

April 1975

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THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly





NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANISATION OF GREECE

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community calendar

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

APRIL 1

Rotary Club — Dinner. To be addressed by Panos Papadopoulos (in Greek). Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150

APRIL 2

The Canadian Women's Club — Will meet at the Nina Palace Hotel, Leoforos Alexandras, 10:30 a.m., to be addressed by Dr. Otto Meinardus.

Exhibition — Ends April 13. The Roman sculptor, Franco Cannilla, personally opens an exhibition of his works. Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

APRIL 3

Film — *Trans Europ Express* (Robbe-Grillet, 1965). L'Institut Français, 5 p.m.

Film — *L'Immortelle* (Robbe-Grillet, 1962). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 4

Lecture — *The Image of Easter in the Eastern Church* (in German). The German Community Centre, Sina 66, 8:30 p.m.

Recital — Marie-Françoise Bucquet, pianist, playing works by Xenakis. The composer will analyze his pieces. L'Institut Français. Time to be announced.

APRIL 5

Film — *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* (Robbe-Grillet, 1961). L'Institut Français, 5 p.m.

Dinner Dance — French Lycée. Terpsichore Room, Athens Hilton, 9:30 p.m.

APRIL 6

Concert — The chamber orchestra of the students of Tubingen University. Kotopouli-Rex Theatre, 11 a.m. Admission free.

APRIL 7

Film — *Tschetan — Der Indianerjunge*. The Goethe Institut, 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Lecture — *Quasimodo, la Grecia e la poesia antica* (Prof. Marcello Gigante). Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Lecture — *Matter in Interstellar Space* (Prof. J. A. Bastin). British Council, 8 p.m.

Lecture — *Nouveau roman et nouveau cinéma* (Alain Robbe-Grillet). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 8

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Luncheon. Athenee Palace Hotel, 2:15 p.m. Information: 601-311.

Lyceum of Greek Women — Afternoon tey followed by a song recital by Yolanda Avgerinou, star of the National Opera, 5:30 p.m.

Rotary Club — Gala dinner for members and their wives. To be addressed by Panos Skouras (in Greek). Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: 623-150.

APRIL 9

Film — *Civilization Part 7*. British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

The Greek-French Society — A meeting at Parnassos Hall, 7 p.m.

Excursion — Members of the German Community will visit an orphanage in Kastri. Further information from Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis at 612-288.

Film — *Moderato Cantabile* (1960). L'Institut Français, 5 p.m.

Film — *Trans Europ Express* (Robbe-Grillet, 1965). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 10

Choral Music — Klockner-Humboldt Deutz Choir. St. Denis Catholic Cathedral, 8:30 p.m.

APRIL 11

St. Andrew's Women's Guild — Will meet at the home of Lorraine Schmiege at 9:45 a.m. Information: 801-7660.

European Boy Scouts Association — Ends April 13. Conference of the European Training Committee. Electra Palace Hotel.

AWOG — A visit to Kesariani. Call Liz Wakeman at 801-4789.

Chamber Music — Bamberg Quintet. Parnassos Hall, 8 p.m.

APRIL 12

Puppet Theatre — Two films for children (in Greek). Goethe Institut, 6 p.m.

Choral Music — The Klockner-Humboldt Deutz Choir together with the Greek-Ote Choir. Estia Neas Smirnis, Platia Neas Smirnis, 7:30 p.m. Admission free.

Greek-Japanese Association — Dinner Dance, Terpsichore Room, Athens Hilton, 9:30 p.m. Tickets and information: 638-966.

APRIL 14

St. Andrew's Women's Guild — Rummage Sale, American Youth Centre, 10 a.m. - 8 p.m.

Film — *Die Tote von Beverly Hills*. Dubbed in Greek. Goethe Institut, 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Opera Recital — Arias from Puccini. Maria Luisa Russo, soprano, Manlio Rocchi, tenor, Asterios Parissias, baritone, Nikos Astrenidis, piano. Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Choral Music — The Klockner-Humboldt Deutz Choir. Municipal Theatre, Piraeus, 8:30 p.m.

Canadian Women's Club — Meeting. The Nina Palace Hotel, 10:30 a.m.

APRIL 15

Lyceum of Greek Women — Afternoon tea followed by a song recital by Andreas Kouloumbis, star of the National Opera, 5:30 p.m.

St. Andrew's Women's Guild — See April 14.

Lecture — *Athènes: un bref aperçu sur son visage d'hier* (Jeanne Voulodimou). L'Institut Français, 7:30 p.m.

Exhibition — Until end of April. *Livres, revues, documents, photographies sur la poésie française de 1940 à 1945*. L'Institut Français Hall.

APRIL 16

Exhibition — Ends April 29. *Antiquity in Books for Children and Young People*. Goethe Institut. Mon. - Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.

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

The Greek-French Society — A lecture at Parnassos Hall, 7 p.m.

The Greek-German Medical Association — Public debate on *New Aspects of Geriatrics* (in Greek). Goethe Institut, 9 p.m.

APRIL 17

Recital — Marousa Rappa, piano. Hesperides Room, Athens Hilton, 6 p.m.

Film — Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*. British Council, 8 p.m.

Lecture — With music and slides. *La résistance française et ses poètes (1940-1945)* (Georges Rouault). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 18

AWOG — A visit to public buildings: the University, the Academy and the National Library. Call Bonnie Palavitchi at 801-7696.

Boy Scouts — Marathon Hike. Troop 343 (U.S.). Lecture — *Ta Nea Grammata* (Prof. Mario Vitti).

In Greek, summary in Italian. Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Reno Night — The American Youth Club, 8 p.m.

Film — *La Modification* (1964). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 19

Boy Scouts — See April 18.

Athens Chamber of Commerce — Dinner Dance. Terpsichore Foyer, Athens Hilton, 10 p.m.

Tickets and information: 624-280.

APRIL 21

Film — *Eika Katappa*. Goethe Institut, 5 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Film — Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Gondoliers*. British Council, 8 p.m.

Film — *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* (Robbe-Grillet, 1961), L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 22

Cours Public — *La vie parisienne contée par les peintres* (Edith Désaleux). L'Institut Français, 11:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Lyceum of Greek Women — Afternoon tea followed by a reading by M. Alkaïou of Jean Cocteau's *The Voice* (in Greek), 5:30 p.m.

Recital — Opera arias. Filitza Konstantinidou,

mezzo-soprano, Giorgio Zervanu, tenor, accompanied by Fanny Palamidi-Smirniou, piano. Under the auspices of the Istituto Italiano di Cultura, Parnassos Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Dinner. Athenee Palace Hotel, 9 p.m. Information: 601-311.

Recital — Of works for two pianos with Aliki Vatikioti and Nelli Semitekolo. Theatro Stoa, Biskini 55, Zografou.

APRIL 23

Film — *Muriel or Le temps d'un retour* (Resnais, 1963). L'Institut Français, 7:30 p.m.

Film — *Civilization Part 9*. British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

APRIL 24

Exhibition — Ends April 30. *Spring Books*, 500 new editions. British Council, 6th floor, during library hours.

AWOG — Archaeological tour to Platea, Aigosthena, Porto Germano. Call Eddi Cotsis at 801-2898.

Lecture — *Literature and Politics* (Prof. Walter Jens). In German. In closed session, Goethe Institut. Those wishing to attend should contact the Institute.

Lyceum of Greek Women — Afternoon tea followed by a talk by Mrs. A. Konstantinidi and a poetry reading by Mrs. Kithoniati (in Greek), 5:30 p.m.

Christian Drama Society — Puppet show: *Faust*. Dances from Cyprus performed by Mrs. Toula Hadziyannaki. Terpsichore Foyer, Athens Hilton. Tickets and information: 728-822.

Film — *Une aussi longue absence* (1961). L'Institut Français, 8 p.m.

APRIL 25

Last Day of Classes — Athens College, Deree Pierce College, Dorpfeld Gymnasium, French Lycée, Hellenic International School, Italian School, Pierce College Downtown Campus. Re-open May 12.

Last Day of Classes — American Community Schools. Re-open May 6.

Three-Day National Bridge Tournament — Teams of four. Open to all. The Elpa Youth Centre, Amerikis 6, Tel, 638-632. Call Mrs. Relia before April 29.

British School of Archaeology — Lecture: *The Work of the School in 1974* (R.L.N. Barber). Followed by a second lecture: *Early Development in Greek Architecture* (R. A. Tomlinson). Admission by ticket only. Call Mrs. Rabbett at 710-974.

Experimental Puppet Theatre — The leading character speaks in Greek. Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

APRIL 28

Five-Day Camping Trip — To the island of Andros. American Youth Club.

APRIL 30

Last Day of Classes — Athens International School, French Ursuline School. Re-Open May 12.

Last Day of Classes — Campion School, St. Catherine's (British Embassy). Re-open May 6.

Film — *Civilization Part 10* British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Note — The listings for the French Institute are incomplete. For information about other lectures and events, readers should contact the Institute.

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publisher's note

The staff of The Athenian went through thousands of photographs before selecting those that appear in 'The Junta Organizer'. What they found was a depressing pictorial record of those lost seven years under the dictatorship. We decided that the only way to observe the anniversary of the April 21 Revolution — now that its leaders are safely in prison — was to focus on the ridiculous. In Greek News in Brief George Dillon Slater gives a semi-fictional account of some of the dismaying episodes that characterized the era.

While the dictators were ludicrous, General George Zoitakis as Regent treated the nation to an occasional healthy laugh as he and his consort went about their ceremonial duties with solemn earnestness. Mrs. Zoitakis was affectionately referred to as Pagona, which means 'Peacock'. Together George and Pagona succeeded in embellishing all the buffoonery with a homespun touch while providing some light relief in an otherwise dismal farce. When Papadopoulos decided to claim the Regency for himself, Zoitakis was unceremoniously sacked, to the great regret of his fans. We therefore thought it appropriate to dedicate our cover to these two unsung heroes of the revolution.

Dimitri Hatzis was one of the thousands of Greeks forced to flee the country in the aftermath of the Civil War in the 1940's. His odyssey began in 1949 and took him to Hungary and East Germany. After the change of government last summer, Hatzis, one of Greece's foremost writers, was able to return to his homeland for the first time in twenty-five years. Theodore Sampson's translation of 'Sioulas The Tanner' is probably the first time the author's work is appearing in English.

Our cover, by Nikos Stavroulakis, shows the former Regent and his lady emerging from the phoenix which was the symbol of the Revolution of April 21, 1967.

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.

APR. 16 Niki
 APR. 21 Lazaros
 APR. 24 Elizabeth
 APR. 25 Markos, Mark
 APR. 29 Iason, Jason
 MAY 4 Lambros, Lambrini
 MAY 5 Irene, Rena
 MAY 6 Thomas

DATES TO REMEMBER

APR. 4 Hungary — National Day
 APR. 16 Denmark — National Day
 APR. 17 Syrian Arab Republic — National Day
 APR. 29 Japan — National Day
 APR. 30 Netherlands — National Day

GREEK HOLIDAYS

MAY 1 May Day
 MAY 2 Good Friday
 MAY 4 Easter Sunday
 MAY 5 Easter Monday

8:30 p.m. Box office open Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. to 1:15 p.m. Sun. 9 a.m. to 12 noon. Tickets 30, 40, 50 Drs.

PARNASSOS HALL, Platia Karitsi, Tel. 323-8745. Admission free. April 1: Olga Espar, classical songs, 9:15 p.m... April 3: Hellenic Conservatory Orchestra, 7 p.m... April 4: Professional Men's Orchestra, 7 p.m... April 5: Friends of the Music Union, 9 p.m... April 10: Musical evening, Ninetta Mashia, 7 p.m... April 11: Chamber music, Bamberg Quintet, 8 p.m... April 17: Classical music, 9 p.m... April 18: Musical evening with Aslanoglou and Koutouvali, 7:30 p.m... April 23: Anetta Vozini, piano, 9:15 p.m... April 24: Musical evening, Christina Tzatha, 9 p.m... April 25: Thanasi Koutroufini, piano, 9:15 p.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 ATHENS STATE ORCHESTRA, Rex Theatre, Panepistimiou 48. Tel. 616-344. April 7: Dionisios Halikiopoulos conducting, Matthias Rutters soloist... April 14: Ionescu Galati conducting, Chryssoula Gammitsa soloist... April 21: Debut of young Greek soloists... April 28: Odysseus Dimitriades conducting, Lakis Politis soloist. Performances begin at

PARNASSOS HALL, Student Concerts: April 6 at 10:30 a.m.... April 12 at 6 p.m.... April 13 at 6 p.m.... April 19 at 6 p.m.... April 20 at 6 p.m.... April 26 at 6 p.m.

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.

RECREATION

Addresses and telephone numbers for all social and sports clubs may be found in The Organizer.

MISCELLANY

Parnassos Hall, Platia Karitsi, Tel. 323-8745. Lectures in Greek. Admission free. April 1: *Going to Delphi* (Solon Kythoniatis), 7:30 p.m... April 14: *George Kafantaris* (D.A. Glafiotis), 7 p.m... April 15: *The Figure of the Father in Our Lives and Modern Greek Poetry* (Sifis Kollias), 7:30 p.m... April 15: Poetry reading of Philhellenic poets, 9 p.m... April 21: *The Exodus of Mes-solonghi* (S. Karlingas), 7 p.m.

Society for the Study of Modern Greek Culture, Sina 46, Tel. 639-872. Lectures in Greek. By invitation only. April 1, 8, 15, 22: *Introduction to Ancient Greek Mythology* (I. Th. Kakridis), 7 p.m... April 2, 9, 16: *Greek Poetry* (D.N. Maronitis), 7 p.m., *Demotic Music and Rebetiko* (Markos Dragoumis), 8 p.m... April 3, 10, 17: *Ancient Drama* (Kostas Georgousopoulos), 7 p.m., *Modern Greek Art* (Marinos Kalligas), 8 p.m... April 4, 11, 18: *Technology and Folklore* (Alki Kyriakidi-Nestoras), 7 p.m... April 7: *The Psychology of the Demotic Song* (Dimitris Loukatos), 8 p.m... April 14: *Ancient Greek Theatre* (Nikos Houmouziadis), 8 p.m... April 21: *The Theatre in Cyprus* (Tassos Lignadis), 8 p.m.

The Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue (near the Race Course). April 6 (at 12 noon): *The Sky in April...* Through April 13 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *Flying Saucers and Space Civilizations...* April 14 through May 11 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *The First Easter...* April 27 (12 noon): *Music Under the Stars — Handel, The Messiah.* In Greek but of interest to all. Foreign language programmes may be arranged by contacting Mrs. Vereketi at 933-3333.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Orthodox Churches

Sunday Services

Matins 6:30 a.m.
 Liturgy 8 a.m.
 Evening service 5:30 p.m.

Lenten services

APRIL 4: *C' Hairitismi* (3rd Salutations) 7 p.m.
 APRIL 11: *D' Hairitismi* (4th Salutations) 7 p.m.
 APRIL 18: The Akathisti Hymn 6:30 p.m.
 APRIL 26: Sat. of St. Lazaros, Matins 6:30 a.m.; Lit. 8 a.m.; Evening service 5:30 p.m.
 APRIL 27: Palm Sunday, Matins 6:30 a.m.; Lit. 8 a.m.; Evening service 7 p.m.

Holy Week Services

APRIL 28: Holy Monday, Evening service 7 p.m.
 APRIL 29: Holy Tuesday, Evening service 7 p.m.
 APRIL 30: Holy Wednesday, Lit. of Presanctified Gifts 6:30 a.m.; Sacr. of Holy Unction 4:00 p.m.; Evening service 7 p.m.
 MAY 1: Holy Thursday, Vespers and Divine

Liturgy 8 a.m.; The Twelve Gospels 6:30 p.m.
 MAY 2: Good Friday, Vespers 8 a.m.; Descent of Christ 7 p.m.; Lamentation Service 9 p.m.
 MAY 3: Holy Saturday, Vespers with Divine Liturgy 8 p.m.; Liturgy 11 p.m.; The Resurrection 12 midnight.
 MAY 4: Easter Sunday, Agapi 11 a.m.

Other Denominations

St. Denis (Roman Catholic)

APRIL 27: Palm Sunday, Blessing of the Palms 10 a.m.; High Mass 10:30 a.m.
 APRIL 28: Mass & Sermon 7 p.m.
 APRIL 29: Mass & Sermon 7 p.m.
 APRIL 30: Mass & Sermon 8 p.m.
 MAY 1: Maundy Thursday, Blessing of Holy Oils 10 a.m.; Mass of the Last Supper 8 p.m.
 MAY 2: Good Friday, Matins 9 a.m.; Stations of the Cross 3 p.m.; Following of The Passion 7 p.m.
 MAY 3: Holy Saturday, Matins 9 a.m.; Easter Vigil 11 p.m.; High Mass 12 midnight.
 MAY 4: Easter Sunday, Mass 7 a.m.; Mass 8 a.m.; Mass 9 a.m.; Mass 10 a.m.; High Mass 11 a.m.; Mass 7 p.m.

St. Nikodimos (Russian Orthodox)

APRIL 27: Palm Sunday, Mass 9:30 a.m.; Mass 6 p.m.
 APRIL 28: Mass with choir 6 p.m.
 APRIL 29: Mass with choir 6 p.m.
 APRIL 30: Mass with choir 6 p.m.
 MAY 1: Maundy Thursday, The Twelve Gospels 6:30 p.m.
 MAY 2: Good Friday, Mass 9 a.m.; The Crucifixion 1:45 p.m.; *Epitafios* (Funeral Procession) 7 p.m.
 MAY 3: Holy Saturday, Mass 9:30 a.m.; Mass 11:30 p.m.; *Anastasis* (Resurrection) 12 midnight.
 MAY 4: Easter Sunday, no services.

Passover Services

Beth Shalom Synagogue

APRIL 2: *Shevi'i Shel Pesach* (7th day of Passover), Morning prayer 7:30 a.m.; Afternoon prayer 6:25 a.m.
 APRIL 3: *Shmini Shel Pesach* (8th day of Passover), Morning prayer 7:30 a.m.; Afternoon prayer 6:25 p.m.
 APRIL 29: *Lag B'Omer*.

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

EXCURSIONS

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

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

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

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

The Greek Automobile Club (ELPA) Mr. Adosides, Athens Tower 'B', tel. 778-0977.

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

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

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

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 — Psihiko. 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 — Patisision 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 — Patisision 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.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONNECTION

Qantas, the Australian airline, will increase its services to North America, Europe, Asia, Fiji and New Zealand. Of particular interest to residents of Greece is the introduction in June of a new Kangaroo Route flight which will fly Melbourne, Sydney, Bangkok, Athens, Belgrade, once a week in each direction.

PEN PALS

The International Correspondence Office, Box 1331, Omonia, Athens, will send you all the necessary information on how to obtain names and addresses of pen pals in other countries.

THE
ATHENIAN
is phototypeset by
FOTRON S.A.

ART GALLERIES

Galleries are open daily Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. except where otherwise indicated.

- ASTOR GALLERY (Kar. Servias 16, Tel. 322-4971). Paintings by Hazaraki (through April 16).
 ATHENS GALLERY (Glykonos 4, Dexamini, Tel. 713-938). Sculptures by Apergis (through April 5); sculptures by Berocal (from April 10).
 ATHINAION GALLERY (Kirstou 16, Plaka). Works by Greek artists (from April 2).

Pan-Cretan Union, Yennadiou 7. April 10-May 15. Paintings by George Kokoloyannis, a Cretan who is a policeman in Eretria, an unusual self-taught artist whose works have some characteristics of the primitive, the mystical and the allegorical.

- BRITISH COUNCIL GALLERY (Kolonaki Square 17, Tel. 633-211). Drawings by Bill Pappas (April 4 - 18).
 GALLERY DESMOS (Syngrou 4, Tel. 910-521). Open Mondays 6 p.m. to 12 midnight. Tuesdays to Saturdays 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.). Paintings by Touzenis (from April 4).
 DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY (Kyathineon Street, Plaka, Tel. 322-4618. Open Sundays). A group show of light media (April 12 - 30).
 DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY (Diogenes 12, Plaka, Tel. 322-6442. Open Sundays). Permanent group show.
 GALLERY IOLAS-ZOUMBOULAKIS (Kolonaki Square 20, Tel. 608-278. Closed Sundays and Mondays). Paintings by Matta (from April 10).
 NEES MORPHES (Valaoritou 9a, Tel. 616-165. Closed Saturdays from 2 p.m.). Oils by Tsiroyannis (April 4-19); oils by Stathopoulos (April 19 - May 7).
 GALLERY ORA (Xenofondos 7, Tel. 322-6632). Paintings by Voyandzis and sculptures by Alexiou (April 9 - May 6).
 GALLERY SEVEN (Voulis 7, Tel. 324-1695. Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1:30 p.m.). Lithographs by Jean-Paul Cleran (through April 19).
 GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS (Kriezotou 7, Tel. 634-454. Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 p.m.). Paintings by Mavrides (through April 30).

The 13th Panhellenic Art Exhibition of paintings, sculptures and etchings by Greek artists will take place at the Zappion Hall from April 7 to May 20.

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.

ABSDUR 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).

ADIEU TO SPRING — Henry Bataille's Edwardian drama *Maman Colibri* has been brought up to date in this *tour de force* adapted, directed and acted by Dimitri Myrat. With Voula Zouboulakis in the title role, Soula Athanassiadou, George Grammatikos. (*Athinon*, Voukourestiou and Panepistimiou, Tel. 323-5524) See Review.

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

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — Nikos Kourkoulos 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)

EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's moving drama about the frustrations of an adolescent and his psychoanalyst was a great success in London and is one of the very best plays of the modern repertory. Dimitri Potamitis as director and star is excellent. (*Erevna*, Ilission and Kerassountos, Tel. 780-826)

FEAR 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.

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

ISABELLA, THREE CARAVELS AND A 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.

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 'N 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) Reviewed in March 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*, Patisision - Aghiou Meletiou, tel. 862-0231).

THE MAN, THE BEAST AND VIRTUE — Yannis Fertis and Xenia Kaloyeropoulou produce and star in this Pirandello comedy adapted by Paul Matessis and directed by Kostas Bakas. (*Athina*, Derigny 10, Tel. 837-330) See Review.

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 Vyron 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) Reviewed in March issue.

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) Reviewed in March issue.

O, TI KOSMOS, BABA — An updated revival of Kostas Mourselas' successful 1973 satirical review with Vassili Diamandopoulos and George Michalopoulos. (*Satiras*, Trikorfon 3, Tel. 819-982) 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).

RED ROSES FOR ME — Sean O'Casey's play about the younger generation's desire for artistic and political freedom. This production of Kostas Karras emphasizes the heroic rather than the human side of the drama. The music by Stavros Xarhakos is excellent. Adapted by Pavlos Matessis, directed by Kostas Bakas. 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*, Patisson 37, tel. 538-742) Reviewed in Jan. Issue.

THE SEA — A lively group of young actors, The Free Circle, has produced this play by Edward Bond, one of England's most impressive and controversial young playwrights. (*Rialto*, Kypselis 34, Tel. 837-003)

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.

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 Mihailidis. (*Anihto Theatro*, Kefalinias 18, tel. 835-070).

CINEMA

Greek titles are given in brackets. Age restrictions appear at the end. 'GA' means general admission (katalilo) and 'R' restricted (akatalilo). There are two categories of restricted films: 13 years and up (ano dekatrion) and 18 years and up (ano dekaokto).

The list below gives the anticipated releases for the current month. Films may begin an extended engagement first run at theatres before appearing at neighbourhood houses. Due to last minute programme changes, we cannot list all the films in the Athens area each month. We suggest, therefore, that you keep these lists for future reference.

Many excellent films (usually 'classics') are shown at the various institutes. See the Community Calendar for details.

THE BAREFOOT EXECUTIVE (0 Xepolitos Antiproedros) Disney fare directed by Robert Battler and starring Curt Russell and Heather North. (G)

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES (Mahi Ston Planiti Ton Pithikon) The fourth in the continuing and ever-popular Ape cycle. Roddy McDowall and John Houston star. Lee Thompson directs. (GA)

THE BLACK WINDMILL (0 Anthropos ap' to Londino) Two boys are kidnapped by a group of foreign spies while playing on an abandoned airfield in England. The father (Michael Caine) of one is working for British Intelligence, and this is not mere coincidence. Caine is concerned about getting his son back. His superiors, led by loftier motives, abandon him when they are made to believe that he is on the 'other side'. Director Don Siegel, noted for showing brutality *the way it is* rather than for high-pitched action, here treats both with Anglo-Saxon temperance. Only towards the end, when Rout's photography grows mistier and Bad's music more feverish, do we get an idea of how Siegel usually molds both into suspense. Donald Pleasence, Janet Suzman and John Vernon are simply figures in a ready-made, negligible plot. Much ado about nothing, but the first half of the film might do for a catnap. (R)

BREAKOUT — A Charles Bronson flick with Robert Duvall and John Huston. (R)

CALIFORNIA SPLIT (Megali Listia Tis Kalifornia) Robert Altman (M*A*S*H) directs this engaging comedy about gamblers (George Segal and Elliott Gould) with varying life styles and personalities. (R).

EARTHQUAKE — Hollywood has been through hard times in recent years, but nothing as bad as this apocalyptic nightmare of an earthquake and subsequent flood (the bursting of the Hollywood dam). This latest in the current Disaster Trend features Charlton Heston (who else?), Ava Gardner, George Kennedy, Lorne Greene, Genevieve Bujold and Richard Roundtree. And, oh! yes, special vibrators will be installed in the theatre for those who have difficulty imagining an earthquake. What next? Rumour has it that the final film in the series will be *Flood* which will be projected in water-logged cinemas with spectators being issued free life-jackets. Produced and directed by Mark Robson (*Von Ryan's Express*, *Valley of the Dolls*). (R)

THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA (To Koritsi apo tin Petrovka) American newspaper correspondent Hal Holbrook falls in love with Goldie Hawn, a Russian girl, in Moscow. The secret police of course, chase the hammer and sickle-crossed lovers. Based on the novel by George Feifer, directed by Robert Ellis Miller (*Ash Wednesday*). (R).



HEADING FOR GLORY (Monaho: Pankosmio Kipello 1974) A documentary of the 1974 World Cup football (soccer) playoffs. (GA)

THE KLANSMAN (Dia Piros Kai Sidirou) Pulitzer Prize winner William Bradford Huie's novel about a contemporary Alabama town where the new Black Militants clash with the old Ku Klux Klan. Between these forces is the Sheriff (Lee Marvin) and Southern-aristocrat, Breck Stancill (Richard Burton). Directed by Terence Young (*Doctor No*, *From Russia With Love*, *Thunderball*) with O. J. Simpson and Cameron Mitchell also in the cast. (R)

LES VALSEUSES (Dieftharmeni Angeli) The English title of this French film about two guys and a chick (who are going nowhere) is *Going Places*. A French version of that most American genre, 'on the road', with all of the usual elements: restless youth (Gerard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere), picaresque adventures, a sense of humour and absurdity. Directed by Bertrand Blier. (R)

THE LONGEST YARD (Apili Piso Ap'ta Sidera) A film about brutality, betrayal and sadism starring Burt Reynolds and directed by Robert Aldrich (*Kiss Me Deadly*, *The Flight of the Phoenix*). A plot that combines prison flicks with sports stories as Reynolds, a prisoner at Citrus State prison, organises and leads a football team of inmates against the guards. (R)

MUSSOLINI (Tereses Teleftes Imeres Tou Mussolini) Carlo Lizzani (*Achtung Banditi*, *Hunchback of Rome*) Rod Steiger, Franco Nero and Henry Fonda. (GA)

PROFESSION: REPORTER — The new Jack Nicholson film has just finished being shot in Europe and is already scheduled for release. With Maria Schneider. (R).

THE SLAMS (Apodراسi Apo Tin Kolasi) A police thriller with James Brown. (R).

PIAF (Edith Piaf) Brigitte Ariel and Pascal Christophe star in this look at the life of one of France's most beloved singers.

SOUNDER (I Farma Ton Xegramenon) Black cinema has become big business, especially in films filled with drugs and violence in the Shaft tradition. But here at last is an honest and tender film about a poor Black family in the South. Paul Windfield proves to be a talented actor and Martin Ritt a director unafraid of emotion. Music by Taj Mahal. (GA)

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE (Ora 1, 2, 3, Panikos Sto Metro Tis Neas Yorkis) Advertised as a blockbuster, this film directed by Joseph Sargent is more bust than anything else, although it is kept going by the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the riders held for ransom. The picture is fraught with noise, abusive language and trashy jokes that hardly anyone except a hard-boiled N.Y.C. subway rider will get a kick out of, but Walter Matthau, as the Transit Authority detective, throws in character and cool wit and easily manages to add a touch of buffoonery. With Martin Balsam, Robert Shaw and Hector Elizondo. (R)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS — The Agatha Christie thriller, filmed for the third time. Peter Collinson (*The Penthouse*) directs Richard Attenborough, Stephane Audran, Oliver Reed, Charles Aznavour, Bert Froye. (GA)

TROJAN WOMEN (Troades) Michael Cacoyannis' beautiful though not entirely successful version of Euripides' play. The women include Irene Pappas, Vanessa Redgrave, Katherine Hepburn and the Canadian lovely, Genevieve Bujold. (GA)

THE WHITE FANG (O Aspros Likos) The Jack London classic which followed *The Call of the Wild* and tells of a wolf that joins a pack of dogs. Starring Franco Nero, Virna Lisi and Fernando Rey. (GA)

ART CINEMAS

ALKIONIS, Ioulianou 42 (Platia Viktorias), Tel. 881-5402. Call for exact dates: *Honeycomb* directed by the talented Spanish director Carlos Saura and starring Geraldine Chaplin. Hungarian Week: *The Red Psalm* by Miklos Jancso; *Love* by Karoly Makk. *General Suvorov* by Russian classic director Vsevolod Pudovkin.

DEREE COLLEGE CINEMA CLUB, Deree College, Aghia Paraskevi, Tel. 659-3250. Important films will be shown on Friday, April 4th and 11th in the High School auditorium. Call a few days before showings for titles and times.

STUDIO, Stavropoulous 33 (Platia Amerikis), Tel. 861-9017. Call for exact dates: *Torture in Brazil*; *The Murder of Fred Hampton*, a documentary by Michael Grey. East German Cinema Week: *Leipke*, *The Life of an Anarchist* and a German film about Chile. *The 17th Parallel*, a documentary of North Vietnam. Rumanian Festival.

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.

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 Caravel Hotels). Tel. 791-689. An attractive bar in an art nouveau setting. Drinks well prepared and served. Hot dishes as well as a regular menu. Generous portions of 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.

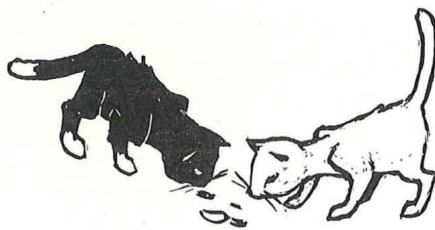
Considering the cost of fresh fish, prices are reasonable—unless you select lobster or cray-fish. Fried squid is a great favourite with children especially and is very inexpensive. The specialty of the area is *giouvetsi*, shrimp with feta cheese and tomatoes cooked in an earthenware pot.

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 Mitropanos, 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, Aphroditis Manou, Dimitrief, Yannis Sirris. The three-hour show starts at 10 p.m. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Rigas, Afroditis 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 Donna 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. Filipos Nikolaou, Litsa Diamandi, Eleni Roda, Kondolazos, Dimitri Psarianos. Minimum charge: 280 Drs. Closed Sundays.

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

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

Athinea. Singrou 165. Tel. 934-3485. George Katsaros presents: Doukissa, Yannis Dounias, Katie Ambavi, Lefteris Mitilineos and Moulfozelos 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

March 25, 1975

WITH the first boom of the cannon up on Lycabettus we were out of bed in a second and hastily dressing. At intervals bands could be heard strutting by with flurries as they marched to their appointed places. We answered several hysterical phone calls from visitors to our fair city, and explained that we were *not* having a revolution and that the cannon was merely saluting the occasion of our Independence Day.

Soldiers, sailors, and airmen lined the streets and, on the sidewalks, crowds were beginning to gather as we made our way down to the Grande Bretagne. Through the front door, past the potted palms, across the lobby we went and on up to the second floor where we took our place on a balcony overlooking Panepistimiou.

The last time we had attended the Independence Day Parade was on March 25, 1967. From a window on an upper floor of a building at the corner of Amalias Street and Syntagma Square, we had watched the day's festivities. Crowds had lined the streets and filled the square. Strategically located claque dutifully cheered and applauded as their heroes drove by on their way to the *Doxologia* at the Cathedral: *Papan-dreou, Stefanopoulos, Kanelopoulos*, they had chanted, as the members of the government and political parties were driven by. That year the King accepted the salute as he sat mounted on his horse before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. There had been a moment of anxiety because the year before, it seems, he had encountered some difficulty in controlling his horse which had almost bolted. In 1967, however, the horse seemed particularly well behaved — perhaps, one of our companions suggested, the result of a healthy dose of tranquilizers for breakfast. Whatever the case, he remained calm even when the tanks were heard approaching along Amalias Avenue.

The soldiers standing in the tanks had appeared tall, erect and formidable. When they passed beneath us we looked directly down on them and could see

inside the tanks. To our amusement the soldiers were perched on orange crates to give them height and insure that something more than the tops of their heads showed above the openings. They looked harmless. A few weeks later, however, the tanks, with their soldiers no longer standing on ceremonial orange crates, were driving through Athens for an entirely different reason.

Now from our vantage point in the Grande Bretagne in 1975, we could see cars with officials inside driving back and forth. Finally, President Stasinopoulos and Prime Minister Karamanlis drove past on their way to the Cathedral for the *Doxologia*. It must have been succinct, indeed, because it seemed only a few minutes before they were making their way back followed by the cars of other government officials, and those of the members of the diplomatic corps in what we supposed must have been alphabetical order. Big cars, little cars, grey cars, black cars, a maroon and grey Rolls Royce (the British Ambassador, no doubt) and, not far behind, an immense black limousine (the American Ambassador, of course).

Up Vasilissis Sofias, into the driveway of the Parliament Buildings they all went to deposit their passengers. In a little while the morning-suited gentlemen were gathered before the cenotaph, the wreath was laid, the evzones marched off and the officials took their places. President Stasinopoulos stood on a small podium and behind, looming tall and white-haired, stood the Prime Minister. The parade began.

The bands, the contingents from the various gendarmerie and military services marched past. And then the tanks. We had not seen one of those large, lumbering battle tanks since one unforgettable night in November, 1973.

On March 25 this year, the crowds watched in near silence as they drove by. We wondered what the soldiers in those tanks were thinking as they guided what have become symbols of cruel repression through the streets of Athens. No doubt they, perhaps themselves students not long ago, were thinking of that

infamous November night.

A few minutes later other regiments were marching past, but save for the occasional chants that the army should belong to the people, the reaction was restrained. It was a short, subdued procession, and appropriately so.

The parade over, the long line of cars drew up once again, collected the official parties and whizzed off. The ceremonies over, the chairs up high on the landing in front of the Parliament Building where the dignitaries had sat, were unceremoniously handed into the building through the windows.

A Premature Resurrection

THE MEMBERS of the late Junta were militantly religious men who believed that they had some sort of exclusive claim to Orthodoxy. It was not by accident that they chose slogans such as, 'Greece of Christian Greeks' or that George Papadopoulos named his seven-volume expedition into the world of letters, *Pistevo (I Believe)*, after the Creed. That particular blitz slaughtered the language, placed reason under seige, and cost the nation five million drachmas to publish. We would like to be able to tell you *what* he believed but it has yet to be deciphered. Suffice it to say, he believed he had received Divine Inspiration.

In what to the colonels must have seemed like an act of God, the Orthodox Easter in 1968 fell on the 21st of April. As they saw it, Christ, the nation, and the phoenix were all resurrecting together, and just in case we did not get the message, they emblazoned yet another slogan all over the country, 'Greece has risen' — after the traditional Paschal greeting of 'Christ has risen'. To mark the occasion, they went back to the army camps to feast, crack eggs with the soldiers, make speeches and dance the *tsamikos* and *kalamatianos* for the benefit of the nation.

It was, however, Our Glorious Revolution's first Easter and the dictators discovered that their strategy

was miscalculated — neither of the television networks had the technical means to present the spectacle to the nation on Easter Sunday. Thus it was that the niceties of the religious calendar were shoved aside, and thereafter Easter was provided with a prelude in order to accommodate the Junta. It was celebrated on Good Friday at several army camps so that the country, celebrating the Resurrection on Sunday, might watch over television the assorted leaders and military conscripts going through their routines on the same day.

The Fine Art of Demonstrating

AS FAR as demonstrations go, January was a good month, February so-so, and March rather dull. What has concerned us most, however, is that they now appear to be an activity largely restricted to the very young. Some of our best friends, once old hands at the game, have even been heard to express annoyance and exasperation when their cars have been stuck in a traffic snarl resulting from a gathering on Panepistimiou Street. When we have asked them for an explanation, and wondered if perhaps middle-age were upon them, they have clammed up and refused to respond.

We decided that the only person likely to provide us with an honest answer would be someone old enough to have completed the transition from youthful fervour to contented old age, and one who could look back, with satisfaction, upon a glorious career of observing protests and demonstrations.

With this in mind, we went in search of our old sage, Kyrios Stelios. We knew that he and his cronies were now holding their councils at the new Byzantion Café on Kolonaki Square. We sat across the street in the *platia* to wait for him, whiling away the time admiring the determined obstinacy of that strictly male *kafenio*.

No compromises here! All around the neighbourhood, sweet shops and restaurants were transforming themselves into slick and fashionable establishments, and old buildings were coming down and being replaced by modern apartment houses. The Byzantion, temporarily displaced when its former quarters were dismantled and a new building erected on the spot, had re-established itself with a vengeance. Separated from the glamorous Elinikon sweet shop by the entrance to the new Zoumboulaki Gallery, the stalwart Byzantion stands gritting its teeth on the corner — its interior

painted in the traditional creamy white and filled with men sipping their ouzo and *metrio* as they resolve Karamanlis's problems to the accompaniment of the click-clack of a rousing game of *tavli*.

As we sat contemplating the fact that certain things, after all, do not change, we saw our old friend emerging and called him over. He sat down next to us and in reply to our questions proceeded to explain why demonstrations are not what they used to be.

'Of course, it is not the place, nor the size but the *style* that counts,' he said, punctuating this last with a sharp gesture that set his *koboloi* dancing. Delivering a hard blow to his chest, he added, 'You must *feel* whatever you say. It must come from *here*,' and with that he clutched his abdomen with both hands.



'Not long ago I decided to observe a demonstration outside the American Embassy. I was very disappointed. They were shouting the usual things... you know... *Exo e Amerikani* and so on.' With this he shrugged his shoulders, gazed with embarrassment at the ground for a while as he drew down the sides of his mouth in consternation. We said nothing, understanding his distress: we had heard him many times in the past holding forth on the values of the Truman Doctrine and the need for the American Presence. In a moment he had pulled himself together and continued.

'Others were shouting *Exo O Tsilis* and I thought to myself for an instant that I was *really* out of touch.' His hands sought his moustache and gave it a couple of reassuring twirls. He sat up straight and with a casual wave of a hand and an air of confidence, noted that he

knew that Mr. Tasca's successor was *not* Mr. Tsili and, anyway, *he* had never heard of him. He asked one of the demonstrators near him who this Mr. Tsili was and the young man responded by pointing to a banner.

With this Kyrios Stelios's eyebrows leapt up to his hairline in a look of astonishment. With his face thrust forward and a finger poking the air in front of him he exploded. 'Do you know what the banner said?' he demanded. We were about to admit that we did not but before we could answer he raced ahead, 'Chile! Allende and Chile!'

We hastily relocated ourselves in South America and mentally consulted our catalogue of coups, counter coups and alleged CIA activities, while making the transition from Mr. Tsili to Chile, and vigorously nodding our head in acknowledgement. By this time Kyrios Stelios was out of his chair and adjusting his topcoat, which he wears draped like a cape over his shoulders. Before we could ask him if the ignorance of some demonstrators accounted for the malaise, he had consulted his watch, observed that it was two o'clock and hastened home for lunch and siesta.

The Perfect Disguise

IT WAS with some concern that we read in a March issue of the *Sunday Times* (London) that Mr. Karamanlis had actually had to hide on a *caique* last fall in fear of assassination. Our Prime Minister, after all, is not someone who can be easily lost in a crowd or passed unnoticed. His eyebrows are unique and he is conspicuously tall. While he solved the problem at that time by spending several nights on a boat, what could he do if a sudden emergency arose in the future?

We finally hit upon a solution. The Prime Minister, it is known, divides most of his time between his offices at the Parliament Building and his apartment down the street from the Palace on Irodou Attikou. Both these places have something in common: *evzones* on guard or strutting back and forth. While we are not aware of any special requirements regarding their eyebrows, *we all know that evzones must be tall*. We would feel much more at ease, therefore, if we knew that our Prime Minister kept one of the *evzone* uniforms handy and that he was prepared to don it at the first sign of any trouble and rush down and join the guards. They are such a familiar sight that even zealous *putschists* would overlook them.

HOW TO BACKFIRE LIQUID FIRE

PETROLEUM is a vital commodity and the lifeblood of modern economies. It is used extensively in industry, transportation, and the home — as well as in ointments and hair lotions. In recent years, petroleum exporters have used the commodity as a politico-economic weapon by manipulating its price — usually upwards — and by opening and closing the pipeline taps. The resulting situation has been euphemistically described as the 'energy crisis', a Gordian knot which energetic politicians and economists the world over are trying to untangle.

The irony is that petroleum was effectively used for the first time in history exactly thirteen centuries ago as a military weapon against the Arabs who besieged Constantinople in 673-677 A.D. It was then known as Liquid Fire or Greek Fire. It was used with success by the city's Byzantine defenders who catapulted it on to Arab vessels. The formula for Greek Fire was kept a closely guarded secret throughout Byzantine history.

The problems created as a result of the recent steep rises in oil prices have been quite formidable, enough to tax the resources of even the strongest economies. Enterprising economists have found it necessary to coin terms like 'stagflation' (a combination of stagnation and inflation) before proceeding to tackle the problems involved.

Greek imports of oil products, until 1970 valued at well under 100 million dollars a year, rose to 387 million dollars in 1973 and soared to 823 million in 1974, despite an 8-10% reduction in consumption last year. Thus the excessive import figures reflect the rise in the international price of oil. The 823 million dollars Greece paid for oil imports last year constituted 24% of the total budget expenditure — the exact equivalent of ordinary budget outlays of the ministries of Education and Religion, Health and Welfare, Culture and Science, and Merchant Marine. Consider the schools and hospitals that could have been built in this country if these millions of petrodollars had not changed hands and gone over to the petroexporters.

The search for solutions to the problem is world-wide. The solutions proposed usually fall into two broad categories: snub petroleum (unless you

can extract it from your own backyard), or economize on its use.

Coal is becoming fashionable again in many countries (in Greece, the equivalent is lignite or peat). Other suggestions involve nuclear energy, harnessing the sun (not the moon) and even burning up garbage. This last suggestion should be particularly attractive to affluent societies, where the output of garbage is directly proportional to the input of groceries. Lord Rothschild has proposed the extraction of energy from sea waves — and it is encouraging to know that even though one may no longer rule them they may at least be put to profitable use.

All these suggestions provide long-term solutions and the pressure is on for something practical and immediate. Hence the mad rush for new petroleum deposits wherever one can dig a hole, whether on land or offshore. The hole drilled and refilled in the sea off Thassos, for instance, could bring forth a welcome gift from Poseidon. Its precise value to the national economy will not be known, however, until someone from across the ocean provides answers to questions such as: if, when, how much and who gets what.

If attempts to find substitutes for petroleum meet with failure, then the next obvious step, at least in the short run, would be to consume less in order to check the drain on foreign exchange and to insure that petroleum deposits last longer. If everyone in Greece were to cut down on petroleum consumption by 10% this year, for instance, it might mean a saving of as much as 100 million dollars in imports.

Anti-waste campaigns, officially dubbed as 'energy conservation', already have begun in many countries.

In England, many companies have appointed 'energy managers' in plants. It is their responsibility to see that energy is used efficiently and that waste is reduced. Even 'switch it off' labels have been posted above light switches, which may explain why workers now find it hard to locate the switches.

In the home, you can reduce your electricity bill to zero in many ways. Use a broom instead of a vacuum cleaner, a garbage can instead of an incinerator, a washing tub instead of a washing machine, extra sweaters and blankets instead of central heating (or just keep

the home fires burning), eat cold instead of hot suppers and have fewer hot baths (or fewer baths for that matter).

You can replace your electric light bulbs with romantic candles (and at 20-30 drachmas per candle you had better make your own) or those beautiful oil lamps to be found at the flea market. As for your TV set, wrap it up: you can see the same commercials at the movies — and in colour. And if you've seen everything there is to see in sex-of-all-sorts-in-and-out-of-bed movies, we suggest you try the Karagiozis shadow theatre. Their subject matter can be infinitely more entertaining and surprisingly topical. You will learn more truths about Greek-Turkish relations by watching a Karagiozis show than by listening to a Security Council debate.

In transportation, the motor car constitutes the biggest obstacle to city traffic, while contributing immensely to air pollution. A traffic jam is the most ridiculous spectacle of our time, with



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drivers sitting motionless for hours on end unable to move because of the other cars in their way. Besides the Eleventh Commandment ('Thou shalt not park'), motorists are now facing exorbitant petrol prices — and in some countries petrol cuts — which call for drastic solutions: walk, jog, cycle or fit your car with pedals. Getting your wife, kids and mother-in-law to pedal in turns should be lots of fun.

The energy crisis is providing the world with a tragic example of the colossal ineptness of its political, economic and industrial leaders, who have encouraged the reliance of industrial development on a single commodity and failed to provide for a fair price and distribution structure or for the systematic development of alternate sources of energy when it was obvious to all that known oil deposits could not last for more than a few decades. Everyone concerned with quick profit was responsible for the creation of the consumer society, a facade of artificial prosperity with waste and pollution as its principal characteristics, which required no Oswald Spengler to foretell its doom.

A case in point is international shipping. At the first signs of an upset in the oil market four or five years ago, the industry predicted a boom in oil transportation and so went ahead with massive orders for more and bigger tankers. But large-scale oil transportation by a great number of carriers on the one hand, and heavy cuts in oil consumption and a mild winter on the other, have brought about yet another shipping crisis because of the lack of business. The ships you see anchored off the Bay of Salamis, for instance, are not the Persian fleet but units of the Greek-owned merchant fleet (some of them fresh out of shipyards) tied up because of low freight rates, the result of the fact that there is an abundance of Persian oil already stocked in Western Europe.

If it is any consolation, then one should at times be reminded that history's great works of art, literature or philosophy had little to do with the sources of energy (even though it can be debated whether economic prosperity is conducive to or corruptive to culture). After all, 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome' were made possible without recourse to electricity or petroleum, and Alexander the Great conquered the Persian Empire by riding to battle on his single-horsepower Bucephalus. But that, of course, was before a Persian monarch acquired Krupp shares against petrodollars.

—ANTONY M. ECONOMIDES

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EQUALISING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE NATIONAL WEALTH

Tax evasion is, of course, one of our national sports, a variation on hide-and-seek. It even has its patron, Saint Mamas. Nonetheless, the new income tax regulations and the introduction of a real estate tax (a staggering 0.5% on property valued over 10,000,000 drachmas) are causing deep concern and have sent the upper income groups scurrying for cover.

THE government's fiscal policy of socking the rich and relieving the tax burden on the poor gave me the idea of investigating the effects of these Robin Hood tactics on the upper strata of Athenian society. For this purpose I paid a visit to the Neoploutopoulos' Residence in Ekali, the home of Bouli Neoploutopoulos, the bubble-gum king, and his wife Titi (a common diminutive of Aphrodite — nothing to do with the good lady's anatomy).

Bouli was away but Titi received me graciously in an ornate living room on the ground floor of her beautiful villa. She was draped over a Saridis settee (copied from a Minoan mural) with a foot-long ivory cigarette holder in one hand and a toy poodle in the other.

The poodle attacked me savagely as Titi waved me to a gaily-coloured leather pouff by her side and said:

'Sit down, little man. Don't mind the dog.'

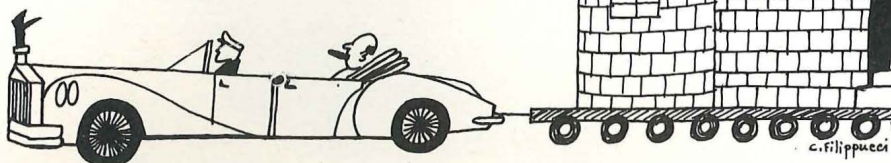
I kicked the dog smartly in the shins as I lowered my six-foot-two-hundred-pound-bulk on to the pouff. The shrill squeals of pain from the poodle blessedly drowned the afflatus of escaping air from the pouff as the latter collapsed to within two inches of the floor.

'So you want to know how the new taxes are affecting us?' Titi asked, peering down at me over the back of the settee.

I nodded, crossing my legs yoga-fashion and pulling out my notebbok.

'Well, when they were first announced, Bouli nearly had a *fit*.' Last year, as you probably know, was a bad year for bubble-gum sales and the price of raw chicle has almost doubled. The new taxes were the last straw! Bouli was on the point of packing-up the whole operation or selling-out to Wrigley's.'

I interrupted her to note that I was surprised to hear bubble-gum sales had dropped in 1974. I had not observed, I remarked, any significant diminution in the masticatory rhythm of the country's younger population — at least not among those whose lower jaws are not hidden behind a shaggy curtain of hair.



'Oh, they still chew,' Titi admitted, 'but they chew *longer*,' she explained. 'Sometimes one wad lasts them a whole week.'

'Even when it is blown into a bubble and collapses all over their faces?'

'Alas, even then,' Titi said sadly, 'their retrieval techniques are truly amazing.'

'And what is the answer to that?'

'Well, we must either discover a less durable raw material or cut down on our living expenses — both extremely difficult propositions.'

Aha, I thought. Now we come to the nitty-gritty!

'What would you do if you had to cut down on your living expenses — purely hypothetically, of course?'

'Of course! I couldn't *bear* to think of it otherwise. Well, let me see! We have three cars, and I suppose we could sell the Mini I use for shopping. But in that case, I'd have to take the Ferrari into town and it's very difficult to negotiate some of the corners in the Hermes Street area with a Ferrari, you know. No, I don't think I could spare the Mini. We'll have to think of something else.'

'How about the servants?' I ventured, having already spotted a maid, a gardener and a valet, and having heard the shrill screams of what sounded like a cook coming from somewhere in the back of the house.

'Out of the question,' Titi said firmly. 'I am down to a skeleton staff of five already. They wouldn't leave anyway, even if I fired them. They've said so *many* times that they're much too *loyal*. But I think what's really

happening is they're all stealing me blind. But *que faire, mon cher*?' Titi said, playfully pinching my cheek.

'How about cutting down on food,' I suggested.

Titi laughed. 'I don't eat anything at all. I have to watch my figure, you know. And as for Bouli, he has the most terrible ulcers. All he can drink is milk and he takes it at the office. No, we couldn't save on food.'

'How about entertainment?'

Titi shook her head. 'All we do is go to boring cocktail and dinner parties and give boring cocktail and dinner parties in return. It's a vicious circle you simply can't escape.'

'Travel?'

She shook her head again. 'We don't do any travelling except on our yacht or when we're invited on other people's yachts. And if we didn't have our yacht to invite them back on, we wouldn't be invited in the first place and we wouldn't be able to travel *at all*. So there's nothing we can cut down on there.'

'Isn't there anything you could cut down on at all?' I asked, in desperation.

Titi thought for a few minutes. Then her face brightened. 'I could stop my subscription to *The Athenian*,' she said with a coy smile.

I heaved myself to my feet, kicked the poodle a second time as it came rushing at me, and bid my *adieu* to the lady. The conclusion I had come to was that nothing could dent the complacency of the idle rich except perhaps a strike in the Ferrari factory or a plague on poodles.

— ALEC KITROEFF

tradition

AN ATHENIAN SYLLABUS

A Paschal Duet for Faithful and Heathen Alike

WITH Western Easter falling at the very end of March and Eastern Easter at the beginning of May, hotel owners are delighted with the thought of a Paschal season running throughout the month of April. On those years when both coincide, hoteliers lift up their hands in despair as they try to cope with too many tourists over too short a time. Efforts are being made by progressive ecclesiastical circles to adopt a fixed Easter on the first Sunday in April; meanwhile, if you wish to go deeper into the matter, there is no point in ringing up the Rev. Svemp for a quick answer. The reasons for the fluctuating date of Easter and related observances take up two pages of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and all you learn is that Eostre was the Teutonic goddess of dawn.

The best Easter of my life was that of 1960, when I expounded my knowledge of local customs to such distinguished visitors to Greece as David Niven, Anthony Quayle, Stanley Baker and Gregory Peck, among others, here to film *The Guns of Navarone* under the direction of Carl Foreman. Carl had an admirable Press Officer, the late Irving Rubine, who made a great effort to promote Greece as an 'idea' to gain the maximum profit from the cavalcade of stars then filming on Rhodes. He persuaded every celebrity passing through Athens to provide some extra footage by demonstrating to the world what post-war Greece was *really* like. They all gladly cooperated. First prize went to Gregory Peck who ate our Greek food and tasted our Greek wine, surrounded by a host of cameramen and photographers — without batting an eyelash! With equal composure he listened to an after-lunch lecture on the fine distinctions of our traditional Easter hors d'oeuvres, 'meze': *kokoret-si* (lamb innards delicately bound with intestines), *gardoumba* (the intestines themselves artistically braided and boiled), and *spleenandero* (suffice it to say, it is made of the spleen). Somerset Maugham on a similar occasion had turned slightly pale at the subject.

On still another occasion, and in

another advisory capacity, I was called upon to explain to foreign military troops that a playing card (the Knave of Spades), hung on Good Fridays in cafés and more 'intimate' establishments, signified that gambling or lovemaking were strictly discouraged until the First Resurrection Mass on Saturday morning.



In another convenient compromise between Cassock and Commerce, the final Resurrection Mass celebrated at midnight Saturday is preceded by the First Resurrection in the morning. Shops then re-open, trade is resumed and the total fast may be broken. Consumption of such restoring beverages as *ouzo*, *mastiha*, *raki* and a traditional pre-breakfast assortment of pickled eels and boiled octopus, is then permitted.

Nothing fried, of course!

The frying pan is idle from Holy Thursday, and remains so in order to keep the kitchen-range free for the pot in which the boisterous *mayeritsa* is concocted. Much that goes into the *mayeritsa* will be missing from the spit the next day but, of course, there should be more than one lamb available from which to draw the necessities. The uses to which the lamb carcass is put (soup, mezes, roast lamb) are a fine example of ecology.

— BASIL KAZANDZIS

'CHRIST IS RISEN!'

HOLY Week and Easter customs are altering, fading, reforming, taking a little from the West and dropping a little of the East, but holding fast against television and tourists.

One thinks of lamb and red eggs, egg cracked against egg, the owner of the strongest egg to have the best luck through the coming year.

One thinks of firecrackers set off after church at midnight on Easter eve, the firecrackers and flares which more or less replace the now illegal gunfire.

One remembers an Easter afternoon in Mytilini some twelve or so years ago when four bishops were expected from far away — from Russia, from Athens, from somewhere else — and none of them showed up! But no one minded, as the four-man choir leaned back to back exhaling retsina fumes with the doxology, a lovely smell of lamb and wine mingling comfortably with incense while a groggy congregation sleepily confirmed the miracle of the midnight before.

It is a long and sad week before Easter. Many churchbells are 'widowed' and silent. Spring housecleaning is vigorous, but otherwise work is slack. Many of the faithful fast, especially during the first half of the week, taking only a little water in the evening.

The ashes of Western Ash Wednesday are replaced by oil, with which the priest will anoint the faithful on forehead, chin, cheeks and hands. The pious who have attended the service will carry home, for the other members of the family, a piece of cotton soaked in the blessed oil. A relative abroad may have the luck to be sent a bit through the mail.

Eggs are dyed red on Maundy Thursday. With packaged dye in every grocery the customs that stipulate that the bowl must be new, that a particular

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sort of redwood must be used for the dye, that a certain number must be dyed, no more, no less, are fading out. The first egg to be dyed is the 'egg of the Virgin Mary', and it is considered particularly useful as protection against the evil eye. Not long ago, eggs were sent to be blessed by the priest and then, after Easter, the shells of those eggs were placed beneath fruit trees with the prayer: 'May all the trees bear fruit'.

In some places, red cloths are hung out of windows during Eastertide. The magical properties of the colour red are many, though little understood.

Good Friday, as in the West, is a day of grief and fasting, with shops closed and streets silent. The flower-covered bier of Christ is carried through the streets at nightfall. In many places bonfires are lit during the procession, sometimes with the effigy of Judas nearby. On this night the candles are light amber.

Not much happens on Saturday except preparations for Sunday. The lamb is slaughtered (or brought from the grocer's). The Easter cakes and bread are baked (or fetched from the local bakery). The church bells toll, subdued and mournful.

The midnight Easter service is the major celebration of the Orthodox year. The church may have laurel, rosemary, and myrtle round the altar and on the floor. New clothes are worn, especially shoes.

Customs vary from district to district, but everywhere the congregation will light candles from that of the priest when he invites them to 'Come receive light' just before the Resurrection is pronounced at midnight. When the priest proclaims, 'Christ has risen!' the entire congregation responds, 'He has risen, indeed!' Everywhere there are exclamations of joy. Everywhere the 'kiss of love' is exchanged. Everywhere a lot of noise is made and firecrackers are exploded. On this night the candles are white.

Then everyone goes home, candle in hand, to break fast with *mayeritsa*. A cross is traced upon the threshold or the lintel of the door. A barren tree may be touched with the holy candle so that it may bear fruit. The flame in the family altar is relit.

And thus ends the highest holy service in the year. There is nothing remotely like it in the Western church. On the Sunday there is daylong feasting on lamb and everything that goes with it, retsina, music and dancing, and joy that the long winter is finished and the rites of spring accomplished.

— JOAN HENLEY

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Greek News in Brief

At the police chief's cue his assistant handed me a copy of *The Athens News*. That was also the signal to ask me if I had read it recently. I replied that I had not. I took it from him and proceeded to open it to a fourth page column titled *Greek News in Brief*. There, one may read about brothers biting off one another's ears in what the paper always calls 'agrarian disputes', or about eighty-year-old men beating their wives to death in fits of jealousy, or mothers throwing their babies from balconies. I was just beginning to read about a young girl who saw a 'killer cockroach' and broke her leg trying to leap onto a chair to escape it, when the police chief ventured to call my attention to the front page. So I closed the paper and focused on page one where, as I already knew, the lead article was devoted to some recent prohibitions announced by the colonels.

The island of Hydra had once had a decent Chief of Police, best known locally for his minor role in the film *Boy on a Dolphin*. He had been replaced after the coup by a severe and nervous fellow. I suspect Greece mass-produced these replacements during the period, for they all looked extremely unstable and walked like hemorrhoidal rear-admirals. He stared at me as I looked up — he had just removed a fleck of dust from his uniform — but I quickly turned my eyes back to the newspaper so as to postpone the showdown.

A post-coup pattern had emerged on Hydra: all of the wealthy foreigners learned to behave as though nothing had happened, while those on the opposite side of the financial spectrum were deported, usually on orders from the local police. One day a suspected informer had approached a harmless *fraulein* and enigmatically whispered 'Trieste' in her ear. When he saw her confusion he said, 'Trieste, that's where you will be by tomorrow evening, ha-ha!'

I put *The Athens News* down on the desk and looked at the Chief of Police. The buttons on his uniform sparkled in the sun slanting down from a window above. He stood up behind his barren desk and his creases snapped rigidly into

AN 86-YEAR-OLD man, Ioannis Dzakis, killed his 83-year old wife, Vassiliki, because he suspected her of being unfaithful to him at the village of Platy, Imathia, on Thursday. Dzakis strangled his wife with his own hands when she came near his armchair from which he could not move as he was paralyzed in the lower limbs. When police interrogated him, he told them that his wife was unfaithful to him and that he had to kill her. The man is being examined by psychiatrists, as it is strongly suspected that he is mentally unbalanced.

PANAYOTIS Tzanatos, 54, was arrested at the village of Divaration Samis, Cephalonia, on Friday, for attempting to kill a 14-year-old schoolboy, Elias Tzanatos, after a quarrel with him over farm differences. The attempt was made with an axe and a knife, but when the pupil managed to run away, Tzanatos threw a hand grenade at him. The hand grenade failed to explode and Tzanatos chased the boy with a rifle and unsuccessfully fire it at him. The boy then managed to jump on Tzanatos and the latter was slightly injured on the head and was arrested. During a search at Tzanatos' house, police discovered two sub-machine guns and ammunition, a rifle and a revolver.

place. So meticulous on such a low salary, I thought. He was about to make a statement; characteristically, on such occasions, his face turned blank and his knuckles white.

Along with outlawing mini-skirts, meagre funds, bare feet, and long hair, the colonels had decided that only priests might wear beards. I was now informed that I would have to have mine shorn off to conform with the law or face expulsion from the country. The room was very still; only goat-bells could be heard in the distant hills. 'I am very sorry,' I said, 'I cannot do it.' He eyed me sternly and replied, 'Then you must leave the country. At once.'

That did it! I grabbed a pen from my pocket and jabbed the air in front of his seemingly heartless chest. Who in the hell was he, I demanded to know, Peter the Great? — of Russia, I added, lest he be confused. I wore my beard, I told him, as part of a vow. Did he understand what a vow was? Were the priests going to shave off their beards and unknot their hair? I was shouting by now, determined at least to enjoy the minimal satisfaction of outrage at my first deportation ceremony. I fired questions at him: about Ghandi, Churchill, Adolph Hitler, and John Kennedy.

He was little prepared for what I was to do next. I wear a life-like false eye which is plastic and virtually indestructible. I took the pen and struck the eye rapidly. *Click-clack*. The sound was identical to a collision of billiard balls. Consternation spilled over his face as I drew down the lower lid of my good eye (in Greece this expresses dubiousness) and told him he must remove this one before I would do anything he demanded of me. Period. I rested while waiting for the guards.

When he spoke one word burst out in the room like shrapnel. It was *entaxi*, a word usually implying 'alright', in a final sense. I was stunned by his loss of control, but I shot back.

'*Entaxi* what? *Entaxi* I go? *Entaxi* I leave the island? — or the country?'

'*Entaxi-entaxi*,' he said lividly. 'You must stay.'

Even that sounded like an order. He had turned away, refusing to look at me. So I walked out of his office feeling free of anger and agreeably ridiculous.

I had been in Athens on April 21, 1967. Time and again the analogy would come to mind: they were like bulls running in the streets. Frightened bystanders had vaulted the barricades

below me. From the hotel balcony I watched an altercation resume and the police flail out with their polished clubs, their shiny shoes cracking on the street like bullet shots. It was senseless, it was meaningless. I had the flickering impression that closing the shutters of the balcony doors and returning to bed would make it all disappear. It reminded me of grey cinema-footage seen twenty years before of nervous, excited bulls pounding through the streets and alleys of Pamplona. It was more stupid sport. I watched.

The man came to a whirling halt. The police had caught him so tightly that the threads of his jacket disintegrated raggedly in every direction. The four in black uniforms, the peace officers, shouted at him and jostled him until one grabbed the man's cravat and hoisted him up with strangling jerks punctuated with threatening abuse. Now he rammed his silky head against his captive's mouth and simultaneously released his cravat so that he might collapse to receive a lustrous block kick in the head.

A figure darted into the crowd. It moved faster and faster with the panic of indecision, then slipped through the barricade, sprinting toward the injured comrade. He did not see the soldier running towards him at equal speed, rifle extended like the cattleguard of a locomotive. He crumpled from the impact, leaving blood and part of his scalp on the bolt and sights of the soldier's oily rifle. There were two wounded in the street and the authorities sought more.

A loudspeaker crackled as the soldier sauntered back up the street,



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CHRISTOPHOROS VOYIADJIS, 74, died at a private clinic in Salonica on Thursday. However, due to an error, the clinic informed the relatives of Panayotis Voyiadjis, 90, who was also undergoing treatment at the same clinic. Later, an undertaker took the body of the deceased to the house of Panayotis Voyiadjis, but when the coffin was opened, the relatives were shocked to see that it contained the body of a man who was unknown to them. Many of the relatives fainted from the shock. As soon as they recovered from the shock they rushed to the clinic and were agreeably surprised to see that their 90-year-old relative was still alive.

• • •

tossing off insults from the laughing *pállikaria* who lounged at the side of a formidable American-built tank. All streets leading into the circle of Omonia Square were decorated with tanks. 'Harmony Square' was a temporary community of green beings. The markings of the species determined what was being done. Some were commanding, some communicating beneath gyrating antennae, some sitting blankly in trucks, some standing in geometric formations looking chilly or blandly bellicose. On the pavement beneath my balcony puddles of blood were reaching towards each other.

I slammed the shutters together and diagonal stripes of dusty light sliced across the room. After much banging on the telephone, I got through to room service which promised to have a drink sent up, possibly with ice. I was fairly sure what was up as I turned on the radio and spun the dial to the American Armed Forces station. Sleazy violins played old favourites and would continue to do so for hours.

Suddenly an adolescent voice broke over the radio. It was nervous and the speech was strung together with stutters. It was 'good old Airman Joe Smith': *We have been asked to make this announcement. Due to an... eternal disorder the Greek government has declared an actual emergency... er, national emergency. A curfew will be enforced at sunset. All military personnel and dependents are asked to be off the streets by sundown. Those who fail to obey this will be shot in the street without further notice. Thank you.*

Emigrants held

TWO GREEK workers living in the United States, brother Athanassios and George Plessias, aged 32 and 30 respectively, were arrested when boarding a ferry boat in New York harbor. They were on their way to the Statue of Liberty to repaint it. They were detained and charged with illegal immigration into the country.

Athanassios entered the States in 1969 after jumping ship, in Newark. He later married an American citizen and so avoided expulsion. His brother George had entered the United States across the Canadian border.

A sheepish man finally arrived with the drink, and I continued to listen to the bungling Joe Smith explain that an *Officers' Wives' Bowling Tournament* had been cancelled, and that the *Boy Scout trip, Troop Number Ten, to Delphi*, had suffered an indefinite postponement. Then he stumbled into the curfew-shoot-them-in-the-street business again, and I thought, 'Well,... maybe he means feet.'

I turned to the Greek radio broadcasts where any rubbish was being played as long as it included drums, bugles, or clarion calls. Fascist fanfares,

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MEN OF THE MYTILENE harbor police rescued an Irish dancer, Christian Daff, who had fallen into the sea while under the influence of alcohol, in the port of Mytilene on Thursday.

* * *

Valhallic waltzes, Napoleonic marches, Prussian tangoes. It was as if some mad Teutonic *Kommandant* was playing disc jockey to the human race. I could visualize him in the control room with his handlebar moustache, bleary eyes, and plumed helmet, chuckling to himself and thinking, *Ja, this will drive them mad*. A chill shot from my scotch on the rocks right up my arm and into the marrow of my spine.

After much fiddling with the dial, I thought I had found a sensible song and locked it at the spot only to cock my ear at the diabolical boom of cannon. I took the radio out to the balcony and set it on the ledge. Blaring full blast, it flooded the street below with the salvos of the *1812 Overture*. At the next unexpected orchestral detonation, heads jerked upwards from below, then with explosion following explosion melding with a loud carillon of bells, the crescendo produced a flicker of soldierly smiles. I turned the radio down low, for now over the air came a chorus of screaming demagogues.

The ping of distant shots echoed over the city on this blustery, truculent day. The tedious men in black and green controlled the streets and allowed neither questions, nor answers, nor assembling. They blared their fine military music to the heavens and enshrined their glorious military laws on the walls. People mouthed the ordained tunes, but none could be fooled. *This military music, they all knew, was to music as military law was to law*. I decided to inspect the Plaka.

The streets were muted. The prudent stood in lines to buy bread and stale salami, then stole home. Consistent with my political innocence, I found myself dressed in a bright red pullover. Padding down Voukourestiou — one of the busiest and narrowest streets — I was stopped cold by the flash of a bright smile. The passing form of a young and well-dressed man spoke in a very audible and arresting voice, '*Viva la libertad*'. He nonchalantly continued down the street where I imagined cops and quislings were thick as fleas, and silent gloom hung like leaden fog.

I met a shop owner I knew and took him aside for a grilling. He rose to the smell of drama like fish after bait. 'This is the one day Greeks do not talk

politics,' he said, looking over my shoulder down the alleys of the Plaka. I visited a coffee shop to eavesdrop and there, too, I heard nothing but the ring of my own thoughts and the echo of an army melody. Athens was as quiet as a cistern, with just the lonely drop falling in rippling time.

I was twenty-six and full of impulse. I walked up the hill to a friend's house, hoping to be informed of what was going on. The room was a decaying fortress; walls of ancient, worn books sheltered us from the outside — or at least gave that illusion. He was ill with flu and wore a dressing gown, but he gave me a drink and then he spoke — sadly reaffirming my fears. 'It's a coup, a new dictatorship. There will be much bloodshed ahead.'

That night at my hotel I ventured from the room to the balcony. A stupid symphony of bullets had begun its prelude, reverberating between the stony crag of Lycabettus and the weary Acropolis. Increasingly I heard ricochets around the corner or the single bullet blistering the air overhead. I watched the ritual in the street with morbid enthusiasm.

Suddenly a soldier aimed his rifle at me, his comrades motioning me inside. I resented this. It was not time for the curfew. I played hide-and-peeks for half an hour and rifles were raised each time I tried to steal a glance. Gradually I tired of being a target and went inside, locking the shutters and closing the glass doors. Later, when gunfire sounded close enough to rattle the ice in my drink, I sealed the windows with a double mattress pinned upright by a large armoire.

Now I was wary. What reason did I have to presume they wouldn't come to our rooms and shoot us? None. I decided I had to observe closely, so I went up onto the roof and crouched there painfully for about an hour. As the sun went down the gunfire increased. It

was not the fire of conflict, but that of a planned intimidation. There was no resistance — they were putting a hot-lead lid on Athens. From my location in Omonia, it sounded like the opening bars of the Battle of Stalingrad. Who would dare step outside?

Raising my head to scan the streets below, I found twenty surprised cops staring me in the face — they were in a glass-walled office building across the way. When I saw the first pistol holster flap open, I disappeared and went below.

ONE morning back in Hydra, when my hangover told me to check the obituary columns in case I had passed away the night before, I ambled down to the harbour on the usual errands, for bread, for breakfast, for conversation. It was a bright, warm day. Athenians swarmed raucously about the coffee shops, moving through the forest of tables and canvas chairs with all the delicacy of army ants. Every edible thing on the island appeared to have been consumed by this garish holiday crowd; still, its appetite had not been satiated.

Blue and orange and white tarpaulins were being drawn overhead to protect the tourists from the tortures of the sun. At the more proper restaurants and *tavernas* along the quay, one could expect to see at least one fully laid, white-linened table rise into the air, snagged on a fouled line connected to a tarpaulin. (I once saw a terrified child rise fifteen feet into the air clinging to such a rope.) Whenever a table rose inevitably into the air, the several men required to spread one of the massive *tentes* would invariably cringe at the sound of shattering glass and clattering silver; and as the levitating table smashed to the cobbled ground, great bellowing guffaws would erupt from the boisterous mob.

I was sucking up a *granita*, a sherbet-like ice, when a huge rush of descending sound engulfed me in rising decibels. It left a faint smell of gasoline in the air. Within a second a fragile, sandy-yellow biplane pulsed over the diminutive Hydra harbour. Everyone was mesmerized by this ludicrous contraption of the past, and sat mute,

* * *

HEAVY damage was caused by a violent typhoon in the region of Katakolon, Peloponnese, on Thursday. Roofs of houses were swept away, small boats were sunk, bell towers of churches collapsed, houses were flooded and power and telephone billars were broken. Two persons were injured.

* * *

rapt, until the reverberating drone of another approached. We rose as one, and moved away from the tarpaulins so as to see the sky. Presently the second biplane appeared skimming along at an altitude equal to the belltower of the church. As it swept over us, its goggled pilot frantically shoved handfuls of paper out of the cockpit. He seemed oblivious to the proximity of the tower, and from where I stood it looked breathtakingly close. The paper fluttered down like coins underwater, reaching the hands of the curious. They read the message sent from above: *Long Live the Revolution!*

By the time a fourth smoke-belching canvas aircraft passed over the town, the crowd was as indifferent to it as it was to

Shepherd Anastassios Theodoropoulos, 44, was drowned in an attempt to rescue a sheep which had fallen into Pamisos River near the village of Valtokklissia, Kalamata, on Sunday. The sheep managed to reach safely the bank of the river.

the freshly printed refuse blowing about — even when the engine faltered, missed a beat, and backfired twice. The pilot waved with foolish delight.

Both sides of the harbour have been flanked with fortifications since the Turkish dogdays and, concurrent with patriotic events, tired old cannon concussed the harbour village with blunt booms. The peal of madly-rung discordant bells vied with the blast of cannon, as is the custom, but on this day there was the additional criss-crossing throb of biplanes. I was impressed with the great noise and thought it as elemental to the Mediterranean world as silence is to the Oriental.

The excuse for the festivity was the naval hero of the War of Independence, Admiral Miaoulis. Andreas Miaoulis and his walrus moustache, manufactured from white, snowy marble, presides over one end of the harbour. A lion of the same material lounges protectively at the foot of his statue, his tail cracked and snapped off at the apogee of what had once been a rather graceful arc. It is around this local monument that the impeccably indolent pass their time and take their coffee. The Chief of Police sat there, as did the mayor and the doctor. And when eventually the new dictator came, he sat there, too.

On this day the citizens had been cordoned off neatly to form small square areas in front of the marble cathedral. Near the statue a black and



white block of sailors stood, looking for all the world like a colony of penguins clutching marching-band instruments. I moved closer to investigate, and sidled up to a friend I recognized, Tasso. (On such days I have always thought of a Van Gogh painting I have never seen, *Tasso in the Madhouse*, and wondered if it looked like him.)

Suddenly, ten men in dark suits burst out of the gateway of the cathedral and hurried to the quayside, one tripping over a heavy mooring ring. They began mysteriously boarding a waiting boat. The tassels on its canopy dipped and waved as each man boarded. When all were safely on, the boat pushed off and made an urgent circle twenty feet from the quay. The ten men unpacked their gear and adjusted their cameras. The boatman positioned his little craft to afford them a good shot of the cathedral gates, but as the photographers fought for the same side of the boat it lurched, almost swamping. From the boat there

came a wave of profanity — and a trickle of laughter from the crowd. The boat circled once again and returned to the same spot. *

The Chief of Police came out first, at a brisk stride, marching as if to war. He strode ten severe paces before realizing he was boxed in by the crowd. He improvised a smart halt, and, assuming a posture of rigid dignity, he looked sternly out over the heads of the crowd and bobbing photographers. They focused on him with shiny black eyes. Next came the assistant to the Chief of Police, a second off his superior's heels. He looked like a man who ran the world. He stopped. With a gesture of his head he directed a child back behind the cordon — out of the magic square.

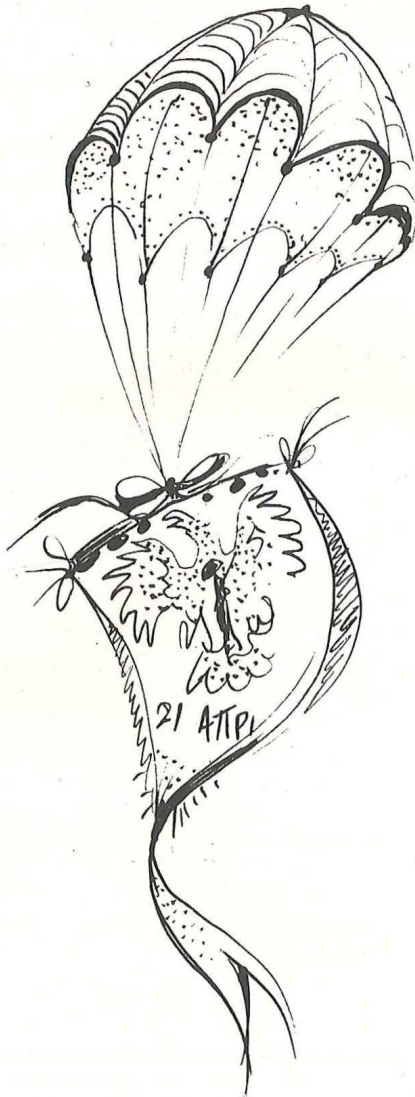
Next came the mayor looking throttled by his collar. (He owned a store and sold exclusively plastic souvenirs.) Then, all done up in purple and black and redolent of pomade, wearing flowing, Rasputinesque robes,

the bishop emerged, with his dark sunglasses, his gold-topped black staff, and an enormous golden medallion. Behind him flapped three ecclesiastical sparrows. Brass mouthpieces were briefly brushed against the lips, and drumsticks were tested in the hands of the band, in anticipation of His appearance.

Out He came, proudly, the only one to smile. His white uniform fit Him like a saddle on a fence. At the sight of the majestic white hat festooned with gold braid, the spangling sunglasses, the epaulets with enough tassel for forty golden mops, the distinguished crosses, the galaxy of stars — more than on all the world's cognac bottles — the hoses, and nozzles, and ribbons galore, and medals punched into the white, starchy uniform, the band struck up, with fine gusto and air. Soon it settled into a sagging Sousa. The Regent walked like a cross between Trotsky and Marx — Groucho Marx.

As he stopped, the churchbells crashed over our aching heads, and the tuba broke wind like a lonely brass elephant. Fine medals sparkled and jiggled on heaving chests, and the photographers clicked at the crazy glory. Then the explosion sang out. From the jetty, a smoke-ring was ejaculated and a missile burst through it and shot up into the morning air. Heads bent like grass in the wind. The concussion rocked about the harbour, then echoed incessantly in the stony hills and mountains.

The parachute popped open sending a gasp through the townsfolk, as a



banner dropped and unfurled below it, descending with a rhythmic, pendulum motion. There it was imprinted, the *Emblem of the Revolution*, the helmeted, rifled soldier, tall as a Trojan Horse, with the burning-red phoenix spreading its flaming wings behind him. The banner gently sank from a height of seven hundred feet. Mocking laughter and ironic applause rippled through the crowd, as they looked up at the Archangel of the Infantry. In his white uniform and sunglasses the Regent, the Day's Celebrity, General Zoitakis, gazed proudly skywards with them.

As I watched the military phoenix descending, in all its splendour and aerial lunacy, from a cloudless blue sky, I could not stifle the desire to laugh. More and more each day the military leaders of the country were conforming to the absurdities usually found in the *Greek News in Brief* column — when they were not parodying the political antics of a third-rate Banana Republic. They were taking Elocution lessons from Franco and correspondence courses in Rhetoric and Economics via surface mail. The CIA may have taught its Cuban disciples how to wear wigs and voice alterators, but the colonels were altered in every human sense. And they surely knew how to lay their cornerstones! They laid enough to cobble a road to Abu Dhabi. Propaganda by parachute made us laugh but, in the end, there were not many laughs to be had.

—GEORGE DILLON SLATER

— Sketches by NIKOS STAVROULAKIS



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Varig Brazilian, Othonos 10	322-6743

AIRPORT INFORMATION

Civil Aviation Information, East Airport	900-9466
Olympic Airways only	929-21 & 981-1211
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Aliverion-Kimi-Skyros	875-339
Central Mainland, Evvia, Thessaly	260
Corinth	512-9233
Delphi-Amfissa-Itea	861-6489
Halkis-Edippos-Limni	874-915
Kalamata	513-4293
Kamena Vourla-Atalanti-Lamia-Karpenision	874-809
Katerini-Larissa-Farsala-Elassona	842-694
Navadia-Antikira	861-7954
Nafplion	513-4588
Patras	512-4914
Pyrgos	513-4110
Sparta	512-4913
Thebes	861-8143
Trikala-Karditsa	874-712
Tripoli	513-4575
Volos-Almiros-Anhialos	874-151

TAXI STATIONS

Amarousi	802-0818
Ambelokipi	777-9450
Amerikis Sq	870-840
Kalamaki	981-8103
Kaningos Sq	617-040
Kefalari	801-3373
Kifissia	801-4867
Kolonaki Sq	710-140
Psychico	671-8410
Thission	361-540

AUTOMOBILE & TOURING CLUB

The Automobile and Touring Club of Greece (ELPA) is at the disposal of foreign motorists. Services include information on road conditions, gas coupons, hotel reservations, free legal advice, car hire, insurance, camping and road patrol service... 779-1615 Emergency Road Service Athens & Thessaloniki... 104

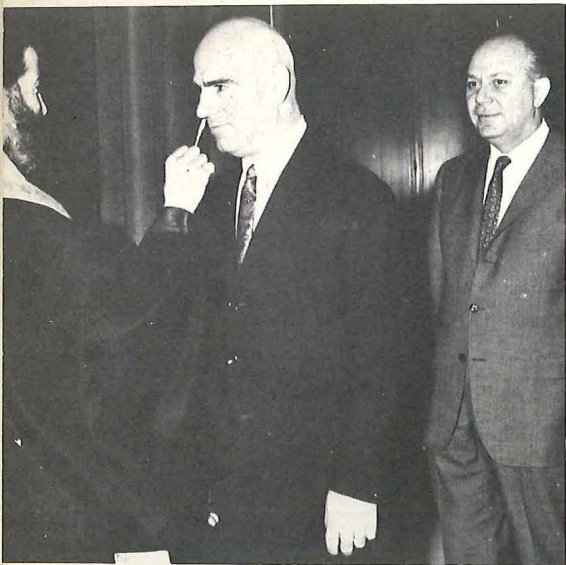
Albania, Karahristou 1	742-607
Argentina, Vass. Sofias 59	724-753
Australia, Messoghion 15	604-611
Austria, Alexandras 26	811-036
Belgium, Sekeri 3	617-886
Brazil, Vass. Sofias 4	713-039
Bulgaria, Ipsilantou 63	714-151
Canada, Ioannou Gennadiou 4	739-511
Cyprus, Irodou 16	737-883
Chile, Vass. Sofias 96	777-5017
China, Limberopoulou 18	672-3282
Czechoslovakia, Sekeri 1	615-581
Denmark, Filikis Etairias Sq. 15	713-012
Egypt, Vass. Sofias 3	618-613
Ethiopia, Vass. Sofias 25	718-557
France, Vass. Sofias 7	611-664
Germany East, Vass. Pavlou 7	672-5160
Germany West, Loukianou 3	724-801
Hungary, Kalvou 10	671-4889
Iraq, Amarillidos 19	671-5012
Iran, Antinoros 29	742-313
Israel, Koumbari 4	614-650
Italy, Sekeri 2	611-722
Japan, Vass. Sofias 59	715-343
Korea (South), Vass. Sofias 105	644-3219
Kuwait, Antheon 14	672-4380
Lebanon, Kifissias 26	785-158
Libya, Irodou 2	727-105
Mexico, Vass. Sofias 21	624-974
Netherlands, Vass. Sofias 4	711-361
New Zealand, Vass. Sofias 29	727-514
Norway, Ipsilantou 40	746-173
Panama, Vass. Sofias 82	777-9064
Poland, Chrissanthemou 22	671-6917
Portugal, Dorileou 18	646-3615
Rumania, Ravine 14	714-468
Saudi Arabia, Marathonodromou 71	671-6911
South Africa, Vass. Sofias 69	729-050
Spain, Vass. Sofias 29	714-885
Sweden, Meleagrou 4	724-504
Switzerland, Lassiou 2	730-364
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Turkey, Vass. Georgiou B 8	764-3295
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Shop Hours

The current shopping hours: Mon., Wed., Sat. open from 8 a.m. - 3 p.m. and closed in the afternoon. Tues., Thurs., Fri. open from 8 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and re-opening from 4:30 - 8 p.m. Food shops: Mon., Wed., Thurs. open from 8 a.m. - 3 p.m. and closed in the afternoon. Tues., Fri., Sat. from 8 a.m. - 2 p.m. and re-opening from 5:30 - 8:30 p.m.



Above: Stylianos Pattakos and Nicholas Makarezos, two of the original Junta triumvirate. Makarezos rose to Minister of Coordination, Pattakos to various and sundry positions including that of Deputy Premier. He excelled at ribbon-cutting, corner-stone laying and religious fervour. Now in Korydallos prison, he recently went on a protest hunger strike. A government spokesman termed it 'ridiculous' and Pattakos' religious confessor said it was suicidal and sacrilegious. The press said that, in fact, he had been sneaking food from his fellow prisoners and reassured the public on March 25 that Pattakos would abandon his fast and partake of the traditional meal for that day, *bakalaro* (codfish) and *skordalia* (garlic sauce).

Below: Colonel George Papadopoulos took a deep look into the situation in 1967 and decided that desperate measures were necessary if Greek national inheritance were to be preserved. He danced his way through the Prime Ministership, the Regency and the Presidency. Simultaneously he was Minister of Defence, Foreign Affairs and Education and Religious Affairs. A modest man, he never appointed himself Archbishop or President of the Supreme Court. He retired to his villa in Lagonissi in 1973.

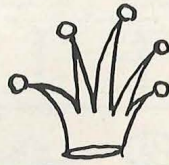


THE JUNTA

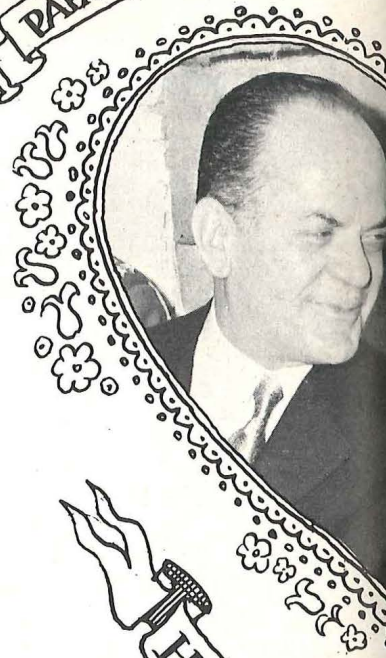
GET THE RIC

21^η ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΥ

ΖΗΤΩ Η



ΠΑΠΑΔΟΠΟΥΛΟΣ



THE REGENT



ORGANIZER

HT DICTATOR THE FIRST TIME

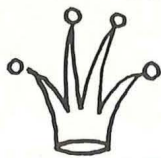
ΕΜΑΣ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ

ΧΡΙΣΤΙΑΝΩΝ

Η ΓΕΝΝΗΣΙΣ



ΜΑΛ' ΥΠΕΡ



THE REGENT'S CONSORT



Above (centre): The First Lady of the Revolution, Despina Papadopoulou. An enthusiastic soccer fan, she is shown here helping herself to a chair at a game. In the forefront are seated several Gentlemen of the Revolution, including Ioannis Ladas and Michael Balopoulos. The latter, as head of the National Tourist Organisation and Minister of Commerce made substantial contribution to the Greek vocabulary: *Balosimo*, a contraction of Balopoulos and *hartosimo* (the stamp tax that is essential on most documents in Greece), now means a fee for services rendered.

In the centre of the page: To the left, General George Zoitakis, the sometime Regent. In the middle, Dimitri Ioannidis and George Papadopoulos, the two 'strong men' caught in a tender moment. To the right, Pagona Zoitakis, the Regent's consort.



THE ATHENIAN ORGANIZER

GET THE RIGHT NUMBER THE FIRST TIME

CLUBS Social/Sport

American Club, Kifissia.....	801-2987
AOK Tennis Club, Kifissia.....	801-3100
Athens Tennis Club, Vass. Olgas.....	910-071
Attika Tennis Club, Filothei.....	681-2557
Ekali Club.....	803-2685
Federation of Bridge Clubs in Greece	
Amerikis 6.....	625-510
Go-carting, Agios Kosmas.....	981-3340
Golf Club, Glyfada.....	894-6820
Greek Alpine Club, Kar. Servias 7.....	323-1867
Greek Touring Club, Polytechnion	
12, Patission.....	548-600
Hippodrome, Faleron Delta.....	956-6511
Panhellenic Gymnastics Club,	
Mavromateon & Evelpidon.....	833-720
Riding Club of Greece, Paradissos.....	681-2506
Riding Club of Athens, Gerakas.....	659-3830
Sports Centre, Agios Kosmas.....	981-5572
Table Tennis Federation,	
Menandrou 36.....	538-022
Target Shooting Club of Greece,	
Stadiou 10.....	322-4506
Underwater Fishing, Agios Kosmas.....	981-9961
XAN (YM-YWCA) of Kifissia.....	801-1601
Yacht Club, Tourkolimano.....	417-1823

CULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS

British Council, Kolonaki Square 17.....	633-211
Escuela de Espanol, (private), Koumbari 8.....	634-931
Goethe Institut, Fidiou 14-16.....	608-111
Hellenic American Union, Massalias 22.....	629-886
L' Institut Francais, Sina 29.....	624-301
Branch: Massalias 18.....	610-013
Istituto Italiano di Cultura, Patission 47.....	529-294
Jewish Community Centre, Pireos 44.....	527-997
Lyceum of Greek Women, Dimokritou 14.....	611-042
Parnassos Hall, Karitsi Square.....	323-8745
Professional Artists Chamber, Mitropoleos 38.....	323-1230
Society for the Study of Modern Greek Culture,	
Sina 46.....	639-872
YMCA (XAN), Omirou 28.....	626-970
YWCA (XEN), Amerikis 11.....	624-294

CHURCHES & SYNAGOGUES

Greek Orthodox Churches of special interest in the Athens area:

Agia Irini, Aeolou, Monastiraki (Mass sung in harmony).....	322-6042
Agiou Dimitriou, Panormou, Ambelokipi (Byzantine chant).....	646-4315
Agiou Georgiou, Lycabettus Hill.....	712-206
Agiou Sotiros, Kidathineon, Plaka (Byzantine choir accompanied by organ).....	322-4633
Chrisospiliotissa, Aeolou 62, Monastiraki (Byzantine chant).....	321-6357
Mitropoleos (Cathedral), Mitropoleos St., (below Syntagma).....	322-1308

Other Denominations:

St. Dennis (Roman Catholic), Venizelou 24.....	623-603
Beth Shalom Synagogue, Melidoni 6.....	525-227
Christos Kirche (German Evangelical), Sina 66.....	612-713
St. Andrews Protestant American Church, Sina 66.....	707-448
St. Paul's (Anglican), Filellinon 29.....	714-906
St. Nikodimos (Rusian Orthodox) Filellinon.....	323-1090

CHILDREN & PETS

BABYSITTERS - AGENCIES

Miterna Organization, Fokionos 3 (English spoken).....	323-7190
Mrs. Ioannidou, Mantzarou 8, Kolonaki (9 a.m. - 2 p.m. & 6:00-8 p.m. English spoken).....	635-197

PETS

Greek Animal Welfare Fund (English spoken).....	643-5319
SPA: The Greek Society for the Protection of Animals (pets only).....	321-6700
Vet Clinic & Kennels, Iera Odos 77, (English spoken).....	364-445
Vet Clinic, Halkidonas 64, Ambelokipi.....	770-6489
For the export and import of pets: Ministry of Agriculture, Office of Veterinary Services, Aelou 104.....	321-9871

MARINAS

Vouliagmeni.....	896-0012
Zeas.....	451-1480
Glyfada.....	894-1967

YOUTH HOSTELS

XAN (YMCA) Omirou 28.....	626-970
XEN (YWCA) Amerikis 11.....	624-291
Agiau Meletiou 1.....	825-860
Kallipoleos 20.....	766-4889
Alexandras 87 and Drosi.....	646-3669

STREET MARKETS

MONDAY

Nea Erithrea (Anakreontos, Evangelistrias) Neo Psihiko (Xanthou, - Ionias) Patissia (Hansen, Byzantiou, Theotokopoulou) Zografou (opposite bridge)

TUESDAY

Halandri (Mesologiou) Pangrati (Damareos, Laertou, Liaskou)

WEDNESDAY

Ano Patissia (Tralleon, Christianoupoleos) Kifissia (Pindou) Nea Smirni (Omiron)

THURSDAY

Aharnon (Yiannari, Papanastasiou, Simvrakaki) Glifada (Agiau Gerasimou) Papagou (Kyprou, Elispontou)

FRIDAY

Kallithea (Andromakis, Dimosthenous, Menelaou, Dimitrakopoulou) Kolonaki (Xenokratous) Pal. Psihiko (near the church)

SATURDAY

Ambelokipi (Riankour) Marousi (Salaminos, Moshou, 25 Martiou)

Emergencies!

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16 Mesogion St.....	643-1460
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HOSPITALS

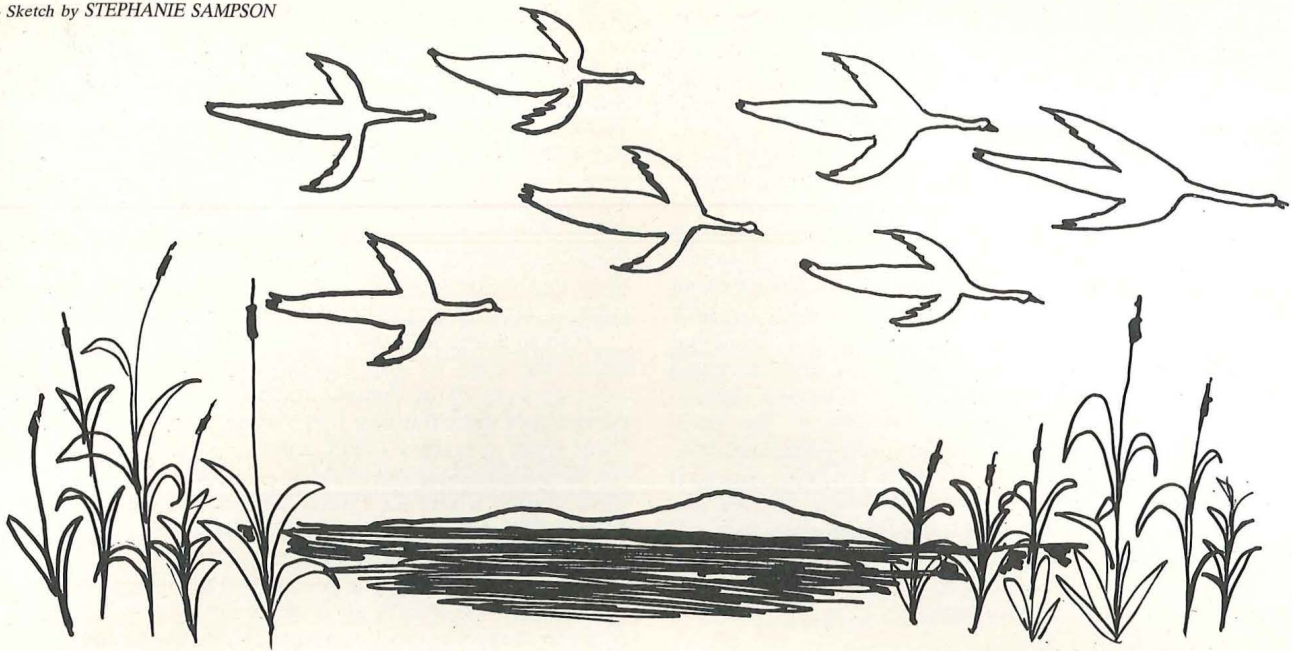
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Piraeus:.....	646-7811

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Athens.....	324-5311
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GAS:.....	363-365
Installations (8 a.m. - 2 P.M.).....	391-971
.....	777-0866
WATER:.....	324-8906
STREET LIGHTS:.....	512-9490
GARBAGE COLLECTION:.....	



SIOULAS THE TANNER

By Dimitri Hatzis

THE lake, blue-green and deep, stretches out beyond the edge of our small town. Its waters reflect the high walls of the ancient medieval castle, which some people deem to be even older.

Behind the eastern wall of the castle, and on the shore at the far end of the lake, was the *mahalas* or tanners' quarter. The tanners themselves were known as *tabakoi*, a name given to them in the towns of Serres, Volos and, I think, the island of Syros.

Along the entire length of the shore bordering the *mahalas*, the skins were laid out in the water, stretched tightly on wooden frames; then, when the skins were thoroughly soaked, the tanners would come and take them to their workshops to work on them.

There must have been altogether fifteen or twenty of these *tabakika* or tanneries. They were all two-storey buildings made of stone, with large curved doorways, standing side by side and supported by the wall of the castle. On the ground floor the windows were small, like loopholes. The entire floor was a *hayati*, a spacious, open, tiled room filled with wooden tubs scattered here and there. It was in these rooms that the tanners worked on their pelts, barefooted or shod in heavy working shoes, and naked except for their shorts. The upper storey extended about half a metre more into the street than the lower, with high wide windows in the Venetian style. This was the tanners' living quarters, which they reached by means of a small wooden ladder from their workshops below. The whole quarter reeked with the strong, sour smell of animal hides.

The tanners liked to boast that they were among the first settlers of the town, and that at one time — before the Turks came to chase them out following the uprising of Skylosophos in 1612 — they had lived within the castle and led a manorial life. And, in actual fact, they did have a better command of the local idiom than the other villagers, having preserved its purity both in accent and diction.

Furthermore, their dealings with the townspeople were very few. They scarcely ever ventured into the main town unless on business. They held all newcomers in great contempt and, one might also add, they were not even aware of the existence of those sections of town that had been built and settled by the refugees from Asia Minor. The tanners had

chosen to remain behind the walls of the castle, in a world self-contained and apart. A world complete unto itself.

Farther up from the tanners' workshops were the lumberyards. The men working there were from Metsovo and the surrounding district; that is to say, mountain peasants. The tanners wouldn't have anything to do with them. Still farther up the road were the barrelmakers who were also from Metsovo and other nearby villages — men who had for years toiled in the same ceaseless drudgery of pounding together pine and beech staves into barrels with their wooden mallets. The tanners had a nodding acquaintance with these men, bidding them good-day, but that was all — they had no further business or dealings with them whatsoever. They, too, were considered by the tanners to be churls, ill-bred mountain peasants. On the other side, next to the tanners' workshops, was the 'skala', the lake wharf. The lake barges, slow-moving and built like tubs, carrying charcoal, animal carcasses, cheese, butter and other goods, came here to unload their cargo. The tanners came to the wharf only when they needed to buy something, so that here, too, they had few transactions — what could they possibly have in common with these people anyway? In the evenings they would gather in their own *krasopolia*, wineshops, where no villager or peasant dared set foot. Only the bargemen from the small island on the lake would, from time to time, come in and have a drink with the tanners before returning home to their island at nightfall. The bargemen shared their passion for hunting, which was the reason the tanners allowed them to sit and drink with them.

The tables in the *krasopolia* were low, with an opening in the middle to hold a brazier during the winter months. The tanners would huddle around these tables on stools, which were also built low, and heat up their wine in copper jugs before drinking it. They usually recounted stories from the past or talked about hunting and things of that nature. Tough and proud by nature, the tanners rarely spoke about their work or personal matters — they wouldn't think of it. Nor did they discuss politics, for there was nothing to argue about; they were all fervent Venizelists — that is, believers in a 'Greater Greece' — as befitted men whose ancestors had at one time lived in castles. When the time came for the election of a new mayor and town councillors — an occasion held at the Metropolitan Church of St. Athanasius — the tanners always

gave their vote to the liberal candidates. The event invariably ended with the usual slogans praising the virtue of self-sufficiency, be it moral, social or political.

And, of course, professional self-sufficiency. Not one among the tanners had ever left his trade, nor had any outsider ever been allowed to enter it. Their *synafi*, an apprenticeship system based on kinship within the trade — according to those who know, it was among the oldest in town — had not yet changed. It simply happened that in later years, because there were only a few of them left, and they were all related to one another, the tanners decided to join together and work on an even footing in the workshops. Masters and journeymen became one, all equal in partnership. This is the only thing that changed in the *tabakika*; everything else remained as it had been since the tanneries were first built. The tanners showed very little interest in what was happening in the trade elsewhere; even the very glue that they used — the *toukali* — they made themselves from fish caught in the lake. And so it was with the dyes and their methods of dyeing, as they had always known them, as they had found them. And so it was with everything else — from generation to generation. As they had always known them. As they had found them. From father to son, in the way of the born tanner.

AND so it was with Sioulas — a tanner by birth, through and through: his father a tanner, his mother the daughter of a tanner. Born and raised in the *tabakika*, this was where he first learned and played countless childhood games and was wounded by a rock in a mock war against children from a neighbouring *mahala*. This was where he first went to school and learned to swim, attended his first mass, and first hunted on the lake. When he grew up to be a man, this was where he learned his trade, married and had children. Fiercely proud and self-reliant, he chose to stay close to himself, a man ruthlessly unyielding and contemptuous towards whatever was fashionable or modern. To him any novelty was a sign of vanity or empty ostentation.

Once, a close relative of his left the *tabakika* — an unheard of thing — to emigrate to another country. He came back many years later wearing a gold watch-chain and carrying thick wads of money. Since old habits die hard, the man idled away the mornings at the *tabakika* and spent the evenings in the *krasopolia*, drinking with the tanners. And why shouldn't he drink with them — he was one of them after all. Except that every once in a while he would pipe up and start talking about all the faraway places he had been to and the marvels he had seen. In the beginning the tanners gave him disapproving looks, and shut him up once or twice, but the man couldn't bring himself to stop.

As the story has it, it was noon on a summer day, and, as was their custom, the tanners came out of their workshops, clad as they were in their shorts, to rest for a short while after their meal before returning to work. Sioulas' relative was there, too, and as usual he was about to resume the story of his wondrous travels.

'Tell us something please,' Sioulas said suddenly, getting up slowly and going over to him. 'Did you also learn to read the language while over there?'

'Naturally... well, a few things, here and there,' the man answered unsuspectingly.

'Then read to us what is written here,' Sioulas said, turning his behind and slapping, with both hands, the seat of his pants where the tradename of the manufacturer was stamped in large foreign letters.

There were loud guffaws from among the tanners, and from the wives leaning out of their windows looking on. Sioulas kept slapping his buttocks with savage insistence, saying to him, 'Come on, go ahead, read it to us...'

They say that the man got rid of his gold watch-chain and never spoke again about his travels or adventures abroad — at least not while visiting the *tabakika*. From then on, he had very little to do with them.

TIME, however, goes by and people grow old. With the years the walls of castles crack and slowly fall to ruin, but one is never aware of the changes. So it was with Sioulas. His hair had begun to turn grey without his being aware of it. Sometimes in the evenings, after so many years of exposure to dampness, he would feel a painful stiffness in his joints. His wife, Sioulena, fecund as a rabbit, would give birth each calendar year to a little Sioulas; and, as we all know, a house full of children must be fed, clothed, shod, and sent to school. Distracted by the endless problems of daily living, by present cares and future worries, a man has no time to pause and see what is happening around him.

And so it was with the tanners. They, too, somehow never found the time to stop and ask themselves the whys and wherefores of all the changes that had taken place in the trade, particularly since business had been going from bad to worse. Most types of leather — kid, patent, calf and even those used for the soles and uppers of shoes — were now being imported from abroad where they were cheaper and better processed. In fact, two or three of the oldest dealers in town, rather than do business with the tanners, found it more profitable to ship raw hides to Italy, Marseilles and even Syros for processing — by machine. Gradually an atmosphere of depressing gloom came to prevail in the *krasopolia*, where the tanners now sat, visibly despondent. Some of them were working only two or three days a week; and it was said that these tanners were unable to even provide an evening meal for their families. They all knew, though, that their wives were begging things from one another, sharing the misery of their common privation, but proudly keeping it a secret among themselves and never complaining to their husbands or relatives. As for the tanners, not a single soul among them would ever discuss his grievances openly — they had far too much pride to confide such matters to one another. Nor did any one of them think of leaving the *tabakika* to find work elsewhere: it would have been a breach of loyalty to have done so. They were like people under siege, determined to defend to the very end their way of life, as if nothing had changed. On Sundays throughout the winter, one could hear their shotguns reverberating across the lake — a sound which reminded one of their changeless and inflexible nature, their manly passion for the noble sport of hunting.

It was during the hunting season — the time of year when all the hunters of the district gathered to shoot waterfowl on the lake — that the tanners proved their superiority. They would be the first to start out, long before dawn, from the farthest point of the lake, rowing their boats towards the centre and shooting at the frightened flocks of wild ducks and *falarides* — the black white-billed water-hens — and at those beautiful large wild geese which have a second wing called *balsamo*, near their breast under their main wings, as soft as silken wool and beautiful to behold — it was used by the women as cotton swabbing for wounds.

In the middle of the lake, waiting in their rowboats with their shotguns cocked, would be the hunters from the town and the island. Then the birds would come in droves, almost falling upon the waiting hunters. All the hunters had to do was try and bag as many water-fowl as possible while the old boat-keeper, whose job it usually was to retrieve the fowl, would row around the lake, leisurely picking the game out of the water. Custom had it that the birds belonged to the hunter in the boat nearest to where they had fallen.

It was at times such as these, during the open hunting season, or on his own solitary Sunday hunting trips, that Sioulas would look back upon his life — from the days of his youth to the present hard times of his old age and impoverishment — and feel surging within him all the desires and longings of a whole lifetime, the keen secret yearnings of his fierce and proud soul. He would come home in the evenings exhausted and wet with dampness, his legs aching numb from sitting all day long cramped in his small narrow rowboat. He would come in pushing the door open with his back, drop the game in the middle of the floor, then go over to stretch flat on his stomach alongside the *basi* — the fireplace in

the main room of the house where the family gathered in the winter — and ask the children to come and press upon his back with their feet to relieve his aching muscles. The children would shriek and laugh with delight, kicking him in jest, and he would get up and do the same to them. Excited by the commotion, the dog would start barking wildly at everyone. These were among the few moments of happiness left in the oppressing gloom that had settled upon the *tabakika*. As for Sioulena, she would be kneeling on the floor busily counting and recounting geese and ducks, in her mind putting aside four of the birds for her own family and a pair each for her sister and her mother-in-law, and thinking — ‘What if we were to try to sell the rest?’ It was a thought she didn’t dare betray to her husband, not even by the expression in her eyes. Everyone else — the boatmen, the islanders, and the rest of the poor working villagers — would go hunting for the sport of it, keeping part of the game for themselves and taking the rest, or sending their wives and children, to sell it in the market. But a tanner would never think of doing such a thing — not for the whole world.

And then it came to pass that Sioulas was without work for a whole week. Not that things were better elsewhere in the *tabakika*; the other tanners also had to idle away the time with small jobs. His wife was able to manage by herself, though it is true she did so by picking the larder clean and borrowing food from the neighbours and — well, by selling on the sly the odd thing to the old Jewish pawnbroker who had somehow got whiff of what was going on in the *tabakika*. To her husband, Sioulena said nothing; she asked nothing; nor did she look him straight in the eye the whole week long. Finally she could no longer bear it and she broke down. When the day came that she had nothing to give to her family for their midday meal — not even bread — she dropped her head on her folded arms and wept, waiting. When Sioulas came upstairs and entered the room, he found her sitting in a corner and felt the eyes of his children fixed upon him.

‘You mean you’ve left them without food?’ he asked.

She said nothing, sitting in the corner with her head hung down.

‘Couldn’t you have gotten something at the grocer’s?’ he insisted.

The woman raised her eyes once and looked at him. There was no regret, bitterness or anger in them. They simply begged him to keep silent. Instead, he became angry with her.

‘Speak up woman — say something.’ She lowered her head once more. ‘He wouldn’t give us any more credit,’ she replied guiltily, as if it were her fault.

‘And why didn’t you buy bread?’ ‘The bakery wouldn’t give us credit either,’ she answered. She got up quickly and left the room, not wanting them to witness the tears welling up in her eyes. It was more the pity she felt for him, rather than any hardship they had suffered, that made her cry.

The children went their separate ways, while his wife went to visit her sister, to share her grief. He himself stayed home alone, in his room. It wasn’t their misfortune or his own wounded pride and shame in the eyes of his children that made him stay home all afternoon: it was the regret he felt for the unjust demands he had made upon his wife. He felt his throat muscles tighten. It was the first time in their twenty years of marriage that he had ever given any thought to her feelings.

It was almost dark when he got up. No one had returned home yet. He took down the shotgun from the wall, looked at it for a long time, then put it under his arm and went out.

‘WHAT’S wrong with it?’ asked the gypsy, reaching over for the gun.

The tanner was not in the mood for idle talk. The man he was talking to was the town gunsmith, a miserable gypsy through and through, who made his living repairing guns for almost nothing in a dingy hovel of a shop in the bazaar, next to the bellsmith. Sioulas held his gun back, his eyes fixed intently upon the gypsy.

‘I’m selling it,’ said the tanner brusquely. ‘I’m buying a new one’.

It was a good 12-inch, Belgian-made shotgun without hammers. The tanner’s gun had been familiar to the gypsy for years, so he didn’t trouble himself to look it over. He looked at the tanner and his small, beady, gypsy eyes danced to and fro in his grimy, blackened face. He shook his head.

‘I wouldn’t sell it if I were you, Sioulas my friend.’

‘You mean you don’t want it?’ Sioulas asked.

‘I’m only too willing to buy it... I would even make a profit on it, but...’

‘Don’t try to bargain with me — I know your kind. How much?’

‘Yes, yes, I know,’ the gypsy said quietly. He was used to being called a gypsy — he didn’t mind. ‘I know very well, Sioula, that you won’t be buying another gun... What with worries, lack of work, children... Don’t sell your gun, Sioulas my friend. If you do, you’ll never get it back.’ The tanner realized then that the gypsy wasn’t bargaining.

‘I know how it is... many other tanners have also been here. It’s unfortunate. Whoever has come here with his only gun, I have refused... For years I have been earning my living from you poor hardworking souls... No, you go and sell it to someone else. I won’t touch it.’

Sioulas lowered his eyes. He hung his head. A wretched gypsy had called him a ‘pour soul’ and wouldn’t taint his hands with a tanner’s shotgun. However, that wasn’t the reason that he had lowered his head in shame — the thought hadn’t even crossed his mind. For the second time that day, he felt remorse for his unfairness — *And why didn’t you buy bread? and Don’t try to bargain with me — I know your kind.* If the gypsy hadn’t taken out his tobacco for them to roll cigarettes, he would have fled then and there — humiliated.

‘You’re right,’ said the tanner after a while, without raising his eyes. Then, finally, he lifted his head and looked straight at the gypsy. ‘You’re a good man,’ he said smiling. He said it with the gratitude of a man repaying a debt. Then he got up to leave.

The gypsy stopped him. ‘I know how it is... worries, lack of work... children... Remember you’re a tanner. Don’t sell your gun. If you do, your heart will wither from grief.’ He pulled a hundred drachma bill from his pocket and gave it to the tanner. ‘You pay me back when you can,’ the gypsy said.

Sioulas took the money — took it without feeling the least bit of shame. Holding it tightly in his fist, he was slowly overcome with a feeling of profound peace, a soothing warmth that permeated his whole being and came to rest upon his heart. He felt this way not because he would be bringing money home, but because of his awakened awareness — for the first time in his life — of ‘poor hardworking souls’ as the gypsy had called them — the self-realization that he, Sioulas the tanner, was not an unjustly proud man... Walking along the streets on his way back to the *tabakika*, he felt his being quicken as if something new, alive and warm were stirring within him, like a light flickering within his soul; something close to joy in the midst of all this misery — something he could never lose.

It was already dark when he got back to the *mahalas*. As he was walking by the yards where the barrel-makers and lumbermen worked, he heard someone calling his name. It was a short, fat barrel-maker from Metsovo with a ruddy complexion and shoulders hunched from bending over his work.

‘Good-evening,’ said the tanner to him.

‘And where are you off to with the shotgun?’ asked the man.

‘It’s been acting up on me lately, so I took it to the gypsy. He is a good man,’ Sioulas said suddenly, without meaning to.

‘I don’t know him,’ said the barrel-maker. ‘He’s never done us any harm. Come in and have a *raki*.’

Never in his life had Sioulas set foot in a place such as this; it was something between a wineshop and a *hani*, an inn, frequented by respectable family men, common labourers from the neighbourhood, the workmen from the barrel and lumber yards and villagers staying overnight in the town. The barrel-maker ordered a *raki* for the tanner and then began

talking about how bad business was and about life's endless hardships.

'Things aren't going well with you people either,' he said unexpectedly.

'No, they are not,' replied the tanner, and felt no humiliation for saying it. 'Things are not going well.'

'And what are you going to do?'

'I don't know... No one does...'

'It's a terrible situation,' said the barrel-maker.

Sioulas was no longer listening to him. At that moment there was a fullness brimming over in his heart, an urge to stand each and everyone in that wineshop a drink: the mountain peasants, the gypsies, the villagers, and all the other 'poor hardworking souls' — everyone. But he didn't do any such thing. Instead, he bought the barrel-maker a *raki* in return, light-heartedly wished him good-night and left.

'A good man, this one, too,' Sioulas kept repeating to himself over and over, as if it were some secret whose meaning he had to fathom and possess. 'A good man, yes — but where have they been hiding all these years, these good men?'

As he was entering the main street of the *tabakika*, he came across one of his children. Calling him over, he gave him his gun and then furtively handed him some money to give to his mother. He was too embarrassed to do it himself. And he didn't go home till very late that night, when he was sure that his wife would be in bed, fast asleep. He lay down next to her on the bed. They didn't speak a word to each other, neither did they stir the whole night long.

He was up before dawn. He tiptoed over to where the shotgun was, took it and went downstairs. His wife didn't stir from where she lay on the mattress. He got into his small boat and began to row towards the deepest part of the lake, towards the middle — the Great Deep as they called it. He kept rowing the boat in the direction of the *kalamies*, that part of the lake

grown thick with reeds, plunging the oars deep into the water and rowing fast. He was in a great hurry.

It was already daylight when he came back from the lake — a bright, cold winter morning. He stood by the door of his workshop and gave a shout. The children came scrambling downstairs and stood gazing in admiration at the bountiful game. Sioulas slipped the shotgun off his shoulder and handed it to them. He also gave them three ducks. 'Give these to your mother.' That was all he said to them.

He picked up the rest of the game, about ten geese and ducks, and walked away without turning back to look at the house. He knew that she was standing by the window, crying. And he decided to go to the market directly, passing through the *tabakika* and walking in front of all the tanneries, fearlessly determined and erect, with sure, steady steps...

...And that's how it began. At first it was only one of the tanners who brought his game to sell at the market — then others followed. It was on that day that the trumpets of change sounded the end of the *tabakika* — the tanners' Jericho — now lying in ruin amidst the confusion and roar of machines. It was almost spring and there were flocks of wild geese to be seen flying high over the lake. As if they, too, were being driven away.

— Translated by THEODORE SAMPSON

Dimitri Hatzis was born in Yiannina in 1913. After the Civil War in the 1940's he was one of the many political exiles who sought refuge in Eastern Europe. He was only recently able to return to his homeland which has been the background for most of his stories.

In the title story of his collection, To Tellos Tis Mikris Mas Polis (The End of Our Small Town), from which Sioulas The Tanner is drawn, Dimitris Hatzis addresses himself to Thornton Wilder and, indeed, his mikri poli has much in common with Wilder's Our Town.



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AMPHIAREION

Away from the world, the quiet little valley, a short drive from the city, seems to have kept all the atmosphere and the vibrations of its famous past.

THE shrine of Amphiaraos used to be one of the most important country sanctuaries of Attica. Driving north on the National Road, we find, just west of Lake Marathon, a road leading to the village of Kalamos which overlooks the straits that separate Attica from Evvia. Following this road — it is an enchanting drive — we eventually reach the Amphiareion. According to legend, Amphiaraos was a mortal who became a god. This is his story:

As a mortal, Amphiaraos was an Argive prince who married Eriphyle, the daughter of Adrastos, King of Argos. At the time of his marriage, he took an oath that committed him, in any differences between him and his father-in-law, to abide by Eriphyle's decision. Consequently, when Adrastos was called upon to join the expedition of the seven Argive heroes against Thebes, Amphiaraos was persuaded by Eriphyle to join them. He knew, though, that the siege would end in disaster, for he had the power of foresight. Eriphyle, in fact, had been bribed with a necklace to make Amphiaraos join the expedition. Her husband was so disgusted with her that, on leaving Argos for the war, he ordered his sons to revenge his death (which he foresaw) on their mother.

Amphiaraos survived the siege, but just as he was about to be overtaken by his enemies while trying to escape, the

earth, on the orders of Zeus, opened and swallowed him up with his chariot. According to one story, this event took place at the site of the Amphiareion, though this is only one of several shrines in Greece dedicated to him.

Now immortal, Amphiaraos became a god of healing and of oracles. As early as the sixth century B.C., Croesus, King of Lydia, consulted an oracle of Amphiaraos in Greece. In Roman Imperial times, this sanctuary was, like so many other nearby Attic sanctuaries, the goal of forced marches for the Ephebes (young men undergoing rigorous training before becoming citizens) of Athens and their coaches, the 'kosmetes'.

Pausanias has left an accurate description of the shrine. References by classical writers of the fourth and third centuries B.C. state that the sanctuary was favoured with gifts from several of the kings who succeeded to the empire of Alexander the Great, including Ptolemy Philadelphus and his sister-wife, Arsinoe, rulers of Egypt and ancestors of Cleopatra.

The sanctuary lies on the left bank of a stream, in a delightfully wooded valley, running down from west to east. At the upper end of the valley, facing eastward, stood the temple of Amphiaraos, built in the fourth century B.C. The altar in front of it was dedicated to several gods and heroes.

Between the altar and the stream, a few yards to the south, was the sacred spring, which still flows. It was believed that it was here that Amphiaraos emerged from the earth to begin the healings and cures which made the sanctuary famous. According to Pausanias, those who were healed threw gold or silver coins into the spring in thanks to the god.

Lower down in the valley are the remains of a long building where the sick stayed when they came to be healed. This was similar to the 'Enkoimeterion' at Epidaurus, and the healing method used was much the same. The women, separated from the men, were housed in a special section. Those seeking a cure had to abstain from wine for three days and to observe a strict fast for one day. They then went to sleep lying on the hide of a ram they had sacrificed. The god would appear in a dream and prescribe the cure to be followed. In Hellenistic times, and after, the patients remained at the sanctuary for longer periods as they were then also attended by doctors. There is, therefore, on the other side of the stream, a little settlement with narrow streets and houses with many rooms near a water-clock (*klepsydra*). Again reminiscent of Epidaurus, there was also a 'Katagogion', or sanatorium. A similar building located towards the southwest was more exposed to the winds of the sea. Most likely this was used during the hot summer months.

From the numerous inscriptions found around the sanctuary, we gather that it was not only visited by the sick, but was a place where, after 332 B.C., festivals with musical and athletic contests were held every four years. The site of the musical contests has been preserved: the stage, the orchestra and the lower rows of seats, as well as five marble armchairs or orchestra seats reserved for the notables, can still be seen. This little 'theatre' has been restored to the extent that, a few years ago, it could be used for performances of chamber music which had a tremendous but, alas, short-lived success.

Spring is the best season for visiting the sanctuary. The site is green and studded with wild flowers that enhance the ruins of the numerous buildings; water is flowing in the stream under the budding plane-trees. When you reach the sacred spring, remember to look into its green waters. (Who knows? You may see Amphiaraos emerge from the moss and ferns.)

A benevolent guard is always there with the key to the little museum.

—N.G.V.



A landscaped courtyard at Skepi Pronia and a view within the three-level building. A graduated ramp with nearby railing leads from one level to another.



Photographs by Ingrid Fritsch

SKEPI PRONIA

About fifteen kilometres from Athens, on the Markopoulo Road just outside Peania, a finger signpost on the right directs you to Skepi Pronia. The car bumps along a cart track until a low-built, motel-style building smothered in flowers and backed by Mt. Hymettus, comes into view. This is Skepi Pronia, a home for the aged but in no way a nursing home or an institution. There are no disinfectant odours, no doctors in white coats, no nurses chattering in the passages. It could be — indeed, it is in some respects — a hotel decorated in gay colours and with lavish arrays of plants, and flowers. The windows on all sides open onto the countryside and splendid views of the hills and mountains beyond.

Two or three generations ago most 'gentle-born' Athenians lived in large houses tended by staffs of servants. It was tacitly understood that the younger members of their families would both house and care for them when they were overtaken by age. After the Second World War, however, staff difficulties forced many of these families to abandon their roomy houses and to move into apartments. Most of the big houses were pulled down and replaced by unsightly but functional blocks of flats. There were no longer rooms to spare for the old folk and the problem of caring for senior citizens became acute and urgent.

The problem continues today for all too many, but one group of Athenian ladies anticipated the difficulty in the 1950's. From their discussions sprung an idea which led to the creation of the Skepi Pronia, a home for the impecunious elderly of the old Athenian families, and a haven for those too old to adjust to modern conditions or to learn to look after themselves without assistance which they can no longer afford: To those without relatives, it is a refuge from loneliness. To others, perhaps not particularly elderly but nonetheless tired of housekeeping and every day problems, it provides relief from chores and pressures. A home for the active elderly who do not require constant medical attention, the rules are at a minimum and freedom of action and individual taste are paramount. One lady even has her pet poodle with her. He can be seen sitting on guard outside his mistress's room.

The amenities are many. Central heating keeps the building deliciously warm. Each room has a private bathroom and a balcony large enough to accommodate potted plants, gardening being a favourite occupation. The decor is modern and tasteful. Furniture, mostly donated, is provided if required, but the majority bring their own possessions and memorabilia. A doctor calls every fortnight, while a trained nurse lives on the premises. A barber,

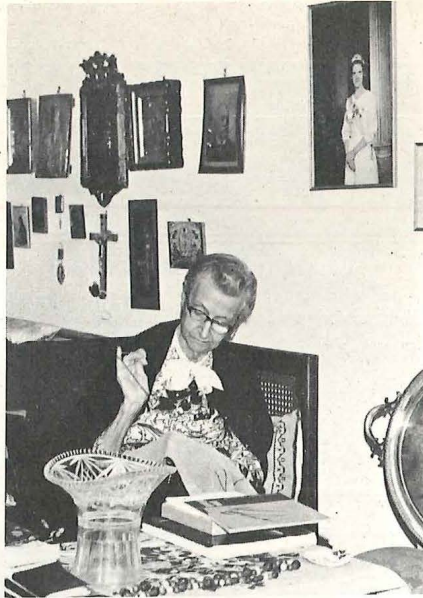
hairdresser, manicurist, chiropodist, all call at Skepi regularly. The members of the staff are hired locally and seem very dedicated, taking an individual interest in their charges. There is a charming dining room, its furniture and decoration bringing to mind Ye Old Tea Shoppes in an English country town, but meals are also served in the individual rooms. There is a library stocked with periodicals and books in several languages, card tables for those who wish to play bridge, radio and television, and plenty of quiet corners for those who just wish to sit peacefully or enjoy a cosy chat.

Skepi Pronia is managed by Mrs. Xenia Fostiropoulo who has successfully eliminated all sense of institutionalisation and provided Skepi with the atmosphere of a private home. It was from Mrs. Fostiropoulo that I learned of the history of Skepi. Mrs. Helen Levidi, who might be regarded as its founder, subsequently filled in the details as she sat, surrounded by treasures from her former home, skilfully executing an exquisite petit point embroidery.

When the Athenian ladies first began discussing this project in the 1950's, they had neither capital, nor land, but only their enthusiasm and tenacity to inspire them. Their ambitious scheme came to the ears of Dimitri Pappas, at one time the Greek Ambassador to Egypt, who wholeheart-



Mrs. Levidi needlepointing in her room, surrounded by memorabilia; her project continues on the adjoining balcony.



edly joined in the efforts to make the dream become a reality. A small committee consisting of ten members was formed and Mr. Pappas became the first president. The sum of 3,500 drs. was raised of which 1,500 drs. was set aside to print a prospectus. This was sent to various people who were asked to support the scheme by becoming members for the sum of 50 drs. and by agreeing to contribute the same amount yearly. It was subsequently raised to 100 drs. The membership grew until it reached 500 and gradually donations began to arrive as interest was aroused.

Mrs. Levidi's initial donation to the fund was followed by a very generous donation from Mr. George Tangalaki who contributed to the project in memory of his late wife. The Committee began to seek a suitable setting for their scheme and eventually a flat piece of land between the foothills of Hymettus and the little hill of Harvati was purchased.

A young architect, Tassos Kassimi, was entrusted with the project and his design was an inspiration. The building is on three levels. Every room has an enchanting view, and is spacious and airy. In lieu of stairs the architect provided graduated ramps which even the most tottering steps can manage. Water was brought from nearby Gлика Nera, electricity and telephone lines from Peania. As the plan began to materialise the committee members turned their attention to the matter of staff. A good manager was the first essential and Mrs. Fostiropoulo accepted the position. Cooks, maids, gardeners were enlisted. Naturally, as in most such undertakings, the plan did not develop precisely as it was conceived.

The original scheme called for two or three separate buildings or 'pavilions', to be connected by corridors; a central building was to house all the public rooms. Only one building, incorporating the public rooms and thirty bedrooms has been completed, however. The plans to expand still exist; there is a long waiting list for those who wish to live at Skepi.

Mrs. Levidi provided the first generous donation for the project and was among the first ladies to take up residence in Skepi when it opened in 1969. She also provided a large part of the furniture. Indeed, when the project first began to take shape, she offered the entire contents from her house in Kifissia and the sum she obtained for it when it was sold. This was not accepted in its entirety, however, although a large portion of her donation helped to bring the scheme into being.

The sum charged for a room and full board is very modest. Mrs. Levidi explains that Skepi receives many generous donations, and they also organise certain fund raising activities such as a monthly tea party. The purpose of Skepi, Mrs. Levidi noted, is to provide those with modest means comfort during their declining years.

On my way out I passed groups of ladies, and one or two gentlemen, sitting in the solarium. They were chatting eagerly, obviously happy and occupied, surrounded as they are by the quiet beauty of the countryside, with the hills and mountains for neighbours and a whole host of friendly people always at hand. In Skepi Pronia elderly people are wanted, and this alone, surely, makes the whole project infinitely worthwhile.

— ELSIE HIRSCH



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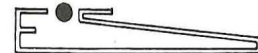
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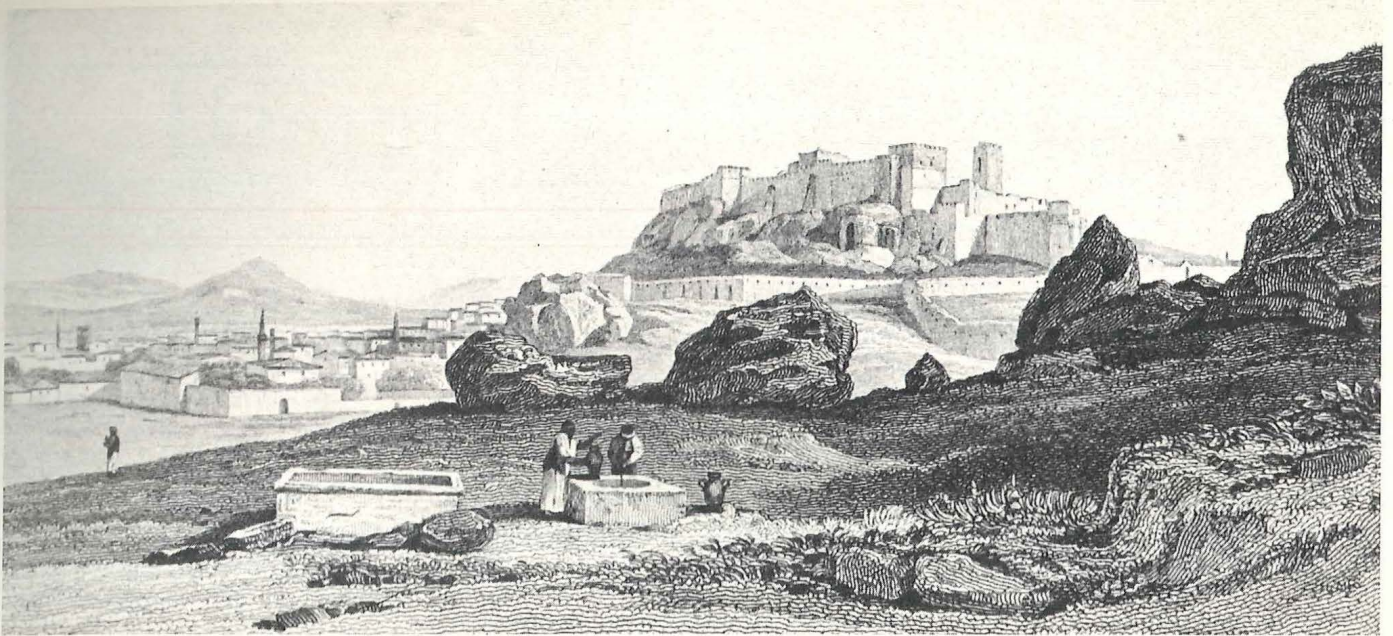
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AN ATHENIAN TALE

Thousands of tourists visit Greece every year to follow in the footsteps of St. Paul. The Apostle, starting from Antioch, gradually covered the whole territory of Asia Minor and Greece—then part of the Roman Empire—as his mission field. It was at Antioch (from perhaps 35 A.D.) that Greek-speaking gentiles first became converted and it was there that the term Christian originated.

Otto Meinardus has written extensively about St. Paul's travels and here considers a rather curious but now little known story related to the Apostle's visit to Athens.

HAD you come to Athens as a tourist 300 years ago, chances are that one of your primary objectives would have been to search for those sites which in one way or another are related to St. Paul's ministry in this city as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. New Testament in hand, you would have asked to see the remains of the ancient synagogue where the Apostle argued with the Jews, the agora where St. Paul spoke to those 'who chanced to be there', the altar with the inscription 'To an unknown god', which served as the subject of St. Paul's address to the Areopagus, and the rock which the King James Version calls Mars Hill or the Areopagus.

Your overall experience, however, would have been rather disappointing. The site of the agora was built over with houses then, and the ancient synagogue has not been unearthed to this day. Although two visitors to Athens, Nicolas du Loir in 1641, and George Wheler in 1675, were told that the inscription 'To an unknown god' could still be seen in the Parthenon (at that time converted into a mosque) the latter dismissed the story, noting that he

'could find but very little or no probability'.

It is very doubtful that the Greeks or the Turks believed this tradition themselves, but they may well have related it for the benefit of their visitors from the West. Indeed, Guillet de la Guilletiere, who visited here in 1675, tells us among other things that 'when a stranger is at any time present at the Celebration of the Mass, they [the Greek priests] will be sure instead of the Epistle for the day... to read chapter XVII of the Acts of the Apostles, thinking thereby to enhance their reputation with the stranger'.

Your interest in St. Paul would have next led you to the ruins of a small church at the foot of the Areopagus where you would have been shown, by the priest accompanying you, a small Roman cistern, situated east of the northern apse of the church. Father Robert de Dreux, chaplain to the French ambassador, visited Athens in 1669 and tells us that after having descended from the Areopagus Hill, 'the priest showed us a well, in which, so he told me, St. Dionysius had hidden St. Paul for a few days'. In the same year the Jesuit missionary, Father Jacques P. Babin, was told that the well existed near the ruins of the Church of 'St. Dionysius the Areopagite where '...St. Paul remained hidden for twenty-four hours in a persecution which his

enemies caused against him, following the conversion of this senator of the Areopagus'. In 1674, Jean Giraud of Lyons, the French Consul in Athens, described how, leaving the archbishopric by a little gate, he saw ten feet from there a well, 'where St. Paul hid himself to escape the furor of the people after he had converted St. Dionysius'.

Whether the well was a place of hiding or a prison seems to have been a matter of opinion, however, because in 1675 Guillet de la Guilletiere was shown it and wrote that 'the Christians hold [it] in great veneration,' because they maintain that it served as a prison for St. Paul...' The last travellers to report about St. Paul's well before the Venetian attack upon Athens in 1687 were Jacob Spon and George Wheler. They visited the city in 1675-1676 and reported that 'of the Church of St. Dionysius there is nothing to be seen now but a heap of ruins, and a well, where they say, St. Paul had hid himself...'

The tradition of St. Paul's suffering in Athens, of which St. Luke was totally unaware, was intensely believed and widely circulated and survived the upheavals in Athens that followed the Venetian attack and the Turkish invasion. Charles Comte de Ferriol visited here in 1699 and was shown the well but sometime during the first part

Edward Dodwell provided us with this engraving showing two people—apparently Arab—at the so-called Well of St. Paul (From A Classical and Topographical Tour Through Greece During the Years 1801, 1805 and 1806. Rodwell and Martin, London 1819)

Myrat-Bataille and Pirandello

of the 18th century the cistern was obstructed and Richard Chandler in 1765-1766 described it as being choked up. Nonetheless we know that by the latter part of the eighteenth century it was furnishing water for a nearby settlement of Moors which gave the site the popular name of *karasouyiou* (the Moors), a name which included the Areopagus itself, but otherwise the site was known as 'Arabiko Pigadi' (Arabian Well) because of the number of Arab families residing in the neighbourhood.

. When J. C. Hobhouse, in the company of Lord Byron, visited the Areopagus in 1810, he was shown not a well but a cave, below the small chapel of St. Dionysius, which contains a cold spring (perhaps the fountain mentioned by Pausanias as being near the temple of Apollo and Pan) as the site where St. Paul found shelter. Perhaps the last statement about St. Paul's escape comes from the pen of William Turner in 1813. Other travellers of the 19th and 20th century, though still referring to the ruins of the Church of St. Dionysius, are silent on the subject.

It is a strange story, and totally unfounded in Scripture, and we do not know how this tradition started. Is it possible that the Athenians tried to satisfy the curiosity of their visitors from the West? (Certainly the tenor of the story is in line with the reactions to the Apostle's preaching in Philippi, Thessaloniki and Veria, where he was either imprisoned or threatened to the point where he was forced to leave these cities.) What is surprising is that none of the early travellers seemed to have questioned the veracity of this extra-biblical tale except for Edward Dodwell, who reported on his archaeological finds during 1801-1806, and had read the tradition of St. Paul's escape in the writings of George Wheler. But he merely commented that 'it was a very improbable story, and very inconsistent with the noble and intrepid character of the apostle'.

Today neither the members of the clergy nor the tourist guides around the Acropolis are aware of the story of St. Paul's escape from the angry Athenians. Few people visit the excavations of the Church of St. Dionysius below the Areopagus, and fewer still would take notice of the 'well', nowadays completely choked up, situated a few feet behind the apse.

—DR. OTTO MEINARDUS

St. Paul in Greece, by Otto F. A. Meinardus (Lycabettus Press) is available in most bookshops in Athens.

DIMITRI Myrat has realized a tour-de-force in his production of *Adieu to Spring* at the Athinon Theatre. In an incredibly short time he has translated, adapted and produced an old French play by the famous romanticist Henry Bataille (1872-1922). The original title of the play, *Maman Colibri*, stresses the pioneering character of the title role, while Myrat's choice of *Adieu to Spring* for his Greek translation underlines the play's reality. Each is right for its time. *Maman Colibri* must have been a startling and revolutionary female character when the play was first presented in 1904. Today she is neither of these things and the problems with which she was confronted in the pre-World War I era appear ridiculous today. But Voula Zoumboulaki is one of our theatre's most experienced actresses and in a subtle performance she manages to make the part exciting and deeply dramatic.

Maman Colibri is married to an older man who is clever but a paragon of convention in matters of 'family honour' — at least, insofar as his wife is concerned. He himself is available at all times to any lady willing to share his bed. His still youthful and sexually neglected wife, however, feels liberated within herself. She soon finds the love she has thirsted for after so many years of marriage to an older man. The intransigent husband responds to this development with the indignation appropriate to his era and is supported by the couple's young son who greatly admires his father. Madame Colibri-Zoumboulaki handles the situation in a manner worthy of a liberated woman of today.

Dimitri Myrat provides a solid and convincing performance as the turn-of-the-century husband who, though aware that his double-standard mentality is growing out-of-date, is yet unable to change. George Grammatikos, as the son, continues to develop as an actor. Soula Athanassiadou gives a frank portrayal of a loose lady out of the past. The entire cast and the production are excellent, and the set designs of Petros Zoumboulakis successfully contrast a warm love-nest with a tepid home.

THE *MAN*, *the Beast and Virtue* is considered to be one of Luigi Pirandello's lightest works and, certainly, it appears to be a wicked comedy. It was first produced in Athens in 1943 under the direction of Karolos Koun who gave it the traditional interpretation and director Kostas Bakas in the current production at the Athina Theatre employs the same approach. I must confess, however, that after seeing it again I was left with the impression that there is something wrong with the established conception of this drama.

While the meaning in Pirandello's plays is usually subtle, the titles are explicit. 'The Man' of the title refers to a teacher who jeopardizes his principles by allowing his animal instincts to prevail. 'Virtue' is personified by a seemingly virtuous, stupid woman who has become pregnant by the teacher with whom she is carrying on a love affair. 'The Beast' is the woman's husband, a sea captain with a mistress and a number of illegitimate children in another port. While the husband is clearly the beast, 'Man' and 'Virtue' would appear to be civilized only on the surface. Their principles are a facade hiding their animal instincts which rise to the surface, in times of fear or panic, to control their action. The appearances hide the reality, a concept in keeping with Pirandello's view of humanity. What he has presented us with is Primeval Man framed between Man and Woman who, despite the accoutrements of civilization, are nonetheless primordial.

In the second act the teacher removes his mask of morality, and the wife her mask of virtue, to become the beasts they really are. Xenia Kaloyeropoulou as 'Virtue' made the transition with some success and the 'change' is complete. As the 'Man' Yannis Fertis has the lion's share of the play but on opening night he displayed considerable nervousness and seemed to have difficulty in mastering his lines. In a reversal of reality - drama, he seemed to bring 'real' life to the role and was perhaps overly successful as a panic-stricken lover. Vassos Andronidis as the doctor, and the only honest and

wise person on stage, was excellent. Finally, Christos Tsangas as the husband was a genuine Beast. I got the impression that he was supposed to have done something dreadful to the maid during the night of orgies, but I may be wrong. Whatever the case, Ioanna Karobili presented us with a convincing rendition of a servant thoroughly fed up with the entire ménage.

If you are in search of some light comedy, this is a performance to be recommended.

— PLATON MOUSSEOS

Oh, What a World, Baba!

THAT Kostas Mourselas can present a pessimistic view of modern, urban existence and make it palatable to the theatre public, is made clear in the packed house at the Teatro Satiras at performances of 'O, Ti Kosmos, Baba' (*Oh, What a World, Dad!*). This collection of satirical sketches, punctuated now and then with rousing songs, is a revival of a revue featuring the beloved vagabonds of *Ekinos Ke... Kinos*, Vassilis Diamantopoulos and George Mihalakopoulos. Mourselas refers to his production as a 'moderna' musical which abandons the light tone of the familiar revue and chooses to probe the 'depths'. The show first opened in June, 1973. It played in Thessaloniki for over two months and after a long run in Athens toured the provinces in the summer of 1974.

The current production retains most of the popular pieces. 'Psahno' (I Search) and 'Ekinos Ke... Kinos' have been updated with topical allusions. The 'Psahno' monologue is brilliantly executed by Mihalakopoulos. In rapid, firecracker-like delivery, the actor piles paradox on paradox in a series of insoluble equations for which, he ironically confides to his audience, he seeks some intricate formula: how to have freedom without being free, make friends with both the Israelis and Arabs, withdraw from NATO but retain NATO bases—and how to account for Kissinger's being awarded the Nobel Peace prize and *not* the Prize for Military Virtue!

Luke and Solon, the vagabonds in 'Ekinos ke... Kinos', also introduce timely themes. Perhaps it is the complete mastery of gesture, tone and attitude—such as Diamantopoulos' half-

opened mouth as Solon, the patient dispenser of wisdom, explains some new perplexity which will complicate their existences—which sends the audience into volleys of laughter. Luke cannot comprehend Solon's intense preoccupation with the 'ifalokripida' (the continental shelves) over which nations fight to drill for oil. 'But, look here, Solon,' the mystified Luke asks, 'what kind of a word is this... this... *ifalokripida*? Listen to it. It carries no echoes of exploding hostility. How can such an inanimate word arouse a nation to war?'

Mourselas has said that *O, Ti Kosmos, Baba*, is 'neither a musical, nor a drama, nor a comedy.' As one watches the sketch from which the revue takes its title, this is made clear. There is a strange mingling of humour, pathos and anguish in this scene during which two young people are at stage centre while their recollections are played out in pantomime and narration at stage right and stage left. Indeed, what kind of a world is this when innocence and purity and romantic idealism are already polluted before the experience of young love has been enjoyed? The audience laughs at the juvenile and forgivable sins of the young boy and girl: 'I'm a *mad* Panathenaiko soccer fan'; 'I am bewitched by advertisements'; 'I'm in love with Voskopoulos'; 'I hate studying'; 'I am crazy about the handsome men on the television screen. I dream about them.' But—when boy and girl answer the question: 'Have you ever gone with another woman, another man?' the audience is forced to ask the same desperate question the playwright asks. Boy and girl mutely gaze upon the sexual degradation of each other as each tawdry scene is tellingly related in pantomime. Their sensibilities are forever tainted by their first initiation into sex through prostitution. The boy had been led to the prostitute by his father. The girl had been taught by her mother to offer her body for material rewards. The discovery of sexual ecstasy, as young lovers should discover it, is irretrievably lost. The boy and girl are betrayed by the very people who are supposed to protect them. The dark note is that now the boy and girl become embodiments of a cultural crisis for which the playwright sees no cure.

In such a world, peopled by crass and gross men, can one find any meaning? The accumulation of possessions and comforts are many: a bigger and better television set, a car to project one's personality. As for those who 'think', the doctor orders, 'Stop thinking. Take aspirin.' Thinking makes one ask questions and he who asks questions

may be driven to insanity. The final song is a boisterous one, but heed the lyrics: 'Where are they taking you, my poor wretched creature? Where are they taking you and where are you going? If they call you "free", you have stopped asking questions!' The words are sung with gusto and the spectators clap in rhythm to the beat, but the image of the 'free' man is a despairing one. He has stopped asking questions.

— MARY A. NICKLES

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books

Odysseus Elytis

THE SOVEREIGN SUN. SELECTED POEMS

Translation, Introduction and Notes by Kimon Friar.

Temple University Press. Philadelphia, Pa., 1974. 200 pages

With the publication of *The Sovereign Sun* it is now possible to experience deeply the poems of the greatest living Greek poet in all the refulgent beauty of this felicitous translation. Assisted by a superb Introduction and Notes, the essence of Elytis has here been brilliantly made accessible.

Elytis is the poet of light and landscape, of purity and perfection. He rarely derives his poetic materials from myth and history and thus stands apart from certain emphases of modern Greek poetry. Along with myth for its own sake, Elytis has rejected the ingrown pessimism of Kariotakis, the inherent pessimism in the dessicated world of Seferis and, ultimately, the more random extreme experiments of his surrealist friend, Embiricos. Elytis wanted a poetry that would probe deeper than intellectualism, and evoke the eternal forms to which great art has always aspired. Surely he must have pondered Eluard's lovely line 'You are pure, you are even purer than I,' for it could admirably serve as a conclusion to one of the many glowing poems in which he apostrophizes the endlessly appealing principle of burgeoning femininity. She appears under many names and epithets: 'Marina of the Rocks' ('sea-blue to the bone'), 'Helen' ('all those words whose unique destination is you'), 'The Orange Girl' ('she became intoxicated with the sun's juice'), or 'The Girl the North Wind Brought' ('leaning her small breasts for the wind to withstand'). Her masculine consort is counterposed almost as often in, for instance, the 'Sailor Boy of the Garden' who 'climbers up on clouds,' and, most importantly, as the hero of the *Heroic and Elegiac Song for the Lost Second Lieutenant of the Albanian Campaign*: 'He was a handsome lad'.

Because with Elytis the method is not the message, he increasingly and significantly controlled his surrealism by employing easily observable elements of form, such as line length, stanza shape, and parallel syntax. He does not get lost in structural elaboration, however, nor flounder in free associa-

tion, because he has always known what he wants to express. His astonishing lyrical gift, his organizational skills, and his unflinching and passionate integrity are made to serve his vision. It is the evocation of this vision that is the great glory of his poetry.

Because Elytis has sought the eternally meaningful, the Aegean, with its barren landscape of sunglinting rock, glittering sea, windbent trees, shrill seagulls, glaring whitewashed houses and chapels, pungent gardens, sunburnt adolescents and, most of all, the blinding summer sunlight, this Aegean has provided the essential setting for the greater portion of his work.

Elytis is a poet of the ideal, the eternal, the perfect, but to term him an optimist, while not wholly incorrect, would be insufficient. For Elytis knows he erects his shrine to ideality on the bulwark of suffering and evil and the remorseless abrasions of time, a consciousness that was to deepen as he matured. Like Yeats, who discovered many of his characteristic themes and symbols at the beginning of his career and stayed with them, intensifying, pruning and elaborating, Elytis has constantly developed his Aegean imagery with force and consistency. He reached a full flowering remarkably early, in 1945, with his *Heroic and Elegiac Song*, based on his own experiences on the Albanian front during World War II.

This conjoining of the traditional and the new, the formal and the free, was to prove most fruitful to Elytis during the latter part of the 1950's when he was writing his masterpiece, *Axion Esti (Worthy It Is)*, a work of incredibly sustained intensity, lyricism, and organization. Here he has elaborated his Aegean imagery and war experience into a structure of symphonic proportions with an astounding originality comparable to Beethoven's *Eroica*. This is what Friar says in his Introduction: 'He felt the need to turn, not to the rejuvenation of old forms, but to the creation of new ones, new limitations which the poet himself would arbitrarily establish so that the struggle with

structure, pattern, order, metre, stanza, and orchestration would create a tension, throw out sparks, deepen thought, and achieve a new freedom in which the flight of the imaginations and a free-flowing association of images are not caged in but, on the contrary, are given wings and strength to reach greater heights.'

His masterpiece achieved, Elytis has not, however, declined in power or industry since, again like Yeats, his later maturity has proved his most consistently creative period; his poems vary in quality these days from very good to great. I was overwhelmed by the later selections of *The Sovereign Sun*. In the 1973 volume, *The Light Tree and the Fourteenth Beauty*, from which Friar has translated fourteen pieces, his familiar images are developed with the utmost assurance, mostly in loose long lines of masterful suppleness, as in 'The Odyssey,' or 'The Light Tree,' though he can still dazzle us with a delicate, youthful lyric, as in 'Little Green Sea.' These poems also explore a more profound eroticism than he has attempted before and he has tended even more strongly to what Friar calls 'the magical, the revelatory nature of poetry'. It is significant that, for all their mature sadness and longing, Elytis has in these poems — and herein lies their tensile power — refused to abandon the ecstasy of perfection or in any way to negate his vision.

The most 'political' poem — for Elytis — is 'Villa Natacha' which he wrote in exile in France during the repressive years of the colonels. In a beautifully controlled tone of musing melancholy, Elytis reaffirms his fierce idealism while at the same time praising the simple man. He confronts evil: 'Man/Evil without wanting to be' but considers the possibility of goodness: 'If only you knew how to behave rightly / Even before a flower / All would be yours'.

He has returned again to the theme of love in the recent *The Monogram* which is, on the surface, the most traditional of his great poems. It is a sad love poem whose unravelled legend, dispersed through its seven sections, reads, as Friar has pointed out, 'I shall mourn, do you hear me, for you always alone in Paradise,' a typical interweaving of the temporal and eternal which underlines so much of his poetry. This is a poem of boundless loneliness, as well as a willed rejection of disillusion: 'Where are you leaving me and where are you going and who do you hear me / Is holding your hand above the cataclysm.'

Friar has been praised often and rightly as a translator and here he has again apprehended the inner meaning of the work with beauty and accuracy. The lengthy, elegantly written, informative Introduction and Notes provide a smooth transition into the special world of the poet.

I have argued Elytis' importance; now let me state my prejudice: I think him the greatest living poet. I also think — and this is not prejudice — that the best place to read him in English is in this book.

—JEFFREY CARSON

Z. Stellas

PAROS: FOLK DESIGNS

In Greek with an English summary by E. S. Konidaris.

Athens, 1975. 104 pages. 250 Drs.

The primary interest of scholars in Greek folklore, whether medieval or modern, has been in tracing classical precedents. This has tended to perpetuate an unfortunately prejudiced attitude that regards Folk Art as either degenerate or an 'interesting' means of transferring the past into the present. Fortunately a few individuals have directed their energies solely to preserving on its own merits the remains of the Folk Art traditions, much of which has already vanished or become extinct. The appearance of books dedicated to preserving and cataloguing what remains is of great value.

Stellas' recently published book on the Folk Arts of Paros is of special interest. It concentrates on one specific area and thus escapes the confusion of generalities that have been the common fault of many books on the subject. The volume has been copiously illustrated with drawings and photos as well as rubbings of *afaloi* and descriptions of quite unique *tamata*. Not being a professional scholar (he is the Manager of the Kolonaki Branch of the Credit Bank of Greece), Stellas is unconcerned with the niceties of style and scientific approach which frequently make books such as this dry and tiresome. He has interwoven into the text delightful stories told by his grandfather, Iakovos Stellas, who was a carpenter and a maker of *kareglakia*. The latter is now an extinct art, as these little 'chairs' were once used as supports for votive candles on icon stands.

The book can only be obtained through the author: Z. Stellas, Ag. Barbaras 144, Athens, 452 (Tel. 743-877 or 971-3726).

— NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

music

On the Fine Art of Conducting Stravinsky, Singing Falstaff, and Harping Handel!

IT is not often that the reviewer sets out for an evening of orchestral music in anticipation of hearing it well performed, let alone well conducted. Yet having known Diamantis Diamantopoulos lo! these many years, and having worked with him on several musical programmes, I looked forward to an outstanding production and was not in the least disappointed.

The Athens State Orchestra is a rather ephemeral grouping, capable of a very high musical standard which it rarely achieves. In this respect it reminds me of the Washington National Symphony of a decade ago, as it, too, was saddled with a prosaic resident conductor whose musicians responded only to the baton of a visiting artist.

Maestro Diamantopoulos is by no means unknown to either the State Orchestra or the concert-going public, but for reasons not fully understood by the reviewer, he has not been given the opportunity of demonstrating his impressive capabilities. His choice of programme for the March 3 concert was in itself a welcome change from earlier unimaginative musical offerings, and his mastery on the podium was indeed a joy. Until last week, who in Athens was in the least familiar with the imagination of the Italian composer Francesco Barsanti, a contemporary of Handel and Bach, who followed the former to England in the early eighteenth century and made his career there? And who, indeed, was prepared for the exemplary interpretation of Stravinsky's *Firebird* that concluded the concert?

A good deal of the credit must go to the conductor whose confidence, poise, and absolute familiarity with the musical demands of his programme provided those present with a memorable musical experience.

Not so the guest pianist, Madame Darré. Though she showed considerable musicological insight, her technique and stamina were not up to the sheer physical demands of the Liszt. Her Chopin encore, on the other hand, was indicative of an ability and style, certainly past, perhaps present, which have won her so many honours over the years.

THE National Opera's performance of *Falstaff* was in many respects its most outstanding success of the season. Though one tends to reject the kind of overstaging and excessive busyness that dominated the production, there can be no denying the very fine singing and commendable acting which prevailed. Giuseppi Taddei was a larger-than-life Falstaff, projecting his appropriately beer-barreled baritone to the rafters while cavorting on stage in a manner that belied his age. Kiki Morfoniou was a convincing, if vocally miscast, 'Quickly', while the orchestra, under the baton of Maestro Kolasis, supported the whole production with adept response and nimble tempi.

POLITE jokes about the harp's musical inutility as a concert instrument are far too abundant to bear repeating here. That the piano, harpsichord, or even the guitar are superior instruments requiring far less labour to produce the same result is universally acknowledged. Yet there is considerable charm in the kind of performance with which the British Council provided us through the famed Welsh harpist, Osian Ellis. His initial offering of the Handel Concerto in B-flat, which the reviewer laboured some years ago to bring to performance level on the organ, was so skillfully rendered that all his predisposed prejudices to a concert of this kind immediately evaporated. The ensuing programme, particularly the unexpected pleasure of an unknown Britten suite, and the fine Welsh folk-singing (particularly that of a beautiful, unaccompanied tune with quarter-tone shadings) made the evening as memorable as the Julian Bream appearance a year ago. To the British Council we owe our thanks for both.

As an American, the reviewer would like to know *what* the Hellenic American Union has been doing with its money lately!

—ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

—The Athens State Orchestra, Diamantis Diamantopoulos, conductor, Jeanne-Marie Darré, pianist. Francesco Barsanti, Concerto Grosso opus 3, no. 4; Franz Liszt, Concerto for Piano and Orchestra no. 1 in E-flat major; W. A. Mozart, Symphony no. 23 in D-major KV 181; Igor Stravinsky, *The Firebird Suite*.

—The National Opera (*Lyriki Skini*), Byron Kolasis, conductor; Giuseppi Verdi, *Falstaff*.

—Osian Ellis at the British Council; G. F. Handel, Harp Concerto in B-flat major; G. Fauré, *Impromptu*; songs from Shakespeare; Benjamin Britten, *Harp Suite in C-major* (1969); songs of Wales.

At the Galleries

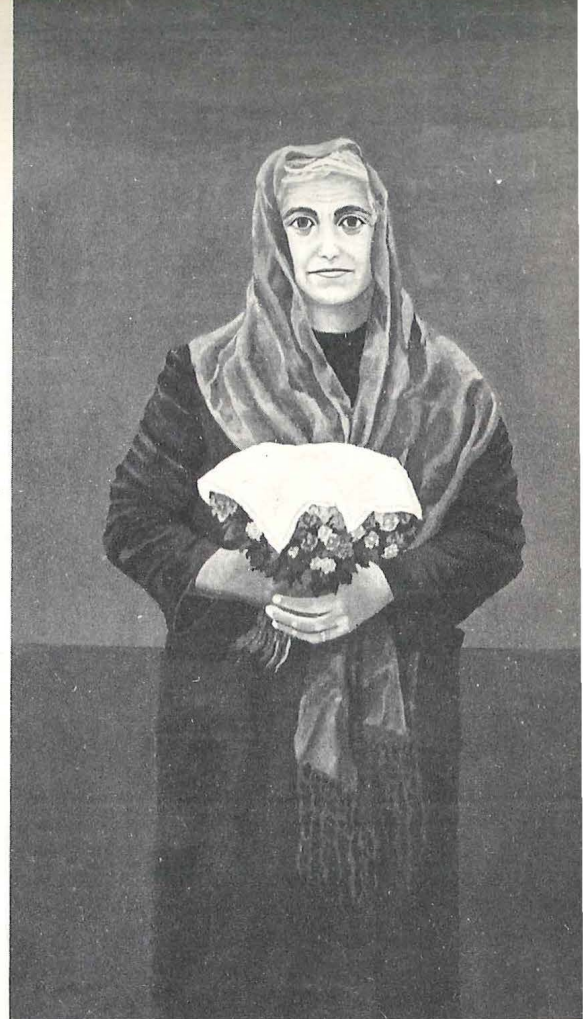
For anyone who has known Celeste Polychroniadou and her work the recent exhibition of paintings at the Nees Morphes was disturbing. With the exception of a few pieces that retain those colours which we associate with *images fantastiques* and her work of recent years — vermilion, cobalt, cerulean blue and rich contrasts of white and black — her new paintings and drawings are muted. The palette is disquietingly reminiscent of the sombre umbres and sepias of *Katochi*, the book of drawings that she compiled during the Occupation. Despite the similarity in palette, the new paintings are quite different and reflect some sort of development. The tight composition, however, has given way to fragmented lines and broken forms. These paintings seem to reflect a deep probing into a world of intense personal anguish.

The flight from pain always results in an alienation of self into an artificial and consequentially false view of the world and one's relation to it. The present work of Polychroniadou is in no way an escape. There is no self-conscious attempt to alienate an inner pain by objectifying it on canvas. Simply and straightforwardly she has worked as a painter and what has emerged is a silent testimony to a period of life in which suffering has been accepted as the very warp of life itself. Many of the works exhibited in March are not successful in themselves but what is especially touching about them is the integrity which they reflect. Thus they stand on their merit by being simply what they are: the consequence of a life experience that has touched the root of an individual's creativity.

Naive, or innocent, painters are a comparatively rare phenomenon in the art world, primarily because they are usually eminently successful only so long as they remain untouched by other artists or unexposed to the more chic trends. Once this happens, they begin to develop a self-consciousness that by definition destroys their uniqueness. The special ability of the naive painter is found in that quality which makes his work at times resemble early daguerreotypes; that is, the lack of a filter. Innocence is the direct apprehension of

experience without any attempt to render it logical or conceptually meaningful in relation to other experience. It is this quality that pervades the work of the innocent painter. He has little if any interest in the niceties of style and technique and treats both as means towards recording experience and involvement. It is this directness and simplicity in approach to style and technique that make us react at times with the remark, 'Why, any child could do that'. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say 'only a child could do that'. To be able to see and experience without relating reality to conceptualized former experiences and situations is peculiar to the innocence of children. The child sees the world essentially as new, fresh and magical because he experiences it at the very moment of awareness, without sophistication or affectation. The naive painter, through some quirk of development, retains this ability and it is this peculiarity that makes his work and its genius distinguishable from that of trained painters and, more especially, from the work of bad salon painters whose abilities in technique and style do not match their aspirations and ambitions.

The work of Nikitas Flessas viewed at the Ora Gallery in March, is essentially the work of a naive painter — but he is dangerously close to passing from a state of innocence into a state of 'knowing'. His subjects are drawn mostly from the experiences of everyday life or moments that have caught his imagination during the great festivals of the Church, the Epitaphio or the feast of a saint when religious banners and icons are paraded through a village. There is already, however, a touch of alienation and distance in Flessas' work that can be seen in his concern for content and composition, elements that are quite foreign to the nature of naive art. The influence of Manousakis (who also wrote the catalogue introduction) is barely perceptible in the over-all tone of the paintings. Apart from this, however, these are very fine and uncomplicated



Nikitas Flessas, *Flowers for the Dead*, 1975

canvasses and of great interest. Perhaps the best way to help Flessas and his art would be to remove him immediately from Athens and send him back to his village to paint. This might protect him from influences that will undoubtedly make him a 'chic' painter — as has happened in the case of the Cretan singer, Xylouris.

Michalea's large sculptures (Zoumboulakis - Tassos in March) are impressive and exquisitely simple combinations of associated beams of wood held in place by massive bolts. These 'Dialogues' seem to have no more pretense than to be what they are and the eye is forced to regard quite ascetically only what it sees in the

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slightly converging edges and elegant poise of the beams themselves. The relief sculptures are reductions of the forms created by the wooden beams onto plain surfaces — though symmetrically arranged as they are, they lack a certain originality. The show's virtues were similar to those of Danish furniture, limited to the elegance of good clean teak and a certain architectural sense combined with a directness of conception.

Apergis' sculptures and drawings at the Athens Gallery (to continue through April 5) are difficult to assess — especially in the context of the essay by Denis Chevalier and the fragments of thoughts by the artist himself in the catalogue. Despite their apparent modernity there is a generally static formality about most of these recent works. They reflect a view of reality that is diametrically opposed to contemporary concepts as well as to those expressed in the catalogue. Perhaps this is simply the old question of an artist expressing himself beyond the limits of his discipline: the painter turned poet or thinker.

In Apergis' work one is asked to find elemental *force* at work, and organic tensions, hidden in architectural appearances, revealed. Yet Force and Tension imply change and movement. Both, if grasped and rendered apprehensible to reason as opposed to intuition, become dead. The artist as an intellectual is always in danger of committing a kind of spiritual suicide as, once he has abandoned an intuitive touch in regard to the inner nature of things, he has also abandoned the particular virtue of his own creativity. The process of change caught in any moment of permutation is simply no longer change. No matter how much the artist may insist on it the fact remains that change is change and to gabble on about making it apprehensible in static objects is sheer prostitution of the mind, not to say of an art.

There is no doubt that sculpture by its very nature is one of the most difficult of the arts: there is a wider gulf separating the initial experience of reality from its eventual expression in matter. Usually, by the time the artist has reached the realization of his work, he is no longer palpably involved with the intuitive but has moved on to 'seeing' in his reason the end result.

Apergis has an eminently classic Greek element in his work — as opposed to the more Oriental and Archaic work of what characterized sixth century Greece. The development of Greek sculpture can be said to have

taken place during these two periods. What is incredible about the work of sixth century Greece is the implication of change and mutability and a genuine presence that denotes a hidden mystery. All of that altered during the fifth century. The static, secure and thus, to some extent, dead achievement of Classic art is achieved by rendering form into something that is rationally apprehensible and thus static. Laws of aesthetics have become canons that are based on the assumption that the world, the Universe and Reality, is not only ordered but also rational and predictable. I am not sure if that is a view shared

any longer by either scientists or more mystically inclined thinkers of our day.

One approaches a show such as this rather as one would the great world of plants via a botanist's book of pressed flowers and plants. It is skeletal. Force, tension and life itself are gone and all that is felt is the petrified image of its passing in matter. Apergis' work is best appreciated when it is separated from the 'thought'. There are fine textures and delicate patinations that as ends in themselves are enough of an achievement.

—NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

The Panhellenic Art Exhibition

THE 13th Panhellenic Art Exhibition will be held April 7 - May 20 at the Zappion Hall. From four thousand paintings, sculptures and lithographs submitted by approximately a thousand Greek artists, nine hundred will be selected for exhibition. These works by both famous and unknown artists will represent the many trends in contemporary art. Committees have been set up to make the selections and to organize the presentation of the show.

The first Panhellenic was held in 1938. Its purpose was to encourage interest in the fine arts, provide an opportunity for artists and dealers to follow current developments and to reward the most outstanding work. The second and third Panhellenic Exhibitions were held in 1939 and 1940.

In the post-war period, the many new artistic trends which appeared in Europe and North America met with some opposition from those who believed that Greek art should remain faithful to its traditions. Many artists went abroad to keep in touch with these

new currents. When the fourth Panhellenic was held in 1948, works by a younger, mature and intellectual generation appeared next to those of older, more conservative artists. This showing side by side of traditional and experimental work has continued at subsequent Panhellenics which have been held every two to three years.

As do all such institutions, the Panhellenic inevitably inspires controversy and the recurring criticism that it is in need of radical change, and the 1975 Panhellenic has not been an exception. Nonetheless the achievements in the past were considerable, and many of today's well-known artists first showed their works at these exhibitions.

This year's organizers expect extensive participation by local artists as well as those living abroad many of whom are world famous. The 1975 Panhellenic should provide an outstanding opportunity to view an extensive variety of styles and trends and make this a most interesting exhibit.

— L. PSYRRAKIS



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cinema

The Beginnings of a New Wave

TONIA Marketakis and Nikos Panayotopoulos are young directors in their early thirties whose first full-length films were completed during the past year. They represent a small group of young directors who constitute an informal New Wave in Greek cinema. Both studied cinema in Paris, Marketakis for two years and Panayotopoulos for nine. While both show strong evidence in their films of considerable talent, their abilities point in different directions.

Ms. Marketakis' black and white film *Yannis O Vios* (John The Violent) won the Best Director, Best Script and Best Actor awards at the 1973 Thessaloniki Film Festival. It has been shown at several festivals in Europe and is now being shown at a Greek Arts Festival in New York City. In this country, it has suffered the fate of most 'art' films: after a brief appearance in Athens following the Thessaloniki Festival it was withdrawn from circulation because it is not considered 'commercial'. During a recent appearance at the Deree College Cinema Club, Marketakis presented and discussed her film.

Yannis O Vios is an unflinching portrayal of the blemishes of modern Greek society and a perceptive study of schizophrenia. The story is built around the knife-murder of a shopkeeper in Athens and the ensuing investigation. Ms. Marketakis cleverly involves the audience with the fate of the victim — a homely young woman without a future (Mika Flora) — by repeating the events of the fatal evening in flashback as each witness gives his account from a slightly different point of view. The audience gradually realizes that Eleni, the victim, is not as 'innocent' as she at first appears. She is trapped by her working-class background and the lack of a dowry (*prika*) and pressured by the social convention that to be 'respectable' a woman must be married. As a consequence she gives herself to one man after another as a form of protest, one suspects, as well as to reassure herself that men will want her for *something*. Her fiancé (Nikos Flavas) milks her of every drachma she earns and treats her with chauvinistic disdain.

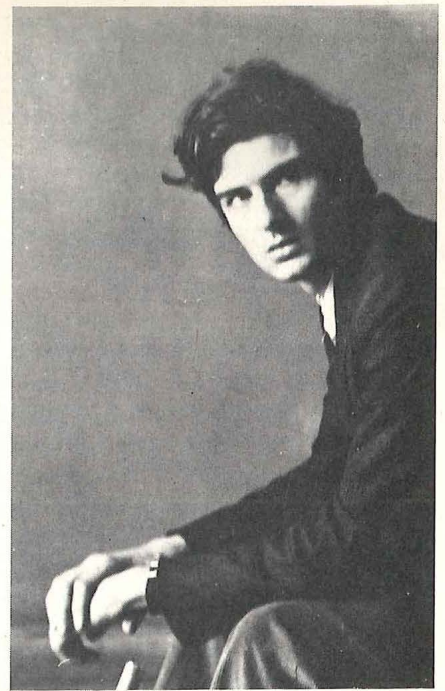
The film is based on a 1964 murder in Athens and while Marketakis depicts the story of one crime she manages to suggest the many crimes committed by

society against individuals. The witnesses who add to Eleni's tale complete a picture of loneliness, confusion and frustration. Marketakis succeeds by focusing on details, by slowing down the pace of the film to resemble that of everyday life, and by using many non-professional actors who convince us that they *are* the people they portray. She makes imaginative use of her soundtrack which at times carries the steady hum of the Athenian streets and at other times is silent emphasizing the action or emotion on screen. In one scene, for instance, she captures one of the most genuine expressions of grief and compassion I have seen on film. We see Eleni's parents after they learn of her death. Her mother is doubled over with grief on the shabby couch of their bare apartment. The soundtrack is silent, heightening the sense of loss by withholding the traditional screams and sobs. Her husband, a tall, boney man with a haggard expression, kneels beside her with a glass of water, caresses her and helps her to drink: simple, powerful, and cinematic.

As the film progresses, however, the focus centres on Yannis, a nervous, hyper-sensitive young man who resembles Anthony Perkins in Hitchcock's *Psycho*. While Eleni has been trapped by society, Yannis has been castrated by it. Because of a series of traumatic childhood experiences, he spends his life in seclusion, surrounded by books, knives and cats. Like Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov, he becomes a schizophrenic who believes that all great men, from Alexander to Napoleon, made history with a knife.

Marketakis, having prepared us for a typical ending in which the murderer is exposed and the audience's curiosity satisfied, suddenly turns the tables leaving us in doubt. Did Yannis murder Eleni or not? He claims he did. His psychiatrist says he did not. The truth, Marketakis suggests, is not the central issue, but the society which produced Eleni and Yannis is.

The weakest section is the trial scene at the end which is didactic and flat as lawyers and doctors clash over whether or not Yannis is responsible or, indeed, guilty of the crime. One accepts these shortcomings, however, because of the overall effect as we share Yannis' fear and confusion of life. Marketakis' technique is reminiscent of Italian



Yannis from *Yannis o Vios*

Neo-Realism, but is more realistic because of her exploration of the psychology of her characters.

Ms. Marketakis has completed another script on a science fiction theme based on an American novel, but true to the most familiar of all movie-making stories, she must find a producer (*Yannis* cost \$30,000) before we can look forward to her second feature.

Nikos Panayotopoulos' *Ta Hromata Tis Iridos* (The Colours of the Iris) is a playful and confusing work that borrows heavily from films of the French New Wave and those of Fellini. Panayotopoulos proves, however, to be a joyful and melancholy prestidigitator in tune with the spirit of restlessness of Greek youth.

The basic theme is the chaos of life today which is neither tragedy nor comedy but contains elements of both. The central character is Nikos (Nikitas Tsarkiroglou) who strongly resembles Truffaut's alter-ego actor, Jean-Pierre L aud. Nikos is a composer who, among other projects, has written the music for a Greek film. While shooting on location by the sea, he becomes haunted by the absurd suicide of a nondescript fellow with an umbrella who accidentally wanders into camera range, and then immediately turns and marches inexplicably at sunrise into the calm sea leaving only his umbrella floating on the water like a bloated jellyfish. Who was this man? Why did he dispose of himself so nonchalantly? How could those who witnessed the event take it so calmly? Why does everyone try to hush up the incident?

Nikos is a troubled young man who cannot forget. He sees the death of the

man with the umbrella as a symbol of his own confusion. In the process of tracking down information about this unknown person, he 'becomes' the man himself. (In one scene he walks towards the camera holding an enlarged photo of the stranger over his own face.) This leads to his own death, a repetition of the opening scene.

Panayotopoulos plays with a number of themes simultaneously. The film-within-a-film motif (a Fellini touch, especially in the beach scene) establishes a contrast between art and reality. Nikos' non-relationship with his bland, uncomprehending wife is, for example, a comment on marriage while the cover-up of the suicide is a comment on the insensitivity of officials (it is also an indirect satire on the Junta era during which the film was shot). The film is richly suggestive on many levels and defies simple categorization, a point in its favour rather than a weakness of focus as some have commented.

The film is strongly influenced by Jean-Luc Godard; Panayotopoulos has thoroughly absorbed the French director's infamous, non-narrative, Brechtian approach to cinema. *Ta Hromata* progresses not by means of its skimpy plot, but through the creation of suspense and at times madcap surrealist humour. The unexpected becomes the norm in Panayotopoulos' depiction of contemporary Athenian life. In one scene the popular singer Savvopoulos suddenly appears in a record shop and stands silently as the soundtrack carries one of his older hits. In another, two Kolonaki gentlemen approach each other on a sunny day, one carrying an open umbrella, the other a closed one; they stare at each other and, as they part, the first closes his umbrella and the second opens his. These scenes are refreshing, sprightly, and truly funny (the audience frequently burst into exclamations of 'oraio'). They are also functional in terms of the basic theme of confusion. 'I can never tell when you are serious or not,' says a script girl to Nikos at one point. 'I can't either,' is his reply. Like the men with the umbrellas, he cannot, until the end, decide what to make of life.

Ta Hromata is important as one of the first Greek films to integrate successfully the themes and techniques of many of the best European directors. The *kefi* (spirit) and melancholy, however, are Greek and Panayotopoulos frames the movie with the eternal Greek setting of sea, sky, sun and shore. The sunrise at the beginning is that moment of hope and beauty we have all experienced in Greece. The

sunset into which Nikos walks and disappears is spoiled by his action and by the noisy and ultimately senseless activity which has occurred during the 'day'. Our attention is drawn away from the tears and laughter of human life and focuses on the sea, that changeless force in Greek history that has meant life and death, beauty and destruction.

Panayotopoulos' talent, in terms of cinematic technique (his brilliant use of colours, the camera work and editing) and writing (he wrote his own script) is everywhere apparent. There are good fun and tongue-in-cheek self-importance in *Ta Hromata* as well as youthful stabs at philosophy. There is also, however, a certain failure to penetrate surfaces and reach a human centre. In throwing so much at the audience, he often goes for the easy laugh, the obvious conclusion that 'life is chaos'.

Perhaps this is inevitable. Although a New Wave must break away from the status quo, it must also create a new audience as the young Greek playwrights have done. Hopefully Panayotopoulos will receive the backing he needs in order to tackle a more challenging project. *Ta Hromata* seems to have come too easily to this young director, and it is too close to being a good film for him to be smugly satisfied with the laughter from the back row.

— ANDY HORTON

Film Notes

TELLY SAVALAS, 'Kojak' to millions of TV viewers around the world, was in Athens briefly during March. He gave several interviews during which he expressed candid views on everything from Freud (whose theories have confused millions, he says) to being Greek (he's very proud!). Savalas noted that he learned much of what he knows about acting from observing his father who was a true Spartan: when the family faced disaster, the father grabbed a few pots, pans and the children and, whistling a tune, led the family to a new home and a better life.


JULES DASSIN is brushing up his Greek and making plans for several new films. Among his projects is a film of Stratis Tsirkas's lengthy chronicle *Akivernites Politis* (translated into English by Kay Cicellis under the title of *Drifting Cities*) *The Golden Age of Socrates*, and a film about the dictatorship. Melina Mercouri will be seen on the Greek stage again. She will join a

new company, The Popular Greek Theater (*Laiko Elliniko Theatro*). She also plans to make a film with Pantelis Voulgaris and perhaps another with David Niven.

MANOS ZAHARIAS, a noted Greek director of Russian films, is visiting Athens for the first time in twenty-seven years. In an appearance at Dereë College in early March, he explained the pros and cons of film-making in the Soviet Union. (No pornos are being made in the USSR, he noted.)

DR. ROY PAUL MADSEN, Professor of Cinema and Communication at California State University at San Diego, was in Athens in March to speak at the Hellenic-American Union on Documentary Films and Animation. He has visited fifteen countries since last November and observed that documentary film-making is far more developed world-wide than narrative or dramatic film-making. A melodrama is a melodrama whether the setting is Calcutta or Ceylon!

TAKIS KANELLOPOULOS, the well-known director from Thessaloniki, (*Macedonian Wedding*, *The Heavens*) is working on his eighth film, *The Chronicle of a Sunday* (To Hroniko Mias Kiriakis). Kanellopoulos, who has a strong base in documentary works, describes the film as a blend of memories and fact. The music is being composed by Manos Luizos.

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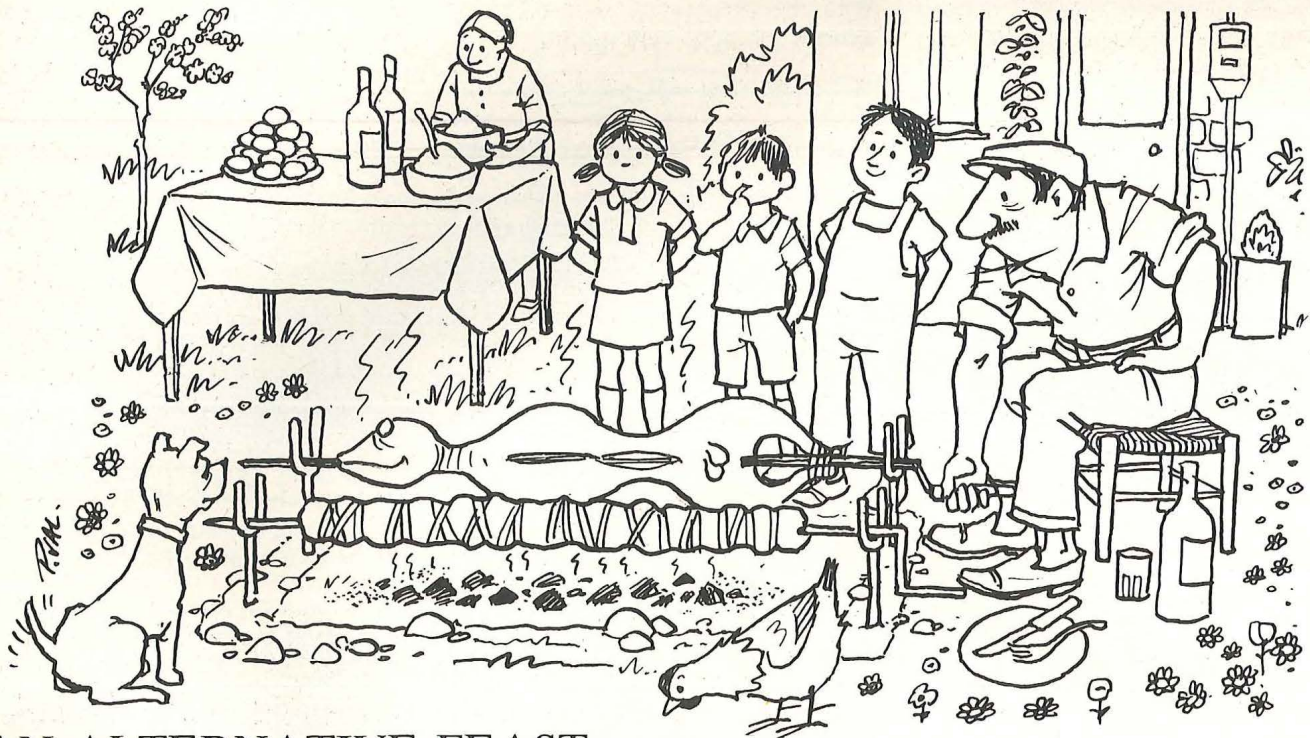
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AN ALTERNATIVE FEAST

THE severe fasting that marks Holy Week in the Orthodox Church comes to an end after the Midnight Mass on Saturday night. The family returns home from church bearing the newly lit candles and the fast is broken with the serving of *mayeritsa*, the traditional Easter soup made from the innards of spring lamb. (*The Athenian*, April, 1974). The lamb is served on Easter Sunday at what is usually a large gathering of friends and relatives.

The men of the party supervise the roasting of the lamb in the garden, settling themselves on chairs, boxes, or stools for the rigorous hours of turning the spits and basting the lamb. A continuous flow of *retsina* helps to pass the time. Weather permitting, the dinner is served outside.

Fresh salads, red eggs and *tsoureki*, the special Easter bread that may be bought at all bakers and sweetshops, are the usual accompaniment to the lamb. The lamb should be young and milkfed.

While most will argue that half the fun is the community activity of roasting the lamb out of doors, this is not always convenient, especially if you live in an apartment. Others may prefer a less traditional but more formal dinner. Here then is a suggestion for a roast lamb that is prepared in the oven. The garlic may be omitted. If so, you may serve the lamb with a refreshing mint hollandaise. The *Pilaf à la Grecque* may be served hot or cold.

ARNI PSITO (ROAST LAMB)

2½ kilo leg of lamb
1 clove garlic, crushed (optional)
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup stock or water
2 onions, finely sliced
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¼ cup sliced mushrooms

Preheat oven to very hot (475F or Gas Mark 9). Mix garlic, lemon rind, salt and pepper, and spread over the lamb. Place the lamb into a roasting pan, skin side up. Melt the butter and oil in a pan, add lemon juice and stock or water. Bring to the boil and pour into the roasting pan, but not over the meat. Roast for 20 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (350F or Gas Mark 4). Add onions, parsley and mushrooms and continue cooking until the meat is tender — about two hours. Serve the lamb garnished with the onions and mushrooms, and serve the juices from the pan separately.

PILAF A LA GRECQUE

6 prunes
4 dried apricots
2-3 tablespoons raisins
1 cup rice
3 tablespoons butter
1 large onion, sliced
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1½ cups tinned tomatoes
2 bay leaves
Juice of 1 lemon
Pinch of saffron
1½ cups stock
Salt and pepper
Rind of 1 orange, blanched and finely shredded

Soak the prunes, apricots and raisins separately overnight. Stone prunes and finely slice prunes and apricots. Bring 1 cup (8 oz.) water to the boil and add salt and rice. Stir well and simmer for 10 minutes. Drain and set aside. The rice will be only partly cooked. Melt butter in a pan, add onion and garlic and sauté. Add all the fruit and sauté for 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, bay leaves and lemon, bring to the boil and set aside. Heat the stock and pour it over the saffron. Butter an earthenware casserole and cover the bottom with 1/3 of the rice and alternate layers of mixture and rice, finishing with the rice. Pour the stock over the rice. Cover with grease-proof paper and a lid (or tinfoil) and bake in a moderate oven (200F) until cooked (about 1 hour). Remove from oven, stir with a fork and sprinkle with orange

MINT HOLLANDAISE

¼ cup melted butter
3 egg yolks
1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
Dash of salt
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup mint leaves, finely chopped

Heat the butter until it foams. Blend the egg yolks, vinegar, sugar, salt and mint leaves together very slowly. Pour in the hot butter in a very slow stream and continue blending until the butter is incorporated into the mixture. Pour into a bowl, cool and chill until thick. Fold into whipped cream. Cover and keep chilled until needed.

— Maggie Dean Logothetis

Grab Bag

● Spring brings spring cleaning and refurbishing, so here are a few thoughts to make it easier: Fur and lambskin rugs can usually be cleaned very well merely by sprinkling with corn meal or oatmeal which is rubbed in, left to stand awhile and then brushed off. Try this also on your dingy pile rugs, using your vacuum cleaner to remove the meal. White fur rugs look better after a bluing rinse (bet you never thought of that!).

● Here is a home formula we have used to clean many thousands of square feet of wooden surfaces. It is good for any house, boat, or outbuilding which has very old or dirty paint to be cleaned. Mix in a pail (this makes it easier to carry around as you work) one box of laundry starch, one large box of detergent, and one bottle of household ammonia. If necessary, add enough water to make a smooth paste. Let stand while you summon up enough courage to use it! Now add more water until the paste is of a consistency to allow for easy spreading. If the surface you wish to clean is smooth, use a roller. If not, use a large brush. Cover the surface in an area just large enough so that you can

remove it before it dries. Now wash off with a large cloth or plastic sponge, using clean water. If you can, use a hose. With this preparation you can get a difficult job done very quickly.

● Before using new paint or shaving brushes, place them overnight in cold water. The bristles will last much longer.

● Two easy remedies for loose tool handles: if they are varnished, wrap the ends in a wire mesh—screening will do—and drive back into the heads. The wire sinks into the wood and provides a firm contact. If water will not damage a handle, secure it with a small wooden wedge then stand in warm water for a few hours. The wood will swell, tightening the handle perfectly.

● To prevent varnish from 'crawling', first rub down the surface to be varnished with strong vinegar.

● Repainting a chipped or patched area with an oil gloss paint is no problem if you first touch it up with a plastic (rubber-based) paint. Use it also as a base for unpainted furniture.

● Small worn areas on rugs can be made less noticeable by painting them with either textile paint or waterproof

drawing ink. Match the colours as closely as possible and follow the design outline.

● Recover that worn lampshade yourself. It requires no skill, just a little patience. Using whatever material you want, cut a continuous three-inch bias strip. Lengthwise on *one side* of the strip, fold under about one quarter of an inch of the material and sew into place with a tacking stitch. Attach one *end* of the strip to the frame at a point where it meets the supporting cross wire. Now wrap the strip around the frame, making sure that the hemmed edge always overlaps the raw edge so that there are no 'gaps' and only the hemmed edge shows. Finally, both ends of the strip should meet. Fold both ends under and tack securely into place. The length of the strip will depend, of course, on the size of your lampshade.

— SPAGGOS



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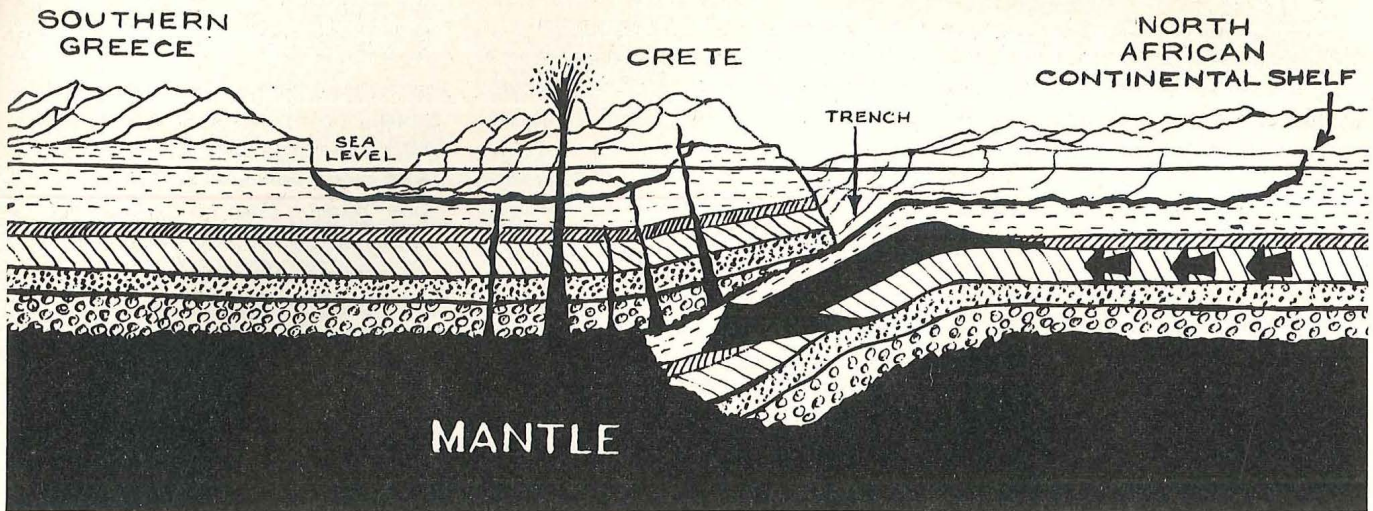
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THE BELLOW OF THE BULL-GOD

THE Minoans worshipped their bull-god, the one who roamed underground and made the earth shake, caused columns to tumble and palaces to fall. What armies could not do, earthquakes did. The Cretan *pallikaria* danced as the earth trembled under their feet, while the cowards cringed in corners — waiting.

Today, though we do not dance when the earth moves, our buildings of concrete, glass, and steel are built under stringent building codes which take into account seismic activity. This activity varies in different parts of the country. In Athens it is slight and tremors of any significance are rare.

There is greater activity on the islands. A few weeks ago I was wakened from a deep sleep on Karpathos with the walls of my hotel room vibrating like a drum-head. A dog was barking outside. The tremor subsided and I got out of bed, and hung a robe and some valuables near the door ready for a quick exit. If I heard the dog again, I would run out with my things. I went to sleep, forgetting that the dog had barked *after* the earthquake struck.

The most serious disturbance in modern times took place in the Ionian islands in 1953. In Zakynthos only a modern bank survived relatively untouched.

Earthquakes in the past, however, had a considerable effect on Greek history. Consider ancient Corinth. Having survived barbarian attacks, it was twice devastated in the 6th century by earthquakes. Only then did the city's decline begin. A later Corinth was ruined by an earthquake in 1858 and the present one is largely a reconstruction following the quake of 1928.

Olympia, Rhodes, and Delphi were all devastated in ancient times. Most spectacular, perhaps, was the destruc-

tion of Helice. This great and prosperous town on the north coast of the Peloponnisos flourished on the shore of the Gulf of Corinth. Circa 373 BC., on a disastrous winter night, Helice was destroyed by an earthquake. Pausanias wrote:

'... The sea invaded much of their land and covered up the whole of Helice all round; and, moreover, the tide was so deep in the grove of Poseidon that only the tops of the trees remained visible. Then with a sudden earthquake and the invasion of the sea that accompanied it, the tidal wave swallowed up Helice and every man in it.'

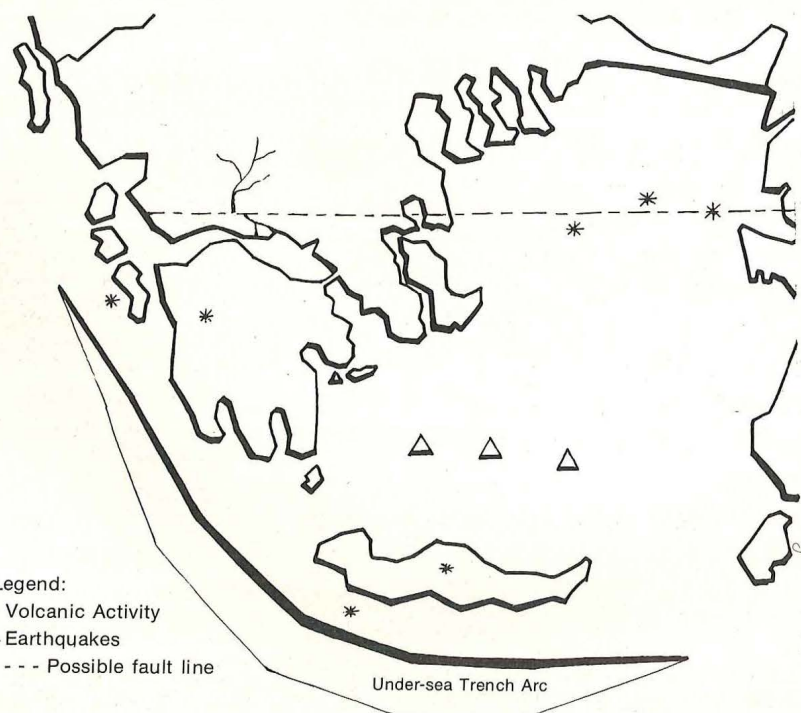
Ten Spartan warships, which happened to be anchored off the coast nearby, disappeared with the town.

For more than five hundred years the ruins of Helike were visible under

the shallow waters. Centuries later, on December 26th, 1861, another earthquake struck at the same location. A crack about eight miles long and six feet wide appeared in the earth along the foot of a nearby mountain. A strip of plain eight miles long slowly disappeared under the sea — over four and a half million square yards of land!

Garry Griggs is a 31 year old marine geologist. He is working at IOKAE (Institute of Oceanography and Fishing Research) under a Fulbright Fellowship. He sits, cross-legged, on a flokati rug in his house in Kalamaki.

'Greece is the most active seismic area in Europe. Of all the world's earthquake energy, three to four percent is released in Europe, one half in Greece. On an average, there is a



The crustal plate of Africa, pressing under that of Europe, south of Crete, melts under the pressure and comes back to the surface north of Crete, creating volcanism.

shock of magnitude five or greater on the Richter scale every month. Every seven or so months we have one of magnitude six or greater. What you read in the newspapers is usually in the Richter scale. It has no upper end. This scale measures the magnitude of the shock and is an absolute measurement. It is a logarithmic scale off of the seismograph instrument, which amplifies and records the ground motion. It usually doesn't mean much to the layman, but here's a scale people can understand. It's the modified Mercalli Intensity scale of 1931.' Dr. Griggs reaches over and, smiling, hands me a book. Glancing at a page, I read:

I. Not felt.

II. Felt by persons at rest, on upper floors, or favourably placed.

III. Felt indoors. Hanging objects swing. Vibration like passing of large trucks.

IV. Sensation of a jolt like a heavy ball striking the walls. Standing motor cars rock. Windows, dishes, doors rattle. Glasses clink. Crockery crashes.

V. Felt outdoors. Sleepers awakened. Liquids disturbed, some spilled. Doors swing, close, open. Shutters, pictures move. Pendulum clocks stop, start, change rate.

VI. Felt by all. Many frightened and run outdoors. Persons walk unsteadily. Windows, dishes, glassware broken. Knick-knacks, books, etc., off shelves. Pictures off walls, furniture moved or overturned. Small church and school bells ring. Trees, bushes shaken or heard to rustle.

VII. Difficult to stand. Noticed by drivers of motor cars. Hanging objects quiver. Furniture broken. Weak chimneys broken at roof line. Fall of plaster, loose bricks, stones, tiles, cornices. Waves on ponds; water turbid with mud. Large bells ring.

VIII. Steering of motor cars affected. Fall of stucco and some masonry walls. Twisting, fall of chimneys, factory stacks, monuments, towers, elevated tanks. Frame houses moved on foundations if not bolted down; loose panel walls thrown out. Branches broken from trees. Changes in flow or temperature of springs and wells.

IX. General panic. General damage to foundations. Frame structures, if not bolted, shifted off foundations. Serious damage to reservoirs. Underground pipes broken. Conspicuous cracks in ground.

X. Most masonry and frame structures destroyed with their foundations. Some well-built wooden structures and bridges destroyed. Large land-slides. Water thrown on banks of canals, rivers, lakes. Rails bent slightly.

XI. Rails bent greatly. Underground pipelines completely out of service.

XII. Damage nearly total. Large rock masses displace. Lines of sight and level distorted. Objects thrown into the air.

'This scale is very dependent on the local terrain — whether the observer stands on ground composed of rock, sand, or deposited mud. The Parthenon, sitting on solid rock, has never been affected by an earthquake.

'Earthquakes seem to run in periods. 1953 - 1969 had more activity than normal. In that 17-year period 600 people were killed and 57,000 homes

collapsed in Greece. There was minor damage to around 85,000 buildings in about 2,500 towns and villages, many of them in the Ionian islands, Thessaly, and the Cyclades and North Sporades.'

As to what causes earthquakes there are only theories. While in the recent past many explanations were offered, today, the theory of plate tectonics is the most widely accepted; that is, the theory of continental drift. 'Whole continents or parts of continents sit on top of moving plates of the earth's crust, born from the lava of deep under-sea volcanic ridges, carried like a conveyor belt by heat convection deep within the earth's mantle, and buried, plunging into underwater trenches, hundreds of kilometres into the mantle where they melt. The lighter crust-derived lava comes back to the surface forming volcanoes and hot springs.

'Look at a map of Greece. You'll notice there is an arc of an undersea trench system beginning south of Crete, continuing westward, and curving north around the Peloponnisos to the Ionian islands. The crustal plate that Africa rides on is diving beneath the Greek-European plate in this trench, causing deep earthquakes — originating from as deep as 200 kilometres down — where the 'plates' rub against each other. The rate of movement of the African plate, in a north-eastern direction, is tremendously fast in geologic time. It is racing, closing up Gibraltar and the Mediterranean Sea at a rate of several centimetres per year. If a man is 40 years old, the African continent is now over a metre closer to Greece than when he was born.

'There's a lot of seismic activity in Crete as the African plate noses down, deep under the island, creating tremendous forces. In all likelihood, the stress is tilting the island. There's evidence of an ancient harbour many metres above sea-level on the north-western shore. As the African crust melts and comes back to the surface north of Crete you can find active volcanism, both ancient and present-day, such as on Thera.'

There is much work being done in California on the prediction of earth-

quakes explains Dr Griggs. They are studying dilatancy — the swelling that occurs in rocks stressed almost to their breaking point. According to their model, the rocks along a fault dilate before an earthquake, opening micro-cracks and reducing the fluid pressure in rock pores. This has the effect of strengthening the rock and temporarily delaying the quake until water from surrounding regions can diffuse it restoring fluid pressure and triggering the crustal rupture. The velocity of pressure waves decreases when rocks are experiencing dilatancy, and this we can measure. A quake of moderate size near Riverside, California on January 30th, 1974 was successfully predicted about three months in advance by J. Whitcomb and his colleagues using this model. But there's still a lot of work to be done before this method becomes reliable.'

There are deep earthquakes and shallow earthquakes. 'You'll find that a majority of the quakes in the Ionian islands are shallow — from the surface to a few kilometres down. These are caused by the relative movements of two plates — or land masses — along a fault. Shallow quakes are often the most destructive, but then again, it depends on what you're standing on, or what the city is built on.'

In the year 1982, a rare phenomenon will take place. All of the sun's planets will line up. It has been suggested that their combined gravitational forces exerted on the earth, plus the predicted high solar flare activity in that year, will intensify much of our planet's earthquake activity. Hopefully, before the Greek bull-god roars once again from the depths of the earth, methods will be perfected to predict successfully earthquakes, and action can be taken before hand.

'Doctor Griggs, why did you decide to study geology? — Why are you so fascinated by rocks, and lava, and continents drifting across oceans?'

Gary Griggs pauses and appears to be smiling inwardly.

'Well ... it's magnificent, this earth of ours.'

—PAUL H. KRONFIELD

Drawings by Peter Boulton

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Programme schedules will change in April, and we draw your attention to several new series on EIRT of special interest in the areas of cinema, current affairs, history, drama and the arts, as well as several new children's series in the early evenings.

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

SUNDAY

EIRT 5:00 Lassie.... 6:10 The World at War (Commentary by Laurence Olivier) 7:30 Musical*.... 8:30 Sports*.... 9:30 Film*.... followed by a series on current international issues*

YENED 11:50 Folk Songs and Dances*... 6:00 Cartoons.... 6:20 Lucy Show.... 8:05 Eyes on Sports*.... 10:00 Film... 11:45 Alfred Hitchcock

MONDAY

EIRT 6:30 Flintstones... 7:15 Sports*... 8:15 Theatre: Balzac's *Père Goriot*, part 1*... 9:45 Drama: April's schedule includes plays by Eugene O'Neill and G.B. Shaw.

YENED 7:00 Folk Songs and Dances*... 7:50 Salt and Pepper*: Freddie Germanos interviews well-known personalities*... 11:30 Musical*

TUESDAY

EIRT 6:00 A to Zoo... 6:25 The Kids from 47a... 6:50 Musical*... 7:15 Sports*... 10:45 New Series: interviews with Greece's foremost artists* ... 11:15 Thriller

YENED 7:50 The Little House on the Prairie... 8:45 Combat... 11:00 Musical*

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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

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 6:00 Timeslip... 6:25 Puppet Theatre*... 6:40 Folk Songs and Dances*... 7:15 Documentary... 10:40 New Series on the Greek Revue*

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

THURSDAY

EIRT 268 theatre: Puppet and shadow theatre; Karagiozi alternates with Barba Mitousis*... 6:15 I Dream of Jeannie... 8:15 Historical film series: April 3, *Ten Days That Shook The world*... 9:30 Classic Film series: April 3, *The Face of Fear*, with Lon Chaney (1923); April 10, Griffith's *Intolerance* (1916)... 10:00 Round Table: new series featuring interviews on topical themes with prominent people (April 3, Dimitri Myrat)*... 10:40 Ballet

YENED 6:00 Carter Primus... 6:30 Documentary*... 7:00 The Real McCoys... 7:50 Musical*... 10:00 Comedy*... 10:45 The Interns (new series).

FRIDAY

EIRT 6:00 Animal Story... 7:55 Zorro... 10:45 Serious music... Manhunters (exact time uncertain)

YENED 6:00 Cartoons... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 10:30 Kojak... 11:30 A series of Westerns

SATURDAY

EIRT 6:15 English Soccer (dubbed in Greek)... 7:15 Leonardo da Vinci* (new series)... 8:30 International Sports*... 10:15 The Seventh Art: a series of classic films: April 5, Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*; April 12, Bunuel's *Viridiana*

YENED 3:00 Sports*... 6:00 Documentary*... 9:15 Musical*... 10:30 The Fabulous Sixties

Short Wave Broadcasts

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).

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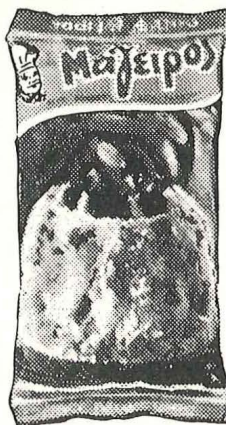
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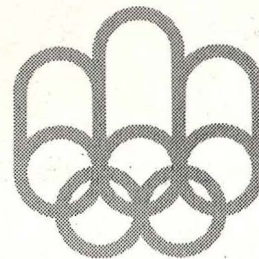
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