurs, musicians, and what have you. And my receptions — yes; that's where love affairs begin and end, government posts are offered, business deals are made and bank executives are hired and fired. In other words, that's where life is — at my receptions; life full of movement, tension and drama. Life! Life! Life!

Yes, I am the well-known Vardekis, and I love life; I am not ashamed to say it. I love sumptuous dinner parties, illuminated by the reflected light of candelabra and the gleam of crystal and silverware. I love beautiful, seductive women in tight-fitting dresses with plunging necklines, jingling with precious jewels. I love to see their faces slowly become flushed and sensual, as a result of my exquisite rare wines, see their eyes sparkle and glint with the love of luxury and power. Yes, I love stopping at the greatest of name hotels and patronising the most exclusive restaurants in the great capitals of Europe. I love to be waited on and catered to by overly polite and attentive waiters, as well as by imperiously aloof doormen — people whose stylised *hauteur* I love to melt, making them bow with fawning servility, by handing them an over-generous tip. I love caviar with champagne in the early hours of the morning, in the dimly lit intimacy of a night-club, with the strip-tease dancer going through the ritual of getting rid of her clothes, piece by piece, mainly for my benefit. I love being a member of the International 'Millionaires' Club where conversation is monosyllabic and casual, and always on the subject of our wealth; or where we gossip, with the greatest understanding and discretion, about the private lives of friends in common. And when we close the doors of the club behind us, lighting up our cigars and sipping our hundred-year-old cognac from over-sized snifters, it is then that I experience the feeling I love most of all: that distance which separates from the rest of the world.

Yes, my name is Vardekis, and I am proud of myself. Why shouldn't I be? People admire me; I am a man of great power and influence. I am a pillar of society. And what a pillar! My picture is constantly in the newspapers, usually in connection with events significant to the economic development of the country, such as the official opening of a new industry, or the laying of a corner-stone. Prime ministers step forward to cordially shake my hand, saying to me, 'My dear friend'. And the ambassadors of the most powerful foreign countries always assign a place of honour to me at their official receptions. In the din of crowded cocktail parties, men of influence — financiers, former ministers, newspaper editors — cross the length of the reception room in order to greet me. They try to catch my eye, smiling at me from a distance, and continue to stare at me until I return their greeting. And when Suzy pulls up in her sleek American limousine in front of a downtown store, and eases herself out of the car ever so gracefully — severe, aloof, elegantly dressed, and wearing some expensive piece of jewelry, as she always is regardless of the time of day —

people stop to look at her whispering to themselves with a mixture of admiration and envy: 'There she is — Mrs Vardekis.' And whenever Annabelle makes an appearance at a high-class *taverna*, dressed in red from head to toe, her bleached blond hair coiffured into a bouffant, fluttering her blue-tinged eyelashes and flashing a bright smile, swishing her way to a table with a regal air — her perfumed, glamorous, scintillating beauty causes the waiters to lean forward and whisper to their tables: 'There she is — Vardekis' mistress.' An exquisite creature, with the stamp of real class on her! And what is one to admire first — the bust? the waist? the *derrière*? the legs? And when she laughs, or starts to throw crockery over her shoulder in a fit of high spirits, she makes you feel as if you were in heaven. And nobody knows — other than myself, of course — that she is forty; I went out of my way to find out her true age. As for Suzy, she is well past forty-five. It's true she doesn't look it, but that's beside the point. The truth of the matter is that Suzy never had any passion in her, neither does she feel the lack of it in her life now. On the other hand, Annabelle always goes out of her way in order to please me, but unfortunately — and I am not ashamed to admit it — I am now attracted only to young women: they excite me, make me feel young, give me life. I have no intention of changing my lifestyle for anyone's convenience or sense of propriety, particularly now that I have become a virtual institution. Expressions such as 'Mrs. Vardekis' or 'Mr. Vardekis' mistress' simply point to something which is normal and natural to my way of life; both my wife and mistress are mere appendages to my personal existence which, from time to time, help prop up my public image. As regards my predilection for young women, it is strictly a personal matter of no concern to the public in general.

In the beginning, I used to look upon my house in Hydra as a thing of little consequence, a kind of hobby that from time to time took my mind off my many cares and responsibilities. But now it has become an obsession with me; one might say it is the only thing that matters in my life: I am desperately attached to it, clinging to it for dear life, so to speak. Sometimes I have the strange feeling that if I were somehow to lose it, I would go mad. That's how I feel about my island house — as something solid, concrete, unchangeable, fixed, with a past and a future, something of lasting value destined to endure. I don't want to die; it will be a pitiful shame — considering how well I have done in life — to suddenly one day end up in a box, carried away in a solemn procession with eulogies to my grave. I want the show to go on. The idea of the dark bottomless pit is not at all to my liking; it's not a very cheerful prospect. I'm happy where I am — life is beautiful, and besides, my name is Vardekis. The world is mine, if life would only last longer and not disappear suddenly, leaving me alone to face the abyss. The house is sturdy and built to last a long time; it has known many a happy occasion and will be the scene of many more now that I am here. Early next summer I will open the house with a never-to-be-forgotten celebration: I'll light up the harbour with strings of multi-coloured lanterns, decorate the fishing boats with bright flags, and fill the sky with fireworks. I'll invite the most popular jazz bands from Athens and bring special 'sound and light' technicians in order to illuminate my mansion in the manner of the Parthenon.

It's a manorial house, built when the island was in its heyday. It is a high, square building and its walls — thick as those of a medieval castle — are grey, the natural colour of the rocky landscape. The only decoration on the exterior walls are the white frames of the windows. Its reception rooms can accommodate hundreds of guests. The floors are laid with tiles of black and white marble, and the walls are starkly white and bare. The only sign of opulence in the rooms are their finely wood-carved ceilings. I have avoided cluttering the house with too many things, but whatever furniture is there, is valuable and consists mostly of period pieces: Venetian chandeliers, several wrought-iron lanterns, Regency and First Empire French furniture, local wood-carved chests, and some pieces of precious European porcelain. I pick up these things here and there, on the island itself or from antique shops in Athens. I spend a great deal of time deciding where to put them; then I often change my mind and, dropping whatever I happen to be doing, I rush to Hydra to change the position of a buffet or alter its decoration.

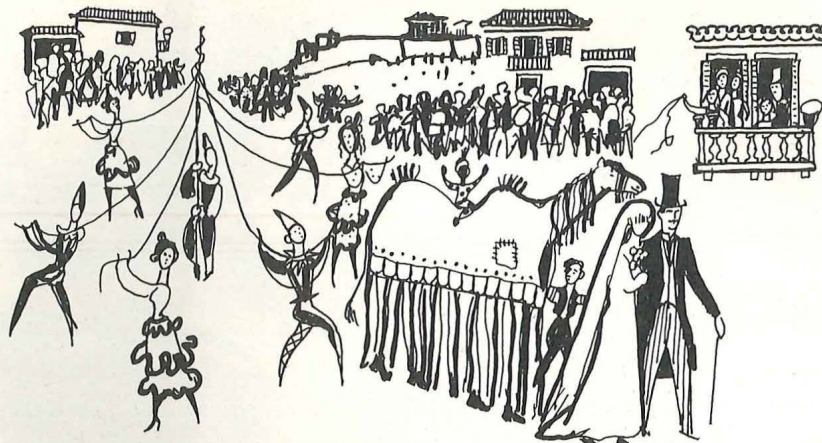
The house hadn't been occupied for years when I bought it. It belonged to an old and respectable family of admirals who could no longer afford the expense of maintaining it. I made all the necessary general repairs: reinforced the foundations, repaired whatever was run-down, restored, redecorated and rebuilt in the latest contemporary style — bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens — and installed numerous water-closets throughout the house because of its spaciousness. I have been working with architects and engineers for months and months, and there are still things remaining to be done. But come June — and I'm dead set on it — the gates of the Vardekis' mansion will open to receive its guests. It's going to be a real shindig. I must see to it that there will be a number of international celebrities present: royal couples, movie actors and well-known film directors, one or two opera stars, former prime ministers from the more influential foreign states, oil tycoons — whoever I can get. I am writing letters, making arrangements, and taking care of every detail. I am organising a special cruise in order to personally pick up my guests from Venice, with my yacht. I intend to invite the foreign correspondents of all the major illustrated magazines of Paris and New York — and arrange for full television coverage of the affair. Money is no object. Athens will be in the grip of feverish excitement for weeks on end on account of this reception, and I will become an overnight celebrity in Europe and America. My house will become a centre of attention, a radiant, blinding image in the eyes of the world, obliterating the dark vision of the abyss with its brilliant lights, its music, the sound of its joyous voices, with its renown, with my name: Vardekis, Vardekis, Vardekis...

— Translated by THEODORE SAMPSON

Vardekis' Monologue is from 'The Survivors,' the last chapter of George Theotokas' novel, The Sick and the Lame, a fictional chronicle of modern Greece from 1940 to 1960. The excerpt is the first of three monologues with which the novel ends. The second monologue is that of an 'everyman' who settles for a life of quiet desperation. The third is that of Timotheos who chooses the religious life of prayer and meditation. George Theotokas was born in Constantinople in 1905 and died in 1966.

An Athenian Syllabus

Basil Kazandzis has been valiantly struggling since 1952 in various local English-language journals to explain the intricacies of Athenian life to ignorant foreigners. More than that, it has been his goal to explain them within the pattern of Greek reality. (And what, we might ask, is Greek reality and where in the world can one locate a pattern?) Nonetheless, with Clean Monday (Kathara Deftera) looming on the horizon in March, here is Mr. Kazandzis to explain what it is really all about.



M is for Monday

Monday (*Deftera*) is the second day of the week— assuming that Sunday is the first. While *Deftera* does, indeed, mean 'second', on some calendars Monday appears as the first day; certainly the Christian Sabbath, the (seventh) day of rest and worship, falls on Sunday which, of course, makes Monday the first. Whether you regard it as the first or second, the fact remains that it is a *half* day since most local shops and offices conclude their Monday business at 3 p.m.

MONDAY, *Saint*, is the patron of British working men who like to make



Drawings by Spyros Vassiliou

the first (or second) day of the week a day of rest during which they recuperate from the effects of beverages consumed on Saturday night and Sunday. Which brings us to the Struggle of the Classes, which is based on a misunderstanding: the failure to grasp the fact that *both* parties (capitalists and workers) feel a disinclination to return to their labours after the week-end break, a sentiment also shared by clergymen after their Sunday labours.

MONDAY, *Clean*, in the Orthodox Church is the beginning of Lent (*Sarakosti*). In Byzantine times heralds used to emerge from the Grand Palace (of Constantinople) to announce the commencement of a period of spiritual purity, strict fasting and constant prayer and repentance. As with all Greek folklore, the roots of 'Kathara Deftera' are lost in obscurity. It seems probable that people were loth to give up the merry atmosphere of Carnival, and indulged themselves in one last fling. In Athens, the custom is referred to as *koulouma*, although even such an eminent source as Dimitrios Kambouroglou, a chronicler who wrote historical tales about Athens, cannot decide whether *koulouma* is derived from 'cumulus' (abundance), or 'coluna' (which refers to the columns of the Temple of Jupiter where this gathering used to be celebrated in the past).

To all Athenians who have spent the week-end frolicking around Plaka haunts and nightclubs, Clean Monday comes as a shock. Waking up around noon, they are confronted by the maid proudly bearing stacks of steaming hot 'Iaganes' from the baker. *Laganes* is the unleavened bread which is the basis of Clean Monday's 'strict' fasting. She also bears frugal portions of *tarama* (raw fish roe), pickled onions, olives, lettuce, halva, and in general, anything that conforms to the dictates of the church. Leaving such humble fare to the maidservant, the family repairs to the seaside to improve a bit on the menu.

Naturally, meat is forbidden on this day, along with fish, eggs, butter, yoghurt and a variety of other foods. The processed products of fish (caviar, red and black), are *not* forbidden however, nor are shellfish (lobsters, crayfish, squid, shrimps, clams, prawns and mussels) which long ago disclaimed any relationship to fish on purely racial grounds. Wine, moreover, should be drunk in moderation, but *not* ouzo. At some juncture the latter disclaimed its relationship with wine, and has placed itself in the company of such medicaments as Chartreuse, Benedictine, Creme de Menthe and other 'restorative' products of the monastic life.

All these ingredients lead to the prolongation of Carnival into the beginning of Lent and a new period which Athenian socialites, given as they are to sprinkling their speech with French expressions, refer to as 'Mi-Carême', another example of compromises in this peculiar city of the gods. In French *Carême* means Lent and *Mi-Carême* refers to *Mid-Lent*. Thus the confusion is complete.

Clean Monday is also the day when young children race out early in the morning to buy kites. They spend the rest of the day begging their fathers to let them fly their own kites. Their fathers divide their day between trying to get the kites to fly and trying to untangle the kites from telephone wires.

Clean Monday, which falls this year on March 17th, is followed by the celebration of our National Independence Day. This celebration lasts, for all practical purposes, from Thursday, March 20th to Wednesday, March 26th. Inasmuch as we will have spent the previous Tuesday (and perhaps Wednesday) recuperating from Clean Monday, this horoscope suggests that if you have any urgent business to conduct you choose the 27th, 28th and 29th of the month (the 30th being a Sunday). Some March!

—BASIL KAZANDZIS



The Dionysian Spirit of Carnival



The 'bride' and 'groom' arriving for the marriage ceremony at Gonoussa. The woolly-bearded Polyphemus joining in the marriage dance.

CARNIVAL in modern Greece is celebrated in a great variety of ways. Its highly colourful customs derive from many sources, but some of its most interesting traditions can be traced back to antiquity.

In classical times there took place towards the end of December the lesser, or Rustic, Dionysia. Later, the Lenaia, so named after *lenos*, the cistern in which the grapes were pressed, was celebrated near the temple and the theatre of Dionysos on the south slope of the Acropolis. The Greater, or urban, Dionysia occurred toward the end of March. Today's Carnival is a continuation of these celebrations.

During the Lesser Dionysia, the ancient Greeks observed the birth of Dionysos, the God of Joy and Fertility, who redeemed mankind from all inhibiting complexes.

On the first day of the lesser Dionysia, the *Pithoigia* took place. The big pot-bellied jars (*pithoi*) were opened and the new wine enjoyed. On the second day the ancients celebrated the *Choes*. They danced, drank, and played with earthenware tumblers full of wine, much as contemporary Greeks dance with a glass of wine on top of their heads when they 'have kefi'.

On the same day the *askolia* was celebrated during which they leapt up and down on a wine-skin, *askos*, as if trampling on grapes to extract the wine. The ritual was meant to symbolise the release of the *spirit* of the wine; that is, the God Dionysos himself. To add to the fun, the wine skin was smeared with oil, making it more difficult to keep balance. Hence, in modern Greek dances one partner quite often steps upon another's stomach. The second dancer kneels and bends backwards, like a victim in ancient ritual. Often a dancer without a partner will, in his exuberance, use a chair overturned on its back. With great dexterity he jumps up on the edge of the seat and with jerking movements steps out along the forelegs—always keeping perfect balance. Slowly the seat tilts up behind him until at last he sits back on it like the newly-arrived god Dionysos seated on his throne!

To the same Dionysian celebrations we may attribute the origins of those elaborate steps, or *patimata*, we see today in dances such as the *Tsamikos* (the ancient *Trochaios*), the *Zeybekikos* (Zeus-Bacchos or Artozen), the *Hasapikos* (*Anapaistos*), the *Tsifteteli* (*Kordax*), the *Syrtos* (*Ormos*), and so forth. The Cretan dance, with its very high jumps, particularly when it involves leaping up on the back of the chair of a seated friend and springing



In Tyrnavos the great god Pan is still alive, the stained faces and the fez emphasizing the exotic.

over his head, is very reminiscent of those well-known frescoes at Knossos which celebrate the *Tavrokathapsias*, or Bullfight Dance.

On the third day of both Dionysias, there took place the *Chytroi* (i.e. tureens) during which Dionysos was brought earthenware pots filled with roasted wheat, fruit and vegetables for the souls of the dead, much as modern Greeks offer the similar *koliva* at Memorial Services. Aptly, the Church Fathers fixed the modern *Psychosavato*, the Saturday of the Souls when all the dead are honoured, during the period of Carnival. That men make merry and masquerade at the time when they pay tribute to the dead, may be explained by the belief that the body, being flesh, is only a vessel containing the unchanging spirit of man. In the West, a similar phenomenon is found in the juxtaposition of All Souls' Day with Halloween.

This offering of *koliva* at Memorial Services today — as well as its consumption by the mourners — apparently constitutes the closest parallel to the practice of the ancients. Now, as then, it is earnestly hoped that the dead will disintegrate and return

The mock-priest officiating at the rites.





Celebrating the manly Bourrani of Tyrnavos in the shadow of Mount Olympus.

quickly to the elements from which man was originally formed.

All over Greece during Carnival, revelries reflect the Dionysian rites of fertility. In the Peloponissos, not far from Nemea, the Byzantine monastery of Lechova rises on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo whose symbol, the laurel bush, still grows in the centre of the monastery's court. *Lechona*, means a woman who is in child-bed. Men and women visit the monastery to drink the waters which, since classical times, have been said to increase fertility. A rare old mosaic depicting a stork, one of the ancient fertility symbols, can be seen there.

Nearby, at the village of Gonoussa (*gonos*: offspring) a symbolic, sacred marriage — the *hierogamia* of the ancients used to be performed. This 'marriage', carried out with great mockery, was attended by all the villagers. It was organised and prepared by women under the direction of a revered old hag, but the performers were all men. They rode into the village square on donkeys, the 'bride' protected from the sun under an umbrella. All were fully disguised, including the mock-priest who officiated. As is often the case, the revellers dressed themselves in the guises of folk-heroes, historical or legendary, donning masks, for example, such as the 'death-mask' of Agamemnon or the woolly-beard of Polyphemus. Parts of the marriage rites of today were performed: the ceremony with the crowns (*stefana*), the burning of incense (in the mock ceremony manure, an allusion to fertilizing, was burned), the procession around the 'altar' and ending with the friends of the

'newly-weds' joining in the marriage dance.

In and about the town of Tyrnavos, near the suggestively-named ancient site of Phallana, they celebrate the manly *Bourrani*. This name derives from a dish of wheat, celery seed, parsley and similar things which are prepared for the occasion. The ancient dish *kykeon*, served to the initiates of the Eleusinian Mysteries, was much the same.

The revelry, which begins at the crossroads of Tyrnavos and is continued on the hill of Prophet Elias, is probably connected somehow with Pan and therefore with his frolics. The revellers masquerade in sheep's clothing and horns. Horns, of course, besides *goatishness*, may connote, as in the case of certain Minoan and Cypriot figures and of Moses himself, Wisdom.

The distinction of the *Bourrani* is the emphasis given to objects with phallic symbolism. Most are made of clay, though some are wooden. They are worn on head-dresses and paraded about. Even candles are placed in them. Children join the pranks and learn, no doubt, about the facts — as well as some of the mysteries — of life, in light-hearted good spirit.

Before the Second World War, a Crown Public Prosecutor tried to stop the proceedings. He was seized by the participants, stripped of his clothes and subjected to certain amusing indecencies. The matter was taken to court where it was decided that the *Bourrani* be allowed to continue in honour of its great antiquity.

The Babos celebrations in Macedonia are better known. On

Women's Day, or *gynekokratia*, which takes place on January 8, the women take over the roles and duties of men. A braid of garlic, *morroton*, which is a safeguard against the Evil Eye, is placed around the neck of the village midwife. A phallic 'schema', made up of a pair of garlic bulbs and a cucumber, is feted as the centrepiece of the whole rite.

Near Olympia in Elia the *kiloumi*, a wooden log covered over with a handkerchief, is paraded. (In ancient times, pieces of wood said to have fallen from the sky were worshipped as idols — *xoana*. The word *kiloumi* may be derived from the latin 'sky', *coelum*.)

The phallic symbol can be found in most of the Carnival customs that come down from ancient times. Vulgar only to the vulgar mind, it is simply a primitive, though direct, affirmation of life.

In Epirus all kinds of feasts, parades and fairs reproduce the resurrection in effigy or rite (*dromenon*) of 'Zaphiris' who represents the newly-resurrected god, whether it be Dionysos, Adonis or Linos.

These customs, whether derived from Eastern, pagan or Christian tradition, tend to underline, both in their similarities and differences, and by their changing forms and dress, manifestations of the deeper being of man to which they address themselves.

Any interference with these enjoyments — whether they be iconoclastic, puritanical or governmental — is due to a lack of understanding. As the saying goes, 'Life with no celebration is a long road without any wayside inn for rest.'

—THANOS VELLOUDIOS

The photographs shown here were taken over ten years ago.



At the Bourrani, a dish similar to that offered to the initiates at the ancient mysteries of Eleusis is included in the picnic.

MARABOU

A few weeks ago it was the misfortune of poet Nikos Kavadhias to die by his own prophecy, on land. The man who had worked as a wireless operator for almost fifty years in the Merchant Marine had always said he wanted to die on shipboard and be buried at sea. 'I prefer fish to worms,' he explained.

With exotic appropriateness, Kavadhias was born of Greek parents in Harbin, Manchuria, in 1910. After eight years, his family returned to Greece. He fell in love with boats early in life 'because I loved their smell'. At nineteen he shipped out of Piraeus and never returned to stay, feeling always ill at ease on land.

Early in life, he began to write poetry which, in 1933, caught the attention of that influential literary figure, Fotos Politis. In the same year Kavadhias published his first book of verse. It was called after its title poem, 'Marabou'. 'Marabou' swept over the Athens literary world like a blast of fresh, bracing sea air. From then on the now famous wireless operator was always known as 'Marabou'.

Kimón Friar has written of his poetry, 'Here were the lyric or dramatic renderings of magical encounters, of corrupt, perverted or debauched adventures, of tropical nights, of secret wounds, of lewd tattoos, of life squandered in brothels or seaside bars, of knifings for the favours of Arabian girls, of cargoes of hashish, pot, and white powder. Yet in all this de-

bauchery, washed clean by the salt brine of the sea, the reader feels an inner innocence, the play-acting of brag-gadocio youth, like that of Kavadhias' midshipman who, on the bridge in an hour of peril, brooding on his labyrinthine wanderings in sin and error, still knows that he retains "the pure heart of a child"...'.

In later years, Kavadhias worked, at times, on passenger ships in the Mediterranean. People travelling by sea to Venice or Marseilles used to arrange their passage to coincide with 'Marabou's' because, they said, his delightful company always seemed to make the voyage shorter.

The great Greek Merchant Marine has lost its poet laureate.

—S.E.

Marabou

All sailors I have bunked with say of me
that I'm a thick-skinned roughneck, and depraved,
that I despise all women treacherously,
that never once have I shacked up with them.

They even say I take hashish, cocaine,
that some vile, loathsome passion grips my soul,
that my whole body is deeply stigmatized
with lewd tattoos, disgusting and perverse.

They also speak of still more dreadful crimes
that are crude myths and fabricated lies;
but that which cost me my deepest lethal wound
not one man knows: I've told no living soul!

For when at twilight tropic nights have fallen
and flocks of marabou fly toward the West,
something persistent goads me to write down
what has become my endless, secret wound.

I was midshipman once on postal ships
that sailed the Egyptian line to southern France,
and knew her then — a white Alpine flower —
until close filial ties bound us together.

The aristocratic, frail and melancholy
child of a rich Egyptian who had killed
himself, she sailed her sorrow to far lands,
hoping to drown her deep grief somewhere there.

She almost always read Bashkirtsev's *Journal*
and madly adored the Saint of Avila,
she'd often read to me French mournful verses
and gaze for hours on the sea's expanse.

And I, who'd only known the flesh of whores
and had a spineless and sea-battered soul,
found by her side my long-lost childhood joys
and listened as to a sibyl, ecstatically.

Around her throat I hung a small gold cross
and she in turn gave me a handsome wallet;
on earth there was no sadder man than I
that day we reached her port of debarkation.

Sailing the freighters, I called constantly
to mind my patroness, my guardian angel,
until her photograph by the prow became
a green oasis in the desert's heart.

I think that I should stop my story here,
for my hand trembles, the torrid wind inflames me.
Here gorgeous riverine tropic flowers stink,
a stupid marabou shrills in the distance.

But I'll write on... One night in a strange port
I soon got drunk on whiskey, gin, and beer,
until toward midnight, staggering heavily,
I took the road toward houses lewd and lost.

There where coarse women lure their sailor friends,
some whore in laughter suddenly snatched my hat
(an old French habit of street prostitutes)
and I tagged after, almost against my will.

Her room was small and filthy, like all the rest,
plaster hung down in shreds along the walls,
and she but human rags with a hoarse voice,
yet with strange, brooding, demon-driven eyes.

She dowsed the lights, and we flopped down together,
My fingers could quite clearly count her bones.
She stank of absinthe. I woke, as the poets say,
"as soon as dawn had strewn her rose-red petals"

When in the pallid morning light I saw
her plain, she seemed so sad and cursed a creature
that with an awe most odd, as though with fear,
I hurriedly took my wallet out to pay her.

Twelve sad French francs... But she screamed frantically
and stared with frightened eyes once on my purse,
once on my face, with horror. Then I, too, froze,
for round her throat I saw a small gold cross.

I rushed out like a madman, without my hat,
like one insane who lolls and staggers on,
but bearing in my blood a dread disease
that in great torment racks my body still.

All sailors I have bunked with say of me
that it's been years since I've shackled up with girls,
that I'm a roughneck, that I take cocaine.
If the poor wretches only knew, they'd all forgive me...

My hand shakes... fever... I've lost count and stare
at a still marabou by the riverbank
that stubbornly stares at me. We're both alike,
I think, in loneliness and stupidity.

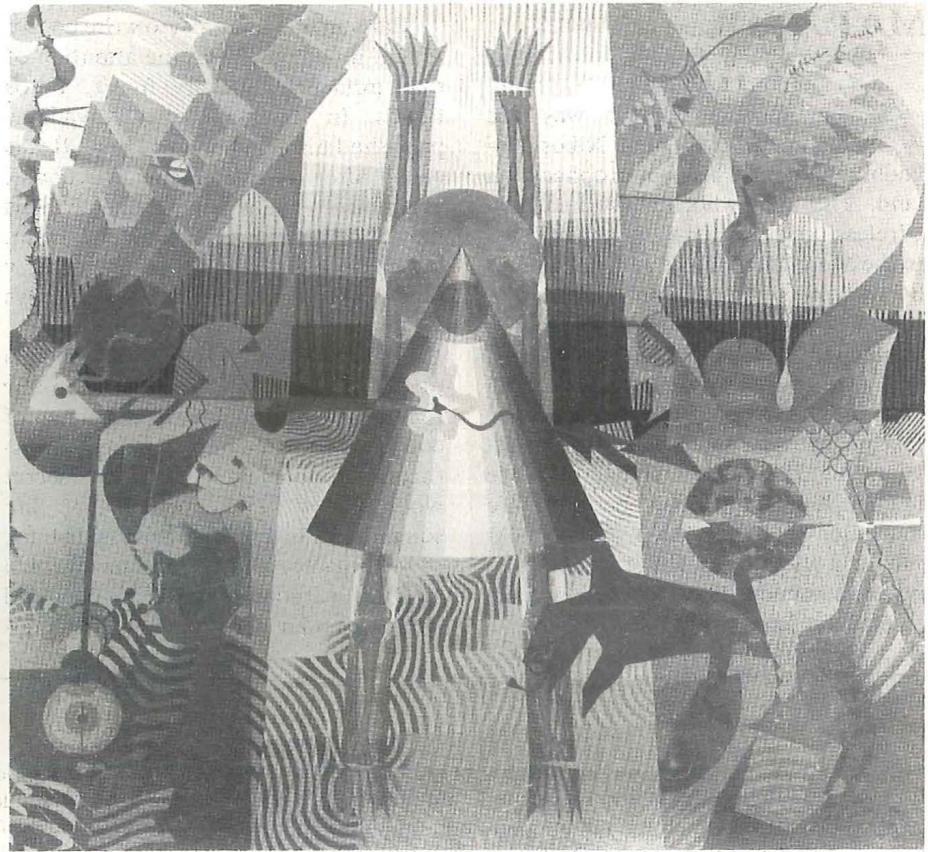
—NIKOS KAVADHIAS
Translation by Kimon Friar

At the Galleries

● Voula Masouras' show at the Astor Gallery (January 27 - February 15) was intriguing in its almost cosmic revelations of an inner world. Most of us have eyes accustomed or trained to look out onto a world of recognisable forms, colours and patterns. Seldom, if ever, do most of us achieve that rare moment when the eye, turning inward, reveals a world of almost primordial images and archetypal forms. Religious paintings based on genuine religious experience, whether they be Tibetan, Hopi, Christian, or Hindu, employ disciplined and traditional symbols to capture this inner world. Klee, Miro and Ernst — on a less obviously religious level — have made its representation a legitimate form of Expressionism. Voula Masouras is very much a part of this modern experience.

Like the Mandala, which is both a tangible, finite symbol of the universe and an infinitely subjective concept, these paintings are subjective without being exclusively so. This is what makes her subjectivity legitimate. While her images are concrete, they allow the viewer to re-manipulate them according to *his own* subjective state of mind. Egoism in art demands that the spectator enter the experience of the artist. Masouras escapes this by establishing a genuine poetic contact, not only with her own personal experience but with the personal experience of the spectator himself. In these paintings, passing states of emotion and mind are pinned against symbols which express, beyond the phenomenological world, another world of archetypal forms recognized both by artist and viewer. This second world in turn extends to a third — the Void itself.

● The colours, matte surfaces and peculiar perspectives of Thomas Fanourakis' paintings (Nees Morpheus, February 11-27) create an almost disconcerting unity that is difficult to assess. The repetitive but elusive thread of consistency is especially striking. The technical elements which normally create three-dimensional effects and the illusion of true perspective (shadow, juxtaposed but related objects, layered angles) produce in his paintings strangely two-dimensional effects. Thus the eye concentrates on single points of colour — in the form of 'paper birds' and



Voula Masoura, Acrylic, 1974.

'puppets' — and is drawn away from the general composition. Sombre in their total effect insofar as the colours are those of wooden surfaces, these paintings are so accomplished that they would seem to represent an end rather than a hope of future development along similar lines.

● There is a moment in every creative act where one is faced with an apparent dilemma — knowing when to stop. Only rarely do painters reach a point where they begin to sense that a work is finished — at the point of subtle insinuation. The general failure of most is to overstate, especially when there is a message to be put across. Marilena Aravanitou (Ora gallery, February 13 - March 1) has a heavy message: '... the understanding that arises only from fear and anger', and her need to communicate it seems to have taken her beyond the limits that she might have imposed on herself for the sake of greater effect. Her large canvases are best seen from a distance or when the eye is squinted, thus obliterating the linear human figures which writhe prosaically against controlled masses of broken colours which are technically well achieved. It is the background, oddly enough, that best expresses her anguish. One hopes she will eventually find the limits which will make her paintings simpler and more powerful.

At the Institutes

● It is a truism that certain persons are born rather than taught to do things. It is certainly true in reference to 'naive' or 'folk' painters. While the peculiar mark of such painters is assumed to be a lack of sophistication or technical knowledge, the naivete of their art is not due to this even though the painters frequently have had little formal training in accepted techniques.

The naive painter is distinguished by his vision or conception of the world — an almost oblique viewpoint which verges on a natural surrealism. Sotos Papaspyropoulos (Hellenic-American Union, February 3 - 19) has been described as a naive painter, or a 'folk' painter, but he is not. While some of his technique is clearly drawn from the later paintings of the great Theophilos of Lesbos, his view of things is neither oblique nor especially complex. (Complexity also seems to be a characteristic of naive art.) He is most successful in capturing the flat lights in landscapes and the divisions of trees and hills which he paints in broad masses of rich colour. Some of these landscapes are very striking and exhibit what I suspect is more the real Papaspyropoulos than do his paintings of the village *kafenion*.

● The show of contemporary British print makers organised by Hilary Adair,

was one of the bright spots in an otherwise rather bleak February (British Council, February, 19-26). The combination of high quality, craftsmanship, and sensible prices was especially refreshing and perhaps should be noted by many Greek artists. Too many contemporary painters have forgotten that the print has been a means of providing the public with an opportunity to acquire art at reasonable prices.

The quality of the prints in this show was very high. I was especially taken by Peter Hickey's somewhat traditional and yet quite simply beautiful, 'Trees' and Dorothea Wight's etching, 'On the Other Side of the Railings'. Lynne Moore's relief print, 'Lonely Garden', was also worth noting.

— NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

theatre

The Verve of the Young

The most exhilarating and lively theatre on the Athenian stage today is to be found among the new companies of young actors. Often called 'free', 'open', or 'small', their proliferation this season constitutes a veritable invasion. The young players do have recourse to more experienced actors whenever a role demands a more solid performance. The emphasis, however, is on group action rather than characterisation, and it is this that accounts for the success of these new companies.

We live in an era marked by a paucity of dynamic leaders, the absence of solutions to current problems, and a prevailing sense of helplessness. Only theatrical companies working and functioning as groups, it would seem, can express these feelings eloquently and only group action can effectively dramatise reactions to them. Strong personalities with depth and vision are not to be found in the dramas of the modern repertory. Evil personalities have become so uniform in all societies that they have generated anti-heroes who are themselves identical in all corners of the earth. (We can now better understand as a consequence why actors in ancient Greece resorted to masks in order to underline Good and Evil, Tragic and Comic.)

For these thoughts I am indebted to a number of interesting shows, in particular the Free Circle's production of Aristophanes' *Plutus* and the Little Theatre's production of Negrepointis' *Mikroastika*.

Plutus, the last of the extant plays of Aristophanes, was written in his old age. It is different in tone and impact from the earlier classics. No longer the satirical playwright of ideas and ideals, Aristophanes presents us with a dream in which the good are rewarded and the evil punished. The chorus does not play a leading part. On the contrary, the protagonist is a servant, thus making *Plutus* the forefather of Meander, the *commedia dell'arte* and, finally, of the Greek revue.

Plutus was written during the peaceful era that followed the Peloponnesian War. It reveals an incredible number of facts and situations that are nearly identical to those that followed the two world wars of modern times. I could not help feeling during the performance that Aristophanes was

announcing the coming of the Modern Consumer Society. The excellent translation of Costas Varnalis (the famous Greek poet who died recently) has brought the play even closer to us. Director - actor - producer Canellos Apostolou has done his best to exploit all the ingredients in *Plutus* that bridge the gap of time without betraying the Aristophanean flavour. The plot being too weak and the play too short, he has chosen to aim his modernising efforts at the chorus. Its impact, as a consequence, is increased, and its presence on the stage is extended more than in the original and perhaps more than is needed. Apostolou has been greatly assisted by the excellent and appropriate music of Nikiforos Rotas (his musical introduction to the play is exquisite) and by the unpretentious yet charming choreography of Yannis Metsis. The intervals, however, are too long and interfere with the continuity of the drama. The play has been divided into two parts although it is in fact a long one-act. The closing curtain of Part One and the opening curtain of Part Two are both ingenious, perfectly done and evocative in mood, but a short black-out would have sufficed and avoided another break in the continuity of a weak plot.

These criticisms do not alter, however, the quality of Apostolou's direction. He also plays the role of Vlepsidimos very effectively. The first and second actors and the chorus are equally good and there is fruitful co-operation with Liza Zaimi who designed the sets, costumes and masks. Iakovos Psaras plays the leading role of the servant, Karion, and gives what is perhaps his best performance to date. Proussalis, as the honest master, Chremylos, is consistently fine and Olga Tournaki, in the threatening role of Hunger, is impressive. This production at the Rialto Theatre is one that all theatregoers should see in order to pay tribute to this courageous and well-deserving group; to muse a little over the interpretation of classical comedies and most particularly to ponder how history repeats itself and how very little 'new' anything is.

We have heard of plays being recorded, but this is the first time we have heard of a record being staged. The popular disc, *Mikroastika*, has now been brought to life by another group of young actors, at the tiny Mikro Theatro — the 'Little Theatre'. It is a charming production. Again this is largely due to the lively performance and verve of the young actors. Director Hara Kandreiotou has on the whole remained within the world created by the words

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and music of Nēgrepontis and Kelaidonis, who simply tried to depict, with mild satire, the *modus vivendi* of the middle class. There is no attempt to ridicule or sympathise. It is a factual approach which makes it all the more original.

While the pattern of *Mikroastika* is that of a revue, there are no songs for the sake of songs or music, nor sketches for the sake of producing laughter or tears. Everything is aimed at the same target: middle class habits and attitudes. Perhaps the sketch that expresses most explicitly the tone of the show is the monologue of the character-actor

Christos Doxaras as a bewildered employee-father-citizen. His performance is excellent. There are also some other extremely amusing sketches which are not from the record. All in all, *Mikroastika* is one of those praiseworthy team-work achievements that we must feel proud to have in town. Most of these shows are largely attended by young men and women in search of something new and refreshing. It is nice to see the occasional bald or greying head in the audience suggesting that the old are pleased with and interested in what the young are doing.

— PLATON MOUSSEOS

Satirical Butt: Athenian Society

MOST of the post-junta revues in Athenian playhouses feature caricatures of familiar and now odious figures upon whom the spectators can shower derision and scorn. The *Ethniki Komodia* at the Amiral Theatre deviates from the pattern. In a series of bold sketches, the *komodia* forces the members of the audience to see *themselves* as citizens under the authoritarian regime. It not only increases the targets of mockery, it adds a caustic edge to its tone. Brisk and witty, the show is a hit!

Bost, Skourtis, and Mourselas include two additional themes in the revue. Bost's opening skit pokes fun at the pomposity and long-windedness of a *gymnasiarchis* (high school principal) as he presides over his school's graduation exercises. Holding flags, reciting poems with prescribed gestures, the graduates reflect the sterile rigidity of the system. This is the lightest sketch of the evening's fare. In another tragi-comic scene by Skourtis, two soldiers give a compelling portrayal of the grim simile which closes Matthew Arnold's 'Dover Beach' — 'confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night.' Two soldiers face each other with pointed guns. Both believe they are fighting for justice and peace and freedom. If they are fighting for the same ideals, why must they kill each other?

Placed between the more gentle and the more severe critical sketches is Mourselas's 'The Opportunists'. As two men trying to adapt their conduct to the unfamiliar environment of democracy, Themios Karakatsanis and Vassilis Tsagklos turn in superb performances. 'Let us be absolutely calm and self-assured. Now we have nothing to fear. Isn't that right? Are we afraid of

anybody?' Their endeavour to project an unruffled, suave exterior, however, is a failure. Fearful, tense, suspicious, they cover their faces with their hats, burrow their necks into their jacket collars, and whisper their terror about the 'we' who are now the democrats. The impeccable timing, the gestures exactly tuned to the dialogue, make this a droll episode.

While Mourselas's sketches, 'The Apologists' and 'Another Lysistrata', open with apparently gay, light-hearted comedy, the bits of funny business gradually disconcert the audience and then abruptly overwhelm the spectators with mordant apprehensions which cannot be easily exorcised. Both sketches explore the question of personal responsibility and expose the moral bankruptcy of those who meekly bowed to the junta.

In 'The Apologists', a wife berates her husband upon returning from a dinner party. She accuses him of having failed to contribute any scintillating conversation to the party. He is smug and satisfied. 'I was eating', is his defense. 'But everybody had a story to tell, something they did to demonstrate their resistance to the dictatorship... Only we, we said nothing! What did we do? Think of one little thing we did... one little thing... or we will have to destroy ourselves!' The wife's anguish grows, but they cannot think of any display of resistance. 'You kept paying taxes. You *cut your hair*,' the woman cries and the besieged husband pleads, 'Is it my fault that I am alive?' The audience laughs, but already the laughter is a little self-conscious. The husband confesses that 'we lost our courage', and they recollect with chagrin that 'some did throw rocks at the tanks.' They insist that they speak for 'themselves', not for anyone else.

'For ourselves,' they repeat, 'for ourselves, do we feel this wretchedness,' and they move forward into the audience to confess their individual failure — but the spectators know now that they, too, failed. Only a rousing song, 'Take Your Place' can release the built-up tension.

Mourselas uses the Lysistrata theme to accomplish the same startling shift — this time from delightful sexual jokes to passionate recrimination. How he gets away with this bold mixture is a phenomenon in theatre. Karakatsakis is authentic and laughable as a contemporary representation of Aristophanes' Cinesias. Alluring in floating chiffon negligee, Smaroula Yiouli as Lysistrata of 1975 withholds sexual pleasures from her husband because time and events have built up an accumulating aversion for the opportunism he practised during the junta regime. She sees him stripped of his manliness because he played sides in order to profit.

The audacious combination of wit and intense passion, the acerbity of tone deriving from the playwrights' refusals to endorse complacency or expedient acceptance or to provide a scapegoat to assuage social conscience, is perfectly balanced by high comedy. Smug exteriors are pierced and the refuse of shoddy compromises is exhibited. Clearly the audience cannot leave the theatre unless it is provided with some means of recovering its equilibrium. The burden of self-knowledge must somehow be made endurable. The climactic song, 'Terma stin Ipomoni' (An End to Patience) is resounding and assertive and suggests a stronger, aware, and resistant Athenian society.

— MARY A. NICKLES

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PUSS 'N BOOTS

XENIA Kaloyeropoulou directs her plays for children with the same high professionalism, love and intelligence that we have grown accustomed to in her extremely mature approach to her plays for grown-ups.

When it comes to good taste, the Fertis-Kaloyeropoulou productions at the *Athina* have for years been miles ahead of any other playhouse in town, and while it is a quality that may not be as highly regarded as it used to be, good taste remains an essential quality in presenting plays for children.

This year Miss Kaloyeropoulou has translated Brian Way's *Puss'n Boots* (O Papoutsomenos Gatos) — as she did his *Pinocchio* two years ago. The production first of all is a delight to look at. Yorgos Patsas has filled the stage and dressed up his characters in splendidly startling combinations of purple, orange

and turquoise. In turn, Aristidis Karydis-Fouks has lit them up through all sorts of interesting gelatines. Mihalis Grigoriou's music, which pleasantly underscores the antics, is hardly on a par with the score of Yannis Spanos for Kaloyeropoulou's production of *Mormolis* last year which had thousands of Athenian children singing his music for months, but it is thoroughly appropriate to the play.

All the actors are of equal excellence — that is one of the earmarks of Miss Kaloyeropoulou's direction: the totality of her attention, the care for every detail, the absence of any mis-step. Chryssoula Diavati's scolding Evgenia, Vassilis Yorgiadis' sinister Prince Boris, Lambros Tsangas' charmingly senile King Iason and Minas Konstatopoulos' and Kostas Toliias' delightfully ridiculous and marionette-like courtiers, Pouf and Piff, are perhaps the most memorable — and, of course, Christos Valavanidis' Puss. The way Valavanidis puts on the magic boots and learns to

walk on his 'twos' is a marvellous act of human felinity. That Valavanidis should be, as the cat, the only 'human' character set before a case of cardboard 'people' is, on the one hand, another example for the play's wit, and on the other, it allows him to step forward and encourage just the right amount of audience participation that children love.

This is a giant-less version of the Puss 'n Boots story — or rather, the giant keeps back stage, alert to all the goings-on, in the person of Miss Kaloyeropoulou herself who has done it all up with snap, humour and high-spirits.

—S.E.

The true language of children is international. Xenia Kaloyeropoulou is fluent in this lingua franca - and the fact that the play is in Greek must not deter children of other nationalities. They will understand it all!

music

Just Another Night At The Opera

AS a music critic I confess to a multitude of sins. Being an opera lover, however, is not one of them. Bizet's *Carmen* does invoke remembrances of tender moments spent in junior high school music appreciation classes, and so it took little encouragement from a close friend and colleague Harold Lynn — an opera enthusiast — to drag me from a soon-to-be-snowed-in kifissia to the Lyriki Skini for their production of what many people believe to be the most widely popular of all operas.

The reasons for its popularity are not hard to uncover: sex, death and suspense, coupled with unforgettable tunes and a wildly implausible story. As *Carmen* performances go, the latest Athens Opera effort was memorable only insofar as the last time the reviewer sat through a live performance was ten years ago at the Newport News (Virginia) High School auditorium where the thin line between the dramatic and the hysterical was less than discernible.

Nonetheless, Miss Yolanda di Tasso (alias Iolanthe Tassou) was a very creditable cigarette-making-gypsy-

cum-playgirl-cum-smuggleress-cum all that men find irresistible yet infuriating in womankind. Despite her tendency to sharp, and the orchestra's obstinacy in playing flat, as well as behind the beat (perhaps owing to the somnambulant direction of Byron Kolassis), Miss di Tasso clearly carried her role in grand style. Cornel Stavrou as Don Jose, on the other hand, provided every justification (unintentionally, no doubt) for *Carmen*'s ultimate rejection of him in favour of the bullfighter, Escamillo. The latter escaped a similar fate only because of his brief and less-than-memorable appearances.

To be honest, the production was mediocre. Yet one could not help wondering how the performance would have fared if the surroundings were more amenable to Grand Opera. Forgetting all the inconsistencies of direction, of language (chorus and minor characters sung in Greek, leading parts in French), and staging, one must ultimately face up to the fact that Greece does not have a suitable opera house. The Olympia Theatre has its advantages, including a pleasant promenade and a good bar. The painfully

small stage, which makes serious acting impossible and choreography ludicrous, and the pseudo boxes lined with simulated pinewood, 'contact' paper panelling, make it difficult for the dedicated concert-goer to take the whole thing seriously.

This brings the reviewer up against his favourite pet peeve: the fact that Greece does not have a proper music centre. Granted, the country itself is not rich, but in a city of almost three million Europeans whose cultural roots form the basis of western civilization and where the descendants of Jason's Argonauts still successfully ply the seas in search of profit, why should this be so? Philanthropy, although a Greek word, is less practiced here than anywhere to the West. An Onassis-endowed music centre along the lines of the one his present wife dedicated some years ago to the memory of her first husband would go a long way towards reconciling the Smyrna-born magnate with his own people. It remains a mystery to us why none of the holders of vast fortunes in this country have not considered such a project.

—ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

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A Fine Performance

THIS was a pastel *Traviata*. From the first bars of the overture to the final curtain the Lyriki Skini's production unfolded slowly, without harshness or lack of style and sensitivity marring this most magical of operas. It was not an evening of star arias but an ensemble performance of distinction.

The ghosts of Callas's Violetta, and Bernhardt's *La Dame aux Camélias* haunted the production but did not detract from the intelligent characterisation of Evelyn Brunner. Her Violetta was very much the sophisticated courtesan of the Paris demi-monde: charming, discreet but vulnerable to the attentions of Petrakis's Alfredo. The voices of Miss Brunner and Mr. Petrakis were beautifully matched and their duets were the intimate conversations of young lovers. Violetta's decision to leave Alfredo after his father's pleading was all the more heart rending because of her lover's naive faith in the

permanence of their love. Kouloumbis, as Germont père, seemed to have trouble with the Italian text and was harsher with Violetta than was necessary.

The brilliance of the sets by Stefanellis was particularly noticeable in the summer house in Act II. During Alfredo's aria *De miei bollenti spiriti*, Violetta and her maid are seen picking flowers in the distance, a remarkable illusion considering the size of the stage at the Olympia Theatre.

Vafiadis' direction was intelligent and settled for stillness rather than unnecessary movement. For the first time this season the chorus moved about the sets with ease and purpose.

When opera succeeds, it is a uniquely moving experience and almost any major opera house in the world would be proud to have this *Traviata* in its repertory.

—REX IRWIN

The Real Thing

IF we turn on the radio almost any hour of the day we hear folk music. Too much, some will argue. The more melodic, charming or nationalistic songs are universally sung and familiar to all Greeks. Children are taught them in school. Contemporary musicians arrange and re-arrange them and incorporate them in their compositions. Yet there is a great danger that much Greek folk music will be lost to posterity.

This was brought home to me some years ago when, recalling a smattering of a song my father used to sing to me as a child, I asked my uncle in our village if he could recall it. He smiled. He was amused that I knew of it, but he had not heard it sung in many years. He is now in his eighties and could not recall the words. We were in the *platia*. Nearby was a statue, a memorial to the war dead where the *vrisi* (well) once stood. There the women used to gather to fill their crocks, exchanging gossip and singing. In those days weddings, baptisms, saints' days were occasions for celebrations marked by feasting, dancing, singing and much revelry — if we are to believe the many stories and anecdotes that are now legend.

Today the village women, busy in their homes, are usually silent. The men sitting in the *platas* talk and argue, often as not about their relatives living in the city or abroad. When my uncle

and I asked around that day in the *platia*, there was not another soul who could remember the song. Most were amused by my interest.

One person who recognized the danger to this part of our inheritance is Domna Samiou. Now in her late forties, this musicologist, singer and performer (she plays the *kanonaki*) has devoted her life to the preservation of Greek folk music. In an interview some months ago with Dimitrios Ghionis in *Tetradio*, a monthly review, she discussed the status of folk music in Greece today and some factors that have influenced her:

'Our folk songs', she observed 'must be preserved at all costs. At this point in time they seem condemned to disappear. Tradition exists together with a treasure-house of still unknown songs. Those who are able to teach the folk song properly are very few. The authentic musicians of the provinces are quite elderly... Their children, the young, who could easily transmit the tradition of the art of their fathers and grandfathers, prefer the entertainment

of the modern day — television in the *kafenion* of their village, for example.

'The instruments grow old as well as the people. If a chord, or a part of an instrument which belongs to someone in a remote village, breaks, it is very difficult to replace. First, because such things do not exist in his area, and second, because they are so very expensive. Someone should encourage these people in order to keep up the tradition before it is erased completely.'

Domna Samiou's recordings and appearances both here and abroad have gone a long way toward preserving this tradition. She has performed several times at the Bach Festival in London; in 1974 a two-hour programme was devoted entirely to Greek folk music and met with great critical success.

Domna Samiou was born in Greece in 1928; her parents were refugees from Asia Minor. 'My people... people of the land, most of them country folk... brought with them in 1922 the few things they were able to carry, and their Asia Minor tradition, their tales, their songs. I was watered by these traditions, nourished by these tales, I drew from the songs...

'My love for music was perhaps inbred but I doubt if it would have been expressed in the same way if I had grown up in a different environment. If, let us say, I had lived in a house where there was a piano, where the inhabitants listened to classical or European music... or where they never listened to any music. The more I got to know the demotic song, the more I loved it.'

Those interested in authentic folk music will find it in Samiou's recordings. While much of it may sound foreign to the Western ear it is the real thing.

— H.P.K.

Domna Samiou can be heard together with Nikos Xylouris, at the boite 'Rizes' in the Plaka. An early record, *Traveling in Greece No. 2* (Lyra 3205) is difficult to find but the following ones are available in Athens:

Souravli: Instrumental ensemble music. Folk instruments from various parts of Greece. EMI.

Ehe Yia Panagia (Your Health Holy Mother). EMI.

Ellinika Kalanda: Greek Carols. EMI.

Tragoudia tou Topou Mou (Songs of my country). LYRA.



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Songs of Fire

OCCASIONALLY a film is so bad that it deserves special attention. Such is the case with Nikos Koundouros's first film in a number of years, *Tragoudia Tis Fotias* (*Songs of Fire*). A work of this calibre from a reputable director like Koundouros (*The Young Aphrodites*) leaves one asking a resounding 'Why?'

Tragoudia can hardly be called a film at all. The celluloid consists of scenes from two large concerts given in Athens in September to celebrate the fall of the Junta and to express the universal grief over Cyprus. Three quarters of the film focuses on the musicians while a Cypriot funeral, the November Polytechnion march, and an interview with a tortured prisoner, are inexplicably interwoven into the film at points where the audience might fall asleep.

What is the purpose of this musical collage? It is not a political film. It has no focus and no point to make even though the events presented suggest such an approach. It is hardly a Greek *Woodstock* as some have supposed. The Panathinaikos Stadium filled for a few hours with an audience separated from the musicians by an ominous spiked fence (a necessity during football games) can hardly be compared to the open fields at *Woodstock* where a half million youth gathered for three or four days. Even the category of 'documentary' is a misnomer for this amorphous bore. No wonder many in the audience began to leave long before 'telos' flashed on the screen.

It is hard to believe that so many things could go wrong with a single film. The pace was so slow that the enthusiasm at these historic gatherings evaporates during the first ten minutes of viewing. The photography is in colour but poor. In one scene, for instance, the audience is distracted by a cameraman squirming around on his back under the microphones trying to get a 'down-under' shot as Farandouri belts out a Theodorakis song. Koundouros apparently instructed his group to make lots of short takes and employ a maximum of camera movement. The result is, of course, that one becomes bored and dizzy even before the halfway mark. Almost no close-ups of the crowd are used to capture the feeling and individuality of the group so well

portrayed in *Woodstock*. When the camera occasionally wanders from the performers, we see only a grey mass of humanity perched in the Attic dark.

On the positive side, the film does offer a montage of Greek musicians and singers never before seen together. Here in one movie are Dalaras, Xilouris, Xarhakos, Merkouri, Markopoulos, Marissa Koh, Kaloyannis, Farandouri and, yes, Theodorakis. In a shining, ten-minute segment in this blazing failure of a film, Theodorakis ignites the cinema audience with spontaneous hand-clapping as he flaps his arms violently, shakes his bushy head, and growls out the words to 'Romiosini' with total conviction.

— ANDY HORTON

Jerry Sachberg: Part of the New American Cinema

DIRECTOR Jerry Sachberg has made a number of films. The first to reach Greece was *Scarecrow* starring Gene Hackman and Al Pacino. *Panic in Needle Park*, made in 1971 prior to *Scarecrow*, has now appeared in this country and offers more proof that Sachberg is a prominent figure in the new American cinema.

Needle Park refers to a drug area in New York City where hundreds of lost souls shoot themselves up with whatever drugs they can beg, borrow or steal in hope of maintaining an increasingly desperate 'high'. Dragging their broken lives between the street and ghetto rooms, these burnt-out characters are depressing beyond the point of pity, and hardly human. Against this bleak background, director Sachberg has etched the remains of a love story between Billy (Al Pacino), a *Needle Park* native, and Helen (Kitty Winn who won an award at Cannes for her performance), a Mid-Western girl who becomes hooked on love and then on dope.

Death is the ultimate 'high', one addict quips during the film, and it is death towards which all of them move. Yet in the midst of so much suffering a sense of caring and sharing develops. Billy and Helen begin their affair in a carefree vein, speak vaguely of marriage, and test each other as Helen becomes a whore to support their 'habit' and Billy tries big-scale robbery with his older brother. Helen ultimately betrays Billy to the police but as the film closes

she is waiting for him at the prison gate as he emerges for the eleventh time. Billy hesitates, turns, says 'Well?' and she begins to come forward as the film ends. Sachberg's story is without much hope, but it does display compassion.

Needle Park is a hard film to like because it shows us a side of life we'd rather forget. There are several 'shooting' scenes complete with bulging veins, blood, and empty syringes that leave the audience absolutely limp. *Scarecrow* is also about broken lives but it is a more accessible work because of its picaresque story-line and truly hilarious striptease at the end. But it is too easy to dismiss the ugliness of a film like *Needle Park* as being unnecessary violence. It remains a more profound work because it dares to glance honestly at a deeper horror.

Sachberg is clearly an important member of the new wave in American cinema which began in the late sixties. Like other members of the movement, he tackles social issues openly and through the lives of a few characters, operates on a low budget and with many unknown actors, and focuses on the humanity of a relationship.

— ANDY HORTON



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George Seferis

A POET'S JOURNAL: DAYS OF 1945-1951

Translated by Athan Anagnostopoulos.

The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press,
Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1974. 206 pages.

A celebrated writer's notebooks and diaries are always of great interest, and Seferis's entries are no exception to this rule. A career diplomat who combined professional skill with scholarship and a genuine poetic talent, Nobel Prize-winner (1963) George Seferiades was a contemplative, often brooding, and always perceptive and profound commentator on matters public or personal, and above all a man of few words.

As its title suggests, *A Poet's Journal* records impressions, thoughts, and creative writings covering the crucial years from January 1st, 1945, to April 19th, 1951, when Seferis was sent to the Greek Embassy in London. Most of the earlier entries record the poet's anguish over the cloudy and suspicious atmosphere that pervaded the Greek capital soon after the end of World War II and the communist insurrection that followed it. With pain and muted anger Seferis deplores the unnamed — but easily guessed — political opportunists whose handling of affairs was aimed at covering their collaboration with the Nazis and at stifling the truly liberal voices among the Greek intelligentsia by collectively branding them as 'communists'.

A taciturn and shy man, Seferis suffered such abuses with Apollonian serenity in public, and with an expression of fury and disgust in his profound journal. The academic and intellectual establishment in Athens never quite understood this writer's talent and genuine Hellenism. Seferis himself was surprised when the Palamas Prize was given to him in 1947, much to the horror of many an intellectual nonentity in Greece.

Seferis's journal contains several brief but precisely eloquent glimpses, or comments, on famous artists such as Cavafy, Laforgue, Eliot, Gide and others, whom he admired; Paul Eluard, whose communist propaganda bored him, Sikelianos, Kazantzakis, and a few personal friends, whose socio-political beliefs and enthusiasm were often beyond his comprehension or acceptance. The diary also contains many poems, or drafts and passages, which later on were abandoned or given a final form, or incorporated into future

compositions like the *Three Secret Poems* (1966). The genesis of his 'Thrush', one of his most esoteric poems, is given some details, too. Seferis's impressions of Turkey, where he served in Ankara, concentrate primarily on a contrast of the present asiatic state and the traces of the Hellenistic, Byzantine, and now lost culture of Asia Minor. Turkey's archaeological sites were of sentimental value to Smyrna-born Seferis, in addition to reminding him of man's fate and the vanity of historical grandeur. Travelogue material of this nature was later published as impressions of a visit to the Cappadocia churches of early Christendom.

A Poet's Journal has been competently translated by Anagnostopoulos, and properly introduced by Professor Walter Kaiser of Harvard who, in 1969, translated Seferis's *Three Secret Poems*. The student of the contemporary Greek intellectual climate will find many insights in this volume which is a must for the serious student of Seferis and all modern poetry. The publication of this material convinces the reader that more of this poet's diaries, notes, and comments — critical and otherwise — must soon become available to the Greek and international public.

— M. BYRON RAIZIS
from Books Abroad

THE CHARIOTEER

An Annual Review of Modern
Greek Culture. No. 15, 1974.
New York. Parnassos. 96 pages.

The most recent issue of *The Charioteer* is dedicated to Kimon Friar, the critic, poet, and most famously, the translator of Kazantzakis' *Odyssey* and of the anthology *Modern Greek Poetry*. In this issue of *The Charioteer*, Friar supplements his anthology, which can be said to have created modern Greek poetry for the reader of English and proved it the equal to that of the French, Italian or English, with eighteen poets of the post-war forties and fifties, a tantalizing foretaste of his imminent *Contemporary Greek Poetry*.

While none of the poets has reached the classic heights of a Seferis or an Elytis, in their hands Greek poetry has remained vigorous, experimental, and challenging. In place of the exaltation of Sikelianos, the grandeur of Elytis, the ironies of Cavafis, we encounter alienation, absurdity, substitution of desolate inscape for sunlit landscape, disillusion, anguish — the gamut of modern cultural despair. Consequently this poetry is more urban, more pessimistic, more discontinuous. This is not to imply however, that these poets lack variety or originality. Merely compare the icy abstractions of Mando Aravandinou with the restrained longings of Lydia Stephanou; or the passionate humanism of Kriton Athanasoulis with the highly energized intensity of Ares Ehikteos, whose 'Christ in the Monastery at Daphni' contrasts the ultimate agonized betrayal of the non-Greek Christ ('Nevertheless, you pretended you were, drawing on all / the cunning of your race until you dragged me off into snares/ most deadly to my own gods' with the lost serenity of Apollo who 'still plays unconcernedly among the pines'. In his 'Voyage to Cythera' Dhikteos invokes a sensuality surpassing that of Baudelaire's great poem.

The voice of anguish permeates these poems. Takis Sinopoulos, whose distinctive voice and dedicated personalism in 'In Memoriam G.S.' — alluding to Joyce, Shakespeare, Homer, and even the agitated opening theme of Mozart's G Minor Symphony — enrolls him as a member in that international *avant garde* which includes Robert Duncan and Pierre Emmanuel; George Yeralis, who has managed a moving poem on that most elusive of subjects, Greek light, which recalls the *Greek Anthology* ('The Light in Altis' which offers 'not an occasion in which you may remember, / but only a grace in which you may forget.');

the elegant rhythms of Nikos Phocas in the brilliantly hallucinatory 'The Caterpillar Ox'; the emotionally heightened brevity of Mil-tos Sahtouris; the sharply imagistic intimacies of Kostos Steryopoulos, and so on.

If Friar can compile an extensive anthology which maintains this level — of the quality of the translations we need have no doubt — we can look forward to a book which will be much more than a mere supplement to *Modern Greek Poetry*, important in its own right, and a testament to the continuing brilliance and significance of modern Greek verse.

—JEFFREY CARSON



A STRICTLY OBSERVED FEAST

Kathari Deftera — Clean Monday — is a day on which certain traditions which dictate a wide range of activities, from how to fly a kite to how to arrange your menu, are observed. (Consult Basil Kazandzis, in this issue, on these delicate matters.) The *Kathari Deftera* (Kathara or Kathari are equally correct) spread is an assortment of dishes prescribed by culinary law — much like a curry — and woe to those who infringe upon it! Being at once a feast and the first day of Lent, it is the Ethnic Observation of Greek Ingenuity. A goodly heap of fresh green onions and fresh wild garlic — yes, *fresh wild garlic* (it looks rather like shallots) — is *de rigueur*. Also *Brik* (red caviar), an assortment of olives, sour pickles (*toursi*) and halva. Halva — in the spirit of one man's meat being another man's poison — is the Greek answer to American peanut butter — palatable only to Initiates into its Inner meaning — and unspeakable to anyone else. A *pilaf* of seafood, mussels in particular, is favoured. *Taramosalata*, eggplant salad and *spanakopitta* — spinach pie — are popular. Clams on the half shell used to be a familiar sight at *greater Kathari Deftera* gatherings — and one of the chief characteristics of this day is *regariousness* — but cannot be recommended today due to pollution. Unleavened bread (*lagana*) is a 'must' and is baked by all bakers on this — and on *only* this — day. Green salads of all sorts are appropriate. And, finally, the wine — preferably a light *retsina* — must flow!

DRIED BEANS WITH TOMATO SAUCE (YAHNI)

½ kilo large dried beans
¾ cup olive oil
3 medium-sized onions, sliced
½ kilo chopped fresh tomatoes

Wash the beans, cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Remove from the heat and soak for one hour. Drain. Cover with fresh water and cook over low heat for one to two hours or until almost tender. Drain. Sauté the onions until soft but not browned. Add tomatoes, salt and pepper. Bring the sauce to the boil and add the beans. (If more liquid is needed, add some of the water in which they cooked.) Cover and simmer for about 30 min. Serve hot or cold.

DOLMA YALANDZI

2 cups rice
5 cups chopped onions
1 ½ cups olive oil
½ cup pine nuts (*koukounaria*)
1 bunch dill (a - nee - tho)
1 bunch parsley
½ cup currants
½ kilo fresh vine leaves or 1 jar vine leaves
salt - pepper

Sauté the onions in one cup of oil until soft but not browned. Mix the rice, sautéed onions, pine-nuts, currants, dill and parsley in a bowl. Add salt and pepper. Parboil the vine leaves and drain.

Place about two teaspoons of rice mixture on the inner side of each leaf (not the smooth shiny, outer side). Loosely fold over the sides, envelope fashion, and roll up. Line the bottom of a heavy pot with vine leaves. Pack the *dolmas* in layers over this. Add five cups

of water, four tablespoons of lemon juice and one half cup of olive oil. Simmer for about forty-five minutes or until water has been absorbed and the rice is done. Serve cold.

OCTOPUS IN RED WINE

1 octopus (about 1 ½ kilos)
1 cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic
½ kilo onions, chopped
1 cup red wine
1 kilo tomatoes, peeled and chopped
pepper (no salt)

Clean and wash the octopus and place in a saucepan. Do not add water. It will cook in its own juice. Simmer for thirty minutes. Drain, remove the skin, and cut into small pieces. Sauté the onions and garlic in the oil briefly. Add the octopus and continue to sauté for a few minutes more over a high heat. Add the wine, then the tomatoes and pepper. Cover and cook gently for about one and a half hours until tender and the sauce has thickened.

CUTTLE FISH WITH SPINACH (SOUPIES)

1 kilo *soupiés* (soo-pee-es)
¾ cup olive oil
1 bunch spring onions, chopped
1 tablespoon tomato paste
1 kilo spinach, chopped
1 tablespoon fresh dill, chopped
salt - pepper

Wash and clean cuttle fish (removing the ink bags) and cut in small pieces. Sauté the scallions in the oil until soft. Add the *soupiés* (soo-pee-es) and sauté until the water from the fish is absorbed. Add tomato paste, chopped spinach, dill, salt and pepper. Cook gently for thirty minutes or until the *soupiés* are tender.

pikilia

Easter Eggs

● Whether you will be celebrating Easter this year on March 30th or on May 4th, it is not too soon to begin to think about eggs. Along with spring flowers come thoughts of the Easter Bunny and those colourful baskets he fills every year. The many dyes and kits available make that part of the job easy, but even the most beautiful eggs should be edible — and here is how to make sure they are!

In the cold water method, the eggs are placed in a container — one large enough to allow free movement — and covered with at least one inch of cold water. Bring rapidly to a boil, remove from heat, cover, and let stand for 15 minutes. Drain and cool by plunging into cold water. This method reduces the danger of eggs cracking as a result of the transition from refrigeration to hot water; avoids overcooking which causes them to become rubbery with dark areas around the yolks; and makes them easier to remove from the shells. Eggs should never be actually boiled. To centre the yolks perfectly roll the eggs gently as the water heats so that as the whites cook the yolks are forced into the middle of the eggs. A few drops of either lemon juice or vinegar will keep cracked eggs from opening.

● Writing or painting on the outside of eggs is not a novelty, but have you ever read a message written on the inside of an egg? It is really a simple trick and can be a delightful surprise to the children if you do it secretly before the eggs are cooked. Just mix one teaspoon of alum (*stiptiria almi*) in one half cup of warm water. Using this solution, write on the egg with a Q-tip, a small brush, or a toothpick wrapped in cotton. When the egg is dry, proceed to boil and colour as usual. The writing remains invisible on the outside but appears when the egg is shelled.

● Making miniature vases from egg shells is an old-fashioned idea that should be revived. It can be a family project with practical results because the vases are fun to make and are charming gifts. Begin to collect shells from now. When using eggs, crack open the small end of the shell. Enlarge the opening until the egg can be extracted easily. (The opening will be irregular with jagged edges, but this does not matter.) Wash the shell immediately

and store. Collect about twice as many as you think you will need because they do break easily. When ready, dye the shells as you would the entire egg and dry. Using a fast-drying glue such as UHU, glue on three legs in a tripod fashion. The legs may be dried beans, large peas, or some form of macaroni such as the elbow or shell forms. Before the legs are completely 'set', test the shell so that it is standing as level as possible.

When the legs are dry, paint them with a gold paint and touch up the jagged edges at the top. The best gold is a brand called 'Venus', a powder bronze that mixes easily with a base which can be purchased at most paint and hardware stores. Very little is needed and an egg cup is a convenient receptacle in which to mix the powder. These simple gilded shells make beautiful vases when filled with tiny flowers. Place them before each place setting at Easter dinner. A little sand in the bottom helps balance the shell.

— SPAGGOS

Grab Bag

● Another reminder that some of the most complicated problems are solved by the simplest solutions, is the fact that the works of your clock can be cleaned very easily with just a few seconds of *your time!* Merely saturate a ball of absorbent cotton, about the size of an egg, with kerosene and place it inside the bottom of the clock. The kerosene evaporates, coating the dust particles which have accumulated on the clock-works and the particles fall off. After a few days you will find the cotton dirty, the clock clean, and probably keeping better time!

● You have probably already repaired a broken knitting needle by sharpening the end. If, however, after sanding it still seems a bit rough, pass it through steam from the spout of your tea kettle. This usually blends the tiny scratches into a smooth surface. A bent needle can be straightened by the same process. Roll it on a table afterwards, to cool it.

● If you are fortunate enough to have real leather chairs, the best way to clean them is by rubbing with a soft flannel cloth using beaten egg whites as the cleaning agent. The leather will shine.

● Did you know that thin panes of glass can be cut with ordinary shears if done under water? Smooth the edges with fine sandpaper or emery cloth.

— SPAGGOS

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A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FASHION FAIR...

When we blithely agreed to cover the '1st Hellenic Fashion Fair', we thought it would be just another fashion function. How were we to know that the limited skills of ordinary fashion-reporters were not adequate to the occasion and that what was needed were the wily techniques of a Scotland Yard detective!

It all began with repeated and frequent calls to the organisation asking when the Fashion Fair would begin and what was the schedule. While the press releases stated that the Fair was to begin on Saturday, February 1, the programme we saw gave the first event as being on February 3. What, we wondered, was to take place on the Saturday and Sunday?

Several fruitless phone calls later we decided to wander over to see for ourselves. We jumped into a taxi and asked to be taken to the 'Metropolitan-Capsis' Hotel' — which is where the advance publicity said the Fair would be held. Lo and behold! The hotel was not there — but the 'Caravel' was. For

reasons known only to a few, but surmised by many, the name of the hotel had been changed at the last minute.

We had been warned to expect 'some confusion', and *confusion* there was. We had been told that despite it the Fair would be whipped into shape by opening day. We wondered! After having been shunted from office to office we were finally presented with a Press Kit. In return we had to give our solemn word that we would not divulge

the contents before the Press Conference to be held some time 'later'. We clutched the folder in our by-then sweaty hands and fled.

We carefully followed reports in the newspapers and when we came across a small article mentioning that the Association of Greek Models had demonstrated in protest against the importation of *French* models, we decided it was time for another visit. Back we went to the *Caravel* (after explaining condescendingly to the taxi driver that it was no longer the *Metropolitan-Capsis*) expecting to find the confusion of a few days before now supplemented by screaming models pulling at each other's hair.

What we found, to our surprise and delight, was a miracle. The Fair had, indeed, been pulled together brilliantly. Fashion was engagingly presented in a spectacle of mime, music, and dance that made the world realise that Greece has more to offer than just sun. Our only question was — as we ogled the lovely models and still lovelier clothes — *Where are these items when we go to look for them in Athens?* But then, the purpose of the 1st Hellenic Fashion Fair was to encourage the export of local ready-to-wear fashions, and this was done with remarkable success. Orders amounting to no less than \$8,000,000 were placed, a very impressive accomplishment for a debut into the highly competitive world of ready-to-wear fashion. (There are no figures available, however, on how many participants may still be wandering around Athens looking for the Metropolitan-Capsis Hotel!) We are now looking forward to the next fair which is scheduled to take place in the autumn.

—NANCY L. KAPLAN

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radio

NATIONAL BROADCAST COMPANY — EIRT

Three programmes daily: The National Programme (728 KHz, 412m); The Second Programme (1385 KHz, 216 m) offering news, commentary and music; The Third Programme (665 KHz, 451 m) offering classical music from 6 p.m. to midnight daily.

News in English, French and German daily (except Sun. & holidays) on The National Programme at 8:15 a.m., 1:10 p.m. & 9:45 p.m. and at 7:25 and 2:40 on Sun. Weather report on the same station in Greek and English daily at 6:30 a.m.

THE ARMED FORCES RADIO — YENED

News broadcasts (1142 KHz or 262 7 M.) in English and French daily at 2:55 p.m. & 11:15 p.m. Sun. at 2:25 p.m. & 11:15 p.m. Also on Sun. (728 KHz or 412 M.) Weather in English 6:35 a.m.; news in English, French and German 7:15 a.m. and 2:45 p.m.

U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO

AFRS broadcasts 24 hours a day from Athenai Airport (1594 KHz) and from Kato Souli (1484 KHz).

News and weather are heard on the hour. Popular, jazz, classical music and religious programmes 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 at 7:30 p.m. Major sports events and programmes of American interest are broadcast (taped) when available.

VOICE OF AMERICA — VOA

VOA may be heard in Athens from 5 a.m. - 9.30 a.m.: 7.2 or 7.26 MHz (41 m), 6.13 or 6.04 MHz (49 m); 6 p.m. - 2 a.m.: 9.76 MHz (30.7 m), 6.04 MHz (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 programmes.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION — BBC

BBC may be heard in Athens from 7 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.: 11.75 MHz (25.53 m); 11 a.m. - 6:15 p.m.: 15.07 MHz (19.91 m); 11 a.m. - 8:30 p.m.: 12.095 MHz (24.80 m); 5 a.m. - 9:30 a.m. and 11 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.: 9.41 MHz (31.88 m).

Broadcasts in Greek 7 a.m. - 7:15 a.m.: 9,7,6 MHz (31,41,49 m); 3 p.m. - 3:15 p.m.: 17,15,11 MHz (16,19,25 m); 9 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.: 9,7,6, MHz (31,41,49 m); 12:30 a.m. - 1 a.m.: 7,6,4 MHz (41,49 25 m)

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

RADIO CANADA INTERNATIONAL

Radio Canada broadcasts the news in English and French alternately every 20 minutes from 7:30 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.: 41 m. There is also a daily programme in English from 11:20 - 11:59 p.m.: 16,19,25,41,40 m; and one in French from 10:05 - 11:02 p.m. 16,19,25,41,49 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, 7235 KHz (49,41 m).

television

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.

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

Programme schedules continue to be in a state of flux. New programmes and changes may be announced by mid or late February. The following is, therefore, only a *guide* to programmes that may be of interest to our readers.

SUNDAY

EIRT 6:00 Lassie... 6:40 Maia: The adventures of two boys in India (dubbed in Greek)... 8:15 Jacques Cousteau: The Mystery of the Sea (dubbed in Greek)... 10:30 Film*...

YENED 12:15 Folk Songs and Dances*... 6:00 Cartoons... 6:30 Lucy Show... 8:15 Eyes on Sports*... 10:00 Film... 11:30 Alfred Hitchcock*...

MONDAY

EIRT 7:00 Puppet Theatre*... 8:15 I Dream of Jeannie... 10:20 General Hospital... 11:25 Musical*... 11:15 Ballet*...

YENED 6:00 Exploring the Untamed World... 7:00 Folk songs and dances*... 7:50 Salt and Pepper*: Freddie Germanos interviews well-known personalities... 10:30 Cannon*...

TUESDAY

EIRT 7:00 Children's programme*... 8:35 The Waltons... 10:50 Thriller: A British Series...

YENED 6:00 Captain Scarlet... 7:50 The Little House in the Vale... 8:45 Combat... 10:00 FBI... 11:00 Musical*

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 7:00 On the Wrong Side of Time... 8:15 Code Jensen... 9:00 Our Century (Documentary, dubbed in Greek)...

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

THURSDAY

EIRT 7:00 Karagiozi: Theatre... 7:15 Kentucky Jones... 8:15 The Flintstones... 9:00 Musical Variety... 1:00 Hawaii 5-0... 12:00 Musical*

YENED 6:00 Carter Primus... 7:00 The Real McCoys... 8:45 Documentary (dubbed in Greek)... 10:00 Comedy*... 10:45 Mannix

FRIDAY

EIRT 7:00 The Waltons... 8:15 Follyfoot... 9:10 Strauss (in German)... 10:50 Gunsmoke

YENED 6:00 Cartoons... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 10:30 Kojak... 11:30 Zane Grey*...

SATURDAY

EIRT 6:00 English Soccer (dubbed in Greek)... 9:35 International Sports*... 10:20 Film*...

YENED 3:00 Sports*... 10:00 Film*... 11:30 Petrocelli with Barry Newman*...

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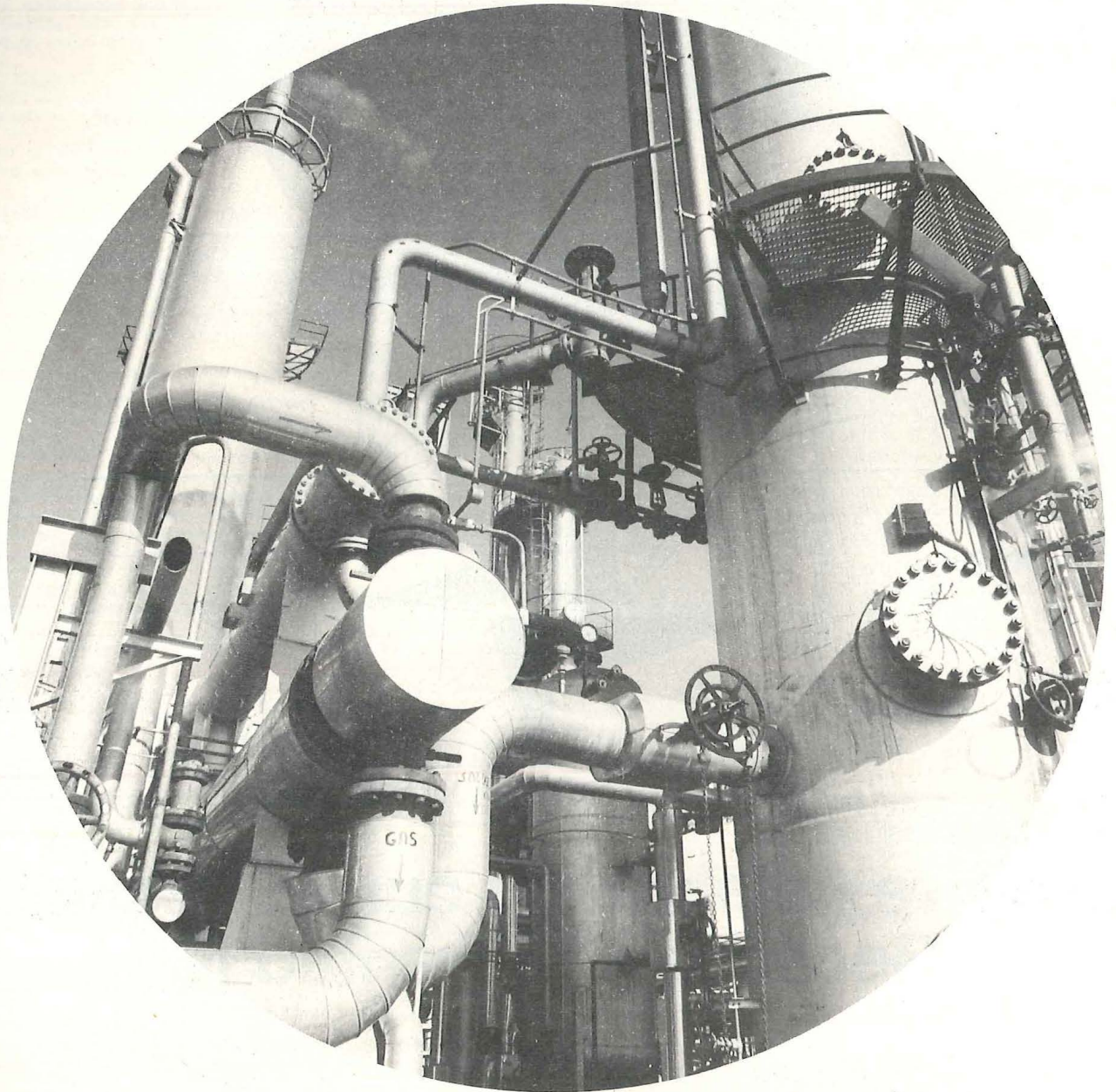


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letters

The Athenian receives many letters from its readers. We appreciate this response and regret that we cannot publish or reply to them all. From time to time we will publish letters that we feel raise issues or provide commentary.

Foreign Banking in Greece

I was indeed pleasantly surprised to see so much space in your February issue devoted to the mundane subject of banking.

Your article was quite thorough and fair. You quite correctly pointed out why many of us are here and why the government allowed us to enter this market. The reasons you gave, however, are valid over the short term, particularly the competitive spirit we have brought to Greek banking thereby improving services and lowering costs to our customers. Local banks would have had to modernise to survive anyway; the computer sees to that. We only speeded up the process.

A more fundamental justification for our presence here is the requirement by the government and the desire on our part, at least for my bank, to contribute to the development of the Greek economy. This is epitomized by the government's requirement that we lend \$10 million to certain industries or the Bank of Greece for each new branch. (This used to be \$5 million.) Also our drachmas loan portfolio must be 'supported' by dollar loans to certain industries. We must have dollar loans with initial maturities in excess of five years outstanding to certain industries or the Bank of Greece equivalent to 25% of our drachmas loan portfolios. These two requirements overlap but nevertheless ensure that we make a positive contribution to the economy.

The Chase, and many other foreign banks, have more than their legal requirement in foreign exchange loans to local entities. By using our dollar resources, and drachmas, too, despite our meagre ability to attract drachmas deposits, we hope to continue to contribute to the growth of the economy.

Another more recent regulation concerns the remittance of profits.

Towards the end of 1974 we finally heard that we could remit our 1973 profits if we had at least an equivalent amount of earnings in foreign exchange. Moreover, our profits for 1973 could be remitted in only two installments, one half at the end of December, 1974 and the other half at the end of June, 1975. In other words, we are being encouraged to earn foreign exchange for the country. This will be an increasingly difficult challenge for the foreign banks considering the vagaries of the Euro-dollar market and the depressed condition of the shipping market, where most of us earn foreign exchange. But it is a challenge we will have to meet because the country needs assistance in this vital area. Let's hope we can live up to it.

Albert Barr
General Manager
The Chase Manhattan Bank
Athens

We thank Mr. Barr for his letter and the additional information he provides on foreign banking in Greece.

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THE CAR WITH THE HIGHEST SALES IN EUROPE

FIAT

It is not enough to make cars that are economical or have low gasoline consumption in order to have the highest sales in Europe.

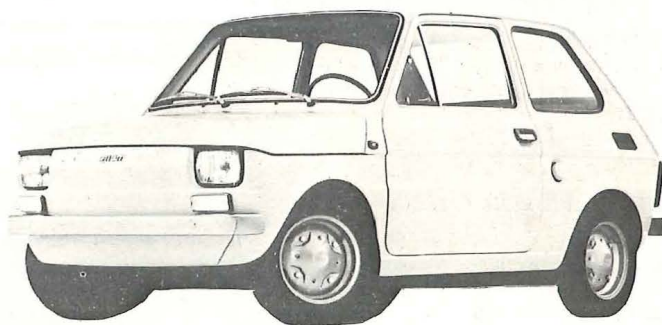
— The French find that the FIAT holds the road as well as their own best makes with forward traction.

— The Germans, who have the longest road network in Europe, find the FIAT just as comfortable as their own big saloons.

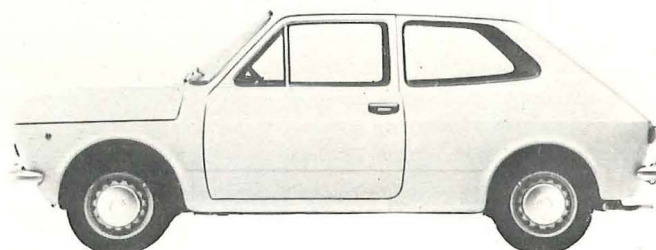
— The British find that the FIAT is not bulkier than their own small cars but that it *does* offer comfort inside.

— The Swedes find the FIAT more rugged than many other makes. If it were not so, they would have continued to buy only their own national makes. FIAT is a reliable car. In 1965 a Swedish comparative report attributed to the FIAT a lifetime of eight years and four months. In 1971 the same report attributed to the FIAT a lifetime of 10 years and eight months... and we have not stopped improving on this record.

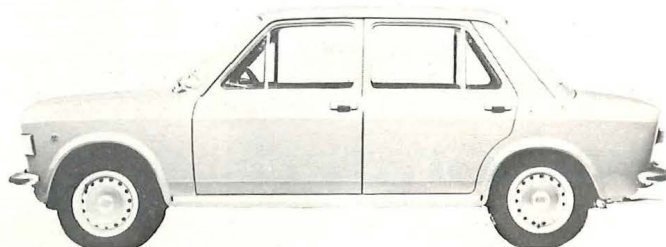
— But above all, Europeans are certain that FIAT offers them service everywhere. Hence they do not waste money and gasoline. And all Europeans are certain of this: They have been buying more FIATS than any other car since 1962.



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FIAT 127 No other car in its class offers more space for five persons, with so many features, and at such low cost and gasoline consumption. You may choose from a three or two-door model.



FIAT 128 This is the car that will not make you long for a smaller one, nor wish to change to a bigger one. It incorporates the advantages of both.

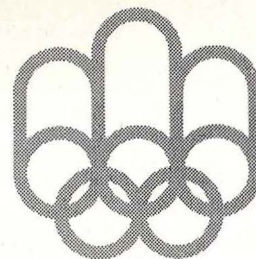
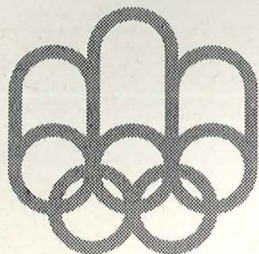
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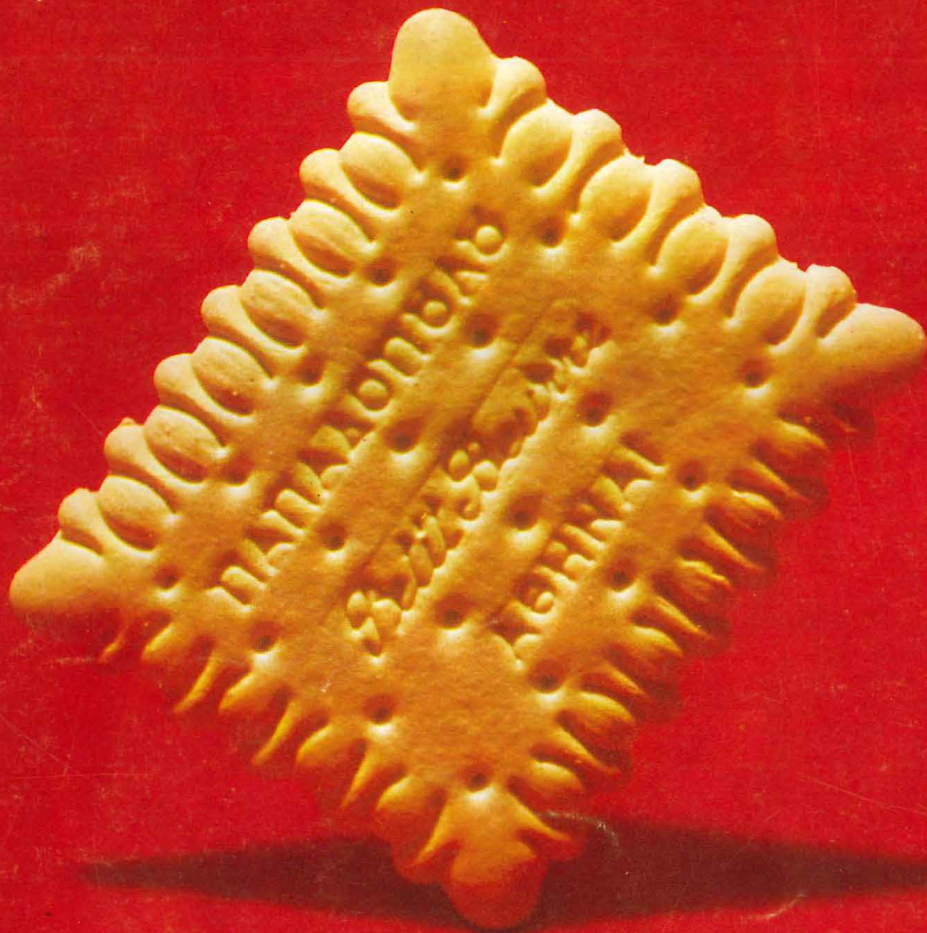


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