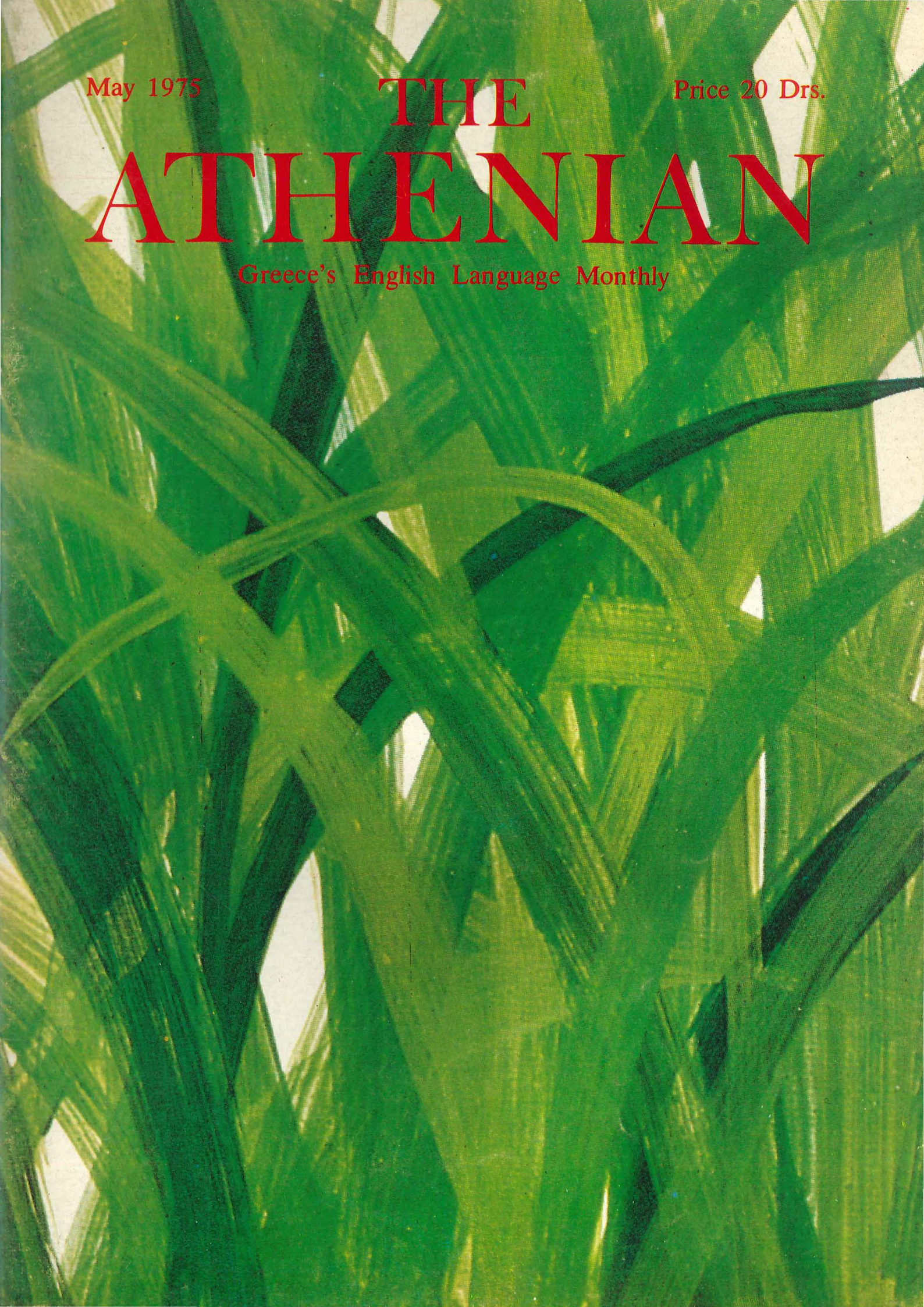


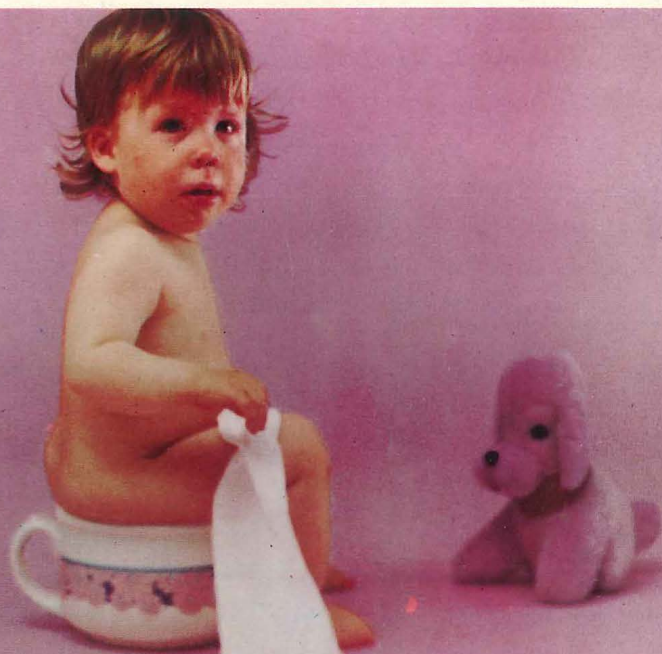
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THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly





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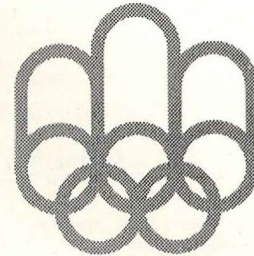
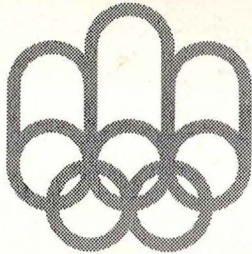


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community calendar

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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MAY 6
Schools reopen: St. Catherine's School, British Embassy School, Campion School, American Community Schools.

MAY 7
Film — *Civilization, Part 11*. British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

MAY 8
Jewish Community — Memorial services for the victims of World War II, throughout Greece. For more information, Tel. 525-227.

MAY 9
'May Day' — To be observed on this day because it fell during Lent. An official holiday.

St. Andrew's Women's Guild — Meeting, with a musical program. St. Andrew's Church Social Hall, 9:45 a.m.

Concert — the Tozzi-Laberer Duet. Sponsored by the Istituto Italiano di Cultura, at Parnassos Hall, 7:30 p.m.

MAY 12
Schools reopen — Athens College, Athens International School, Deree - Pierce College, Hellenic International School, Italian School, Ursuline School.

Hellenic International School — Early registration for Fall Term. Tel. 808-0717.

American Community Schools — Halandri Elementary School Field Day.

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Luncheon meeting. Athenée Palace Hotel, 2 p.m. Information: Tel. 601-311.

Poetry — Elisabeth Jennings. British Council, 8 p.m.

MAY 13
Recital — Violin and viola, Stephan Deak; piano, Despina Chelmi. British Council, 8 p.m.

Film — *Tumbleweeds* (with William S. Hart), first in a series of Westerns. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

Rotary Club — Dinner; address by George Rallis (in Greek). King's Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: Tel. 623-150.

Film — *Medea* (by Pasolini, in Italian), sponsored by the Istituto Italiano di Cultura. Parnassos Hall, 9 p.m.

MAY 14
Spring Fair — St. Andrew's Women's Guild. Agiou Dimitriou 4, Paleo Psychiko, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Information, Tel. 934-7242.

German Community — German films for children aged 4-10. Sina 66, 5 p.m.

Film — *Civilization, part 12*. British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Athens College — Art Exhibit (through May 25).

MAY 15
Film — Gilbert and Sullivan, *The Yeomen of the Guard*. British Council, 8 p.m.

Lecture — *The New mannerists: Contemporary American Fiction* (Dr. Morton Levitt). Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

THE 1975 DELOS SYMPOSIUM (Delos Twelve), organized by the World society for Ekistics in association with the Athens Centre of Ekistics, will be held July 13-12. The theme will be 'Action for Human Settlements'. Observers may attend; their applications must be received by May 31 accompanied by the appropriate fee: Part I (July 13 - 17, Athens and Porto Rafti) \$100 (students \$30), Part II (July 18 - 21, cruise) \$150 (students \$120). For more information, contact the Athens Center of Ekistics, Stratiotikou Syndesmou, 24, Tel. 623-216.

MAY 16
Hellenic International School — Spring Bazaar, at the school, 1 - 6 p.m.

American Community Schools — Middle School Field Day. High School International Dinner, for the Scholarship Fund. At the Halandri Campus. Tickets 200 Drs. Phone Mrs. Pamela Strahm at 801-1781.

Film — *Gunfight at the OK Corral*. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

MAY 17
Athens College *Paniyiri* — Entertainment by students, a performance of Büchner's *Leonce and Lena* (Greek adaptation), an exhibit of paintings and crafts. At the school in the afternoon. Tel. 671-4621.

Film — *The Professionals* (with Richard Brooks). Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

MAY 18
Athens College *Paniyiri* — see May 17. All day. Spring Bazaar — Hellenic International School, 1 - 6 p.m.

MAY 19
Afternoon Tea — Karyatides Group, with fashion show. Hilton Hotel, Terpsichore Room, 5 p.m.
Concert — Mrs. Kappa-Marousa. Hilton Hotel, Esperides Room, 8 p.m.

Film — *Jeremiah Johnson* (with Robert Redford). Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

MAY 20
Lecture — on the 100th anniversary of Michelangelo's birth (Chrysanthos Christou, in Greek). Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Film — Gilbert and Sullivan, *The Pirates of Penzance*. British Council, 8 p.m.

Mime Theatre — Adam Darius' Group. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

Rotary Club — Dinner; address by Anastasios Nerantzis (in Greek). King's Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. Information: Tel. 623-150.

MAY 21
Film — *Civilization, part 13*. British Council, 6:30 p.m. and 8 p.m.

MAY 22
AWOG — Visit to country churches along the inland road to Sounion. For information, call Eddi Cotsis at 801-2898.

Film — *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

MAY 23
American Community Schools — Ellinikon School Field Day.

Lecture — *Ludovico Ariosto* (Prof. Giorgio Pallechi, in Italian). Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Film — *Cat Ballou*. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

Hellenic International School — Play, G.B. Shaw, *Pygmalion*, at the Ursuline School Auditorium, 8 p.m.

MAY 24
Hellenic International School — Play, see May 23.
American Community Schools — Dinner Dance. Hilton Hotel, Terpsichore Room, 9 p.m.

MAY 25
Italian School — Speech Day. For information, Tel. 280-338.

Hair Styling Show — Organization of the Hair Stylists of Greece. Hilton Hotel, Terpsichore Room, late afternoon. For information, Tel. 720-201.

MAY 26
American Community Schools — Memorial Day holiday.

Film — *Ballad of Cable Hogue* (Sam Peckinpah). Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

ASTIR HOTEL EASTER FESTIVAL

Those who will be in the Athens area for the Easter weekend may be interested in a special program at the Astir Palace Hotel, Vouliagmeni. The price of 5,600 Drs. per couple (4,100 Drs. for one person) includes room and board from Thursday evening through Monday morning, as well as a special supper after the Saturday Midnight Service and buffet on Sunday with folk music and dancing. Church services will be held at the hotel. The special meals are also open to those not participating in the whole program. For reservations, Tel. 896-0210, ext. 841.

Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Dinner. Athenée Palace Hotel, 9 p.m.

MAY 27
Lecture — *Rizarios* (Dakaris). Parnassos Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Film — *Pat Garret and Billy the Kid* (Sam Peckinpah). Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

Rotary Club — Dinner; address by Petros Isidoridis (in Greek). King's Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. For information, Tel. 623-150.

MAY 28
Afternoon Tea — Organization for the Protection of the Handicrafts of Asia Minor, with embroidery exhibit. Hilton Hotel, Terpsichore Room, 4:30 p.m.

Concert — *Complesso Settecentesco Italiano* (Italian Seventeenth Century Ensemble). Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

Film — Festival: The Arts on Film; *New York School of Expressionism, Norman Rockwell's World*. Hellenic American Union, 8 p.m.

MAY 29
Propeller Club — Luncheon. Hilton Hotel, 1:30 p.m. For information, Tel. 951-3111.

Hellenic International School — Graduation, followed by a reception, at the school, 4:30 p.m.

Concert — Group for Modern Music. Hilton Hotel, Terpsichore Room, 8:30 p.m.

MAY 30
Campion School — Prize Day.
Recital — Fiorella Forti, soprano. Istituto Italiano di Cultura, 7:30 p.m.

MAY 31
German Community — Excursion to Meteora (through Sunday, June 1). Leave at noon from Sina 66. For information, Tel. 612-713.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS. 'Closed' meetings every Friday at St. Andrew's Church Office, Kaisareias 7-9. 7 p.m. (Tel. 770-7448). 'Open' meetings every Tuesday at Social Actions Building 322, Athenai U.S. Air Base. 7 p.m. (Tel. 981-2101, ext. 5700). For information or assistance, phone: Cal, Tel. 982-2905; June, Tel. 637-095; Sheldon, Tel. 801-4674.

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publisher's note

The unshakable faith and determination of John Henry House were unusual even in an age that tended to produce individualists prepared to dedicate their lives to their humanitarian beliefs. Dr. House's vision of a school that would educate the rural youth of Macedonia led to the establishment of the American Farm School. In 'A Unique Institution' Brenda Marder discusses AFS's beginnings and focuses on the personalities who contributed to its development and growth.

The world is increasingly aware of threats to our environment. '... The time has come for Greece to take whatever measures are required,' says Antony Economides in 'To Be or Not To Be is a Question of Environment'. The dangers are disquieting, but a detailed statement made in parliament on March 25 by the Minister of Culture and Sciences, Constantine Trypanis, indicates that the problem is being confronted. In another area of ecology, Jeffrey Carson dispels some myths about the wolf and calls for a halt to the wanton slaughter of this vanishing species.

'The freshness of Anastos Papapetros' style derives from a refined psychological awareness... and a deft way with words', says Robert Crist of the author of 'The Miracle'. Dr. Crist, who in collaboration with his wife, Despina, has translated Papapetros' amusing and charming story, is the Chairman of the Department of English and Languages at Deree college.

In 'Diving' Willard Manus tells us where and when to do our underwater exploring and provides enthusiasts with other hints and suggestions.

The next time you're down in Piraeus, why not take a ride, as Paul Kronfield did, on the trolley to Perama? The conductor will wait as you get off to buy your fish and should he happen to be Theodore Dimakakos, be sure to ask him to tell you his story...

Our Cover is by Eleni Alevra.

goings on in athens

CULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS AND INSTITUTES

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

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Orthodox Churches

Sunday Services

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

Holy Week Services

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)

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)

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.



TOURIST POLICE

For questions or problems of any kind, from information about festivals hotels, beaches, shops, etc., to thefts, losses and other emergencies. All languages spoken. Open 24 hours. Tel. 171.

MUSIC AND DANCE

DORA STRATOU DANCE COMPANY — Greek folk dances, costumes, instruments from various parts of Greece with Madame Stratou's explanations delivered in several languages. At Philopappou Theatre (near the Acropolis), Tel. 914-650, performances nightly at 10:15 p.m.; two performances on Sundays at 8 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. Admission 40, 60 and 80 Drs.
 PARNASSOS HALL, Agiou Georgiou Karitsi 8, Tel. 323-8745. Admission free. May 8: Musical evening, Christina Tzatha, 8:30 p.m... May 9: Concert, 7:30 p.m... May 12: Friends of the Music Union, 9 p.m... May 13: Concert, 7:30 p.m... May 15: Eleni Apostolaki Tazartes, piano recital, 8 p.m... Gerassimos Milliaressis, concert, 8 p.m... May 30: Voutyras-Kyriakopoulos, concert, 7:30 p.m. Student Concerts: May 10 at 5 p.m... May 11 at 6 p.m... May 17 at 8 p.m... May 18 at 11 a.m. and at 6 p.m... May 22 at 8 p.m... May 24 at 8 p.m... May 25 at 11 a.m. and at 5 p.m... May 31 at 8:15 p.m.

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

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NAME DAYS OCCURRING DURING THIS MONTH:

It is traditional in Greece to send greetings to your friends on their Saints' days. These greetings may take the form of a phone call, a cable, or a gift of flowers, sweets, etc.

May 4 Zoe, Lambros, Iambrini
 May 5 — George, Georgia
 May 9 Christoforos
 May 11 Thomas
 May 21 Constantine, Helen

DATES TO REMEMBER

May 2 Israel — National Day
 May 9 Czechoslovakia — National Day
 May 11 Mother's Day
 May 17 Norway — National Day
 May 25 Argentina — National Day
 May 26 Memorial Day (U.S.)

GREEK HOLIDAYS

May 2 Good Friday
 May 4 Easter Sunday
 May 9 May Day
 May 21 Constantine and Helen

MISCELLANY

THE PLANETARIUM, Syngrou Avenue (near the Race Course). Through May 11 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *The First Easter...* May 12 through June 1 (Wed., Fri., Sun. at 7 p.m.): *The Sun and Stars...* May 11 and May 18 (12 noon): a talk on astronomy or space... May 11 (12 noon): *May Nights...* May 25 (12 noon): *Music Under the Stars*—Hayden, *The Seasons*. In Greek but of interest to all. Foreign language programs may be arranged by contacting Mrs. Vereketi at 933-3333.

SOUND AND LIGHT. Pnyx Hill. Daily, including Sundays, except nights when there is a full moon. Performances: English 9 - 9:45 p.m.; French 10 - 10:45 p.m.; German, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 8 - 8:45 p.m. General admission: 50 Drs., students; 25 Drs. For information, phone the National Tourist Organization, Tel. 322-3111, ext. 350. There will be no performances May 23, 24, 25, 26 (full moon) or May 2 and 11 (holidays).

NATIONAL GARDEN (entrances on Amalias, Vas. Sophias, Irodou Attikou, and from the Zappion). Not just another city park — almost a labyrinthine jungle with unusual or interesting plants, and animals. There are nice shaded areas set aside with benches. A nice place to stroll on a hot day. Open 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

THE ANCIENT AGORA is open every day from 7 a.m. to sunset.

THE ACROPOLIS is open every day from sunrise to sunset. On nights when there is a full moon it is open from 9 - 12 p.m.

RECREATIONAL

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

GOLF

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

TENNIS

Athens Tennis Club, Vas. Olgas, Athens (Tel. 910-071). Five courts, restaurant, TVroom. Sponsorship required for regular membership. Temporary residents of Greece may acquire special membership for up to one year (750 Drs. per month). Open daily 8 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.

Attica Tennis Club, Philothei (Tel. 681-2557). Nine courts. Initial membership fee: 5,000 Drs. for adults, 3,000 Drs. for minors. Annual fees: 2,400 Drs. for adults, 1,600 Drs. for minors. Temporary residents of Greece may acquire special membership for up to three months (500 Drs. monthly). Open daily 8 a.m. - 12 noon and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.

AOK, Tatoiou, Kifissia (Tel. 801-3100). Five courts. Sponsorship required for regular membership. Temporary residents of Greece may acquire special membership for up to six months (1,200 Drs. for adults, 500 Drs. for minors per six months). Open daily 8 a.m. to sunset.

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

RIDING

The Riding Club of Athens (Ipikos Omilos Athinon), Geraka (Tel. 659-3830). Initial fee: 4,000 Drs. Yearly membership fee: 4,000 Drs. Non-members: 150 Drs. per hour (mornings only).

The Hellenic Riding Club (Ipikos Omilos Tis Ellados), Paradisos (Tel. 681-2506, 682-6128). Initial fee: 10,000 Drs. Yearly membership fee: 3,000 Drs. Non-members: 200 Drs. per hour mornings or afternoons.

EXCURSIONS

There are several clubs which organize interesting and reasonably priced excursions (walks, day and weekend trips, mountain-climbs, etc.). Please contact them for complete information.

The Greek Touring Club, Polytechnion 12, Patissia, Tel. 548-600. Annual membership 200 Drs.; enrolment 30 Drs. Members are entitled to a 10% reduction

on the price for excursions, which are also open to non-members.

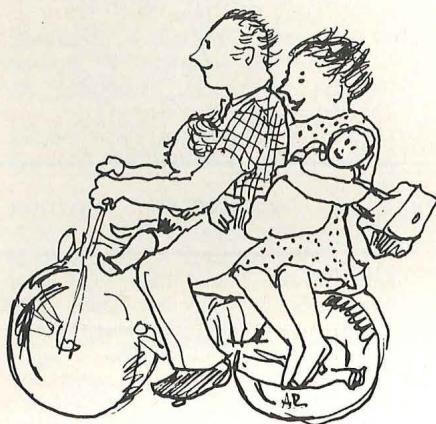
The Greek Alpine Club, Kar. Servias 7, Syntagma, Tel. 323-1867. Open 10 a.m. - noon, 6:30 - 8 p.m. Annual membership 450 Drs.; enrolment 100 Drs. The Club has several mountain refuges for the use of its members.

BOWLING

The Bowling Center, Piraeus. Tel. 427-077. Eight lanes, restaurant, cafeteria, snack bar. 10 a.m. - 7 p.m.: 30 Drs. a series; 7 p.m. - 3 a.m.: 60 Drs. a series.

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.



MUSEUMS

Some museums will be changing to summer hours during May. Check before visiting them.

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. - 3:30 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: 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 3 p.m. - 6 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 6 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. - 4 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays.

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

NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Tositsa and Patisision Street. (Tel: 817-717). The world's finest collection of ancient Greek art - from the prehistoric Geometric period down to the Hellenistic. Finds from Santorini are on display on the first floor up. Open daily from 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 3 p.m. - 6 p.m. Sundays and holidays 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. - 6 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Tuesdays.

NAVAL MUSEUM Freattis, Akti Themistokleous (Tel: 451-6264). A collection of relics, models and pictures showing the history of Greek naval warfare, with the emphasis on the War of Independence. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m., Wednesdays and Saturdays also 6 p.m. - 8 p.m., Sundays and holidays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. closed Mondays.

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. a research library on Greece of all periods, from antiquity to the present. Permanent display of rare books, manuscripts and pictures. (Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1:15 p.m.)
- ATHENS COLLEGE LIBRARY — Psihiko. Tel: 671-4628 ext. 60. Mon. - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 6 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 9:30 a.m. - 1 p.m.; 2:30 - 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 — Patisson 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 Constantinou 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 Constantinou. 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 — Patisson St. Tel: 611-859. Books on architecture, engineering, etc. Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m. - 7:45 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 1:45 p.m. For reference use only.
- Y.W.C.A. LIBRARY — Amerikis 11. Tel: 624-291. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. Books in several languages, primarily Greek and English.

ART GALLERIES

- 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). *Tihomahia*, acrylics by Stelios Markatatis, a Cretan 'primitive' painter (to May 14); oils by Andonis Glinos (May 15 - June 3).
- ATHENS GALLERY (Glykonos 4, Dexamini, Tel. 713-938). Sculptures by Berocal (through May 4); paintings by Theophilos (May 5 - May 31).
- GALLERY DESMOS (Syngrou 4, Tel. 910-521). Sculptures by Konstantinos (through May 31).
- DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY (Kydathineon Street, Plaka, Tel. 322-4618. Open Sundays). A group show of light media (ends May 3); color lithographs by Salvador Dali, *Title Changes on Great Masterpieces* (May 14 - June 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). Group show, 'Seven Greek Artists': Ghika, Theophilos, Tsarouhis, Fassianos, Vagis, Halepas, Takis (until May 15); Max Ernst (May 15-early July).
- NEES MORPHES (Valaoritou 9a, Tel. 616-165. Closed Saturdays from 2 p.m.). Paintings by Stathopoulos (until May 7); paintings by Aristotelis Solounias (May 8 - May 22); paintings by Doulyeraki (May 23 - June 9).
- GALLERY ORA (Xenofondos 7, Tel. 322-6632). Will feature several young Greek artists each week for three weeks (May 8 - May 28).
- GALLERY PARNASSOS (Agiou Georgiou Karitisi 8, Tel. 322-5310. Open daily 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Open Sundays). Paintings by Elias Tassis, Isavela Malovzova, Sirigos (Until May 7); paintings by Marika Magni, Nana Kontou, Elli Kapaftzi (May 8 - May 27).
- GALLERY SEVEN (Voulis 7, Tel. 324-1695. Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1:30 p.m.). Lithographs by Jean-Paul Cleran (through May 31).
- GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS (Kriezotou 7, Tel. 634-454. Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 p.m.). Group show of works by Akritihakis, Ghika, Drougas, Kokkinidis, Moralis, Nikolaou, Kosmas Xenakis, Konstantinos Xenakis, Mavroidis, Tsarouhis, Tsoglis, Pavlos, Takis, Fassianos (May 1-25).
- PAN-CRETAN UNION (G. Yennadiou 7, Tel. 620-389. Open 8:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 to 9 p.m. every day except Sundays). Paintings by George Kokoloyannis, a

- Cretan who is a policeman in Eretria (until May 10).
- ATHENS TECHNOLOGICAL ORGANIZATION (Exhibition Hall of the Doxiadis organization, Stratiotikou Syndesmu 24. Daily 10 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 5 - 9 p.m., Saturdays 10 a.m. - 1 p.m.). The Alcoa Collection of Contemporary Art, including paintings by Anuszkiewicz, Burri, Chimes, Daphnis, Stamos, Niki de Saint-Phalle, Vasarely and others (to May 25).
- GALLERY GOVOSTI (Ploutarhou 10, Tel. 741-695. Open Monday-Friday 10 a.m. - 1:45 p.m. and 5:30 - 8:45 p.m. Closed Saturdays after 2 p.m.). *Posters, Impressions and some Kalli-Porno-Grafix* (sic) by Bernard Winebaum (extended to May 14).

The 13th Panhellenic Art Exhibition. At Zappion Hall (Tel. 322-3509), through May 20. The Panhellenic Exhibitions, held every two or three years, present a comprehensive (there are 978 works this year) view of what is being done by Greek artists here and abroad. Some of the prominent artists represented are Spiros Vasiliou, Paris Prekas, Panayiotis Tetsis, and Alekos Fasianos. Open daily, including Sundays, 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5-10 p.m.

THEATRE

- The theatrical season in Athens ends at the beginning of May. The following theatres may be open during at least part of the month, but phone ahead.*
- 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).
- 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)
- 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)
- SONG OF THE LUSITANIAN BOGEY — A moving performance of Peter Weiss' (*Marat-Sade*, *The Investigation*) play about the suppression of an uprising in Africa. Litha Protopsalti plays several roles. Directed by Athanasios Papagiorgiou (*Stoa*, Biskini 55, Zografou, Tel. 777-0145). See *Review*.
- THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE — Rev. Daniel Berrigan's theatre-documentary has been translated and directed by Minos Volonakis. It presents the famous trial of Roman Catholic liberals in the U.S. during the Vietnam War. Alekos Alexandrakis and Nonika Galinea are the leading performers. (*Sineak*, Panepistimiou 48, tel. 620-320).

CINEMA

May marks the end of the first-run cinema season. While a few new films are introduced during the summer, major attractions are not released until about the middle of September when the new season begins. We suggest you save these listings to refer to throughout the summer when this year's films are repeated. For convenience, Greek titles are given in parentheses and films are classified as restricted (R) or general audience (G).

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

ARABIAN NIGHTS (Hilies ke Mia Nihtes) It is much to Pier Paolo Pasolini's (*Oedipus Rex, Medea, Decameron*) credit that he is able to spin the magic of the original tales out of the reality of his locations, Yemen, Iran and Nepal. One has the feeling that the audience is caught-up in an unnervingly satisfying dream filled with ritual, exotic food and scenery, sex, humour and death. Unlike much of his earlier work which exhibits a certain 'intellectual' atmosphere that puts off many movie goers, this film is accessible and delightful for all. Franco Citti, Nenetto Davoli and Ines Pellegrini head a large and varied cast. (R)

BREAKOUT (O Anthropos me ta Atsalenia Nevra) Superstar Charles Bronson is a pilot involved in freeing a rich American (Robert Duvall) from a typical movie-set Mexican prison situated on a hilltop. Of course Duvall has been framed. John Huston plays an extension of his role in *Chinatown*. Jill Ireland, Bronson's wife, plays the female lead, a role that could have been played by anybody. An entertaining but typical Bronson flick. (R)

FLESH (Sarka) The first full-length Andy Warhol film permitted in Greece provides a valuable contrast to exploitative sex films. *Flesh*, directed by Paul Morrissey in 1968 (The Warhol name simply signifies his workshop/studio, much as the Disney name is slapped on Disney studio's products) is an honest, sympathetic and ultimately sad work shot in the Warhol semi-documentary style about life in New York City's subculture. Joe d'Allesandro is a natural actor who manages to convey a quality of spirit as he goes about selling his body to other men in order to help his wife's friend get an abortion.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS (Deka Mikri Indiani) English, French and German stars team up for suspense-filled fun in this latest remake of this vintage Agatha Christie thriller *And Then There Were None* (filmed in 1945 and 1965). The setting is an ancient fortress-turned-hotel located in a desert instead of a foggy English island. Oliver Reed heads up the cast; Peter Collinson directs. (G)

TROJAN WOMEN (E Troades) Greek tragedy is hard enough to perform well on the stage, let alone on film. While many cinematic versions have proved as dry as the Greek dust on a summer day, Cacoyannis (*Elektra, Zorba*) brings a new urgency to Euripides' strong anti-war drama. Shot in Spain (which serves amazingly well for a 'Greek' backdrop), this film has the advantage of a splendid cast: Katherine Hepburn as Hecuba, Vanessa Redgrave as Andromache, Genevieve Bujold as Cassandra and Irene Papas as Helen.

Cacoyannis manages to bring out the best in each actress (there was hardly a dry eye during the child-murder scene with Andromache and Hecuba) yet there is still a feeling that the parts do not add up to a satisfactory whole. (G).

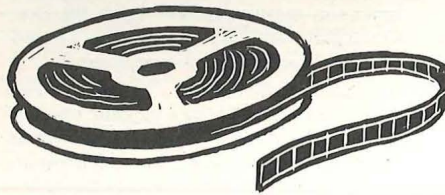
New Releases

DEADLY STRANGERS A brand new release with Hayley Mills and Simon Ward. (R)

EL PADRECITO (Enas Katapliktikos Papas) That master comic, acrobat and bullfighter, Cantinflas, is back again in a Mexican film about a young priest with 'new' ideas who takes over a small village parish and... (G)

THE FLIGHT OF THE DOVES (To Petagma ton Peristerion) Producer, writer, actor, director Ralph Nelson (*Lilies of the Field, Charly*) has come up with a splendid children's film about two orphans who inherit money and must protect themselves from a wicked uncle as they romp around a bleak Scottish landscape (filmed in Ireland). Ron Moody as the uncle, Jack Wild (of *Oliver*) as an orphan. Should delight grown-ups, too! (G)

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)



MISTRESS PAMELA (Pamela E Metressa Mou) Jim O' Connolly (*Berserk, Crooks and Coronets*) directs this modern adaptation of Samuel Richardson's pioneering epistolary novel of the eighteenth century about the maid who actually said 'No!' and won herself a wealthy husband. Ann Mitchel and Julian Barnes star. (R)

PAR LE SANG DES AUTRES (Me to Ema ton Allon) Yves Beneyton and Francis Bandre star in this French tale of psychological terror directed by Marc M. Simenon. A village is terrorized as an insane stranger rapes a wealthy mother and holds her and her daughter as hostages until the villagers hand over the most beautiful girl in the village. (R)

THE PASSENGER (O Epivatis) Antonioni's latest, and according to many, one of his best. Filmed on location in North Africa, the story involves a character (Jack Nicholson) who tries to change lives by switching identity with a dead Englishman. Along the road to inevitable failure, he meets up with Maria Schneider, a wandering free-spirit. (R)

LE PERMIS DE CONDUIRE (Teseres Rodes ke Hilies Peripeties) A French comic satire about a bank employee who unexpectedly becomes a bank president. He has always hated the idea of driving, but his new position requires that he learn. He fails the exam, however, and his misadventures begin to multiply. Directed by Jean Girault; starring Louis Velle, Pascale Roberts, Maurice Biraud. (G)

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (Ta Skalopatia Tou Tromou) Peter Collinson who recently re-filmed *Ten Little Indians* continues his re-hashing efforts with an updated version of the 1946 'thunderstorm mystery' which was directed by Robert Siodmak and included a memorable performance by Dorothy McGuire. This version stars Jacqueline Bisset, Christopher Plummer and John Philip Law. (G)

SUPERDAD (Enas Iperohos Babas) Disney material directed by Vincent McEverly and starring Bob Crane and Barbara Rush. The generation gap grows even wider as Superdad decides to steer his daughter towards a husband of his choice. Laughter for the young ones. (G)

VAMPIRA While we await Mel Brook's comic *Young Frankenstein* to hit Greece, we can chuckle at David Niven as Count Dracula in this spoof which stakes much on the current trend of deflating spooks. Directed by Clive Donner (*The Caretaker, What's New Pussycat*). (G)

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY (E Sinomosia Tou Wilby) Politics and dirty business mix in this African-set story with Michael Caine and Sidney Poitier. Ralph Nelson directs. (R)

ART CINEMAS

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.

ATTILAS '74 Michael Cacoyannis (*Zorba, The Trojan Women*) who is himself a Cypriot by birth narrates a personal documentary about the chaotic and tragic aftermath of the Turkish invasion of Cyprus last summer. 'I wanted a film in colour so as to show the red Turkish flags against the pale blue sky,' he commented in a recent interview. And like the striking contrast of the red flags against the Cypriot sky, this documentary is an excellent exploration of human suffering which, like Greek tragedy, focuses on the human element rather than the actual horror of death and destruction. There are, of course, many minutes of weeping mothers, of crowded refugee camps, and of hastily dug graves. But the strength of the film is that Cacoyannis involves our minds as well as our emotions as he interviews Makarios, Sampson (laughter and angry cries from the audience), young orphans, old men in kafenions, and keepers of empty museums. This is a documentary in the best sense of the term, well photographed by Sakis Maniatis and masterfully edited and directed by Cacoyannis.

STUDIO, Stavropoulou 33 (Platia Amerikis) Tel. 861-9017. April 28th-May 11th: ZAGREB FESTIVAL. Animated films from the excellent Yugoslavian studio. May 12th: *Who Invited Us?* A documentary on Vietnam by Allen Arvin, an American cinematographer. Also a documentary on the Lambrakis funeral shot by award-winning director Demos Theos.

restaurants and night life

RESTAURANTS

LUXURY

- The Athens Hilton Starlight Buffet. With its twinkling, panoramic view of Athens, fine array of Greek and international specialties and delicious sweets, it is a favourite with Athenians. Dancing to Alekos Laskarides and his Four Stars. *Every Tuesday night* from 8:30 p.m. - 2 a.m. A complete selection from the buffet for 295 Drs. per person. For reservations: Tel. 720-201.
- Ta Nisia, Athens Hilton. Tel. 720 - 201. A very luxurious restaurant with Greek atmosphere. Spacious and elegant. Service and food excellent. A fabulous selection of Greek hors d'oeuvres and specialties (roasted lamb with oriental rice). Guitar music in the evening. Expensive. Mr. Fondas is the maitre and one of the best. Open daily: 12:30 - 3:30 p.m., and 7:00 - 11:30 p.m.
- Tudor Hall, King George Hotel, Syntagma, Tel. 323-0652. One of the most beautiful restaurants in Athens but unfortunately the cuisine is not usually up to its former standard, and the trio has been replaced by a pianist. The Tudor decor remains impressive and the view of the Acropolis spectacular. Expensive. Daily 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.
- The Grill Room, Astir Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-0211. For opulent dining, few surpass the gracious restaurant of the lovely Astir Vouliagmeni hotel complex. Well prepared French cuisine served with elegance. George Miliaras at the piano. Entrees from 150 Drs. Call for reservations.
- Club House, Astir Vouliagmeni Complex, Tel. 896-0211, 896-1504. Restaurant and coffee shop on a hill by the sea. Magnificent view, luxurious environment, international cuisine, attentive service. Expensive. Entrees from 150 Drs. Open daily Noon - 3:30 p.m., 8 p.m. - Midnight.
- Grande Bretagne — Syntagma Square. Tel. 323-0251. Stately and genteel with palm-court atmosphere in Athens' oldest and best known hotel. Open daily from 1:00 - 3:30 p.m. and 8:00 - 11:00 p.m. Lunch and dinner from 220 Drs. (Also a gracious place for afternoon tea or coffee).
- Le Grand Balcon, Dexameni Square, Kolonaki. Tel. 790-711. The roof garden of the newly built St. George Lycabettus Hotel is an ideal spot to enjoy your dinner as it offers a panoramic view of Athens, with a most welcome breeze on hot Athenian nights. Excellent grill. Gildo Reno and his piano create a pleasant atmosphere. Two French chefs and a Swiss maitre present various specialties. The steak au poivre is excellent. Entrees from 130 Drs. Open daily: 8:30 p.m. - 12:30 a.m.
- Bagatelle, K. Ventiri 9 (next to the Athens Hilton). Tel. 730-349. One of Athens' older international restaurants. Very pleasant environment, candle light, soft colors. The downstairs has a more rustic atmosphere and piano music in the evening. In the summer they move the tables onto the sidewalk. Accent on French food with a variety of dishes and

good service. Entrees from 100 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

- Pamela's, Voula (on the coastal highway). Tel. 895-2105, 895-9901. One of the most pleasant restaurants for either lunch or dinner. Luxurious modern decor with a fountain in the center, surrounded by plants. Weather permitting, tables are moved onto a spacious terrace overlooking the sea. In the evenings Lucas at his piano and the trio 'Hellenic' create a most agreeable atmosphere. Pleasant bar. Expensive. Open daily from 12:30 - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

RESTAURANTS

- Balthazar, Tsoha and Vournazou 27 (close to the residence of the U.S. Ambassador). Tel. 644-1215. An old mansion converted into a restaurant. High ceilings, spacious rooms, decorated with paintings. Very interesting collection of glasses, bottles and karafes. Relaxing bar with comfortable chairs. A small but good variety of national cuisines. The hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Paleologou, are set on keeping their clientele satisfied. Special luncheon menu. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open daily: 8:00 p.m. - 1:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. Garden in the summer.
- Blue Pine, Tsaldari 27, Kifissia. Tel. 8012-969. Enchanting, elegant country club atmosphere with woody, rustic decor. Exceptional garden. Red tablecloths, comfortable arm chairs, candlelight and soft taped music. Excellent formal service. Consistently high standard. Offers excellent cuts on charcoal. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily: 8:30 - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- Le Saint Tropez, Vassileos Konstantinou 4, Glyfada Square. Tel. 894-0027. A French restaurant in the centre of Glyfada. Attractive country decor. Simple but good taste. A great variety of French dishes. Expensive. We recommend the *champignons a l'escargot* 20 Drs. and *la terrine maison*, 80 Drs. The *Tournedos Henry IV* and the *sauce Bernaise* were superb (150 Drs.) For dessert try the *crepes maison*. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.
- Chriso Elafi, on the 20th km. to the right on the way to Mt. Parnis. Tel. 246-0344. Enchanting atmosphere. Chalet-like with wood panelling, fireplace, pelts on the walls. Mainly game and steaks. Calf's feet soup. Good food and service. Daily: 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Sundays for lunch as well. Closed Mondays.
- L'Abrevoir, Xenokratous 51. Tel. 729-061, 729-106. the oldest French restaurant in Athens. A pleasant atmosphere with a rather large variety of French dishes to tantalise your palate. Maitre Alexi will gladly help you in choosing one of the specialties: frog's legs, *coq au vin* and *steak au poivre*. Very good red house-wine. Reserve in advance. Prices from 100 Drs., wine excluded. Open daily: 12:00 - 4:00 p.m., 7:30 - 1:30 a.m. Summer dining by candlelight under the mulberry trees.

Le Calvados, Alkmanos 3 (four blocks north of the Hilton). Tel. 726-291. Arcaded rooms reminiscent of the white houses on the Normandy coast. Somewhat informal (paper placemats, some booths) but offering a fine selection of well-prepared dishes: frogs legs, *escargots*, kidneys flambe, prawn croquettes, crepes, etc. *Vin maison* very good. Entrees from 100 Drs. Open daily 7:30 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Lotophagus, Aharnon 30-32 (on a cul-de-sac close to the railway station in Kifissia). Tel. 8013-201, 8010-046. Mr. and Mrs. Saliveros (he is a publisher, she a ceramic artist) are the owners of this restaurant set in a beautiful garden. The menu consists of delicious appetizers devised by Mrs. Saliveros and a main dish, home-made and seasonal, all served on Mrs. Saliveros's lovely pottery creations. The atmosphere is warm and carefree because the owners are the cooks and hosts. Frequenting initially by their friends, this unpretentious place has acquired a loyal clientele and new customers become friends after the first visit. A full-course, including 4 or 5 appetizers, main dish, salad, and wine, costs 120-150 Drs. Call for reservations. Open daily: 9 p.m. to midnight. Closed Tuesdays.

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

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

Ritterburg, Formionos 11, Pangrati, Tel. 742-919. An unpretentious cafe restaurant in rustic style, serving a variety of German dishes. The specialty is Ritterburg (schnitzel served with sausage and sauerkraut) 160 Drs. for two, Zigeuner schnitzel (served with a spicy sauce) 72 Drs., crêpes flambées 25 Drs., apple pie 20 Drs. Daily 7 p.m. - 3 a.m.

Tabula, Hatziyanni Mexi 7 (near the Hilton). Tel. 716-134. Below street level, very cosy, rustic decor, dim lights. Joanna and Fotios, graduates of the Ecole de Tourism offer French and Greek specialties. The *plat du jour* usually worthwhile; the Tabula salad, special; very good onion soup. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open 9 p.m. - 4 a.m. Closed Sundays. At the end of May they move to their summer garden at Pondou 40 (parallel to Mihalakopoulou), Tel. 779-3072.

Pagoda, Bousgou St. 2. Tel. 602-466, 643-1990. The first Chinese restaurant in Athens, with branches in Beirut, Cyprus, and Nairobi. Pleasant in atmosphere with a touch of Chinese decor. Offers quite a variety of dishes that are not exceptional

but quite acceptable to the taste. In the summer, they move out onto the sidewalk which is fringed with geraniums; red lanterns on the tables. Sweet and sour pork, 68 Drs. Chicken with bamboo shoots, 75 Drs. Beef with mushrooms, 70 Drs. Spring rolls, 45 Drs. Fried rice, 35 Drs., and Jasmine tea, 10 Drs. Open daily: 12:00 - 3:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Mitchiko, Kydathineon 27. Tel. 322-0980. Well-prepared oriental dishes served in a lovely Japanese-style garden decorated with artificial pools, bamboo bridges and lanterns Entrees from 175 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sunday noon.

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

Au Falaise (same management as Papakia), Karageorgi Servias 8, Castella (near the Yacht Club in Tourkolimano). Tel. 417-6180. A converted old mansion situated on a rocky hill by the sea. The downstairs is a solarium with a breathtaking view, lovely bar and sitting room. Tables and bar on a beautiful two-level terrace under magnolia trees during the summer. The service is rather slow and the food has not been up to standard in the past. Filet au poivre, 130 Drs. Open daily: 12 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Flame Steak House, Hatziyianni Mexi 9 (next to Hilton). Tel. 738-540. Specializes in good charcoal broiled steaks and chops. Delicious garlic bread, Caesar salad. Irish coffee. Candlelight atmosphere. Bar open for cocktails. Lunches from 50 Drs. Dinner from 110 Drs., wine excluded. Open daily: 11:00 - 3:00 p.m., 6:00 - 2:00 a.m. Sundays open from 6:00 p.m.

Peacocks, Kifissias 228, Psychiko. Tel. 671-9629. Cafeteria, snack bar, and grill room dressed in pleasant, colorful garb, with bright blue tablecloths. Situated on the roof of the Alpha-Beta super-market in Psychiko. Open air terrace in the summer. The entre cote usually very tender, french-fries crispy and roquefort dressing just to your taste. Sauce Bernaise so-so. Fluffy, spicy omelettes. Entrees from 100 Drs. Cafeteria operates from 9:00 a.m. Lunch from 12:30 - 3:00 p.m. Dinner 8:00 - 12.30 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Moorings, Yachting Marine, Vouliagmeni (across from the Asteria Beach). Tel. 896-1310, 896-1113. Elegant atmosphere, soft stereo music in a modern setting with balconies overlooking a small picturesque bay. (Weather permitting we suggest that you ask for a table near the illuminated bay when making reservations) Approximately 400 Drs per person including wine. International cuisines. Open daily for lunch and dinner 12 noon - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

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

MAINLY GREEK CUISINE

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

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

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

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



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

TAVERNAS WITH MUSIC

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

Palaia Athena, Flessa 4, Tel. 322-2000. A well known taverna in Plaka with picturesque interior. In mid-May they will move to the garden and a new show will begin. Show at 11:30 p.m. Food edible. Entrees from 200 Drs.

Mostrou, Mnisikleous 22, Tel. 322-5558. A well known taverna. The terrace gives a beautiful view over the city. The summer show will begin after Easter. Show starts at 11:30 p.m. Entrees from 200 Drs. Closed Mondays.

TAVERNAS

Kyra Antigoni, Pandoras 54, Glyfada (near the swimming pool). Tel. 895-2411. In warm weather tables are set out under fruit and olive trees in a spacious garden, while in the winter a rustically decorated room with a fireplace offers a warm welcome. Attentive and speedy service. A great variety of Greek appetizers: eggplant salad, 30 Drs; fried squash, 24 Drs; soutzoukalia (meatballs seasoned with cumin in tomato sauce), several tasty casserole dishes, boiled tongue, 52 Drs. Open daily from 8:30 - 1:00 a.m., and for lunch in the winter.

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

Karavitis, Arktinou 35 (near Stadion Hotel), Tel. 715-155. A simple and amiable taverna famous for its broils, the only cooked food served here is *stamnaki* (a casserole of meat and vegetables cooked in an earthenware pot). Very good retsina. Meat balls 22 Drs., veal chops 50 Drs., *souvlaki* 50 Drs., *stamnaki* 44 Drs. Daily 8 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

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

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

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

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

Leonidas, Corner of Aeolou 12 and Jasonos Streets (parallel to the coastal road, across from Argo Beach), Vouliagmeni. Tel. 8960-110. Pleasant outdoor eating;

two verandas and a courtyard. Taverna-like atmosphere; warm welcome from the English-speaking owner, Mr. Nikos, who serves good, fresh fish in an otherwise modest spot. Choose your fish (fried or broiled only 260 Drs a kilo) from the kitchen. Appetizers such as eggplant salad, 26 Drs; fried green peppers, 17 Drs; fresh boiled shrimp 60 Drs. Open daily: 11 a.m. - 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Taverna Ton Theon, Pafsaniou 7, Pangrati (across from Truman Statue, near Stadion Hotel), Tel. 739-498. An unadorned but roomy neighbourhood taverna with pleasant courtyard in warm weather and a diverse, inexpensive menu with main dishes about 40 to 55 Drs. In addition to the usual broils, specialties include lamb *exohiko* (roast lamb, potatoes and cheese baked in paper), veal chop in wine sauce, stuffed grape leaves, *spetsofai* (spicy sausage and peppers in tomato sauce), *tiropita*, *moussaka*. Simple food, well cooked by Apollon. Open daily 8:30 p.m. - 1:30 a.m.

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

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

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

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

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

Babis, Poseidonos Avenue 42, Old Faleron. Tel. 981-6426. This very pleasant, old style, vine-covered taverna surrounded by concrete buildings, is still able to offer the coolness of an oasis, especially during

the hot summer days and nights. Mr. Babis has his own fishing boat and so the fish he serves are always fresh. There are also various charcoal broils and a *plat du jour*. Very reasonable prices. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

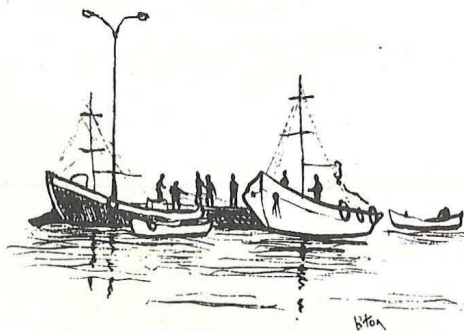
TOURKOLIMANO

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 *giouvetisi*, 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.



OUZERI

Orfanides, Panepistimiou 7, in the same block as the Grande Bretagne Hotel. Another famous ouzeri in operation since 1914, and a favourite gathering place of journalists. Tables set out on the sidewalk. cold cuts. Open daily: 8:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. and 5:30 - 10:30 p.m., Sundays, 10:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

Athinaikon, Santarosa 8 (near Omonia square). Tel. 322-0118. A tiny place in very simple surroundings, and located next to the law courts. It is frequented by lawyers and judges. A limited selection, but always fresh with high quality appetizers and food. Some of its specialties: shrimp salad, fried mussels, meatballs and sweetbreads. Very low priced. At the same locality since 1937. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. - 11:15 p.m.

Lykavittos Hill, about halfway to the top, accessible by car or on foot. Magnificent, panoramic view (especially fine at sunset) of Athens, Piraeus and the Saronic Gulf. Small tables are scattered on several terraces. A wide range of drinks is available, and a variety of appetizers. Rather expensive for an *ouzeri*: Scotch 45 Drs. Open daily 10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

Apotsos, Panepistimiou 10 (in the arcade). Tel. 637-046. Probably the oldest *ouzeri* (a place serving ouzo and appetizers) in Athens, in operation since 1900, but recently moved from its old quarters. The entire place is covered with old posters, some of which may be among the oldest to be found anywhere. Definitely worth visiting. Meat-balls, sausages, smoked ham, sahanaki (cheese fried in a pan) salami from the island of Lefkas and a bottle of white wine for three came to 185 Drs. which we found very reasonable. Open from 11:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.; 7:00 p.m. - 11:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

BOITES

The winter season ends at Easter. A few will remain open during the summer, but check in case of last minute changes.

Arhontissa, Adrianou 134, Tel. 322-6015. Dimitra Galani, Themis Andreadi, Smokoviti and the orchestra of Kostas Papadopoulos in the summer garden. Shows daily at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 150 Drs.

Rigas, Afroditi 9, Tel. 322-3702. Will open their summer show, with Mihalis Kaloyiannis and others towards the end of May. Three shows: 10 and 12 p.m., 2 a.m.; Saturdays 9 and 11:30 p.m., 1:30 a.m. Minimum charge 125 Drs.

NIGHT CLUBS AND BOUZOUKIA

Tower Suite, Athens Tower, Tel. 706-711. International show with Eric Brown's dance company, Stelios and Britte, Bob Louleta, Patricia Rock and the famous juggler Frank Berts. Michel Terezaki's orchestra. Overpriced. Open until May 31.

Ta Dilina, almost across from the West airport on the way to Glyfada, Tel. 894-5444, 894-7321. Modern bouzouki music without the traditional 'flavour', but the lighting, sound-effects and modern setting are pleasant. Minimum charge 300 Drs. Open daily from 10:30 p.m. Closed Mondays. The summer show includes Dakis, Jean Rober, Gisolina, Stratos Dionisiou, Philipo Nikolaou and Nelly Gini. Nikos Ignatiadis' orchestra.

Fandasia, across from the West airport, Tel. 981-0503. Open daily from 9:30 p.m. Minimum charge 280 Drs. The orchestra starts to play at 11 p.m.; the show, with singers Stamatis Kokotas, Doukissa, Menidiatis and others, begins at 12:30 a.m.

Neraida, Vasileos Georgiou, Kalamaki, Tel. 981-2004. Dancing to the orchestra and entertainment by Marinella, Dimitris Kondolazos, Marina Pavlakou and others. Minimum charge 280 Drs. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, Othonos 10, Syntagma, Tel. 323-2061. Orchestra and good international floor show. Acceptable food. Minimum charge 180 Drs. Will remain open all summer. Air-conditioned.

Anabella, Agios Kosmas (West airport), Tel. 981-1164, 981-1124. Dancing to two modern orchestras. Minimum charge 120 Drs. Open daily from 10 p.m., Begins after Easter.

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



our town

On the Way Home from Work...

ON the night of April 21 we left our offices on the corner of Alopekis and Loukianou in downtown Athens and headed for home. The demonstration, organized by the youth branches of all the political parties, was in progress a few blocks below on Vasilisis Sofias.

Not long before we left, the serenity of our offices had been disturbed by armoured cars zooming up Loukianou with sirens wailing in a manner worthy of five-alarm fires in Tokyo, London or New York. A glance down Loukianou had reassured us that the demonstration was progressing uneventfully. They had probably been watching 'Kojak' and 'Hawai 5-0' on television we had decided and went back to work.

As we descended Loukianou all was peaceful. A handful of bored-looking policemen stood outside the British Ambassador's residence. In front of us three very old ladies chattered away. 'We'll go to my house,' one said. 'To Kyria Maria's,' said another, as they delicately made the descent, clinging to each other not to slip on the glassy sidewalk.

At Vasilisis Sofias we stopped to watch the marchers. There was a preponderance of youth and a fair number of middle-aged. Some marchers held infants in their arms. Others carried banners proclaiming their organization or their affiliations. Some munched on biscuits. Occasionally a leader with a megaphone called out a slogan and the marchers half-heartedly but dutifully repeated it.

Some held arms, others walked alone, or talked to each other as they proceeded. An old man limped along supported by two boys. The streets were lined with people stopping to watch on their way home. Our three old ladies were still chattering as they waited for a break in the procession to allow them to cross.

We were about to move on when a few figures darted through the crowds running against the direction of the

march. Before we could figure out why they were running, several armoured cars (they look like small tanks on wheels), seemed to appear out of nowhere. They drove into the ranks of the advancing marchers, and tossed tear gas canisters right and left. People began to panic and to run in all directions. We turned and began to dash back up Loukianou. When we reached the British Ambassador's, the police were still standing there calmly. (Our eyes were smarting, but they seemed unaffected.) We did not make the few short blocks to our office because by the time we reached the next corner the armoured cars were driving up Loukianou and tear gas bombs were exploding all around us. Blinded, furious, helpless, we sought refuge in a nearby apartment. When we looked out the window, the march had resumed. (The contingents further back and around the bend in the road had continued along the route oblivious to the activity up ahead, we were later told.) Within minutes there were once again hordes staggering up the hill in hopeless attempts to escape. Doors were locked and shutters rolled down along the street. Below us, a middle-aged matron and a younger woman holding on to each other floundered up the hill. An armoured car drove by; two tear gas bombs were neatly tossed at their feet. At the entrance to a building the door was smashed as people frantically tried to get off the streets.

Sometime later we stumbled home, our faces red, our eyes puffed up and tearing, feeling as though we had been delivered one immense, unprovoked *mountza*. Tear gas sounds harmless enough but it is, we decided, a vicious weapon. Someone stopped us and suggested we apply vaseline and camomile tea to our eyes. We were about to say that we don't normally carry these things in our pockets but seeing his sympathetic look said merely, 'Thank-you'. An old woman came up to us and wiping tears from her cheek asked, 'Am I mistaken or is there something wrong with the atmosphere tonight?'

A few blocks from our office a friend heard a commotion and went down to see what was happening. By the time he reached Irodou Attikou and Vasilisis Sofias everything seemed normal. The youth branch of Mr. Karamanlis' New Democratic Party was marching past chanting, 'Ellas, Ellas, Demokratia!' Suddenly some of the marchers from up ahead came running towards them from the opposite direction. As they raced by some yelled to the Nea Demokratia Youth to go back while others took the opportunity to deliver a few insults. The Nea Demokratia group who only a few minutes before had turned up Vasilisis Sofias from Constitution Square were momentarily perplexed. Apparently concluding that they were being challenged by the 'opposition', they closed ranks and began to sing, *I Ellada Pote Then Petheni* (Greece will never die). In a few moments the armoured cars were zooming towards them. As they began to grasp what was happening they abandoned their song and started to chant, *Imaste Oli Enomeni* (We are all united). Then they, too, scattered.

A CROSS from the American Embassy several American and Greek teen-agers watched the demonstrators march by. The police on guard outside the Embassy stood in a single line, they report, '...an arms length apart... Even a stray dog could have run between them without getting caught.' According to their account a young man lit a flag and raced past the guards heading towards the Embassy. Some of the police broke ranks and raced after him, delivered a few blows and carried him off. (They insist that clubs were used but this has been officially denied.) The crowds moved forward; the extremists moved towards the Embassy. The young Americans began to run. From high up behind the embassy the armoured cars shot missiles and all around canisters of tear gas began to explode. Their eyes tearing, they raced towards Mihalakopoulou Street where they sought refuge in a hotel. In the

restaurant the eyes of the elegantly attired Athenians began to run as the 'fumes' seeped into the hotel. Make-up ran down the women's faces and they headed for the powder room.

DEMONSTRATIONS seem to have become a way of life in most parts of the world and most people have grown impatient with them. Well organized protests can in some instances effectively awaken society to injustices that might otherwise be ignored. Repeated and random protests, however, cease at some point to have any effect and antagonize those whose support might otherwise be won through other methods. They invite extremist behaviour and provide opportunities for provocateurs.

The ways in which individuals react and function in a crowd have been carefully analyzed and studied by social scientists. All such gatherings are potentially explosive. A mass of people acting as a group may be provoked or driven to violent actions, and the police, also functioning as a group, are just as susceptible to these forces.

It now seems clear that a comparatively small number of those who participated in the April 21 demonstration were responsible for the violence. It seems equally clear that the police failed to take adequate measures to forestall and control such an eventuality. Whatever the reasons, the failure is indefensible and should not be countenanced.

No Porn at The Pigalle

EROTIC films are boring.' This not-so-extraordinary statement was certainly not made by the hundred thousand Athenians who saw *Emmanuelle* last month nor by the Public Prosecutor who closed it after a week, but by the film's star, Sylvia Kristel — an unlikely name conjuring up the image of that other soft-porn scandal of yesteryear, the topless fairy in the White Rock ad, which our American readers will remember.

Opening in Athens at fourteen cinema houses simultaneously (including, appropriately, the *Pigalle*), *Emmanuelle* sold forty-thousand tickets on the first night. This unprecedented popularity was partly due to the publicity which made it clear that it was 'safe', respectable and even fashionable to see. A large number of elegant and elderly, for instance, were present in the audiences, despite difficulties in walk-

ing, failing eye-sight and other infirmities. Anyway, it was generally known that the possibly offensive 'cigarette' scene, like the 'butter' scene in *Last Tango*, had been cut.

In the last six months porno films have flooded Athens in the dry wake of the puritanical Junta, and yet the Public Prosecutor's moral indignation fell on the moderately flaccid *Emmanuelle*.

First of all, the Union of the Association of Parents of Greek Students sent heated telegrams to Karamanlis, Mavros, Papandreou and various ecclesiastics stating that the cinema situation in Athens was producing 'unbearable agony' for them. They begged for protection. Meanwhile, the writer Pavlos Matessis (who hastily assured his readers that he had not seen *Emmanuelle* — 'Life is too short,' he said, 'and the point of it is to act not to see.') noted in print that those waiting in line pretending to be going to an art film seemed indecently impatient, while inquiries to those leaving the theatre revealed that no one could remember the story.

So, on the morning of April 16, the prosecution trial opened. Professor Lykourazos, the defense lawyer — he had been on the committee that had first approved the film — requested a postponement due to the absence of many illustrious figures of the Greek art world who were expected to plead that *Emmanuelle* was a Serious Contribution to Modern Culture.

The postponement was not granted. A committee of three was appointed to pass judgment. One was the well known painter, Yannis Moralis. 'I don't believe that *Emmanuelle* is great,' Moralis said. 'It is mediocre. I believe, however, that it should be freely shown so that the public can judge for itself. Censorship should only concern itself with age-groups.' He went on to say that he thought there was nothing dangerous or fake or obscene about the film and that porno films should be allowed a viewing so that the public could get fed up with them in a normal and healthy manner.

Another member of the committee, Mr. Bakatsoulis, Professor of Law, hotly disagreed. A dialogue flared up between him and Mr. Lykourazos far more dramatic than anything that had been heard in those fourteen cinema houses. In part it went like this:

Bakatsoulis: Lesbianism will be the ruin of Greece! The birth rate will plummet!

Lykourazos: As a woman, did she appeal to you?

B: I will not answer that.

L: Did you like the music?

B: No! I only listen to classical music.

L: Did you enjoy the landscapes?

B: There were no landscapes!

L: Did you see Bergman's *The Silence*?

B: No! ... I don't go to the movies!

L: Then you are not one to judge—

B: Yes, I am! ... The photography and direction were no good.

L: Are all love scenes immoral?

B: Yes, unless the couple is married. And the restricted age rating should be raised to twenty-five!

Meanwhile the Athens News reported that, 'In their anxiety to be absolutely fair, the Court of Justice.... moved at 10:00 a.m. to the Cinema Orpheus and saw the entire film from beginning to end in a most attentive manner.' Our interest in *Emmanuelle* momentarily vanished and was quickly replaced by an insatiable curiosity about what *happened* at the Orpheus. The report continued:

"There was a lot of heaving," a journalist said afterwards. "The darkness was so complete that I could not spot which party of the trial was heaving most."

In any case, the judges appeared quite sober on leaving the cinema. But they decided to relax a bit before sitting again.

Needless to say, the moralists rather than Moralis won the day. Far be it for us to pass judgment on all this heady stuff. We only wish to inform our readers that Miss Kristel intends to pursue a serious dramatic career. And where, we ask, might she pursue this more profitably than in Greece? It is, after all, the cradle of the dramatic arts, among other things, a good deal closer to home than Thailand, and it is, as all the posters truly say — 'The Land for all Seasons'.

A Seferis Chair at Harvard

HARVARD University has announced the establishment of a Professorship of Modern Greek Literature named in honour of the great Greek poet, George Seferis. The announcement, timed to coincide with what would have been Seferis' 75th birthday, was made by Harvard President Derek Bok in a letter to Maro Seferis, the poet's widow. The Seferis Chair will also be subsidized by many Greek-Americans. Harvard University has long shown an interest in furthering Modern Greek studies and has an extensive collection of Modern Greek books and manuscripts.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE IS A QUESTION OF ENVIRONMENT

MAN is inseparable from his environment. In a sense, he is a product of his environment. He evolved, multiplied and survived within a certain range of environment particularly favourable to his existence. However, in the process of historical development, man effected certain alterations to his environment — evidence of yet another characteristic that distinguishes him from other animals. But man's knowledge is extremely limited, and these alterations were mostly brought about unconsciously, without full cognizance of their effects on man's well-being and survival.

The fact that man has existed on this planet for a million years or so does not mean that he will necessarily go on existing for ever. His chances for survival might be seriously reduced either because of physical environmental factors beyond his control or, more likely, because of conditions which he himself created but of whose consequences he is not fully aware. As the mass transfer of humans to other heavenly bodies does not appear to be a practical proposition, man is obliged to seek ways and means of surviving among the trees, the running brooks and stones of this planet. To do so, he must learn more and more about the effects of his doings (or misdoings) on his environment which diminish his chances of survival.

Heavy and concentrated industries and highly congested human habitations often create conditions which in the end defeat the purposes both of industrial development and human cohabitation in their various forms. Polluted air, soil and waters, altered climatic conditions, irreparable damage to flora and fauna, destruction of the monuments of our cultural heritage — these and other results of unchecked and involuntary growth will ultimately (in our time or in our children's time) make life impossible and hence make nonsense of industrial development. For if industrial development sometimes seems to be beneficial in the short run (whether to industrialists themselves or to a community at large), it is the quality of life — and even survival itself — that should be considered paramount in the long run.

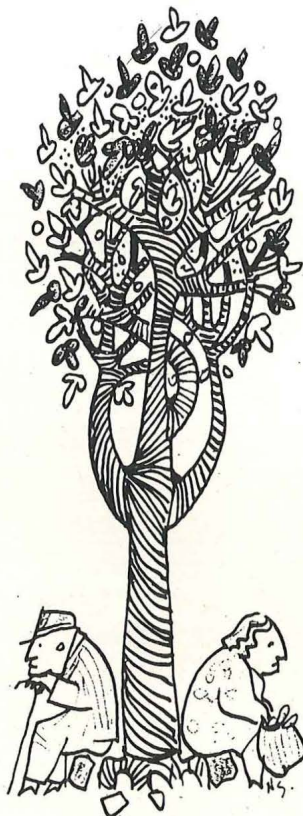
Several highly industrialised and heavily populated countries have been facing for some time the problem of how

to protect the environment in order to protect the human beings living within it. Now the time has come for Greece to face the problem and to take whatever measures are required. What follows below is derived — without any comment — from a detailed statement made in Parliament on March 20, 1975, by the Minister of Culture and Science, Professor Constantine Trypanis.

The destruction of the landscape and the pollution of the environment in Greece constitute a real fact with extremely disquieting consequences. This observation is based on absolutely confirmed data and does not reflect an artificially created climate of fear. The public still ignores the magnitude of the destruction wrought and the consequent dangers because it is not sufficiently acquainted with the relevant data.

The alteration of the environment in Greece is already evident and substantial.

The country's flora has been seriously reduced on account of the transformation of cultivated land into building plots, forest fires, haphazard quarrying, drying up of land, the gathering of pharmaceutical and aromatic plants, etc. Whereas forests covered 45% of Greece's territory in 1830, the percentage has now shrunk to 19%.



Fauna has also seriously suffered on account of illegal hunting and fishing and lack of scientific methods of protection.

The entire Mediterranean Sea is being polluted, threatening sea life, the condition of sea coasts and natural resources, as a result of the outflow of industrial and urban refuse and dense shipping traffic. The Eastern Mediterranean, in particular, suffers additional marine pollution because two areas south and south east of Crete have been assigned by international agreement as spots where passing ships may discard their refuse.

Life in most of Greece's lakes and rivers has been adversely affected by toxic substances, such as agricultural medicines and industrial refuse.

Relics of the nation's cultural heritage are withering away because of inefficient maintenance, misuse or sheer abandonment.

To give more specific examples:

Saronikos Gulf (Athens-Piraeus area): Increasing filth from city sewage and industrial refuse from shipyards, oil refineries, rubber, tobacco, chemical, metal, textile, food, beverage, paper and furniture industries as well as gasworks. In the Voula area, there was a measurement of 324 colobacilli, at Neo Faliron 4,086 and at Moschaton 11,121 — well beyond permissible levels. Marine life appears destroyed at Eleusis (at a depth of 20 metres and beyond) and at Epidavros (60 metres and beyond).

The Gulf of Thessaloniki receives refuse from oil refineries, steel mills, cement, tobacco, textile, beverage, food, sugar, paper, wood, caustic soda and fertilizer industries. One plant alone pours out to sea every day 20,000 cubic metres of industrial refuse, together with 200 kilograms of petroleum products, 300 kilograms of lead and 8 kilograms of copper — all of them deadly substances for marine life. The sea in the area has already changed colour. It is intensely different from natural sea colour, indicating an advanced degree of pollution.

The above two gulfs are considered the most polluted in Greece, and if no immediate measures are taken, marine life therein will be irreparably damaged. Advanced pollution also exists in the gulfs of Volos, Patras, Missolonghi, Kalamata, Argos, Corinth, Iraklion and

Halkis as a result of industrial development. The conditions at Missolonghi, especially, pose a serious threat to the health of the inhabitants.

The rivers Peneus, Strymon, Nestos and Aliakmon also receive considerable quantities of industrial refuse. Radioactive remains are discarded beyond the Greek borders into the rivers Axios, Strymon, Nestos, Evros and Ardas and so their waters are unsuitable for irrigation in Greece and, finally, pollute the Greek seas into which they flow.

Sewage and industrial refuse are also poured into lakes without any prior attempt at purification. In order to prevent pollution at the artificial Marathon lake, the establishment of industrial or handicraft installations is forbidden within a radius of at least forty kilometres from the lake.

Smog has been detected and measured in the atmosphere above Athens, Piraeus and Thessaloniki and is evidently related to an increase in cases of asthma, lung cancer and emphysema in these areas.

Assuming the present situation is left to continue and no immediate and strong measures are adopted, here is a picture of the Greek environment in A.D. 2000, projected on the basis of the above observations, scientific studies and measurements:

Only a few specimens of our cultural heritage, and hardly any clean areas, will remain.

There will be no biological or psychological comforts for the inhabitants of most of Greece.

There will be complete traffic congestion. (In 1975, the volume of traffic in Athens in daytime is estimated at 4,500 vehicles per hour.) The possibility of moving from one place to the other will be highly problematic.

Pollution of the atmosphere, the sea, the soil, the waters, as well as the level of noise, will greatly exceed the bearable limits.

There will be no green spots in urban or suburban areas. Installations for the public benefit will be insufficient to cover the needs of the population.

The gulfs of Saronikos, Thessaloniki, Halkis, Corinth and Volos will become open cesspools for industrial and urban refuse.

The number of foreign tourists will reach a maximum of 12 million around 1987 and then will decline to today's level of about 3 million with a tendency to a further rapid decrease. Emigration will be speeded up.

As for Athens in particular: The city area will have a population of 5 million or about 45 - 50% of the country's total population. About 500,000 working people will be circulating in the city centre (compared to 280,000 today).

There will be no parks or monuments. Gas fumes, noise, parking lots as well as multi-storey buildings and traffic lanes will create a stifling environment.

The Ministry of Culture and Science believes that the need to protect the environment does not mean the suspension of industrial development, which contributes highly to the country's economic growth. Industrial development need not damage the environment so long as it takes place methodically and observes the prerequisites set by modern science and the experience of other developed countries. What the Ministry will never agree to or permit is silent toleration of the inconsiderate development and expansion of industries without plans, programs, studies, or strict regulations and with deliberate disregard for damage and destruction caused to man's environment in Greece.

In order to help find the golden mean between industrial development and protection of the environment, the Ministry has proposed the drawing up, by common agreement with other agencies concerned, of a map of Greece indicating precisely:

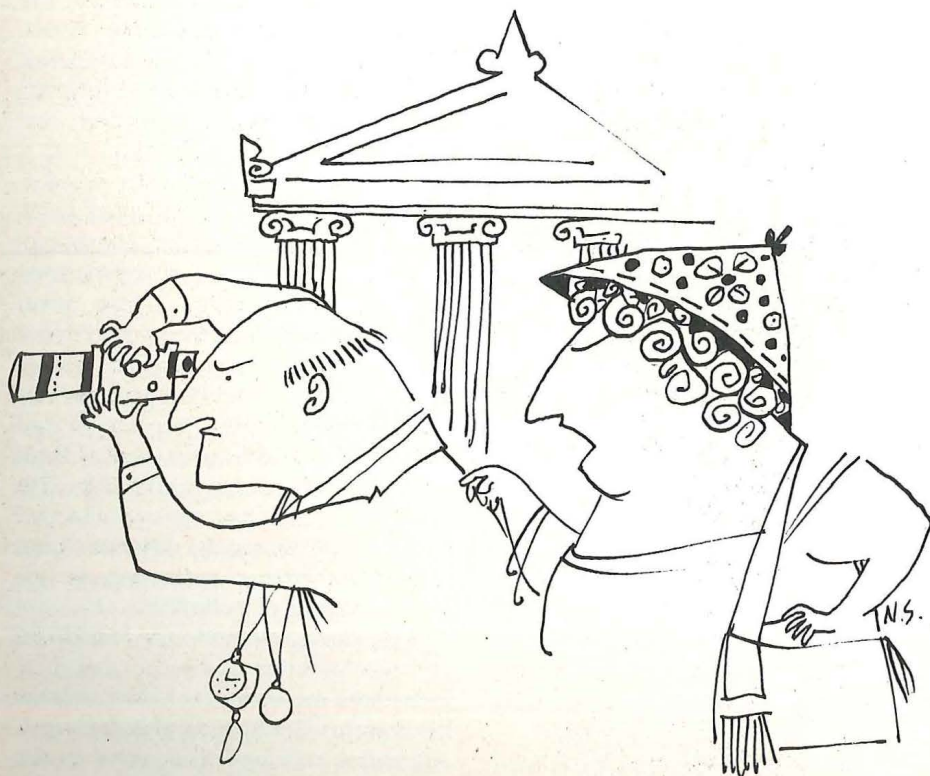
1. Areas of exceptional value, requiring absolute protection.
2. Areas of great value, requiring strong protection.
3. Areas of medium value, requiring usual protection.
4. Areas of no particular value, requiring no protection.

Industrial installations could be established in any of the above areas, but the requirements for their operation and measures for the protection of the surrounding areas would vary in each case, depending on the nature of the industry and its effects on the environment.

In short, the Ministry's aim is not to obstruct, restrict or suspend the country's industrialisation but, on the contrary, to assist economic development by furnishing scientific data and advice on the prerequisites required so that such development might take place unhindered but without damage to the physical, man-made and social environment that makes up the quality of life in today's Greece.

Finally, the Minister of Culture and Science pointed out that present-day Greek legislation is insufficient to cover questions involving protection of the environment while the existing agencies do not deal thoroughly with all the issues involved. Furthermore, neither the public at large nor the private or state agencies concerned have as yet acquired a full and clear 'environmental consciousness', which is absolutely necessary if these issues are to be effectively and constructively dealt with.

—ANTONY M. ECONOMIDES



What the hell, George — if the Coliseum is in Rome what are we doing here!

COMMENTARY

THE demonstration held on April 21 was organized by the youth and student associations of the major political parties from the right to the left. The purpose of the march was to peacefully express opposition to every form of dictatorship. The participants, however, found themselves besieged by the latest armoured police vehicles. Thus the first commemoration of the April 21, 1967 coup was baptized with blood. Nine and a half months after the government changeover of July 23, 1974, the streets were once again filled with protestors, police, and tear gas. The people reacted by applying the methods they had learned in the bitter years of the dictatorship: they lit fires with any newspapers and wood they could find to protect themselves from the tear gas fumes, applied compresses to their eyes and smeared them with lipstick or vaseline. *Here we go again!*

In all such episodes it is difficult to say with any certainty who were the instigators, how it all began or, for that matter, where it will all end. Yet on November 17, 1974, which marked the observance of the Polytechnic tragedy in 1973, a march of an equally large number of people followed a similar route and not a single nose was bloodied. The police, with the reticence of innocent maidens, looked on passively, if not with beaming approval, as the demonstrators honoured the memory of those who had fallen in the struggle for freedom. On April 21, 1975, however, the scenario changed. Some of the extremists — an inevitable component of every demonstration — began to vandalize the US Embassy. It was at this point that the police, instead of isolating the violence, compounded it with their own actions.

That the Chief of Police, Athan. Papageorgiou, failed to anticipate the emotional mood of the demonstrators is difficult to believe. Some obvious questions arise: Why did he not surround the American Embassy with a force large enough to protect the Embassy, or seek reinforcements from the other branch of the gendarmerie, the *Horofilaki*? Why were a handful of extremists and the inevitable provocateurs allowed to break windows and trespass on ground which belongs to a foreign state?

The incidents that occurred on April 21 could have been avoided completely, or at least restricted, as they were on November 17, 1974, and the nation

could have been spared this recurrence of police violence. (We will not attempt here to defend the justifiable indignation of the majority of demonstrators and the general population when they see that after nine and half months alleged criminals such as Colonel Dertilis, who was photographed brandishing a gun at the Polytechnic in 1973, are still at large.) Most demonstrators in such circumstances are not to be blamed: the moment individuals join a demonstration a mass psychology comes into play. It is also known that in recent months there have cropped up in our midst professional 'leaders' of demonstrations. Aware as the authorities are of the dangers inherent in all such public gatherings, they should have taken measures to prevent the spread of the originally isolated (and deplorable) episodes to other segments of the demonstration.

This negligence on the part of the police force was a betrayal of Greek *filoxenia*, and demonstrated a disregard for the principles of international rights which are protected in all civilized countries. Each embassy is considered to be foreign territory. By permitting these international laws to be trampled

on, the police allowed an insult to be perpetrated in the name of the host state.

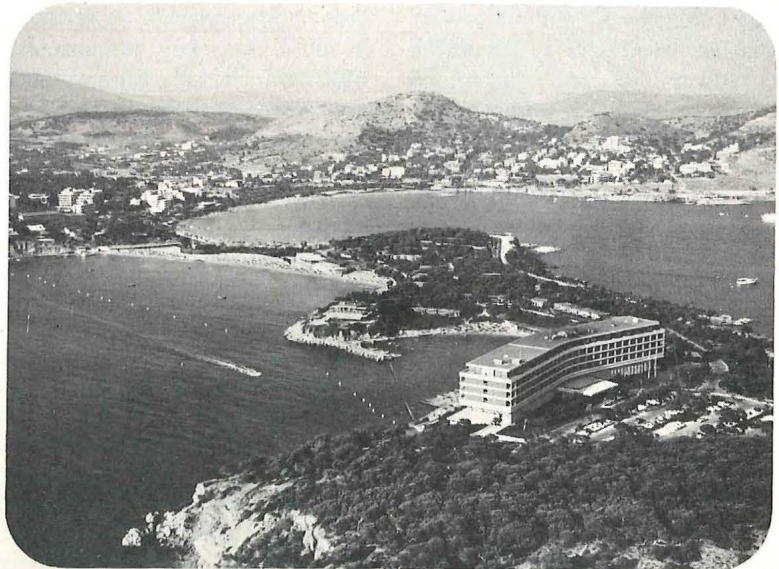
The April 21 reminder of the oppressive methods used to repress public opinion was undoubtedly a decisive setback to the government. It came scarcely five months after the government's triumphant and unprecedented victory at the polls where they won 54% of the vote. We are prepared to give the benefit of the doubt to the government and to believe that what happened was nothing more than a hapless occurrence. The government, however, has a duty to help the nation forget the painful episodes which are the results of a regrettable police mentality.

Mr. Karamanlis faces problems both in domestic and foreign affairs and he needs our support. We ask merely that he cast a glance of sympathy from the heights where he now finds himself at the crossroads of Serres and Paris.

— TAKIS PROKAS

(Dertilis was arrested on April 25 and charged with complicity in the events leading to the death of seventeen people at the Polytechnic in Nov. 1973 — Ed.)

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AN ATHENIAN SYLLABUS

Love in May

DELIGHT in flowers — a Greek characteristic — permeates our mythology, literature and thought. Homer spoke of dawn as rosy-fingered and roses still convey the tidings of a glorious morning in Hellas. The island of Rhodes took its name from the rose and used it as the emblem on its coins. The inhabitants cultivated the rose with such enthusiasm that sailors claimed the scent reached them long before the island came in to sight.

Roses bloom early in Greece, as early as May and, along with laurels, myrtles and oleanders, they become our constant companions. Of course, as we all know, the notion that in Greece spring arrives in May is a fallacy circulated for foreign consumption. The truth is that spring actually begins as early as December and by May we frequently find ourselves in the midst of a sizzling, brain-stopping, nudity-inducing summer!

Yet let us preserve our optimism and think of flowers on May Day, just as our forefathers did.

In ancient Athens, maidens carried flowers to the gods at a festival called the *Anthestia*, held in spring. In the recent past Athenians would follow the Patisision Road (and it was a road in those days) either on foot or in horse-drawn carriages, to 'gather May', as the saying goes, in the groves and gardens extending from Omonia Square all the way to the *Alisida* — the chain, that is, placed across the road to stop the traffic when the monster, *to thirio*, passed. The monster was the decrepit steam train that used to inch its way up to Kifissia.

What with flowers and groves and darkness all round, the region around the Chain was also the traditional 'lover's lane of Athens, especially once it became more accessible by tramway. Visitors roaming the region in those days used to be astounded by the number of small beer shops which remained open but mysteriously empty throughout the night. They did not know that *undereach* of these establishments were a number of cubicles discreetly approached by various paths and alleys. Police regulations stated that each cubicle could contain only a couch, considerably smaller in size than the average human body. For the record, such a place was called a *separé* and was never to be locked on the inside.

(Kifissia had similar establishments. They exist today but in a more refined form).

If, on the other hand, couples were sea-minded, they could proceed in the opposite direction by an open-air bus to Faliron. From there they continued their excursion by row boat (equipped with a linen canopy) to a place called *The Land of Love*. It stood, almost isolated, on the shore of what is now the Athens Airport.

Let us, then, lie on some beach in May—or in June, July, August or

September for that matter. And when all is well, let us spare a thought for that lonely sleeper, the poetess, Sappho, who in one of her touching verses said: 'The moon has set and the Pleiades. It is midnight. The hours are passing, but I lie alone'. Called as a witness in the recent trial of *Emmanuelle*, I noted that the male sex is unable to understand the fathomless loneliness lurking in every woman's heart....

— BASIL KAZANDZIS

The Marathon Marathon

THEY sweated, gasped and pounded along the lane reserved for them on Vas. Sofias. Heralded by the shrill whistles of the *trohonomi* (traffic police) and flanked by impatient, rush-hour traffic, the faces flashed past. Some were haggard, others merely exhausted. All were fixed, intent. Hands reached out for cups or bottles of water and as the runners did not break their stride, the liquid slopped over the rims. A little went down their throats.

The Marathon marathon was run on Wednesday, April 9. A field of over a hundred, thirty-nine of them from other countries, started. The winner, Yuri Laptev of the Soviet Union, entered the Pan-Athenian Stadium two hours, twenty-five minutes and twenty-seven seconds later.

Surely the worst stretch of the race was the last along Vas. Sofias. Their legs and feet, aching after forty kilometres, met only unyielding asphalt. Their lungs gasping for air breathed poisonous, evil-smelling exhaust fumes. Searching for encouragement, their eyes encountered mainly indifference from the reluctant spectators imprisoned in their vehicles. They watched, curiously or impatiently. A runner directed a stream of water at one horn blast then ran on, mouth refreshed and tension relieved.

A marathon is, without doubt, the most gruelling challenge an athlete can face. It tests not only heart, lungs and muscles but also determination and strength of purpose. Pheidippides, the first Marathon runner, died in 490 B.C. at the end of his feat. He had been motivated to run the forty kilometres from Marathon to Athens by news of a victory that meant the survival of his 'city', his countrymen and way of life.



Sketch by Christos Solomi

Today's runners are not driven by such urgency. Nor do they die. Months, even years of a strictly regulated life with hours of strenuous, solitary slogging culminate in two or three hours of intense effort, blind exhaustion, and, finally, an ephemeral fame.

I don't know what drives sportsmen to this event but the sight of them is affecting. They seem to me to be more than human machines running a specified distance in as short a time as possible. Here in Athens, a few months after Greece's emergence from a seven-year political marathon and now facing new threats from the east, they were a sweaty, beautiful symbol of man's ability to endure and survive.

—MARIA VALARIS

ZONGULDAK BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

THE other day, I was rather intrigued to find among my junk mail a prospectus from the Zonguldak Book-of-the-Month Club.

It was naturally in Turkish and as my command of that language is, unfortunately, less than minimal, I was about to throw the leaflet away. But my eye caught an illustration of a handsome-looking pilot in a picture of a book cover. He was looking skyward, his goggles on his forehead, his flying helmet unbuttoned and looking for all the world like Biggles of the RAF or Richard Barthelmess in *The Dawn Patrol*.

I glanced at the blurb under the picture and gathered that the title of the book was *Wings over Cyprus*. My curiosity fully aroused, I recruited the aid of a Turkish-speaking friend and deciphered the text which read as follows:

'For the first time, a Turkish pilot tells, in his own words, the thrilling story of our heroic intervention in Cyprus last July. Wing-Commander Ekmek Kataif, who led a squadron of fighter-bombers streaking across the sea from Mersin to Kyrenia, carries the reader with him to share the excitement of the first shots ever fired in anger by the Turkish Air Force except against the Kurdish rebels in the east.'

'Strafing the Greek-Cypriots,' Wing-Commander Ekmek says, 'is even easier because they mark their more important buildings with large red crosses.'

The blurb ends with an appeal for food parcels for Wing-Commander Ekmek who is currently serving a thirty-year sentence in a military prison at Budrum for accidentally sinking a Turkish destroyer on his third mission from Mersin.

Another book that appeared interesting was entitled *Turkish Relics on the Continental Shelf*. From the description of the contents, I realised this effort was a thinly-disguised attempt to strengthen the Turkish claim over the continental shelf of Asia Minor by establishing the presence of artifacts and other items on the sea bottom that were of indisputable Turkish origin.

The author is a deep-sea diver named Mehmet 'Blublu' Koprit, the nickname being a reference to the many bubbles he releases while under water.

The book contains illustrations of

broken pieces of pottery that are said to be of Hittite origin, an oyster-encrusted narghilé that is attributed to the Grand Admiral of the Turkish Fleet Kheir-ed-Din Barbarossa and a segment of what looks like a glazed chamber pot that the Sultan Murad III is said to have lost overboard while on a pleasure cruise in 1584.

The most incredible of Koprit's assertions is that while walking on the sea-bottom in his diving suit off the west coasts of Lemnos, Mytilene and Chios he actually carried on a conversation with a school of dolphins who spoke to him in flawless Turkish.

In the concluding chapter of the book, Mehmet Koprit claims his findings prove the entire continental shelf of Asia Minor to be of such archaeological, historical and cultural importance to Turkey that no international court could ever deny her sovereign rights over the area.

Another item offered by the Book Club is a slim volume on gardening. It deals with only one plant, *papaver somniferum*. The book describes the best kind of soil it should be grown in, how often it should be watered, when to re-pot and how to extract the milky fluid from the capsule (best time is nine to fifteen days after the flower petals fall).

The second half of the book is taken up completely with the names and addresses of Mafia agents in the Middle East and a currency conversion table.

The last book in the prospectus is entitled *The Joys of Turkish Cooking* by Delila Sublimé, a jolly housewife from Samsun who, in the preface, says she was taught everything she knows by the cook of a Greek freighter that called regularly at Samsun to pick up tobacco cargoes. While the ship was in port, the cook would dally with Delila's mother, who ran a waterfront boarding house, and then go into the kitchen to whip up a succulent *moussaka* or *imam bayldi* while little Delila watched on the sidelines.

The volume contains one thousand and one recipes and the author refutes the claim that Turkish cuisine is really Byzantine in origin. 'I don't know where that Greek sea cook picked it up,' she writes, 'but it wasn't in the Aghia Sophia—not by a long chalk!'

—ALEC KITROEFF

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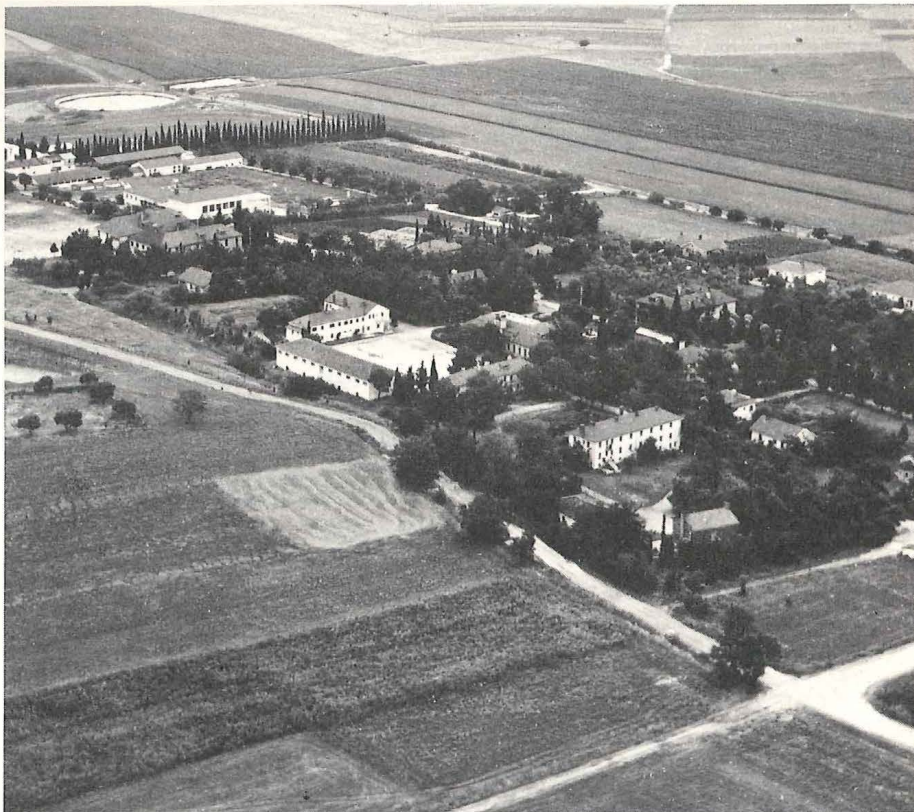
EARLY last fall the students and staff of the American Farm School gathered in front of the main gate to greet a bus carrying a group of Cypriot refugees. As the bus approached, the girls and boys talked and joked, delighted to be released from their school routine. Among the staff there was hardly a face that was not taut with emotion: many of them had arrived as refugees from Asia Minor at these very gates in the tumultuous years after 1921.

The bus came to a halt and out stumbled twenty or so bewildered, bedraggled youths. Their appearance betrayed the strain of a war-torn summer and the four-day, sleepless journey that had brought them from Cyprus to northern Greece. Their haggard faces conveyed in an instant the tragedy of war. The AFS students fell silent. This was a reality their parents had known well, but one from which they have been spared. For a few seconds the two groups viewed each other with an emotional intensity. Then the AFS students broke into their traditional song of welcome, the school's church bell clanged in joyous greeting, and the newcomers were surrounded and absorbed into the Farm School family of three hundred students and staff. They all moved to the dormitory where food, blankets and clothing awaited the newcomers who had arrived with only the clothes they were wearing.

The agricultural school that the Cypriot boys had attended now lies in the Turkish occupied sector of the island. They will continue their agricultural and vocational studies at the AFS where they will spend three years.

PROVIDING a home and education for uprooted people is nothing new to this institution, and the arrival of the Cypriot boys is only part of a pattern that began when the school was established over seventy years ago. The first students brought to the campus had been orphaned as a result of the massacre of Macedonian peasants following an insurrection against the Turkish authorities when Macedonia was still part of the Ottoman Empire.

The American Farm School is one of the oldest educational landmarks on the war-scarred Macedonian landscape, but its program has kept apace of the needs of the rural population of Greece. Until recently students were admitted with



only six years of schooling. The last students from that program will be graduating this spring. The school now accepts young men who have finished nine years of schooling, placing it in the category of a middle-level technical school. The recently modified program offers general academic subjects, agricultural and mechanical training in the first year, followed by specialization in either farm machinery, livestock or horticulture in the following two years. The students now receive a technical diploma which enables them to enter directly into a technical junior college or assume positions as agricultural technicians. Thus the new Farm School graduate will be a mature young man ready to take his place in the agricultural work force of the country.

This program links the school to a new educational system being developed in Greece. Through a World Bank grant, three middle level schools are being organized by the Greek government, all technical institutions, patterned after AFS. The AFS campus will be used as a centre at which teachers and technicians will be trained by the Ministry of Agriculture to staff the new government schools. The Greek government, with the World Bank grant, will help finance at AFS the construction of a piggery, greenhouse, new laboratory, new short-course centre and the renovation of Princeton Hall which

was built with refugee labour after World War I.

Although the students who came from Cyprus were all boys, the Farm School does have a girl's school, a ten minute walk from the boys' campus. Founded after World War II by the British Society of Friends (Quakers) on Farm School land, it is today an integral part of the AFS complex. In 1966, when the Quakers decided they could no longer support the Girls' School, AFS assumed responsibility for its operation. The emphasis is on village crafts such as embroidery, rug making, and homemaking for the fifty girls enrolled in the two-year program. This year a talented designer-weaver has come from the United States to organize a craft centre so that the rural girls can broaden their skills in village crafts.

The creation of a girls' division had always been part of founder John Henry House's scheme, although he did not live to realize it. Dr. House (1842-1936), a missionary and Congregational minister, had a maxim: 'When you educate a man you educate an individual,' he said, 'When you educate a woman, you educate a whole family.' His enthusiasm and confidence that a girls' school would one day come into being was spark enough to encourage Mrs. Eleftherios Venizelos to donate, in the 1930's, the sum of \$1,000 from her personal funds for the purpose. What



Several generations of the Farm School 'family' illustrating the continuity that has marked the school's history. Seated in the front row, centre, are the Founder and his wife. To the left is their son Charles, the school's second director, and to the far right his wife, Ann. Standing on the left (in a white shirt) is Herbert P. Lansdale, Jr., and fourth from the right, his father, Herbert P. Lansdale, Sr. The infant in the centre of the photograph being held by his mother is Bruce Lansdale who is now Director of AFS. The photograph was taken at the Farm School in 1926.

the founder could not have known was that the first living quarters for the female students would be wooden barracks constructed by the German occupational force in 1943 for the purpose of housing the Farm School staff when the Germans requisitioned the entire campus for their own use.

THE educational philosophy and spiritual outlook of John Henry House remain, after seven decades, fundamental to the principles of the school. Dr. House was sixty years old when he established the Thessaloniki Agricultural and Industrial Institute — the school's official name — but he possessed the vigour and energy of a man in his prime. He had spent by then thirty years in the Balkans. He was a



A Farm School student of the past arriving on the campus

practical man but also a visionary. He had a dream: that of founding an educational institution that would have as its goal Harvard President Charles Eliot's precept: the development of the 'whole man', 'the head, the heart and the hand'. He believed, too, that by training youngsters to be leaders in their rural communities, as well as modern farmers, he could contribute to the host country resource personnel with a developed sense of community and cooperation. He took as models three institutions in the United States: Hampton Institute in Virginia, the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama and the Penn School for Girls in South Carolina, all of which were at the time pilot projects designed to provide rural populations with a practical education.

Early in his mission, which was concerned with educational institutions as well as preaching throughout the Balkans, House noticed a striking sociological trend that had become endemic: village boys had learned to despise village life. He became convinced that the mode of education had to be changed in order to inculcate the students with the ethic that it was not degrading for educated people to work with their hands. Such education, he felt, would reverse, in some measure, the trend of village boys to move to the cities.

In this connection, Bruce M. Lansdale, who succeeded Charles Lucius House (the son of the founder and the school's second director) speaks proudly of the Farm School's record over the past seventy years. 'Seventy percent of our graduates have remained in agricul-

ture, according to a 1965 independent survey. By returning to villages all over Greece our graduates have joined a network of like-minded, progressive farmers and village leaders who have played an important role in the dramatic development of agriculture,' Lansdale explains. One concrete example of Farm School expertise was demonstrated in 1945 when the program of electrification in Greece began. 'Our graduates were among the first in rural areas able to harness the electricity to agricultural uses immediately,' Lansdale notes. 'Many Greeks point out that AFS is unique: it is the only one of its kind in Greece for village boys and girls offering theoretical and practical instruction specially tailored to the needs of rural society within a boarding school context.'

The concept of educating the farmer in a formal academic environment was radical when John Henry House at the turn of the century began to implement his plan. By the 1920's and 1930's agricultural and vocational concepts were beginning to take hold, at least in the United States. Today John Henry House's notions seem hardly revolutionary. His attempts to restructure the missionary school system by introducing agricultural and vocational programs were those of an innovator and pioneer. He encountered serious resistance from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions who considered his ideas outside the scope of the missionary endeavour for which they had sent him to the Balkans. While the board was willing to educate the social classes in classical colleges, as witnessed by the number of schools founded by Protestant missionaries throughout the Ottoman Empire, the concept of educating the peasant seemed pointless. Therefore House founded the Thessaloniki Agricultural and Industrial Institute with funds that he himself had raised and it was, from the beginning, independent and outside of the missionary school system.

In 1902 Dr. House and two missionary colleagues purchased fifty-three acres of parched land in a bandit-infested, waterless, unprotected stretch just outside of the city of Thessaloniki. He was convinced that, in order to teach by example, the land he and his pupils would cultivate had to be as poor as that of the poorest farmer. To make it bloom would be advertisement enough.

Proudly he took his wife to see the property he had purchased. Buffeted about by the powerful *Vardaris* (a wind that channels through the Axios river



The dairy was an important source of income during the Depression. The New York Times in a lively article on November 13, 1930, described the reaction in Thessaloniki to the 'new' delivery procedure. The milk had to be delivered by stealth, The New York Times explained, 'because of the unorthodox nature... of the milk wagon's construction, constructed by the boys at the school. Farm horses seeing this strange vehicle on the streets of Thessaloniki grew unmanageable.'

bed from Yugoslavia into northern Greece), her feet mired in the cloying fall mud, Mrs. House turned to her husband and asked:

'Whoever will you get to live in this place?'

'You, my dear,' was his instant retort.

Make it bloom he did, through the system of dry farming, sinking of wells, with the help of students who were 'learning by doing', sheer grit and, as he would say, 'the will of God'. The setbacks and hardships would have felled a lesser man. The principal building that had taken ten arduous years to construct burned down in 1917. There were years when the wells dried up; years of drought and years of flood; influenza and malaria that racked the students and his family. There were the violent historical climate of the period and the constant lack of funds. In spite of these difficulties, the school remained remarkably on course.

The concern shown for the welfare of the Cypriot boys who arrived at AFS last autumn is consistent with the humanitarianism that has distinguished the school's history. The administration has always stressed the development of character, character with a strong humanitarian impulse. Recently one student wrote:

I loved the school and I always thought of it as my second home. I learned so much in those two years. I don't credit all those things solely to the building called 'school' but to our teachers, as each in her own way tried to teach us something better.

To mold their perceptions and to give the youngsters a feeling of love and security, the House family from the moment they moved onto the campus in

1906 operated the school with family-like intimacy. Susan Adelaine House, the wife of the founder and a brilliant personality in her own right, set the filial tradition. Her world outlook, her life-style, her attitude toward the boys, and the House family's approach to one another, influenced the students. Her role as mother to her own children, and as mother-in-residence to the students, did much to set the tenor of the institution. Given the conditions of the times — northern Greece was still under Turkish rule — and the hostile influences that then shaped Macedonian village life, few of the boys who came to the school had ever encountered such relationships. Kindness, gentleness and cooperation were constant and overriding values; even the animals were treated with consideration and afforded a certain dignity.

MOTHER House was born Susan Adelaine Beers on September 14, 1850 to a prominent New York family. It was in the home of her great-grandfather that a group of ministers planned the founding of Yale College. Her uncle, John Bigelow, was Ambassador to France. Born on East Fourteenth Street, then a fashionable area of the city, she was exposed to the sophistication of New York society. Pre-Civil War New York provided little preparation for the primitive and dangerous conditions awaiting her in the Balkans, but she was a woman of tremendous creativity and energy, and was never at a loss for ideas.

Many of the projects carried out during the early years at the school were a result of her initiative and were executed according to her plans by Father House. She had a strong sense of propriety but knew intuitively when it

was right to speak. And speak out she did! In an age when women were reticent to express opinions on profound matters, her comprehensive mind was all the more remarkable. She wrote and spoke particularly on morals and politics. The inventory of her personal library, on file in the Farm School archives, gives testimony to the breadth of her interests. Early photographs of Mrs. House, when she was still a young wife, give the impression of a woman of striking confidence and poise. Her face is strong but not hard, and her dark eyes glow with a keen intelligence. The set of her chin proclaims a personality both unfearing and extremely positive. The photographs, taken a few years before her death at the age of ninety-six, show her aged, a frail wisp of a woman, but still reflecting her characteristic purposefulness.

Former students have stressed that they learned their most enduring lessons from the example set by Dr. and Mrs. House. They both contributed equally to the school. The institution as it was, and is today, reflects the spirit personified by the composite of those two personalities.

Bruce Lansdale, the current president, and his wife, Tad, show a natural inclination to perpetuate the tradition. In today's complex world, however, Lansdale admits that it is much more difficult to sustain. 'First of all the school is so much larger. In the first decade you had ten, sometimes fourteen boys in each class. Outside intrusions were rare. There was no transportation from the depot to the school so that if anyone dropped in it was an occasion. Now we have thousands of visitors a year. Fund raising in those days was done by the Board of Trustees or through contacts. Now I have to help with the fund raising.'

The farm provides from its produce and services about forty percent of the annual income. Greek government funds pay for the short courses which fifteen hundred rural leaders and farmers attend throughout the year in conjunction with a Greek Ministry of Agriculture plan. Fees charged to all students cover about one-fifth of the instructional costs. AID (U.S.A.) funds have supplied most of the post-war building and equipment and still provide approximately fourteen percent of the annual budget. Only about thirty-seven percent is accounted for by private donations from Greece and the United States.

'It's the thirty-seven percent that keeps Tad and myself on the go,' says Lansdale. 'Even Charlie and Ann's

energies were not so absorbed by fund raising.'

'**C**HARLIE' — Charles Lucius House — died in 1961 at the age of seventy-three. Charles House officially succeeded his father in 1929, but in actuality he had begun to shoulder the full burden of responsibility for his aging father soon after his return to Greece in 1917. Having grown up in Thessaloniki he knew the language and people. An engineer by training (Princeton, 1909) he immediately set about building the school into a modern institution using his father's precepts as a foundation. He knew how to actualize all of the processes necessary for genuine village life. It was his willingness to adapt to changing conditions of Greek rural life over a period of thirty-seven years that gave dynamism to his program. Most of all he loved and understood the Greek farmer.

His school was not to be an American outpost in Greece, but an institution Hellenic in essence, reflecting Greek values, absorbing them, and synthesizing them with American educational concepts. He attracted elements of Greek society which hitherto had remained outside of the Farm School orbit, among them prominent leaders in civic community life. He also trained a staff of first-rate Greek personalities for key positions which deepened the Hellenic complexion of the school.

Bruce Lansdale, who grew up speaking Greek and has an M.A. in rural sociology, agrees totally with his predecessor on this aspect of the Farm School spirit. 'Today our staff is over ninety percent Greek. Many of them are former graduates who have done post graduate or specialized training in the United States.'

Among the more prominent liberal leaders in Greek civic affairs who took an interest in AFS were two brothers, Alexandros and Constantinos Zannas. These men of good will, conscious of their community responsibilities, sought ways to improve the quality of Greek life. With their sense of social mission, it was not surprising that they would seek out and become close friends with Charles House. Alexandros Zannas, an intimate of Prime Minister Venizelos who served in Venizelos's government as the first Air Minister, did much to enlist the Prime Minister's support for the Farm School. A younger brother, Constantinos Zannas, a lawyer, became the first Greek member of the schools' board of trustees and remained a

life-long friend and supporter of the institution. His son, Dimitrios, also a lawyer, stepped into his father's shoes after the latter's death and assumed the responsibilities as a trustee and lawyer for the school.

Among other prominent Greeks who turned their attention to the school was Professor George Sotiriades, first Rector of the University of Thessaloniki. He understood the services the school was providing for the youth of Greece and did much to focus public attention on it by writing articles and maintaining close personal relationships with the House family.

Ann and Charles House's efforts in the twenties to groom and develop a staff were brought to culmination in the thirties with the formation of a hard core of devoted members. Central figures in the school's development were the Greek members of the staff. Many of them were Farm School graduates whose childhoods had been scarred by upheaval and parental loss. The school had become their home and their devotion was filial. Others who had gravitated to the institution as adults were idealists and humanitarians who discovered in the school's goals a worthwhile cause to which they could devote their lives. They merged with the House family to establish a tradition of behaviour and philosophical outlook which even today continues to be transmitted to the new members who join the staff, and to the students. Among them were Eleftherios Theoharides, an Asia Minor refugee whose son, Harry, is today Head of the Industrial Arts Department and the school's Resident Engineer.

Theodore Litsas, another Asia Minor refugee, played a prominent role in the school's formation under Charles House and remained as associate director, under Bruce Lansdale, until his death in an auto accident a few years ago. His dramatic position as caretaker during the German occupation of the school makes him a central figure in its history. His son, Dimitrios, recently joined the staff.

Another cornerstone of the staff was Dimitrios Hadjis who later became one of the best if not *the* best cattleman in all Greece. He had been brought to the school by an aunt in 1918, when he was displaced by the upheaval of World War I. After graduation he worked as dairy supervisor at AFS until, as a result of Ann and Charles's efforts, he received a scholarship to Cornell University's College of Agriculture from which he graduated in 1932. He remained at the school until his retirement in 1970.




A Farm School student of today proudly bearing the results of his work: a young lamb he himself has cared for since its birth.

A NN Kellogg House, Charles's wife, today lives in Hightstown, N.J. They were married in 1923. The door of their apartment on the campus was always open to the boys and staff members. Ann House possessed a natural ability to win confidence and there was hardly a boy or family on the campus whose troubles and happiness she did not follow very closely. With the expanding population after 1921, the school became a larger institution with both permanent and transient residents. With her sincere interest in people and her appreciation for family structure, she welded what could have been diversified groups into a solid, unified, Farm School family. As a result there was unity of purpose, a common scale of values and a sense of community

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responsibility. Certainly the key to understanding the school's unique character would lie in its sense of community.

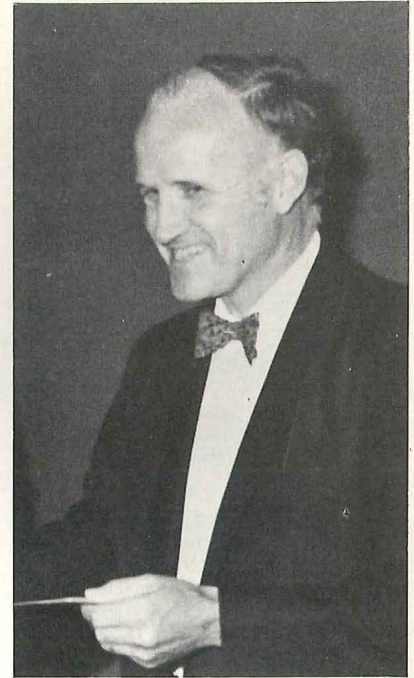
Ann House's devotion to AFS surpassed the bounds of what most people understand as duty when in 1941 she refused to leave Greece as first the Italians and then the Germans invaded the country. In 1942 Ann and Charles House were arrested by the Germans and sent to separate internment camps in Germany. They were repatriated in 1944. By 1945 they had returned to AFS to serve the rural youth who found themselves trapped in yet another war, this time a civil war. The Houses retired in 1955 leaving the direction of the school in the dynamic hands of Bruce Lansdale.

Lansdale, still in his prime, is the third director since the school's founding seven decades ago. When viewed against the historical backdrop of Macedonia during the last seventy years, the internal continuity and stability of AFS stand out as principal elements in its survival.

THE school's location has placed it in the eye of an historical maelstrom, for it has witnessed some of the more dramatic events of our time. At the time of its founding, Macedonia was the object of violent clashes among antagonistic Balkan nationals, a conflict known as the Macedonian Struggle (1897-1913); the seat of the Young Turk Revolt (1908); the battlefield for two Balkan wars (1912-1913); the pivot point for the Macedonian front in World War I; the focal point from 1921 for the resettling of over 1,000,000 refugees struggling in from Asia Minor. Occupied by the Axis in World War II, this heartland of the Balkans further suffered from the tragic Greek Civil War which did not end until 1949. The American Farm School was shaped in one way or another by all of these events. During the occupation, the Germans, as they retreated from northern Greece, blew up one of the main buildings which they had been using as a communication centre. During the Civil War, the entire senior class was kidnapped by communist guerrillas. Exhausted but determined, each one of the students escaped his captors. By graduation day, after an ordeal in the frozen mountains that would be material for a modern odyssey, they had all made their way back to the school.

Considering the magnitude and proximity (in time) of these historical events, the survival of the institution is

Bruce M. Lansdale, the President of AFS, speaks Greek with a definite Macedonian accent. He was born in the United States and came to Greece in 1925 as an infant when his father became General Secretary of the YMCA for Greece. (Herbert P. Lansdale, a Philhellene, has chosen Athens as his retirement home.) Bruce returned to the United States to earn a degree in engineering at the University of Rochester. In 1946 he visited Greece to serve on the Allied Team for the Observation of the Greek Elections. A year later he worked his way back by tending forty mules on a cattle ship and spent a year as a volunteer at the American Farm School which he had known intimately since childhood. Sensing a need for a background in agricultural education, he attended Cornell University where he earned a Master's Degree. He married Elizabeth (Tad) Krihak whom he had known at the University of Rochester. 'I married Bruce, Greece, and the Farm School,' is Tad's favourite comment. They returned to the



Farm School where Bruce as a Fulbrighter learned the total operation under the then director Charles L. House whom Bruce had always known as 'Uncle Charlie'. In 1955, upon the retirement of Charles and Ann House, Bruce assumed the position of Director.

itself an epic; the fact that the original spirit has not been warped, or the dynamism of its life sapped, is all the more remarkable.

Evidence of the forward movement of the program is the recently introduced 'Greek Summer' program. Innovatively moving in a new direction, 'Greek Summer' brings fifty American students and other nationalities to Greece to participate in a Peace-Corps-like project. The high school students undertake some needed construction in a Macedonian village where they live for four weeks; they travel throughout Greece for another two. The relationship that evolves between the villagers and the youngsters is the real significance of 'Greek Summer'. 'I like to call that relationship *mutuality*,' says Director Lansdale. 'Greek Springtime', an even newer program designed for American high school students who take part in it for credit during their senior year, focuses on rural studies.

The education program at AFS stresses practical work. A stroll on the campus reveals youngsters welding, working with masonry, laying pipes, constructing a variety of toilets, from the most primitive to the most sophisticated. The emphasis is on methods that can be adapted to village needs and possibilities. In the fields, boys are

pruning trees in the orchards, working irrigation systems, driving tractors (the best treat of all) and placing plastic covers over tender plants. In the cow barns and dairy, which produced in the late 1920's the first pasteurized milk in Greece, the boys are learning to process milk, to breed and raise cattle, from expert herdsmen. At Easter vacation each boy is allowed to take home something he has planted, made or raised. To take home a six month old Chios lamb, one that he watched being born and cared for, is a great source of pride and joy. No doubt it will be the tallest, fattest, and whitest lamb in the whole village.

A visit to the American Farm School is an unforgettable adventure. AFS stands as a living tribute to the triumph of the House family, to the staff that shared their inspiration and passed it on to the real heroes — the young boys and girls who return to their villages better human beings for the experience, and better farmers, trained to wrest from the difficult Greek earth a greater yield.

—BRENDA MARDER

The photographs are courtesy of the American Farm School Archives.

BANKS

All banks in Athens are open from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Monday through Saturday. The following banks, however, are branches that either re-open in the afternoon (for partial services) or remain open all day:

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DIVING

MANY are the marvels of Greece, but, to my thinking, none is more delightful than diving in the Aegean. There are few days, even in winter, when the sun does not dominate the Aegean, constantly changing the colour and texture of the water. The pelagic depths of the sea act like stained glass on the shafts of light which penetrate its depths, breaking them up into gently shimmering spangles of gold. On these days the sea becomes transformed, turned into a cathedral, a holy place of silence and awe and luminescence. Sometimes it seems almost a blasphemy to be hunting for octopus and grouper down there.

The Aegean does not have the exotic underwater life of the Caribbean or Red Sea. No volcanic cliffs, no schools of flashing, twisting bait fish, no kelp beds, no gaudy displays of colour. The seascape is pleasant, subdued; simple. However, there is an ambience about diving in Greece which more than makes up for the lack of exoticism. For at least six months of the year the waters are warm and clear with visibility often up to 150 feet. To the diving-bound Greece offers many rewards: tough but interesting spear-fishing, innumerable private coves for picnicking and snorkelling, decent diving facilities, and the freedom to ramble and roam everywhere (provided you are a free diver, not using bottled air). The price of renting a boat or equipment compares

favourably with most other major tourist centres.

There are many keen divers among Greeks, almost all of whom are free divers, especially those who spear-fish. The laws against using scuba equipment to hunt fish are stringent. Not even the Kalymnos sponge-divers, many of whom have given up sponging for fishing in summer, are permitted to do anything more than dive with held breath when working. Few Greeks can free dive as deep as the Kalymnians who think nothing of stalking fish at 100 feet down; the average Greek prefers instead to stay in the shallows, making countless quick, short dives in order to surprise a *kefalos* (grey mullet) under a rock here, a *sargos* (sea bream) there. Three or four hours of this kind of hunting usually add up to a respectable bag of small fish.

Divers should not expect to find Greece a fisherman's paradise. Commercially, some big catches of fish are made by deep-sea dredges working up near Evia (Euboea) and the Halkidiki (Chalkidiki) Peninsula, but these compare only minimally to what the North Sea and the Pacific produce. There is a paucity of fish in the Aegean and this accounts for the anomaly that, in a country with thousands of miles of waterfront, sea food is one of the most expensive dishes that you can buy.

Everybody has his pet theory to explain why the Aegean has become

such an infertile sea. Some believe that it is too old and has simply been fished out. Others take a more scientific stance, pointing out that the Aegean loses by evaporation two-thirds more than it receives from the rivers which drain into it. This loss is replaced by a steady inflow of water from the Atlantic, which enters through the Strait of Gibraltar. The effect of steady evaporation on this almost land-locked sea is that the Aegean has a higher salt content than most other seas in the world. The content increased after the completion of the Aswan Dam, which has restricted the flow of sweet water from the Nile into the Aegean. The excessive salinity has thrown off the whole eco-system of the Mediterranean, impairing the life cycle of both plant and animal alike.

Local divers listen to these theories but don't believe them. They are just words. They know that the true villain in the story is dynamite. As a Kalymnian diver once told me, 'There were plenty of fish before the war, but the fishermen blew them all up. The Germans not only allowed but encouraged the use of dynamite, distributing sticks and "bom-bas" to every single fisherman who wanted them. In one day alone the fishermen from my island used to blow up 500 kilos of fish. And let's face it, a lot of fishermen went on using dynamite after the war.'

Dynamiting not only kills all the big fish in a given area but all the small stuff, too, besides damaging and destroying the plant and mineral life. It's also dangerous to humans. I was once diving off an isolated part of Rhodes when somebody tossed a stick into the sea. The concussion took place far away, but the impact still gave me quite a jolt. To judge from the number of one-armed fishermen one encounters around the

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MONTH-BY-MONTH DIVING IN THE AEGEAN:

MAY AND JUNE: One of the best times to be diving in the Aegean. The Cyclades Islands (Mykonos, Delos, Paros, etc.) are manageable now, as the *meltemi* has not hit its peak. At this time of the year, just about any place in the southern and eastern sectors of the Aegean is good for diving.

JULY AND AUGUST: The *meltemi* is at its trickiest. A week of winds of Force 8 - 10 alternating with a day or two of dead calm. Avoid the Cyclades Islands. Stay in the Dodecanese, or head up to the Ionian Sea (Corfu, Kephallonia, etc.) Note: There is a Club Méditerranée on Corfu, with full facilities for divers. Many simply book a two- or three-week vacation at the Club and do all their diving on Corfu.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER: Two more ideal months, especially after September 21, the Vernal Equinox, when the weather changes drastically in the Aegean. The Ionian Sea tends to become rainy, but the Eastern Aegean and Crete offer balmy days and cool nights, perfect diving weather.

Aegean, the explosive exacts a high price from those who wield it.

In a poor country, where a fisherman is lucky to make forty thousand drachmas a year, one cannot judge the dynamiters too harshly. Fishing has always been a tough way to make a living in Greece. A man has got to survive and if it takes explosives to do it, he is going to use them, and never mind the consequences.

This is not to accuse most fishermen of still using dynamite. They do not. The practice is definitely illegal and those caught breaking the law are subject to draconian penalties. Neither should you feel frightened to dive lest some foolish fishermen blow you out of the water by mistake. As long as you stay near populated areas, and let it be known locally where you will be diving, you will have no problem. It is far less dangerous diving in the Aegean than anywhere else in the world, if for no other reason than the absence of sharks and barracudas. There are no predators like these to worry about.

Free divers can dive anywhere in Greece. Only scuba divers have problems. Anyone bringing equipment into the country must have it entered in his passport when going through customs. He will be expected to produce each item when leaving Greece. Scuba divers would do better to charter a private yacht here, many of which are fitted out with air compressors and a full supply of

underwater breathing apparatus. (A list of yachts available for charter may be obtained from the Greek Yacht Brokers and Consultants Association, Skra 94 and Thesseeus, Kallithea, Athens. Tel: 956-3714).

Another alternative is to plan your diving trip with one of the four companies in Greece specializing in scuba tours. These companies are licensed by the government to operate diving and swimming schools and tours. They can provide full equipment, air refills, and so on and, in some cases, have boats available for hire. They know exactly where scuba divers can dive in the Aegean and, with some planning, they will arrange your itinerary and transportation.

Many of the historic islands of Greece are now off-limits to scuba divers, particularly Santorini, parts of Rhodes (especially around Lindos), Delos, etc. There are traces of history to be found practically everywhere in Greek waters: remains of ancient cities, artifacts, sunken boats, etc. The Aegean provides professional and amateur underwater archaeologists alike with a unique opportunity to study life as it was thousands of years ago. The problem is that Greece, like most Mediterranean countries, has in the past lost many valuable underwater antiquities to scavenging divers, and has now made it highly illegal to disturb or remove anything found in its waters.

Technically, a diver should declare each and every piece of broken pottery and glass he brings up from the bottom, no matter how worthless it might be. Often, the customs will allow you to keep the shards. But at the same time, they will be entered on your passport and you will be expected to produce them on demand. No underwater archaeological specimen is supposed to be exported from Greece without official government approval. Thus, the smartest thing to do is to look and explore while diving. Take some photographs — but don't touch or remove anything. You have been warned!

Actually, the waters of the Aegean are so pellucid, so inviting, that most divers are happy just splashing around, looking, playing. The Greek sea is still largely unpolluted except in the waters right around Athens and Piraeus, which

have been spoiled by industrial wastes. The best diving, of course, is to be found around the islands, of which there are some two thousand (mostly uninhabited). Here the visiting diver will marvel at what he sees through his mask, even from the surface. Wreathed in golden light, caressed by a warm, murmuring sea, he can stay in the water for hours, even without a wet suit, swimming far, swimming free.

Equipment like masks, snorkels, fins and spearguns are manufactured in Greece and can be bought locally. Internal travel between many of the Greek islands is easy, thanks to a profusion of good, swift ferryboats. (For schedules and information, contact Mr. E. Manoussakis, C. Latsis & Co., 16 Akti Possidonos, Piraeus, Tel: 422-689.)

The diving experience will not vary greatly from island to island. About the only big variable to keep in mind is the *meltemi*, which is the prevailing trade wind in the Aegean. It blows over the sea throughout the summer, usually from a northerly direction. When it blows hard the Aegean no longer resembles its travel-poster advertising, but turns unromantic: short, powerful, choppy waves, a cold spray. While it is bad, it is not so bad, unlike the sirocco, the North African wind that scours some parts of the Western Mediterranean in September and October, rearing like the hot blast of a blowpipe and causing terrible dust storms and discomfort. The *meltemi* is nothing to be afraid of, but one would be wise to take it into account when planning an itinerary.

—WILLARD MANUS

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The Miracle

A Short Story by Anastos Papapetros



PATER Chrysanthos (the Most Reverend Father of St. Nectar's) had meant one thing when he spoke of miracles — but the 'miracle' of Yanni the Jackal was quite another matter.

What had the priest meant? There had been the quarrel and the impasse. The quarrel which had been brought on by the impasse.

The behaviour of his wife — the *papadia* — was inexplicable. His daughters, however, were most to blame. They had gone out to the shops during Holy Week and drowned him in debt. Can you imagine — 4,000 drachmas! A debt far beyond his means! In the evening he would chant the Resurrection and within him was black sorrow. And after Easter he would have to pay up. How? With what? And then there would begin gossip and talk about him. And the hypocritical bows of the shopkeepers: 'Do you want anything of me, Father?' No, he would not 'want' anything and would lower his eyes in shame.

With a delay there might be a report to the Bishop — perhaps even a trial in court.

On top of these thoughts came the *papadia's* second mistake. 'Let's borrow!' 'From where?' 'From the church coffer. The Lord understands a matter of need.'

She did not say it with bad intention. Certainly not. It struck him, nevertheless, as carrying a hint of dishonesty. And he did not like the way she mixed up God with their affairs. Not that he was very strict. He was, however, a serious man, and his wife's frivolity irritated him all the more. They had a bad quarrel. Afterwards he calmed down. He did his accounts again. Nothing would come out. He dropped the pencil, wiped the perspiration from his beard, and spoke: 'Only a miracle can save us.'

SO he said and so it happened. It had nothing to do with Yanni the Jackal. First because Pater Chrysanthos was not aware of the Jackal's existence. Second because he had spoken of a miracle in desperation. The Jackal did what he did in a rage. The rage, however, would come later. First he went to the Public Prosecutor. That is, at the very moment Father Chrysanthos was uttering his desperate words, the Jackal was there, at the Public Prosecutor's.

He went for the relief money for those 'Just released from Jail'. (The whole business had begun with a little goat. Hence, his nickname, 'The Jackal'.)

'You must become an honest man now,' advised the Public Prosecutor.

'Yes,' replied the Jackal, and gazed at the other's hands.

'The Public Prosecutor is good for a five hundred drachma hand-out. You can sweet-talk him for more,' those in the know had told him in jail.

'Here — take this.'

He counted it before he touched it — 200 drachmas.

'You were released late. Today is Holy Saturday. We gave to others. Our funds are low,' the Public Prosecutor justified himself.

The Jackal felt like rubbing the bills in his face. But it isn't easy to rub a Public Prosecutor's face, not even with gold pieces.

He pretended to be pleased and left.

It spoiled all his plans. He had made a promise while

inside... He felt so awful he would have torn up the money. But he was checked by the hope of aid from the bishop.

There — with many an *unfortunately* and even more *my son's* — they explained that the relief money had been distributed on Holy Thursday, that many poor had fallen on them, that they had been obliged to reach into their own pockets and that there was now nothing left for him.

This, however, was not the Public Prosecutor and the Jackal talked straight. He explained to them with many shouts and many, many unsuitable words that he would not budge unless he received some assistance. A yellow-skinned, pimply-faced, fat doorman spoke to him softly. He led the Jackal to the door. As the Jackal turned to leave of his own accord, by his own *will* (on this we insist), the fat one gave him such a boot that the Jackal departed flying. He was so surprised that he didn't have time to think in order to get angry.

He sat down on a doorstep.

'And one for me, too,' his friend had told him.

'Okay! Done!' he had replied.

He was to have walked by the prison afterwards. He would have whistled in a special way that the job was finished and the other would have been as pleased as if he had done it himself. He had given him many details: the street, the house, the name.

'Tell her you come from me. She may even remember me. Actually, she should remember me. Fifty drachs... but if one of her men happens to be in prison, maybe for nothing,' he had told him.

And if he said so, he should know. 'I'll go,' the Jackal decided.

He had hopes he would pull it off. More than anything he wanted to keep the promise he had made.

He pushed the half-open door and went in.

'What do you want?' asked a woman's voice.

'Nina?'

'That's me.'

Tall. Blonde. Just as he wanted her.

'I got out of prison today. Paris sent me.'

'Fine people! I don't work today. On the whole, let me tell you, I observe Holy Week. We're going out with our own people, too. (A girl friend and two men were there). We'll buy candles. We'll go to the Resurrection. We're not pigs. Come back on Monday.'

Yannis had a different opinion. He faced the matter as a client with rights.

'What do you mean Monday? I got out now and I feel like it now!'

And because he did not understand easily, 'her people' undertook to escort him to the door and to 'explain' to him. They gave him a couple of socks — mostly for the fun of it. But he didn't mind it. 'They were within their rights... but *him*'. And then the Jackal recalled the doorman and got angry. 'Damn'd fat-ass — I'd like to meet you some day and settle it... To go for money and to get a boot!' He felt it was a cheat. 'Those are the ones the Public Prosecutor should go after. Every shop should trade in its own goods. So that you know what's going on.'

As to what happened afterwards, it's not easy to determine what caused it. There must have been many

things. Among the obvious ones, his outrage and his drunkenness were most to blame. Because how else could you explain...

He didn't go by the prison. Nor did he whistle the agreed signal. He did drop into a shop and buy several bottles of ouzo. He walked to a hill at the edge of town, sat down, and began to drink. He drank until he had emptied all the bottles. So, it was that as Pater Chrysanthos and the other priests of the city were celebrating the Resurrection with church bells, fireworks, and candles, the Jackal was celebrating in a crazy way of his own. He leaped, howled, spat, cursed, and gestured the rest of the world to hell with *moutzes*, thrusting his fingers and palms in their faces. Then he lay down to sleep. He thought better of it, however — so far as his drunken brain could think — and decided to look for shelter.

THE saints' eyes fell upon him. He felt fearful of the darkness. The flickering shadows of the sacred lamps, which gave the impression that the icons were moving, scared him more

He thought of leaving but that's not easy. How can one turn back? He stood for a while undecided. 'Since I came in...' He went forward, eyes lowered, not to look at the saints. Snuffed out by fear he sat down in a pew. As much as he tried to avoid it, he failed: his eyes met the eyes of a saint. He closed his own immediately. It seemed to him that all the saints came out of their icons and were pressing around him. He felt their shadows, he heard their ethereal steps. He opened his eyes again. They dispersed. They had scampered back to their frames and were watching him from there. The sputtering of the sacred lamps echoed like commanding voices in his ears. He jumped to his feet. Terror drove him to boldness. He looked them straight in the eye. He spoke to them.

'Look at me. See, I'm looking at you, too. I'm not afraid of you.'

The fever of his terror rose and drunkenness turned to madness. His eyes remained fixed upon a saint.

'You turn around! Don't look at me that way! You can't fool me! They were right to chop off your head! Do you hear? Turn around!'

But the saint did not turn away. The Jackal seized a candelabra and smashed the icon to pieces.

The nearby parishioners, who heard the talking and the cracking of the icon, crossed themselves in awe and said:

'A miracle!'

'Some miracle happened tonight!'

After the 'miracle' the Jackal became somewhat sober. The wordly fear of being caught defeated his metaphysical fear and he took to his heels. As he passed the offering stand, he came to a halt. He took a look in the drawer. When he entered the church he had had no such thing in mind. Even

now he could not understand why or how he did it. But he did it, and that's what matters. He found several rolls of coins. He dropped them into his pocket. When he counted them later he found that they contained 200 half-drachma pieces. And in spite of his frenzy — with one eye on the drawer and the other watching in case a saint should come and catch him — he was certain there was nothing else in the drawer. Or, to be exact, in any of the drawers. It is to his credit that he was able, under these conditions, to acquire this certainty. Because, as it proved later — as always, later — it was very important, at least to himself.

I COUNTED them myself. In addition to the 200 half-drachmas, there were one, two, five, ten and twenty drachma pieces. In all, four thousand, one hundred drachmas. I left early. I told the priest to take the 4,000 with him. It seems, however, that Satan confused him...'

Thus the church elder presented his testimony to the court.

The Jackal shouted from behind.

'Lies! I found only half-drachmas!'

Pater Chrysanthos' testimony was more or less the same as that of the elder.

'We always take most of the offering with us. But that night...tired... Easter dawn was breaking... How was I to imagine... The elder is right. Satan confused me...'

The Jackal leaped to his feet and shouted from behind:

'Aren't you ashamed — a priest telling lies!'

'Sentenced to twenty days,' the president of the court announced.

The elder was indignant. And not a little offended.

'Twenty days? I'm telling you, he sentenced him for only the half-drachma coins.'

The priest made an effort to calm him.

'God is the wisest judge. And do you know why? Because He is merciful.'

They left the courthouse together. On the road they exchanged not a word. Suddenly each turned to the other and asked in one breath:

'You said something?'

'No.'

'Nor did I.'

It had seemed to both of them that the other had said something.

— Translated by Robert and Despina Crist

Anastos Papapetros was born in Pyrgos, Elias in 1919 but grew up in Athens. A lawyer by profession, he is a writer by temperament. His fiction and drama are marked by humour, insight, and compassion. He is the author of Katadikasmeni se Thanato (Condemned to Death) a novel about the Greek Civil War, The Stretcher-bearers are not Coming, a psycho-political drama, and E Empolemi (The Embattled), a collection of short stories from which 'The Miracle' is taken.

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ONE AFTERNOON ON THE WAY TO PERAMA

JIM calls it the 'Toonerville Trolley' of Athens. It's a long way from Toonerville, but the analogy is correct. Running from Piraeus to Perama is a single stretch of track that carries the oldest electric trolleys running in Athens. The run begins just outside of the underground terminal in Piraeus, and finishes in Perama near the ferries to Salamis. If you are looking for a slice of the past, you will find it on the trolley.

The cars have a wooden time-polished interior with leather upholstered seats and crank-operated windows. The driver 'sits' in a seat that was surely not designed to be sat in. He is propped between the windshield and the chair, his hands on the polished brass controls. Every minute a pump chatters, as it builds pressure in air tanks that will open and close slow-moving doors and access steps.

The ride is long, sometimes up to forty minutes, and this is not due to the distance covered. There is only one track and the Perama-bound trolley must continually pull into sidings to wait for an oncoming and usually overdue car to pass, clearing the track until the next siding.



Fishmongers and vendors are usually waiting at the sidings, and the passengers step out to purchase that day's dinner. There is a distinct odour of fish in the trolleys.

The cars have a clanging bell reminiscent of their older cousins in San Francisco. They are also fitted with a wheezing air horn designed to help avoid trucks, cars and careening motorcycles.

Most of the passengers are from the lower and middle working classes of the ship-yard region of Piraeus. There is a generous sprinkling of 'Gypsies and picturesque moustachioed men with 'character' carved into their faces.

At a siding stop, with the fishmonger bellowing outside and the passengers scrambling off to buy his wares, I approach the conductor who is standing beside his seat, his hand still resting on the brass control knob. Theodore Dimakakos looks uncomfortable in his uniform with its tight neck; he is a big man with ham hands and a frank, easy smile that reveals a hint of five-o'clock



shadow dimples. In my halting and error-ridden Greek, I ask him some questions.

'How long have you been a conductor in these trolleys, Mr. Dimakakos?'

'Two years... not long.'

'How old are they, anyway?'

Theodore proudly points to the brass plate at the base of the control panel. It proclaims in Italian that the car was constructed in 1930 in Milano.

'In your two years as conductor, what is the most amusing thing that happened on one of your runs?'

His face slowly splits in a wide grin, and he chuckles. Some passengers, their arms loaded with newspaper-wrapped fish, gather round and the tale begins.

'It was a Sunday afternoon. It was in the middle of the summer and it was hot and there was no breeze. The second stop out of Perama a young sailor and his girl friend boarded. My partner was collecting the fares when...' He breaks out in a guffaw and there is a hint of tears in his eyes. I figured this was going

to be one heck of a story. By now all the passengers are standing around the front of the trolley, waiting for the yarn to continue.

'...when my partner gets to these two. The sailor's girl friend is carrying a large box with holes in it. He is asked for his fare, it was only a drachma and a half then, and the sailor searches his pockets. Nothing.'

Theodore Dimakakos is picking up speed. The other passengers are now smiling broadly. I listen carefully, trying to understand him, but words are slipping by my ears unrecognized.

'The girl reaches in her purse and.... falls out. She turns red as a beet and dives for it, and in so doing the box falls out of her hands and hits the floor. Out of the box jumps a and the boy and his girl scramble, trying to catch it. It runs out of the door and the girl goes after it. The boy won't let the trolley get going and we're behind schedule. The girl is now climbing and crawling under the car and...'

Here the Greek language becomes a torrent and all the passengers begin to laugh. The conductor can hardly speak and is wiping the tears from his eyes and holding his belly. I hear the words: 'screaming', 'policeman', 'mistake', 'shoe', 'jail', 'jumping', and then finally: '.... was bitten'. The passengers are clinging to the seats and to each other to prevent themselves from collapsing from laughter. I plead with Mr. Dimakakos to tell the rest of the story again, *slowly*, but the oncoming trolley has passed and the conductor, his eyes still wet, returns to his 'seat' and the Perama trolley is underway again, down the track and along the shipyards. A passenger, an old lady in black, is picking up her fish from the floor, wrapping them in yesterday's edition of *To Vima*. She is still cackling.

Take an afternoon and ride the Perama trolley. Imagine the streets filled with horses and horse-drawn water wagons. Think of how the harbour must have looked when it was clean, blue and lined with bathers. In your mind's eye, picture sailing barkentines at anchor in the bay and listen for the wheezing cough of steam-driven donkey engines.

If Theodore Dimakakos is your conductor, please, please ask him to tell you that story. Then write out the conclusion and send it to me. I *must* find out exactly what happened.

—PAUL KRONFIELD

—Photographs by EUGENE VANDERPOOL

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art

At the Galleries

BILL Papas' show of seventy paintings (British Council, April 4 - 18) was in many respects more than the gallery could take. Crowded into three small rooms, the paintings became even more emphatic in their portrayal of the intimacy of village life. Papas' eye is well disciplined, trained as it is in the art of satire. (One of England's foremost political cartoonists until his early retirement a decade or so ago, his work will be easily recalled by readers of *Punch* and *The Guardian*.) The paintings at the Council, however, were not satirical as such. They brought to mind, rather, the world of Don Camillo with its petty grievances, sly humour and menacing — but ultimately harmless — rural villains: newlywed Alik, her backside contrasted with that of her donkey; the Maniote Dirge singers, shown as sly old coots; The Three Widows with a look of contentment one normally associates with the female mantis.

Papas' work, in conception as well as colour, is Greece as seen through his eyes. There is an element of humour that native born Greek painters seldom, if ever, capture. Even the deadly looking *papades* seem amiable. There is a dimension of sympathy, humour and understanding which normally evades the Greek view of the frustration and boredom of normal twentieth-century village life. These are the paintings of one committed to Greece who sees through eyes that are not Greek.

One of the better shows in April was that of Tony Bass (Diogenes Gallery). Art and poetry are sometimes fingers pointing to a greater realm of experience. Bass, who has lived for some time in the Far East, has digested this attitude to art even though his symbols and conception are of the West. His approach to painting is uniquely his own and reflects art that is a means to penetrating less accessible realms of human experience.

Expressionists, from the very inception of Expressionism as a self-conscious 'school', have been fascinated and influenced by the East. The rich colours, deep shadows, and suggestion of a deepening awareness of emotional states are common to much of their work whose peculiar oriental quality is the result of their ability to capture fleeting moments of true awareness.

The integrity of Bass' etchings attests to a perception that is formulated

in recognizable images but is uniquely itself. Strength, confidence, and very personal elements pervade all of them. The eight Biblical animals were especially interesting. The frozen falcon, the dessicated ram, the lion half hidden in the recesses of what appears to be a room, the falling apart of a man's inner and outer shell are all mysteriously linked in a language that defies verbal expression, the language of poetry and intuition rather than dialogue and logic.

Despite vast differences in style and subject, the group show at the Iolas — Zoumboulakis Gallery (to continue through May 15) is held together by the artists' achievement of success. The painters represented are Theophilos, Vagis, Ghikas, Takis, Tsarouhis, Fassianos and Halepas. Ghikas' dramatic 'Seasons' dominates the gallery, engulfing one in a vast complexity of colour. The dynamic power of these four paintings is in direct contrast to Tsarouhis' meditative and somber pair of studies. Fassianos provides a brilliant 'shocker' with an almost electric crimson and stark white canvas that stuns the eye. The Theophilos paintings attest to his genius as an unschooled painter. The subtle colours, complex and yet unselfconscious brushwork and delicate balance of figures are especially evident in the 'Fall of Constantinople' and the figures from the 'Erotokritos'. The latter has been badly restored, which is a pity. Theophilos after all is the greatest of the naive painters of Greece.

The Panhellenic Art Exhibition is striking in its sheer mediocrity, and an anti-climax to all the hoopla aroused before its opening. It is inevitable that so many paintings hung at close quarters (unavoidable at a show that includes almost 1,000 works) will clash. Hardly any of them, however, call out for attention or demand one's full awareness. Even the painters who have 'arrived', so to speak, have chosen to exhibit safe, and in many cases unrepresentative, works.

The paintings of younger artists are almost uniformly derivative. The eye is drawn to what seems to be a Tsarouhis or Spyropoulos only to discover that the signature is someone else's. A Kollwitz-looking lithograph is exhibited with no embarrassment whatsoever either on the part of the artist or the judges who chose it. What seems to be the dominant element in the unity of this show is that of 'effect' — or the re-creation of the effects — of other peoples' painting.

The Polytechnic tragedy, a theme that has affected many of the younger painters, has been reduced to a tragi-comic level by cheap melodrama.



Theophilos, Erotokritos and Aretousa

Parmakelis' great mass of twisted wire fence, footprints and carnations was so literal that it had more the character of a stage prop. Voutsas' new film *There's a Tank in My Bed* had nothing on the number of tanks at the Panhellenic — standing still, or crushing and grinding a writhing mass of ineffectual figures.

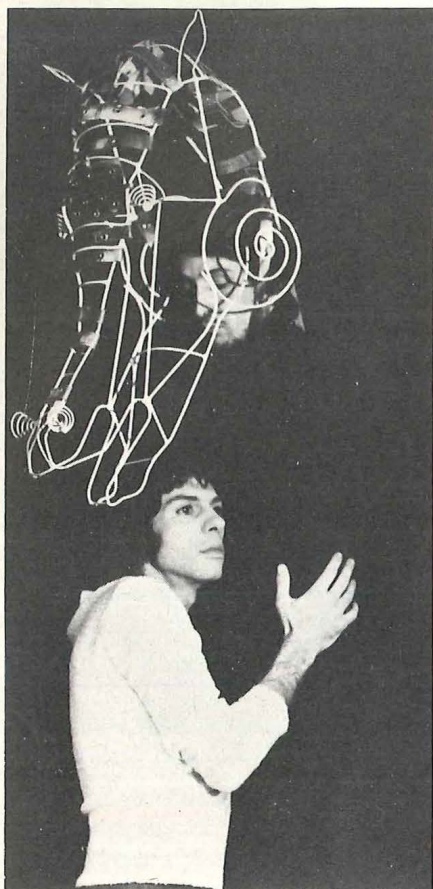
The Panhellenic 'thing' is almost a burden in some ways. What could become a means of artistic and aesthetic education as well as a stimulus to young painters has degenerated into a great ego trip. That a junk dealer went home and turned out in one night a painting accepted by the judges is comment enough on the level of quality. This is not serious business — at best it is an affront to painters who do take themselves and their work seriously.

Katsireas at the Rotunda provided us with more 'tanks' as well as the whole gamut of gimmicks — classical statues draped in the Stars and Stripes, howling students, banal sentiments and, from his own 'remarks on my work', an unimaginative and sycophantic philosophy of life. His only claim to originality in this show (unless one considers the poor draughtsmanship) is the coining of a new word 'Americanoroso anglogallopouiesi' — perhaps a variant of the old 'skoulikomyrmigotripa' of childhood memory.

—NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

theatre

Document and Fantasy



A scene from *Equus*.

THE *Trial of the Catonsville Nine* and *Equus* are based on incidents from real life, but the comparison ends there. The Reverend Daniel Berrigan in *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* reproduces the facts in a documentary fashion while Peter Shaffer in *Equus* uses them as a point of departure for pure fiction.

Once one has missed the opening night of a play that promises to have a long run, the tendency is to postpone seeing it. Thus it was with *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*. We now regret having missed the opportunity to urge more people to see this excellent production which will give two benefit performances for Cyprus in London on April 30 and 31 and then resume performances at the Sineak Theatre in Athens on May 4. They close on May 18.

The play, by the Reverend Daniel Berrigan, is an absorbing documentary account of the trial of a group of war protesters in the United States who, to dramatise their objections in the late 1960's to the American government's policy in Vietnam, forced their way into a Selective Service Office and burned

the draft files. Wishing to be brought to trial so that they could argue, on humanitarian grounds, the issues surrounding their country's participation in the war and the crimes committed as a result, the Roman Catholic martyrs deliberately broke the law.

The play is not a play in the traditional sense. There is little dialogue and the action takes place in the minds of an audience already versed in the controversy of the war and able to follow the passionate narration of the priests. In their 'defence' the nine raise issues that transcend the letter of the law. They are tried on the basis of specific charges, however, and are found guilty of stealing and destroying state property. Nothing more. The men and women of the jury are represented by plaster of paris masks in a startling visual achievement which emphasises their lack of individualism and their immunity to the humanitarian pleas of the accused.

Under the expert direction of Minos Volonakis (who translated the play), the cast turns in an excellent performance. Alekos Alexandrakis and Nonika Galinea, who play the leading roles, must be given credit for this 'team' effort; it is unusual in our theatre for the 'stars' to bow to the demands of the drama. The maturity of Galinea's acting and Alexandrakis' sustained and controlled performance were impressive. Dionysios Fotopoulos' sets are simple but realistic and symbolic.

WHEN I first read *Equus* last year, I came to the conclusion that it could not and should not be produced in Greece. It would demand an unusually fine production if the impact of Peter Shaffer's highly emotional and best work to date were to be understood by Greek audiences. A psychological fantasy, *Equus* requires the expertise of two experienced performers in the major roles of a sexually maladjusted young man and his psychiatrist.

Peter Shaffer's drama, based on the true story of a stable-hand who blinded several horses, contrasts reason and madness. Caught between a demanding and religious mother and an equally demanding but atheist father, the young man creates his own world of fantasy and his own god — 'Equus', a horse. Encouraged by fragments from the

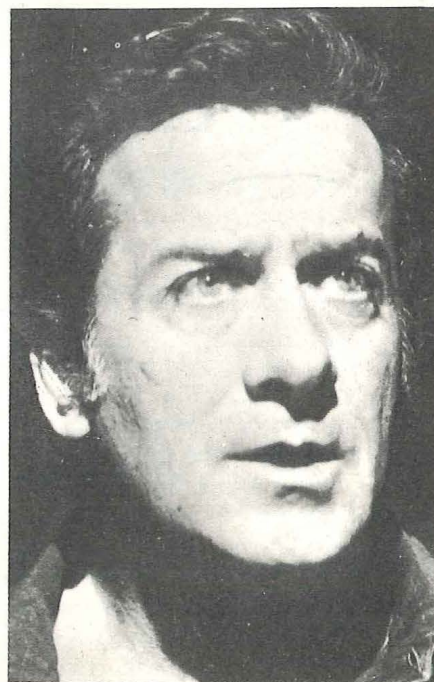


Nonika Galinea

Bible recited by his mother, the boy's mystical beliefs become mingled with his unsatisfied eroticism, and *Equus* is soon confused with Eros. Eros, however, strikes back in the form of an attractive girl who attempts to seduce the young man. His inability to consummate the affair — in the stable and in the presence of *Equus* — leads to hysteria. In his panic, he stabs his 'god'.

The psychiatrist tries to unravel this story by questioning the boy, his parents and the stable keeper. The boy is adamant in his silence, refusing to reveal his secret until he discovers that the psychiatrist is passionately interested in the gods and myths of ancient Greece. The patient reveals his secret *not* to confess but to glorify his idolatry to the doctor who has not satisfied his own passion for the gods of mythology.

Most of the action takes place in the inner worlds of the characters Dimitri



Alekos Alexandrakis

Potamitis as the patient realizes one of the best interpretations of his career. We would have preferred, however, a mask of obstinate silence in the opening scene, rather than that of madness, and a little erotic fervour blended with the triumph he displays in the riding scene. Even though Triphon Karadjas gives an honest performance as the psychiatrist, it lacks subtlety. The role demands greater maturity and experience.

George Kefaloyannis' lighting and sound effects were excellent. The scene in which light-effects are used to represent the blinding of Equus is a masterpiece in conception and execution. Considering the difficulties of producing the play, this is a much better presentation than was to be expected.

Equus will continue through the second week in May and is recommended especially to those interested in following the development of playwright Peter Shaffer's work (*Five Finger Exercise, The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, etc.)

—PLATON MOUSSEOS

Pity and Fear

A TALL spindly cross, a parody of the crucifixion, is the only stage property in *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey* (*Asma Yia To Skiahthro Tis Lousitanias*). Draped with a grimy black robe, a dented mop pail at its crown where the head of Christ should be, it stands in mocking irony, presiding over the dead. Evil, parading under the veneer of 'progress and civilization and Christian virtues', erupts in cruel violence on the stage of the Theatro Stoa in Zografou. Scene after scene appalls the spectator as he watches Africans being forced into slavery by inhuman and tyrannous white masters.

The performers shift roles and depict with equal conviction the oppressed black men and the ruthless white exploiters. Music, dance and song reinforce the themes: the primal innocence of the black world as it is invaded by 'hate, betrayal, and execrations'. The white man's mission in Portuguese Lusitania is also celebrated in song. He is directed 'by God'; he comes to 'save man', to discover the 'ethical' man in the wild 'savage', to illuminate the 'higher spirit', the spirit 'beyond technology'. His actions, however, belie all the high sounding clichés of unscrupulous exploiters. Those who try to flee enslavement are pursued by

bloodhounds and armed men. Primitive man is kept under control with beatings.

Black men and women make a circle and rhythmically pound their fists on the ground. 'Five hundred years and only a handful have entered high school. Five hundred years of binding ignorance,' they moan. A written petition implores the white man to provide a school. He commends the aspirations but notes that in order for the petition to be valid it must 'bear the names of *all* the men who favour the school'. The petition is eagerly signed and at night the men are seized, loaded into trucks, and transported to faraway places to be sold as slaves. The white man's treachery knows no bounds.

Peter Weiss' play indicts the values and the colossal hypocrisy of Western imperialism. The white man's actions are sanctioned by the Church when an archbishop in towering, ecclesiastical head-dress confers his blessings in holy ceremonies on the white men who have brought 'enlightenment in the name of Christianity'.

Supporting the selfless services to the black man's illumination, a deft scene in the play shows a white man being interviewed by reporters of other nations: 'What I saw in Africa, in the "black" country, was "progress".' In a deftly handled scene he outlines to note-taking newsmen the impressive advances which black men have made under the elevating influence of white traders. 'Why, the black man has gained so many privileges! A deserving black can even aspire to become a mayor!' In the background white women cackle incredulously. 'Imagine! A *black* man — a *mayor*. How ridiculous!'

Perhaps the most moving moments in the play occur when the pregnant Anna begs, after working for a long day and half the night, to be allowed to go home to tend to her sick child. She is brutally beaten and as she writhes in agony on the ground, doubled up in a vain effort to save her unborn child, gasping out her last breath, the other figures on stage merge into a weird chorus of avenging 'furies'. They move in spiral motions, their hands raised like serpent wraiths in the dark as capricious lights flash on and off and, whispering, chant in counterfeit solicitude, 'Can we help you? Can we help you?' 'Tell my husband where I am,' she pleads. 'Describe your house to us. Tell us everything so that we will know exactly where to find your house to notify your husband and your children.' 'One of my children has a fever,' Anna cries. The strange questioning from ghostlike figures produces no miracle. Anna dies.



A scene from *Song of the Lusitanian Bogey*.

Anna's role is one of several played by Litha Protopsalti, wife of director Athanasios Papagiorgiou. Miss Protopsalti told me that when they first produced *Lusitanian Bogey* in 1972 the script was severely censored by the military regime. The government that took over in 1973 after the events at the Polytechnic forced them to close. 'We feel that *now* is the ripe time to present this work in its entirety,' explains Miss Protopsalti. 'Our acting company has dreams of bringing before Athenian audiences serious works carrying cargoes of meaning about man's cruelties in this world. We cannot do silly, superficial things. Our world today is burning.'

The actress's intensity is shared by the other members of the company. Perhaps the bold theme and the passionate commitment of the actors have not been sufficiently publicized. On the night I saw the play there was only a handful of spectators in the audience. We urge theatre goers to visit the Theatro Stoa. They will be repelled by the cruelties perpetrated in the name of God, but they will also be held by the earnestness and artistry of seven performers who succeed in arousing 'pity and fear'.

—MARY A. NICKLES

Song of the Lusitanian Bogey closes on May 15.

books

On the Margins of the Underworld

Ilias Petropoulos
REBETIKA SONGS

Illustrated by Takis Sidheris.

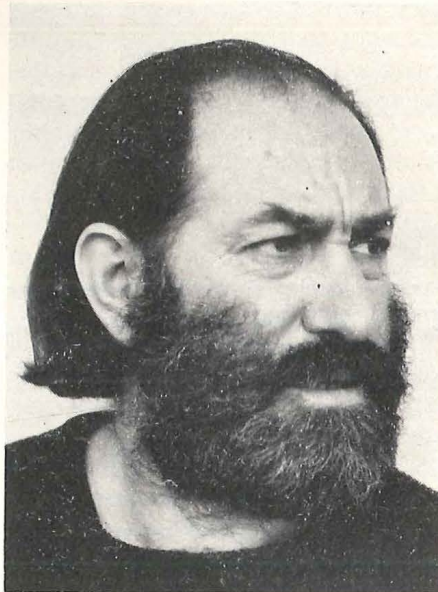
Athens, Pleias. 1975. 479 pages. 300 Drs.

KALIARDA

Athens, Pleias. 1975. 200 pages. 160 Drs.

The present-day tourist who delights in the *rebetika* songs as he watches Greek workers or peasants dance to them in tavernas should understand that the *rebetika* are the urban heirs of the demotic folk songs, and that they have greatly influenced the composers of modern popular music. Petropoulos' book is primarily an anthology of about six hundred such songs, but without musical notations. In addition to the photographs and sketches, the book contains eighty-eight pages of text and a twelve-page glossary of the peculiar argot used in the lyrics of the *rebetika*.

Throughout his study Petropoulos enlightens our understanding of these songs and the milieu from which they sprang. He contrasts and compares them with the demotic songs of Greece that have been sung ever since the first appearance of the *Dhiyenis Akritis* cycles in the eleventh century. The demotic songs were the vigorous expressions of a nation, sung, mostly in day time, at religious festivals, weddings, and other communal gatherings. They were a courageous outpouring of life even when they dealt with lamentation, Charos (Death), or the perils of the *klephts* or brigands. The *rebetika* songs, on the contrary, are the expressions of the lower classes in the city, the *rebetes* who were the idle ones, the wretched ones, the habitués, more than likely, of the underworld. They are introverted, melancholic and individualistic songs, that often avoid sexual or pornographic themes to concentrate on the beloved mother or the betraying mistress who is cunning and hard-hearted. The tough young man of the lower classes, the *mangas*, dances to these songs at night in tavernas either with lonely introspection in the *zeibekiko* or, with sly abandon and mocking joyousness surpassing the vamp herself in the sinuous and suggestive sexuality of the *tsifteteli*, or by linking arms with a friend or two in the ritualistic steps of the *hasapiko* or the *hasaposerviko*.



Ilias Petropoulos

Petropoulos informs us that the modern *rebetika* songs rose primarily out of Smyrna and Salonika and lasted for about thirty years: the Smyrna style of 1922-32; the golden period of 1932-40; and the last period, 1940-52, of the great individual composers who wrote their own words and music, such as Tsitsanis, Papaioannou, Mitsakis, Hiotis. The chief instrument used is the *bouzouki* (a kind of mandolin) accompanied, in more recent times, by guitar, clarinet, drum, and piano. The twenty-four categories presented by Petropoulos, such as songs of derision, poverty, hashish, the underworld, eroticism, bravado, anguish, and jail, reverberate with the 'dying fall' of a nostalgic epoch in Greek urban life.

From the margins of one underworld we pass to the submerged world of another, that of the *Kaliarda*. The entire title page of this book, although basically impossible to translate, is worth trying to reproduce in English for its information and wit. To wit:

Kaliarda, or 'Gay Life Lingo': That is to say, the idiomatic tongue of the passive homosexual which amongst them is also known as *Kaliardi* or *Kaliardo*, and as *tsinavota*, and as *liardo* or *doura liarda*, and as 'Latin' or 'Deep Latin' or, simply, as 'Etruscan', and as *loubinistika* or *Frangoloubinistika*. Amateur linguistic investigation by Ilias Petropoulos. An explanatory and, in large part, etymological lexicon, scrivened for the use of philologists, police, folklorists, psychiatrists, king's

guards, linguists, firemen, men of letters, philanthropists, sociologists, snobs, theologians, sailors, unemployed, informers, academicians, the curious, and, in general, peculiar people.

In this lexicon, Ilias Petropoulos has gathered some 3000 words used by the passive homosexual, as distinguished from the active homosexual, a few hundred of which are used in daily parlance as a kind of Basic Gay, and one-tenth of which are asterisked as belonging to inner circles. Etymologies are given wherever possible. Petropoulos hazards that *kaliarda* may come from the French *galliard*, meaning 'gay', 'jolly', 'free', 'bold', although among passive homosexuals themselves, interestingly enough, it connotes something 'ugly', 'bad', 'queer'. The one word they never use is that derogatory term in Greek by which they are most commonly referred to by others. They have about forty-five synonyms for themselves, however, all of which are unflattering or harsh.

They have created a language peculiarly their own, inventing words not only for their eccentric temperament or their obsession with sexual elements, but also for animals, plants, colours, professions, relatives, food, diseases, metals, religion. Most of these words have feminine endings and Greek folk derivations, but many are also compounded from Turkish, English, French and Italian words, although practically none, surprisingly, from the German. It is revealing that although they have many synonyms for sexual intercourse and the genital organs, they have only one word for sexual pleasure: *sol*, of uncertain origin.

They speak this language with astonishing rapidity in a high lilting voice accompanied by grimaces, gestures, affectations, mincings and feminine inclinations of the body. Just as the *rebetika* songs are the urban counterpart of the demotic country songs, so the demotic is a thoroughly urban phenomenon containing many words pejorative to country life and manners.

Petropoulos' lexicon is the first attempt to record and to preserve these words. It is also an astonishingly revealing key to the gay temperament itself. From the language they have invented, it becomes obvious that this is a minority group on the margins of the underworld, with its back to the wall, lashing out not only at the establishment, but also mercilessly at itself, belligerent, flaunting, daring, scathing, and, above all, witty and sarcastic,

delighting in word-play, in the creation of a fantastic world in which the passive homosexual is always at stage centre, playing out an uncertain role from an ambiguous script provided by nature or Oedipus.

Beautifully bound and printed, as befits such vulgar elegance, this lexicon may be read as delightfully inventive poetry. Death is the 'Black Pimp' (*Mavrodavas*). A photograph is called 'deathpaper', and photographing is 'deathpapering' (*nekrohartono*). From the Teutonic word 'God' comes *godozitania*, godbegging, ergo prayer; *godokondra*, 'God' plus the Italian 'contra' means 'hell'. A *godoprofesoros* is a theologian. A 'Philhellene' or a 'Byron' is a noble or polite homosexual; an *artista tou vovou* (an 'artiste of the silent films') is an old and experienced queer. Public latrines are called 'embassies'; depending on location, proximity, or inclination, there are the Embassy of the United Arab Republic (in the City Hall), the Embassy of Great Britain (on Constitution Square), and the Embassy of the United States (on Omonia Square, the Times Square of Athens).

Petropoulos rightly calls himself an amateur investigator, and it would be ungracious and pedantic to cavil about possible errors, omissions, or lack of linguistic training. He has courageously undertaken what professional linguists and folklorists have avoided and, by barging in where academicians have feared to tread, preserved for posterity this unusual and rich vocabulary. In a biographical note, the compiler informs us that he is not himself gay.

Mr. Petropoulos is now preparing three other lexicons of the terminology of the underworld, of sailors, and of the skilled trades. In other countries throughout the world, such lexicons have been the serious and legitimate enterprise of universities and academies, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Petropoulos' amateur yet courageous beginnings may help break down puritanical barriers and encourage scientific research into the rich treasures of our national argot.

In 1969 Ilias Petropoulos served five months in prison for the publication of his anthology *Rebetika Songs*, in 1972 seven months for his lyrical text *Body*, and in that same year an additional five months for his dictionary of homosexual terminology, *Kaliarda*. Both *Rebetika Songs* and *Kaliarda* are now reissued by the publishing firm Pleias in uncensored (we hope) times.

—KIMON FRIAR

cinema

The Fine Art of Running Art Cinemas

YOU must love the films you show,' comments Socrates Kapsaskis, founder and director of the Studio, one of the two full-time art ('tehnis') cinemas in Athens. The large and enthusiastic crowds seen week after week, from October to May, at the Studio and Alkyonis Theatres are drawn by quality films difficult or impossible to see elsewhere in Greece. They have been the only major movie houses that have made money and steadily increased ticket sales in recent years. Showing movies is another form of business, or at best a vague hobby, for most managers. To Socrates Kapsaskis of the Studio and Chris Christodoulou of the Alkyonis, films are not only a love, but a consuming passion.

Kapsaskis is a middle-aged man with a soft voice, nervously energetic eyes and a friendly smile. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the cinema. In 1956 he graduated from the respected French film school, IDHEC (Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématiques) which lists among its alumni Louis Malle and Henri Costa-Gavras. He has directed thirteen films some of which he has produced. At the moment he is most occupied with *being* the Studio. In the evenings he is in and out of the theatre (at Stavropoulou 33, near Platia Amerikis) chatting with the regulars from the audience and checking on the films shown in the main theatre and the Cine-Club. The latter is a small room seating sixty, located above the theatre, where 16mm films are shown free to those who have paid to see the main feature. In the mornings he oversees his distribution business from the Studio office near Kaningos Square, the hub of the film distributing companies. When Kapsaskis was studying in Paris in the 1950's, cine-clubs were sprouting all over the Left Bank. The clubs were little theatres, sometimes located in old shops, warehouses, or offices. For a small fee one could see the classics, 'underground' films and other works not shown in commercial cinemas.

There were twenty to thirty such clubs in Paris, but none in Athens. As early as 1960 Kapsaskis, back in Athens, began the search for a cinema and funds to back it. By 1967 he had located an empty theatre on Trikorfon

Street (presently the Theatro Satira) and opened the doors of the Studio.

'I soon found out that the problem was not only to find a *salla*, but to choose the *personality* of an art theater,' he explains. He succeeded early in creating such an identity and thus an audience. Making the rounds of the film distributors in Athens, he rescued many classics which had been cast into the wastebasket because of their low commercial value, and discovered enough films in Greece to keep the Studio busy for the first few years. Imagine the surprise of the distributors, he laughs, when they heard the Studio often had a full house for films they had dismissed as worthless.

When he ran out of early Bergman, Fellini, Bunuel, Chaplin, Bogart, Ford and Huston films, Socrates became an importer and distributor himself. This year he has imported over twenty films — eighty percent of the movies shown at the Studio. Importing, buying and distributing now command most of his time and energy. He regularly travels to festivals and exhibitors to see what the market has to offer. In the last year he has made four trips abroad, during which he spent two months in London and Paris watching three or four films a day in producers' offices, and travelled to Yugoslavia to observe the remarkable animated films being made in Zagreb (Studio will have a Zagreb Week during May).

This year Kapsaskis presented a variety of films under the heading 'The Revolution Continues', films from Brazil, Chile, Vietnam, East Germany, Cuba and the U.S.A. He frequently shows films he knows will lose money; it is not good business, but part of running a true art cinema, and what distinguishes the Studio and Alkyonis from many pseudo-art cinemas that appear and disappear regularly in Athens. Eager to capitalize on what they think is a 'hot' market the management of such 'art' cinemas may present an Eisenstein film for a week, discover that they barely break even or lose money, and then project a German porno flick the next week to recoup their losses. Kapsaskis is willing to take chances, projecting a film he likes, such as *The Connection*, even if ticket sales turn out

to be a disappointment. He frequently lends many of his films to local cine-clubs free or for a nominal fee. He is now working out details for a Mexican Week in October in cooperation with the Mexican Embassy. He hopes to bring to Greece films, directors and actors from CineMex, Mexico's nationalized film industry. In the past he has presented festivals organized in cooperation with other Embassies, including the excellent French Language Festival held last spring.

Kapsaskis answers the telephone, speaks briefly, hangs up and smiles broadly like a director who has just won several Oscars. 'Andy Warhol's *Flesh* has just passed the Censorship Committee. This is the first Warhol film to be accepted in Greece!' And sure enough, the same week that *Emmanuelle*, a highly stylized work of trash, began breaking box office records, the Studio countered with *Flesh*, a compassionate film about New York City's subculture that presents the human body honestly without the hollow thrills which make up *Emmanuelle* and its ilk.

CHRIS Christodoulou of the Alkyonis is a determined young man with darkrimmed glasses and a dry sense of humour. He is one of a team of three who direct the Alkyonis cinema on Ioulianou Street. The other partners include the owner, Mr. Sederis (a civil engineer by profession), and Mr. Monolakos, who handles the finances of the operation. Christodoulou, however, is primarily responsible for program selection, presentation and advertising.

The Alkyonis began as a typical commercial cinema in 1969 but began to experiment with quality films in 1971 when Christodoulou joined the group. In 1972 they officially 'baptized' Alkyonis an art theatre. Like the Studio, Alkyonis has had a steady record of success. At first the theatre focused on a series of 'retrospective' weeks featuring Neo-realism festivals and horror films, Garbo classics and Westerns. Since then they have branched out into a number of programs not offered by the Studio. This year has been devoted primarily to East European and Socialist cinema. Next year will bring new themes and films. In terms of ticket sales, the Alkyonis went from 108,000 in 1972 to 190,000 last year (over 5,000 a week).

The Studio and Alkyonis draw the same segments of the movie-going public, mostly students. States Chris: 'Our job is to introduce cinema to the people and people to the cinema,' and notes that the art cinema audience is highly educated in regard to cinema and social issues. 'The audience at the Alkyonis knows what it wants to see and why it wants to see it, unlike the general public at the other cinemas who make almost no judgment about what they see.' Politics play little role in what the 'hardcore' audience appreciates. 'They don't like all American films just as they don't like all Hungarian films. Each film is judged on its own merits.' While the regular audience is faithful, it is a small one in comparison to the general cinema public; Christodoulou estimates the Alkyonis/Studio crowd at about 20,000.

Christodoulou studied journalism here and in England, business administration at Deree-Pierce College and archaeology with a specialization in art. He does not consider archaeology and cinema to be so far removed from each other. 'It's just that I prefer to dig in the cinématèques rather than on the archaeological sites! He is a film and art critic for two Thessaloniki papers, *Macedonia* and *Thessaloniki*, and a regular contributor to numerous magazines.

Are the art cinemas an accepted part of the cinema family in Greece? Not completely according to Christodoulou. At first the Establishment was clearly suspicious; now it is begrudgingly respectful since the art cinema success cannot be denied.

With a trip to London in the offing and the Cannes Festival to take place next month, Christodoulou is busy with plans for viewing and buying new films for the Alkyonis. Like Kapsaskis at the Studio, the management of Alkyonis import many of their own films.

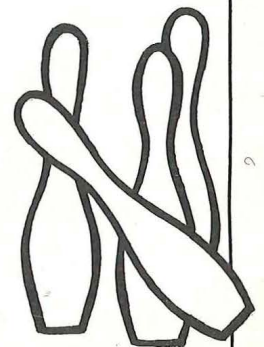
He is looking over his notes for an article on Grotowski, the enigmatic Polish *avant-garde* theatre director who had recently arrived for a visit in Greece. Cinema is now accepted as a legitimate art and courses in it are included in schools and universities in most countries. What are the possibilities that it will be thus accepted in Greece? He offers little encouragement but muses, 'It will be a great day when the Ministry of Education introduces such courses in the schools.'

—ANDY HORTON



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In the Athenian Labyrinth with Alain Robbe-Grillet

IN THE *Trans-Europe Express* (1966), which he wrote and directed, Alain Robbe-Grillet plays the role of a movie director who is planning and envisioning the film we see. Such playfully complex reality may be called a Robbe-Grilletism. As a writer (*The Erasers*, *The Voyeur*, *In the Labyrinth*) he is, like William Faulkner, more discussed than read. To those who have read his books or seen his films (*Last Year at Marienbad*, directed by Resnais, *L'Immortelle*, which he directed himself), he is *that* contemporary Frenchman who writes books and shoots films few people can understand. To a growing number of others he is a lucid spokesman for the *nouveau roman* and the *nouveau cinéma*.

When Robbe-Grillet appeared at *L'Institut Français* in early April, he discussed his craft, the novel and the cinema in general. While the prose style he uses in his work is labyrinthian, his speech is simple and direct. He is swarthy and bearded with the rugged good looks of a professional athlete, and appears to be much younger than his fifty-three years. Seated before a simple desk on stage, he plunged into a concise, witty and enlightening survey of the development of the French novel.

French novels before the twentieth century were *complete* works, he stated. Like *Madame Bovary* they contained easily identifiable characters, plots, locations. With the appearance of Existentialist works such as Sartre's *La Nausée*, the novel began to change. Completeness of situation and reality began to break down as the novelists presented a process of disassociation from traditional norms and forms. The *nouveau roman* represents a further step in this development: the novelist fabricates a story out of little or nothing to exemplify the emptiness of contemporary life. The 'new' novelist tends to write in the present tense to avoid suggesting cause-and-effect relationships, a form of artificial order viewed with suspicion by writers like Robbe-Grillet. In the future, writers may succeed in creating a meaningful organization out of emptiness, a *nouveau-nouveau roman*.

During the question and answer period which followed, a young man wondered how the reader or viewer is supposed to deal with such complex



Alain Robbe-Grillet

confusion. Isn't the writer-director expecting too much of people, thus limiting his audience? Robbe-Grillet replied that, on the contrary, his work offers a new freedom for the reader/viewer. In the absence of traditional elements of order, the audience is free to make of it what they can. Like electronic music, it is a new art form which will steadily attract a larger audience as people become dissatisfied with presently popular forms. (Yannis Xenakis, a leading figure in the field of new music, has made a similar point: because a work is experimental and non-traditional, the composer said, it is not 'anti-popular'.)

Robbe-Grillet emphasized that *jouer* — to play — is important in art and life. To take seriously one's self or one's work, artistic or otherwise, is a mistake. The individual can enjoy a variety of possibilities in life since reality is not limited to any Absolute Truth. Play is a way of manipulating experience, suggesting that the player has a degree of control over events and a certain distance from them. Playfulness is an attitude as much as a technique and does not imply that the player takes life as a 'joke' or game.

Slouched in a chair at a sidewalk café a few days later, Robbe-Grillet playfully

and sincerely answered questions with the light touch of the agile but not superficial mind. This was not his first visit to Greece. Yes, Athens, like all modern cities, is a labyrinth: New York, for instance, which is the subject of his latest novel, *Project for a Revolution in New York*. He returns to the American Metropolis one semester every two years to teach two courses (fiction and film) at New York University. Several years ago he commented on the importance of pornography as a necessary 'art' form which should not be restricted. What does he think of *Emmanuelle*? He laughs. It's a marvelous joke! Such a bad film and the whole world is paying to see it. He has just finished directing a new film with the *Emmanuelle* actress, Sylvia Kristel, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Philippe Noiret, called *Le Jeu Avec le Feu*. Why hasn't he made more films (only five or six)? Money isn't the problem since he has excellent producers who trust him completely — he must be one of the few directors around who can bring in a film without over-shooting his budget. American cinema? Too much visual detail and not enough substance. About his own films he says if one just watches the movie, he misses the point since the dialogue and narration are absolutely necessary. Modern Greek fiction? Hasn't read any except for Vassilis Vassilikos and after all (with a wink) we consider him to be French! American writers he admires? Nabokov is tops, especially in *Pale Fire*. In his collection of essays on the *nouveau roman* he stated that he is against literature that is *engagé*, socially committed. Does he still feel the same way? Absolutely! Is his reading public growing? Yes, especially in Japan, as well as France, Italy, West Germany and the USA. And is the *nouveau roman* really alive and well today? Every new book is a *nouveau roman* he says jokingly.

As we left him in Syntagma Square we had the strange feeling that the man and his work are one. Writer, director, actor — they are non-conflicting roles played by this vibrant man from Brest.

—ANDY HORTON

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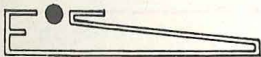
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music

Athens Choral Group

SINCE its inception less than a decade ago, The Athens Choral Group has offered local concert-goers an ambitious series of performances, including numerous Athenian premières of major works from the vast repertory of choral music.

The Greek musical tradition, rich though it is, does not include much part singing for small groups or massed choirs. While there are many choral groups in Greece (many of the large corporations such as OTE have choral societies that give regular concerts) their repertoires are restricted. One is especially grateful, therefore, to the Athens Choral Group for its diligence and dedication which in the past have regularly provided the concert-going public in this city with musical offerings of which it would otherwise be deprived.

Two fine concerts presented by St. Andrew's church in April exemplify this. On Easter evening, March 30th, the group presented the second Athens première of the season, with an incisive performance of Heinrich Schütz's profoundly moving *Resurrection Story (Historia der Auferstehung Jesu Christi)*, a sung version of the various events following the crucifixion taken from the four Gospels. Schütz (1585-1672) lived in Saxony at a time of great musical development and historical change (The Thirty Years War). He drew on both the old, medieval tradition of ecclesiastical music, as well as the radical innovations of the late Renaissance and early Baroque periods emanating from Italy where the composer studied as a young man with the Venetian master, Giovanni Gabrielli. The narrative of the evangelist, set to the ancient Easter mode, is continually interrupted with the interjections of the personalities involved (Christ, Mary Magdalene, Cleopas, The High Priests, and the Angel) written in a musical style which is at once abstract yet deeply emotional, innovative yet very much within the stylistic conventions of the times. The final chorus, set for double choir (eight parts) with a ninth voice, that of the evangelist, adding his 'Victorias' to the rich, antiphonal fabric, represents one of the great triumphal hymns of church music. All the singers carried their roles with conviction and admirable musicality, while the con-

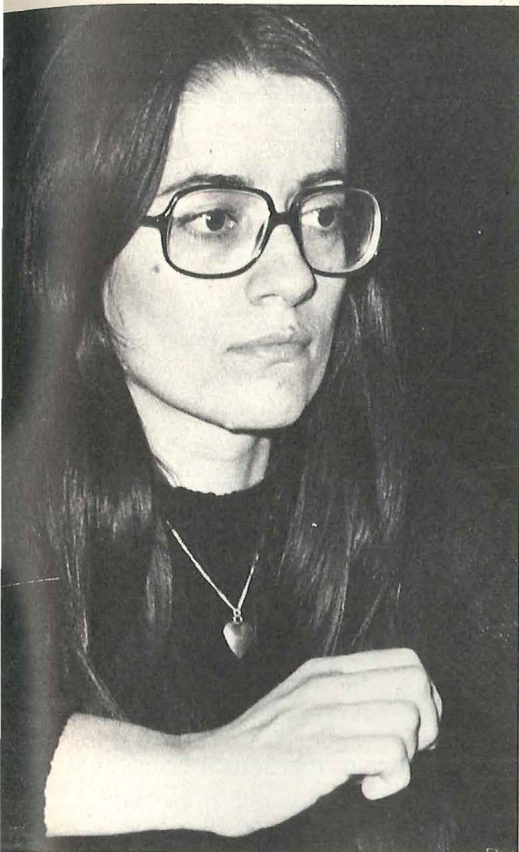
tinuo work of organist Raita Diamantopoulos was exemplary in its subtlety and accuracy.

The second concert brought us the familiar strains of Handel's *Messiah* along with an equally celebrated, though less frequently performed (because of its major technical demands) Easter work, J.S. Bach's cantata *Christ Lag in Todesbanden (No.4)*. A leading musicologist and harpsichordist once marvelled that Handel's *Messiah*, a great piece of music, could be so popular. Perhaps there is something to be said for the musical taste of the masses. There is no doubt, however, that the choruses and solos performed by the Athens Choral Group on April 20th, representing that part of the oratorio usually designated as the Easter portion, contain some of the finest choral and vocal writing in the western music tradition, the themes of which are readily hummable and known to more people than those of any comparable work. The Athens Choral Group performance was very cleanly brought off with bright sound, clear intonation, and brisk tempi, and with about the same size force that performed the work for the first time under Handel's own direction at Dublin in April of 1742. Maestro Diamantopoulos conducted both the Handel and the Bach with evident confidence in himself and his singers, and with obvious familiarity with the works and the style in which they were originally performed.

The final concert of the Athens Choral Group's season will be given in June (exact date to be announced) at the ruins of Amphiarion (see the April 1975 issue of *The Athenian*) and will centre around the celebrated Renaissance madrigal banquet of the Italian composer Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634).

—Athens Choral Group: Heinrich Schütz, *The Resurrection Story* (1623), Robert Betts (evangelist), Harold Lynn and Christopher Walker (Jesus), tenors; Tim Gullen (Cleopas), bass; Mary Harborne, Betsy King, and Janet Komonhourou, soprani; Raita Diamantopoulos, organ.

—Athens Choral Group, Saint Andrew's Church Choir, Instrumentalists; Diamantis Diamantopoulos, guest conductor; J.S. Bach, cantata no. 4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden* (1724); G.F. Handel, *Messiah* (1742, Easter Portion), Mary Harborne, Betsy King, Janet Komonhourou, soprani, Robert Betts, countertenor, Harold Lynn, tenor, Tim Gullen, bass.



Eleni Karaindrou

Hold Your Horses!

SOME pieces of music refuse to be categorized. They are the ones it is most difficult to say anything about, and nine times out of ten, the best. Two recent records have this quality and stand out among a host of new releases: Dionysios Savvopoulos' *Deka Hronia Kommatia* (Ten years of pieces), which has been in the shops for a couple of months now, and *I Megali Agrypnia* (The long vigil), which appeared as if from nowhere this spring.

Eleni Karaindrou, the composer of *I Megali Agrypnia*, is a young and almost completely unknown musician and singer who recently finished her studies in classical and Greek folk music in Paris. *I Megali Agrypnia*, the first of her discs to appear in this country, guarantees her a position as a fully-ledged artist alongside Theodorakis, Markopoulos and Leondis.

The record has a history. The music was written in 1972, to lyrics by K. Myris, expressly to be sung by Karaindrou's friend Maria Farandouri. Farandouri has been the leading interpreter of Theodorakis for the last eight years. This is the first time she has made a record with any other composer. The recording was made in 1973, when

Farandouri was unable to return to Greece. The orchestral accompaniment was recorded by Karaindrou in Athens, and dubbed over by Farandouri in London. That *I Megali Agrypnia* belongs to the period of resistance explains a good deal. Karaindrou apparently worked closely with Theodorakis in Paris, but her music bears little resemblance to the rousing battle songs that Theodorakis was then producing. *I Megali Agrypnia* is not a battlecry or a political slogan. It is a simple plea to *stay awake*, alive to the surrounding dangers, and not to be lulled into complacency.

The music owes something to the American ballad, but a highly restrained use of the idiom and instruments of Greek folk music, combined with Farandouri's voice, leave no doubt about its essential 'Greekness'. It is elegiac in quality, with a gentleness sometimes found in Markopoulos and, rarely, in Theodorakis' recent work. It is only after several playings that you realise how powerful it is as well.

Myris is an exceptional writer, responsible for the early Markopoulos masterpieces *Hroniko* and *Ithagenia*. His lyrics establish the tone for the whole. With an apparently tangential inconsequence, Myris throws together images and paradoxes. The theme of wakefulness (or vigilance) amid a landscape made up of stone islands, stone nightingales, farewells, blond archangels, recurs again and again, always indirectly. It is not a promise, but a fact, that somewhere 'hidden as a flower by the shore, lies the unimaginable mystery'.

Farandouri sings with a clarity and firmness equalled only in her interpretation of Theodorakis' *Lorca Songs* (accompanied by John Williams on the guitar) and on a number of her early records. The style of the music is eclectic rather than strikingly original but Karaindrou's orchestration is extremely fine. Other composers, notably Markopoulos, have mixed Greek folk instruments with those of the West, but Karaindrou deploys her strange ragbags of instruments with great care.

In *Ta Here* (The Goodbyes) the urbane cello and woodwind give way to a rattle on the *santouri* and a cadence that belongs to traditional Greek folk music. The effect is amazingly sinister. There is a sense of the dangerous and primitive in the way these instruments emerge in the texture of the music. Out of an 'orchestra' of at least nineteen different instruments, Karaindrou rarely uses more than four or five in combination.

ANOTHER much-publicised recent release is the *Canto General* of Theodorakis. It is all too easily categorised. Theodorakis' frenzied 'commitment' sadly results in forty-three minutes of musical desert, empty, it seems to me, of real political statement. Neruda's text is mutilated and a 'guide' is provided to help you find your way from one dismembered piece of the poem to another. Farandouri and Petros Pandis sing in Spanish. Farandouri struggles manfully against the 120 voices of the Choeur National and the demented violence of Les Percussions de Strasbourg, recorded live in Paris. It seems incredible that this is the same singer as on *I Megali Agrypnia*.

Neruda's poem is revolutionary and grand in scale (Theodorakis has set only a small part of the whole work). Nonetheless it has an innocence about it, a bright-eyed delight in the colours and varieties of nature in revolt against oppression. Theodorakis does not seem to have noticed this and savagely hacks a path through the jungle, head down, eyes fixed on jackboots.

SPeAKING of jungles, remember Markopoulos' famous side-swipe at the dictatorship a couple of years back, *I'll Go to the Jungle with Tarzan?* Markopoulos has now followed this up with a new single called *Toumbou-Toumbou-Za* (which means as much or as little in English as it does in Greek). This is an inspired romp through the world of *anthropophagi*, lions and boas, which was first heard at the Boite Lidra more than a year ago but for some reason has only now come out on a record. Quite possibly the censor of the day, unable to see what was funny but remembering the impact of *Tarzan* (passed by the censors who missed the joke), suspected a conspiracy and withheld the rubber stamp. Incidentally, there are two versions of *Toumbou-Toumbou-Za*. The one with Lakis Halkias and Pavlos Sideropoulos is directed by Markopoulos and recorded as they perform it at the boite. The rival version by comedian Kostas Voutsas is nothing like it.

DI MITRA Galani is a young singer with a number of records to her name and a voice which may yet turn out to be first rate. Her latest record, just released, is called *O Kambos* (The Plain), with music by Katsaros and lyrics by Pythagoras. The Katsaros-Pythagoras team is prolific. It has produced hundreds of catchy tunes and happy-go-lucky lyrics in the past

few years. Perhaps this accounts for the sadly routine quality about a lot of the songs on *O Kampos*. The electric *bouzouki* orchestration is ordinary and the use of a phrase on the Thracian bagpipe or *clarino* for the sake of 'local colour' is facile. Galani is a singer with talent; she offers a finer performance with Nikos Xylouris and Chrysanthos on *Akolouthia* (by Halaris) — a record, incidentally, which becomes addictive after a bit and is really great after about twenty playings.

Xylouris himself has now brought out his *Songs of Crete* (Ta Pou Thymoume Tragoudo — I sing what I remember). He has not produced any of his native folk music on record in several years and it was high time something like this appeared. The songs Xylouris has chosen to remember from his days with the sheep above Anoyia are much lighter than his earlier *rizitika*. The *rizitika* are the formal, heroic songs reserved for the end of the Cretan wedding feast — these songs from Anoyia are more light-hearted. Many are dance songs, others are *mantinades*, couplets improvised on special occasions to a set tune; others again are

kontilies — pencil sketches of local characters or events.

Xylouris sings with his customary vigour and plays the Cretan *lyra* himself, with his brother Yannis (who appears with him at the Boite Rizes). Other instruments played in Crete also figure on the record — the *lagouto* (a kind of lute), the *flogera* (flute) and the rarer *askomandoura*, an unusually sweet-toned bagpipe.

A totally different kind of folk music is heard on *Tourki Vastate T' Aloga*, very approximately translatable as *Hold Your Horses, Turks!* This is a collection of songs by the late Fotis Halkias, the great Epirote singer, and his brother Tasos, perhaps the finest *clarino* player in Greece. The songs are in the slow, heavy rhythms of Epirus, and Halkias' wild and incredibly complex improvisations on the *clarino* strike the foreign ear strangely at first.

It's a kind of music you have to hear a lot of — preferably in Epirus, where the Halkias family is represented in every juke-box. But once it begins to get inside your blood, you realise what

reserves of power and depth it has — the Epirotes, with their history, have never been a particularly happy people, and you can tell this from the way they sing. If you're interested in the music, or if you want to hear what Halkias can do with a clarinet, there is no better disc available than *Hold Your Horses, Turks!*

Briefly Noted

Deka Hronia Kommatia (Ten Years of Pieces). Dionysios Savvopoulos. This long-awaited disc by the most unpredictable composer of them all will be reviewed next month.

Ilios ke Hronos/Epifania Averof (The Sun and Time/Averof Epiphany). Mikis Theodorakis. A condensed and more successful version of *Sun and Time* than that recently issued by EMI on a double album. *Averof Epiphany*, sung by Andonis Kaloyannis, is one of the most impressive pieces of music Theodorakis wrote in prison.

—RODERICK BEATON

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HOUR OF THE WOLF

FROM time immemorial man has feared and sought to protect himself from the wolf. Seemingly a vicious predator, its extermination has been rigorously pursued. Little Red Riding Hood, Peter and the Wolf, The Big Bad Wolf—most people are carefully conditioned from childhood to fear these noble animals. Despite a few lapses — as in the story of Romulus and Remus, or Kipling's *Jungle Books* — man seems always to have been gripped by an irrational terror of wolves and has approved their ruthless slaughter.

Can such a universally accepted notion be wrong? Yes, it is. After centuries of hysterical dread, scientific method and the current recognition of the need for conservation have at last begun to provide us with some hard facts about the nature of this remarkable species.

It will probably come as a surprise to many that wolves are still occasionally encountered in Greece. There are 6,000 of them, mostly in the wild mountains of the north, fighting desperately for survival. This is the wolf — *Canis lupus* — whose simulated howl has chilled the soundtrack of many a Hollywood horror

movie and who once inhabited all of Europe. Wolves can be found, for example, in at least three of Greece's nine national parks: Olympos, Parnassos, and Pindos. Contrary to their reputation, they are extremely shy and wary of man, their only natural enemy. Stories of starving wolves attacking men in dark forests are unadulterated nonsense. In the last decade conservationists have gone to great lengths to examine the veracity of every reported claim of a wolf attack on man. With very few exceptions, every single claim has proven to be mistaken. *Every single claim.* The few documented exceptions have always involved rabid animals who, like other warm-blooded species, are driven mad by their disease. (Rabies, however, is uncommon among wolves.) Nor do they pose an economic threat. Only a starving wolf will venture to attack a domestic animal, for wolves are loath to leave their wild mountainous territory. That such cases make headlines in Greece when they do occur testifies to their rarity.

Even its image as a vicious hunter must be modified. If the wolf is ruthless, it is because in his quest for meat he is

often unsuccessful. Healthy prey — mostly deer — are more than a match for him. As with every other aspect of nature, wolves serve a function by weeding out the old, sick, and inferior animals. Today, overgrazing is a common problem and often develops when the heedless hand of man eliminates the wolf's depredations.

Greek conservationists are discovering to their great satisfaction that wolves are among the most rewarding animals to study. Young cubs can be tamed and will play quite gently with children. Wolf parents, who often stay together for years, are extremely affectionate and loving and few young are cared for so tenderly as wolf puppies. The bitch gives birth in the back of a carefully chosen and protected den. When the pups are two weeks old, the proud father will be allowed to play with them, which he does eagerly. Soon the entire pack (which usually consists of from three to ten individuals, with four or five being most common) feeds, plays with, and cares for the young. Should the parents unaccountably die, the other members of the pack will raise the pups.

The wolf's notorious howling, which sounds so threatening to most people (deer ignore it), is perhaps responsible for much of the fearful antagonism felt towards them. In the absence of fear, however, the howl of the wolf becomes a most musical, fascinating, and rewarding sound to listen to. The uncanny harmony of a howling pack, in which each animal strikes its own sharply

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distinctive note, is mysterious and magical. You may induce a pack or individual to howl by howling yourself — wolves seem to enjoy such a conversation, even with their enemy, and conservationists often use this technique to locate a pack. After much scientific inquiry as to why wolves howl, the general answer seems to be that they like to, although they may occasionally howl for purposes of communication.

In Greece, as elsewhere, wolves live a seasonal life. The den is chosen in spring and when the pups are born the pack's wandering is sharply curtailed. Usually only one female in the pack has pups. As soon as the pups are ready to eat meat, all the adults are put to work hunting for them. When an adult returns to the den the pups assail it, biting it about the nose, until the meat it has swallowed for them is regurgitated. Some meat is buried for future use. When the pups reach the age of two months, the den is abandoned for what is usually an open, grassy place, sometimes referred to as the 'rendezvous'. This will be the base of operations until the pups are deemed ready to take up the pack's wandering ways. By the end of summer, the pack slowly abandons the rendezvous and its members become freerunning.

The wolf's easiest season is perhaps autumn, when the mud has dried but the northern mountains, unlike much of the rest of Greece, have remained green from the melting of the snow. The weather is warm and wild flowers are still to be seen in surprising profusion in the ravines. Game is plentiful — roe deer, hare, squirrel and occasionally, but only rarely, a feeble wild boar. Perhaps their favourite meat, however, is the impossible - to - kill bear which still inhabits much of northern Greece. In the autumn the pack's organisation is looser, though its identity is always maintained. Their coats begin to thicken in preparation for winter. When heavy snow covers much of their territory, they are obliged to wander quite far in search of food.

Winter is their time of greatest danger. Game is scarce and the incredible magnificence of their winter coats makes wolf pelts valuable to hunters. This is also the time when it is easiest to hunt the wolf, for the hard crusted snow reveals and preserves their movements clearly, and tracking is relatively easy. (In summer it is almost impossible.) Although their large, flat feet serve as snowshoes, the longer legs of their prey provide an advantage in any chase over snow. By the time warmer weather arrives they may be



considerably thinner, despite the impressive luxury of their coats, and ready for the replenishments of spring.

The wolf is an endangered species, and has in fact already been completely exterminated in many countries as well as in most areas of Greece. Any lover of nature must be shocked to see wolf pelts freely available in many tourist shops in Athens, and such trade must be rigorously opposed. Of the 6,000 remaining wolves in this country, about 900 are shot every year. The virulent prejudice against the wolf remains. It even has official sanction: the Ministry of Agriculture — which wrongly considers the wolf to be an economic

threat as well as dangerous to man — pays a 500 drachma bounty on every wolf slaughtered. Should this wasteful policy continue, the wolf's days are clearly numbered here as elsewhere.

The time has come to apply the scientific evidence available to us today, and to discard centuries of fear and misinformation. The gloomy mist of prejudice allows this beautiful, fascinating, and noble species little chance of survival. If the wolf perishes, the loss will be ours, and irreplaceable.

— JEFFREY CARSON

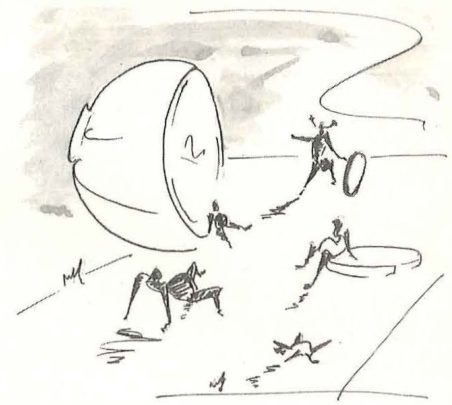
Photographs by Douglas Pimlott, of the Department of Zoology, The University of Toronto, Canada



pikilia

Kolokithia!

WHETHER you call it 'vegetable marrow', 'zucchini' or 'courgette', it is a 'summer squash' known in Greece as *kolokithi*. In the plural they are *kolokithia* or *kolokithakia* — little *kolokithia*. Uttered with the right mixture of indignation, incredulity and conviction, *kolokithia* also means 'Nonsense!' This very delicious 'nonsense' is now coming into season. In Greece *kolokithakia* are usually served boiled, deep fried, or stuffed with mincemeat but they may also be used in place of aubergine in *moussaka*. *Kolokithia* Meatballs are a favourite from Smyrna. A very simple dish to prepare — but very good — is *kolokithia* and eggs. Finally, a recipe for a Zucchini Nut Bread which has been sent to us from Tacoma, Washington by a former Athens resident, Sonya Evans.



MOUSSAKA

- 1 kilo *kolokithia*
- 1-2 onions, thinly sliced
- 750 grams chopped/minced lamb or beef
- black pepper
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon (optional)
- 1 medium tomato, skinned and chopped
- 2-3 tablespoons tomato paste
- 2-3 tablespoons chopped parsley
- salt
- oil
- 2 tablespoons (about 30-35 grams) butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 litre (an 8-ounce cup) hot milk
- pinch of grated nutmeg
- 1 egg yolk

Slice and salt *kolokithia* and leave in colander for at least one half hour. Rinse. Boil or steam until barely tender. Sauté the onions in 2 tablespoons of oil until they are golden. Add the meat and cook until browned. Season with salt, pepper and cinnamon to taste. Add the chopped tomato, tomato paste and parsley. Stir well and add a few tablespoons of water to moisten. Let simmer until the meat is fully cooked and the water has been absorbed, about fifteen minutes. Alternate layers of *kolokithia* with the meat mixture in a deep casserole, beginning and ending with *kolokithia*.

To prepare the sauce, melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and stir over low heat until well blended. Add the hot milk *gradually*, stirring constantly so that no lumps form. Heat to boiling point. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a pinch of nutmeg. Simmer until the sauce thickens. Beat the egg yolk, stir in a little sauce and beat again. Stirring

constantly, add the egg yolk mixture to the sauce, but do not allow it to boil again.

Pour the sauce over the meat and *kolokithia* and bake, uncovered, in a preheated moderate oven (375F, 190C) for about forty-five minutes, until a brown crust has formed on the top. Serve from the casserole with a salad.

Variants: You may add one half kilo of chopped mushrooms, sautéed for five minutes, to the meat mixture. You could also cover the top of the casserole with sliced and sautéed potatoes. Sprinkle grated *kefalotiri*, Parmesan or cheddar cheese on each layer of *kolokithia* to make the *moussaka* very rich.

KOLOKITHIA MEATBALLS

- 1 kilo *kolokithia*
- 2 chopped onions
- 1/2 kilo minced meat (beef or lamb)
- 50 grams parmesan or cheddar cheese, grated
- 2 large eggs, beaten
- black pepper
- flour
- salt
- oil

Slice and parboil *kolokithia* as for the *moussaka*. Sauté onions until soft and tender. Chop the *kolokithia* finely, mix with the meat and knead to a smooth paste. Add the cheese, onions, beaten eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Shape the mixture into walnut-sized balls. (To prevent the mixture from sticking to your fingers, keep washing your hands in cold water as you shape the meatballs.) Roll the meatballs in flour and gently sauté them

over a low heat so they will cook fully without getting too brown. Serve hot with rice or potatoes boiled in broth and garnished with parsley.

KOLOKITHIA WITH EGGS

- 6 *kolokithia*
- 6 eggs
- black pepper
- oil and butter
- 1 spring onion, chopped
- salt

Slice the *kolokithia* and sauté in a little butter until tender. Beat the eggs. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Sauté the onion until it is lightly cooked, in about two tablespoons of butter mixed with the one tablespoon of oil. Mix the eggs and *kolokithia* and add them to the onions. Cover and leave over very low heat for 15-20 minutes. The eggs will be cooked and quite firm. You may brown the top under the grill or broiler.

ZUCCHINI NUT BREAD

- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- Mix, then add:
- 1 cup oil
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 3 cups flour (all-purpose)
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts
- 2 cups grated *kolokithia* (do not peel)

Combine all the ingredients then bake in two large or three small loaf pans. Bake at 345 F for 45 to 50 minutes. This bread, Mrs. Evans says, freezes beautifully.

—A. W.

GRAB BAG

How to Pickle Pickled Pickles!

● Happiness is—having delicious pickles for sandwiches and salads! Imported ones are very expensive. Many do not care for the available brine pickles, but there is an easy way to convert these to your particular taste with very little work. The following is a private recipe, the result of sheer necessity! Because they keep well, we recommend doing two kilos at a time, although the recipe may be halved.

● Wash two kilos of brine pickles by placing them in a colander and letting cold water run over them. Drain. (If you are using large pickles, quarter them lengthwise or slice crosswise.) Place them in a large container with warm water, cover with a cloth and let stand overnight. Again wash and drain in a colander. (This leaches out the brine.)

● For sweet pickles make a syrup by boiling the following for ten minutes: 1 cup of water; 3/4 cup of sugar; 1 teaspoon each of whole cloves and allspice; a few pieces of stick cinnamon; a few peppercorns and bay leaves, and 1/4 teaspoon oregano. While the solution is still boiling, add another 2 cups of water and 3/4 cup of good vinegar (white, if you have it) and bring again to boil. Pack the pickles lightly in a compact container which can be closed. Pour the hot syrup through a sieve directly over the pickles. Make sure the pickles are entirely covered. If necessary add a little more hot water and swirl to mix. Let stand until cool, put on the lid, and store in the refrigerator for several days before serving. You can always add a little more of this or that after a few days if the taste is not perfect. Whole spices left too long, however, will cause dark spots, and too much of either sugar or vinegar will cause the pickles to shrivel. (This syrup is also delicious for pickled beets—with or without hard-cooked eggs.)

● To make sweet dill pickles, add a handful of fresh dill sprigs. For plain dill pickles make the liquid as above, but omit the sugar. Kosher dills may be made by adding a tablespoon of vinegar, a clove of garlic and enough of the original dill brine strained through several layers of cloth to cover the pickles. After a few days remove the garlic.

● Although one can buy ready-mixed pickling spices, we have listed very

satisfactory ingredients which are readily available in every kitchen. The packaged varieties contain as many as 16 different spices, so you may wish to enlarge the above list to suit your own taste. For perfect pickles, three things are important: *Be sure* every pickle is completely covered because one uncovered tip can spoil the whole batch. *Never* allow scum to form on the surface because it neutralizes the acidity in the brine and causes the pickles to spoil. *Always* serve them chilled.

● Needing vanilla recently, we were shocked at the cost of the extract and decided we did not need it at that price. Most people do not find powdered vanilla very satisfactory, but there is another solution: vanilla pods. They can be purchased at spice stores and are about 12 Drs. each. They are not only *pure* vanilla, they may be used again and again. Be sure they are fresh — that is, elastic and black — and not dried out husks. A good method is to split each pod and cut it into halves. To use, place the pieces in the liquid required by your recipe and let it stand for a while. Shortening will also absorb the flavour but it is not as easy to clean the vanilla pods after. The pieces may be rinsed, left to dry and stored for use again. Store in an airtight container or place in a jar of sugar. The sugar will take on the aroma and can be used with this flavoring as needed. Remember that baking requires a stronger flavour than a pudding or non-cooked dessert.

● Dragging doors can be smoothed on the bottom simply by swinging over sandpaper a few times. When they fail to clear a rug by a very slight margin, it is often possible to remedy this by taking the door off the hinge, placing one or two washers on the hinges and then replacing the door. It should still close properly.

● Sometimes wooden knobs on drawers and cupboards keep coming loose. This can be remedied simply by cutting out a double washer from medium sandpaper, folding it so that both rough sides face out and slipping it on the knob screw. Tighten with a nut as usual. The abrasive surface of the washer holds the knob securely.

● Most self adhesive papers still shrink, so in hot weather place them in the refrigerator first, and when applying to any surface, allow the edges to overlap slightly.

● If your tank-type vacuum cleaner does not seem to be as efficient as it should be, perhaps the reason is a loose fitting connection on the hose or extension pipe. Wrap the ends with several layers of cellulose tape. This ensures a close fit. This also works well for the polishing unit when the clamp no longer tightens properly

● Small scratches on irons can be removed with fine steel wool. Clean starch from the bottom by sprinkling salt on brown paper and rubbing the iron over it. To restore its easy glide, heat it and 'iron' a piece of wax paper.

— SPAGGOS

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television

EIRT broadcasts the news in *dimotiki* at 7:00, 9:00 and at sign-off. YENED broadcasts the news at 5:30, 9:30 and sign-off, and usually presents a summary in English. Program in Greek are followed by an asterisk (*).

SUNDAY

EIRT 5:00 Lassie... 5:50 Searching for the Nile... 7:30 Musical*... 8:30 Sports*... 9:30 Greek Film*

YENED 11:50 Folk Songs and Dances*... 6:00 Cartoons... 6:20 Lucy Show... 8:05 Eyes on Sports*... 11:30 Alfred Hitchcock

MONDAY

EIRT 6:00 Flintstones... 7:15 Sports*... 8:15 Queen Amalia*... 9:45 Famous Plays

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

TUESDAY

EIRT 6:00 Documentary... 6:25 The Kids from 47a... 6:50 Musical*... 7:15 Sports*... 10:45 Interviews with Greece's Foremost Artists*... 11:15 Documentary

YENED 7:50 The Little House on the Prairie... 8:45 Combat... 10:00 Foreign Film... 11:30 FBI

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 6:00 Puppet Theatre*... 6:25 Dance Program... 7:15 Documentary... 10:40 The Greek Revue*... 11:10 Arsène Lupin (in French)

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

THURSDAY

EIRT 6:00 Shadow Theatre: Karagiozi alternates with Barba Mitousis*... 6:15 Disneyland... 8:15 Historical Film Series... 9:30 Classic Film Series... 10:45 Presentation of Classic Films... Hawaii 5-0

YENED 6:00 Rovers... 6:30 Documentary*... 7:50 Musical*... 10:00 Comedy*... 10:45 The Interns

FRIDAY

EIRT 6:00 Kodiak... 9:30 Round Table: interviews with prominent people*... 10:30 Classical Music... Manhunters

YENED 6:00 Cartoons... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 10:50 Kojak

SATURDAY

EIRT 6:15 English Soccer (dubbed in Greek)... 7:15 Leonardo Da Vinci (ending May 17)... 8:00 Musical*... 8:30 International Sports*... 9:45 Labyrinth (Musical)*... 10:15 The Seventh Art: A series of classic films.

YENED 3:00 Sports*... 6:00 Documentary*... 7:00 Folklore Program*... 7:50 Musical*... 10:00 Greek Film*

EASTER PROGRAMS

Both EIRT and YENED provide special programs for Easter:

EIRT Mount Sinai (May 1, 10:45)... Verdi 'Requiem' (May 2, 10:00)... Westham-Fullham Soccer Game (May 3, 4:40)... 'The Gospel According to Saint Matthew' by Pasolini (May 3, 9:30)... Easter Customs in Greece* (May 4, 5:00)... Presentation of Markopoulos' *Thesalikos Kyklos** (May 4, 9:30)... Iannis Xenakis* (May 5, 9:45)... *To Bouzouki** (May 5, 10:20)... 'Easter in Agion Oros (Mt. Athos)' by Vasilis Maros (May 6, 10:45)

YENED Musical Show from Spain (May 4, 10:00)

radio

NATIONAL BROADCAST COMPANY — EIRT

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

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

THE ARMED FORCES RADIO — YENED

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

U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO

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

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

Meet the Press, Face the Nation, and Issues and Answers are heard on Mon., Wed., and Fri. respectively at 7:30 p.m. Major sports events and programmes of American interest are broadcast (taped) when available.

VOICE OF AMERICA — VOA ●

VOA may be heard in Athens from 5 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.: 7.2 or 7.26 MHz (41 m), 6.13 or 6.04 MHz (49 m); 6 p.m. - 2 a.m.: 9.76 MHz (30.7

m), 6.04 MHz (49.6 m). Regular programming includes news on the hour and 28 minutes after the hour, *The Breakfast Show*, *Press Conference U.S.A.* *VOA Magazine*, *Science Digest* as well as jazz, popular, and classical music programmes.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION — BBC ●

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

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

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

RADIO CANADA INTERNATIONAL ●

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

DEUTSCHE WELLE ●

News broadcasts in German: 9,10,11 a.m. 1, 2,3,6,7,8, p.m. 6075, 9545 KHz (49,38,31,43 m). News broadcasts in Greek 9 - 10 p.m.; 6075, 7235 KHz (49,41 m).

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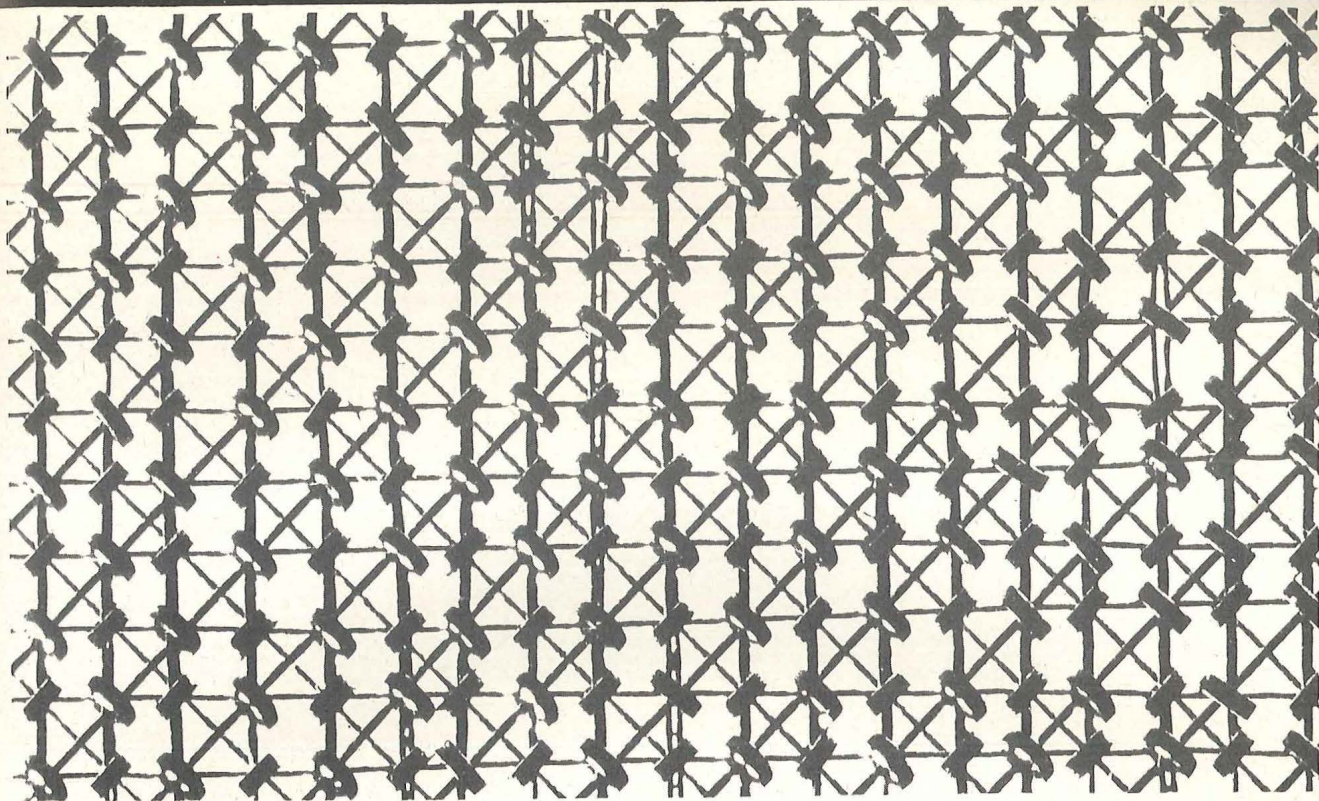
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