

July 1975

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THE ATHENIAN

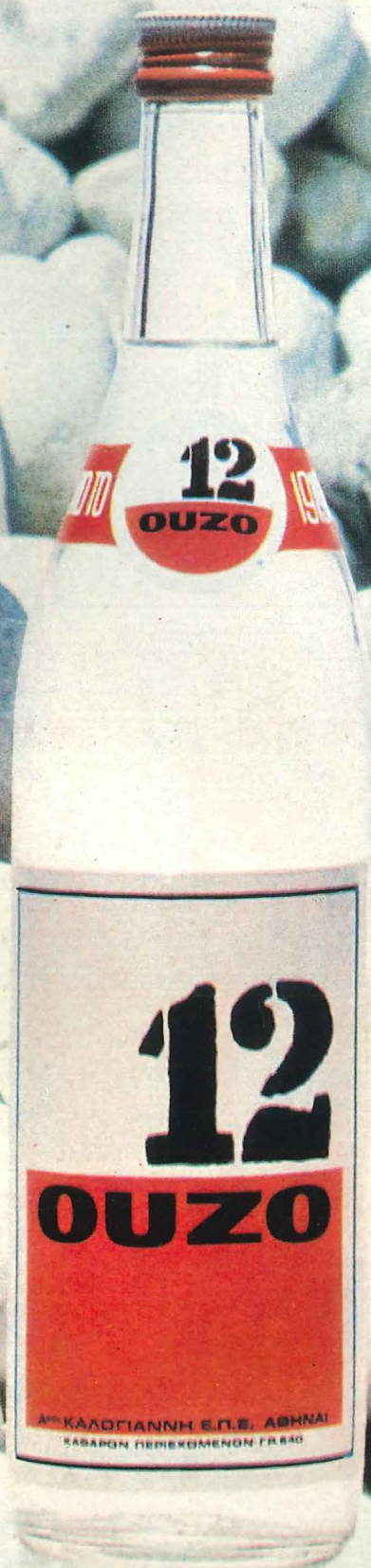
Greece's English Language Monthly



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festivals

FESTIVAL PROGRAMS JULY

ATHENS

All performances take place at the Odion of Herodes Atticus and begin at 9 p.m. The Festival will run from July 6 to September 14. Children under ten years are not admitted.

Symphony Concerts

Orchestre de Paris, Daniel Barenboim conducting (July 18, 20)

Athens State Orchestra (July 7, 21, 28)

Stanislavsky Theatre Philharmonic Orchestra (July 29, 30)

Opera and Oratorio

National Opera of Greece: Berlioz, *The Damnation of Faust* (July 6, 9, 13, 16)

Athens Festival orchestra and Mixed Choir: Petros Petridis' *Saint Paul*, a 'Byzantine Oratorio' (July 17, 19).

Dance

Stanislavsky Theatre Ballet: Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* (July 31 and August 1); Khachaturian's *Gayane*, Strauss' *Straussiana*, Bizet's *Variations* (August 2, 3)

Drama

Theatro Tehnis: Aeschylus, *The Seven Against Thebes* (July 25, 26, 27)

Tickets and Information

The Athens Festival Office, Stadiou 4 (in the stoa), Tel. 322-1459 (Open daily from 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 6 - 8:30 p.m., Sundays and holidays from 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.)

Tickets are also sold at the theatre (Odion), Tel. 323-2771, before each performance, from 6:30-9 p.m. Programs, in Greek, English, French and German, with summaries and explanations of the works, are on sale at all the box-offices and at the theatre 40 Drs.

EPIDAUROS

All performances take place at the Ancient Theatre at Epidaurus and begin at 9:15 p.m. The Festival will run from July 6 to August 17. Children under ten years are not admitted. The dramas listed are all presented by the National Theatre of Greece.

Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus* (July 6 and August 2, 3)

Euripides, *The Trojan Women* (July 12, 13)

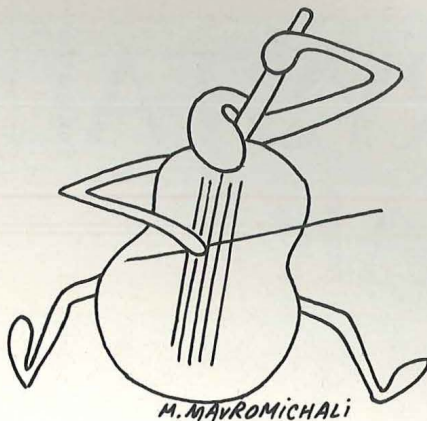
Euripides, *The Bacchae* (July 19, 20)

Aristophanes, *Lysistrata* (July 26, 27)

Tickets and Information

Tickets (100, 70, 40 Drs., upper rows 20 Drs.) are available at the box-office of the Ethniko Theatro, Agiou Konstantinou and Menandrou, Tel. 523-242; at the Athens Festival office, Stadiou 4 (in the stoa), Tel. 322-1459; at the Greek Touring Club, Polytechniou 12, Tel. 548-600; at the Ancient Theatre of Epidaurus on the day of the performance and the preceding day; at the Olympic Airways Office in Nafplion, Bouboulinas 2, Tel. (0752) 27-456.

Programs, with summaries and explanations in Greek, English, French and German, are sold at the theatre and the Ticket-offices: 25 Drs.



Transportation

The Greek Touring Club, Polytechniou 12, Athens, Tel. 548-600, and many travel agencies organize special buses to Epidaurus for the Festival performances.

PHILIPPI AND THASOS

All performances are presented by the State Theatre of Northern Greece and begin at 9 p.m. The Festival at Philippi runs from July 19 to August 3, and at Thasos from July 13 to August 6.

Menander, *Dyscolus (The Grouch)* and *The Girl from Samos*: July 13 and August 6 (Thasos); August 2, 3 (Philippi)

Sikelianos, *The Death of Diyenis*: July 19, 20 (Philippi)

Sophocles, *Electra*: July 26, 27 (Philippi)

Tickets and Information

Tickets (50.30 Drs., students 25.15 Drs. [sic] are available from: the State Theatre of Northern Greece, Vas. Sofias 2, Thessaloniki, Tel. (031) 223-785 and 274-910 (open daily 9:30 p.m.); the Kavala National Tourist Organization kiosk, tel. (051) 22-425 and 23-339 (open daily 9:30 a.m. - 2 p.m. and 6-9 p.m.); a special kiosk on the pier at Thasos (open daily 9:30 a.m. - 2 p.m. and 6-9 p.m.); the box-offices of the Ancient Theatres of Philippi and Thasos the day of performance, from 6 - 8:30 p.m.

DODONA

The performances are presented by the State Theatre of Northern Greece and begin at 9 p.m. The Festival takes place on August 2 and 3.

Sophocles, *Electra*: August 2 and 3.

Tickets and information

Tickets will be sold at the Ancient Theatre, at special kiosks in the Dodona area, and at the Society for Epirote Studies (Eteria Ipirotikon Meleton), Yiannina, Tel. (0651) 25-497.



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OLYMPUS

Performances, by the State Theatre of Northern Greece, take place in the Kastro at Platamona and begin at 9 p.m.

Sikelianos, *The Death of Diyenis*: August 2, 3.

Tickets and Information

Tickets (50.30, students 25.15 Drs. [sic]) will be sold at the theatre and in Katerini. For more information, contact the State Theatre of Northern Greece, Vas. Sofias 2, Thessaloniki, Tel. (031) 223-785 and 274-910 (open daily 9:30 a.m. - 2 p.m. and 6 - 9:30 p.m.).

FESTIVAL HIGHLIGHTS AUGUST

(More detailed information will appear in our August issue.)

ATHENS

Athens State orchestra: August 4, 18 (Mstislav Rostropovich, soloist); London Royal Philharmonic: August 10 (Gina Bachauer, soloist), 11, 13 Prague National Opera Ballet: August 26, 27.

Prague National Opera: August 28, 29, 30, 31.

State Theatre of Northern Greece: August 7, 8, 9

National Theatre: August 16, 17, 23, 24

EPIDAUROS

State Theatre of Northern Greece: Sophocles, *Electra*: August 9, 10

Theatro Tehnis: Aristophanes, *The Birds*: August 16, 17

OLYMPUS

In the Ancient Theatre at Dion.

State Theatre of Northern Greece: Sophocles, *Electra*: August 16, 17

WINE FESTIVALS

The Wine Festivals provide an opportunity to sample wines from different areas of Greece (all you can drink — included in the price of admission). Food, sold at stalls and tavernas around the festival area, is extra. There are music and dancing throughout the evening.

Dafni, July 12 - September 14, Daily 7 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission 40 Drs. Tickets sold at the entrance to the festival.

Rhodes, July 5 - September 7. Daily 7 p.m. - 1 a.m. Admission 40 Drs. Tickets sold at the entrance to the festival.

Alexandroupolis, July 12 - September 7. Daily 7 p.m. - midnight. Admission 30 Drs. Tickets sold at the entrance to the festival.

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publisher's note

There is little connection between coins and cooking unless your name is Alan Walker. A Ph. D. candidate in Numismatics at the University of Pennsylvania who majored in Classics at Johns Hopkins, he is presently an Associate Member of the American School of Classical Studies. In his spare time he uses an aristotelian approach to exploring the mysteries of Greek cuisine and local ingredients. In 'Sightseeing and Shopping in the Central Market' he takes us on a tour through the byways of this 'agora', locating elusive products on the way and identifying some of the rarer specimens to be seen. At home Alan shares the cooking with his wife, Sue. In 'A Fishy Story' he suggests what to do with some of your purchases.

Rebetika have long been shrouded in a cloak of mystery as a result of direct and indirect censorship in the past. The delight of present-day tourists who see them performed at tavernas and bouzoukia, these songs and dances of the rebetes, whose lifestyle in the 20's and 30's was similar to the 'Apaches' of Paris, are discussed by Roderick Beaton in 'The Rebetika'.

Up until recently, the 1944-49 Civil War was referred to officially as an 'insurrection'. The late Marios Hakkas' story, 'The Other Face', set against the anguished aftermath of the conflict which bitterly divided the country, seems especially timely now that a spirit of reconciliation is emerging. The translation is by author-translator Kay Cicellis.

When Alec Kitroeff went off for a vacation to Switzerland last month we received several indignant calls from readers demanding to know why his usual column did not appear in our June issue. This month Mr. Kitroeff is off to Monte Carlo — flying on the wings of his fancy — in pursuit of an interview with Christina Onassis. In 'A Small Voice at Monte Carlo' he describes his trials and tribulations. Linda Dillon-O'Connor is back at her Snow-White Villa in Corfu and Andy Horton interviews film director Michael Cacoyannis in Athens.

Our cover is by Spyros Vassiliou.

community calendar



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27	28	29	30	31		

JULY 3
Dance — *New Ideas in American Dance*: Melya Kaplan and Every Tsakirides. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 4
American Youth Club — Annual all-day picnic at Schinos. For more information, telephone 801-2556.

JULY 8
Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Luncheon meeting. Athenée Palace Hotel, 2:15 p.m.

JULY 10
Play — Euripides, *The Bacchae*, adapted and directed by Arthur Beer. Performed by the Athens Centre for the Creative Arts Group. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 11
Play — Euripides, *The Bacchae*. See July 10.

JULY 13
1975 Delos Symposium — organized by the World Society for Ekistics and the Athens Center of Ekistics. Over 150 members and invited experts from thirty-five countries will discuss the theme 'Action for Human Settlement'. At Athens, Porto Rafti and on a cruise, July 13-21. For more information, contact the Athens Center of Ekistics, Stratiotikou Syndesmu 24, Tel. 623-216.

JULY 16
Lecture — *Problems in International Translation of Poetry*, Willis Barnstone. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 18
Concert — Athens Centre for the Creative Arts Ensemble playing music by American and Greek composers. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 21
American Youth Club — Four-day trip to Paros for younger children (under 12). For more information, telephone 801-2556.

JULY 22
Lions Cosmopolitan Club — Dinner meeting. Athenée Palace Hotel, 9 p.m.

JULY 23
Lecture — *What's Happening in Art Education Today*, Charles Milson (Boston Museum School). Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 25
Concert — Shirley Pithes, piano; Barbara Wirth, cello; Stella Gadedi, flute; Skalkotas, Bach, Hayden, Martinu. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 30
Lecture — *Athens in the Time of Lord Byron*, Dr. C.W.J. Eliot (American School of Classical Studies). Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

JULY 31
Dance — Modern American Dance: Melya Kaplan and Every Tsakirides. Hellenic American Union, 8:30 p.m.

goings on in athens

MISCELLANY

SOUND AND LIGHT, Pnyx Hill. Daily, including Sundays, except on nights when there is a full moon. Performances: in English at 9 p.m. daily; in French at 10 p.m. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat. Sun.; in German at 10 p.m. Tues. and Fri. General admission 50 Drs., students 25 Drs. Tickets are sold at the Athens Festival Office, Stadiou 4 (in the stoa), Tel. 322-1459 and at the box-office at the theatre, Tel. 922-6210. There will be no performances July 21, 22, 23, 24 (full moon).

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.

KARAGHIOZIS, George Haridimos' Shadow-Puppet Theatre, Platia Lysikratous (off Adrianou, behind the Monument of Lysikrates). Every evening in good weather at 9 p.m. Admission 25 Drs. The dialogue is in Greek, but the traditional puppets are lovely, the humour is slapstick, and the plots are international (maidens in distress, etc.). Karaghiozis himself is the eternal 'little man' who gets into seemingly hopeless trouble but always comes out on top.

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.

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.

THE EVZONES — On Sunday mornings at 10:50 a.m. the Evzones, led by a band, emerge from their barracks (diagonally across from the Palace on Irodou Attikou) and march in full regalia along Vas. Sofias to the Parliament Building at Syntagma Square.

MONASTERIES

If you would like to get out of the city for a short break during the summer, why not visit one of these monasteries? They are historically and artistically interesting, situated in pleasant areas and easy to reach by car or bus.

KAISARIANI. An eleventh-century monastery among the pines at the foot of Mt. Hymettos. There are seventeenth and eighteenth century frescoes in the church. Open every day 9 a.m. - 7 p.m. Bus 39/52 to the terminal and then a short walk; by car, take Leoforos Vas. Alexandrou and follow the signs to the monastery.

PENDELI. The monastery was founded in the sixteenth century. There are Byzantine paintings in the chapel, a small museum, monk's cell and 'secret school' (the three latter open daily 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 4 - 7 p.m.). The monastery grounds are open all day. There is a taverna near-by. Bus 105 from Athens or 191 from Piraeus; by car, via Halandri.

DAFNI. The eleventh-century Byzantine church has world-famous mosaics and some frescoes. Open daily 7:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 3 - 7 p.m. There is a Tourist Pavilion. Bus to Eleusis or Aspropyrgos from Koumoundourou Square; by car, take the road for Eleusis and follow the signs.

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.

July 1 Kosmas, Damian
July 7 Kyriaki, Kyriakos
July 17 Marinos, Marina
July 20 Ilias
July 25 Anna
July 26 Paraskevi (Vivi, Eva)
July 27 Pantelemonos (Pantelis, etc.)

Dates to Remember

July 1 Canada — Dominion Day
July 4 U.S.A. — Independence Day
Yugoslavia — Fighter's Day
July 14 France — Bastille Day
July 18 Spain — National Day
July 21 Belgium — Independence Day
July 22 Poland — National Day

ACTIVITIES IN PIRAEUS

THE BELFINARION, Neon Faliron, Tel. 426-340. Popular songs interpreted by Mariza Koh and other singers. Rafael Cordoba and his Flamenco dancers will follow. Phone for times and exact dates.

DIMOTIKON AMPHITHEATRON KASTELLAS, Kastella, Tel. 425-498. Young Soloists from the Bolshoi Ballet (July 9-23). Next on the program will be the *Tanasse* review from Bucharest (until the end of July). Phone for times and further information.

LYRIKON DIMOTIKON THEATRE, Passalimani, Tel. 428-853. A new musical review by Manos Venieris, starring Nikos Xanthopoulos, Yanna Valendis, Yeoryia Vasiliadou; directed by Mihailis Papanikolaou and Renas Kambaladou; music by Kostas Kapnisis (all summer).

MUSEUMS

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

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. - 1 p.m. and 3 - 6 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed 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.

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. - 1 p.m. and 5 - 8:30 p.m. Closed Fridays.

KERAMIKOS MUSEUM, Ermou 148 (Monastiraki) (Tel: 363-552). Located in the ancient cemetery, it houses the finds from the excavation of the cemetery. Archaic and classical funerary sculpture and a collection of pottery from the pre-Mycenean period down to the Roman period. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 5 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: 9 a.m. - 1 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). The permanent collection includes 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; but not all are on exhibition. Of special interest: a collection of sketches, including drawings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Watteau and others, and engravings — from Durer and Brueghel to Braque and Picasso. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 4 - 8 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.

Nikos Stavroulakis, recent paintings of Crete and Israel; Robert Dahncke, drawings of Bombay. Some of the proceeds will go to the Cyprus Relief Fund. Hellenic American Union, Kennedy Gallery, July 7-17.

ART GALLERIES

ASTOR GALLERY (Kar. Servias 16, Tel. 322-4971). In honour of International Womens' Year the gallery will feature Greek women artists in several group-shows. (June 18 - July 8, July 10 - 31, and a third in August).

ATHENS GALLERY (Glykonos 4, Dexamini, Tel. 713-938). Group show: seventeen Greek artists from here and abroad including Stamos, Sorongos, Kapralis, Apergis, Parmakelis (until September).

GALLERY DESMOS (Syngrou 4, Tel. 910-521). Group show: Greek artists will exhibit their designs for educational toys (until September).

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY (Kydathineon Street, Plaka, Tel. 322-4618). Open daily 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. and 6 - 10 p.m. Open Sundays). *Kalokeri '75*: a group show of 75 paintings, etchings, sculptures by 12 artists (July 1 - Aug. 31).

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). Max Ernst (through July). Closed in August.

NEES MORPHES (Valaoritou 9a, Tel. 616-165. Closed Saturdays from 2 p.m.) Group show: paintings, engravings, sculptures by contemporary Greek artists (until the end of Sept.).

GALLERY ORA (Xenofondos 7, Tel. 322-6632). Group show: Greek painters and sculptors, in July. Closed in August.

GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS (Kriezotou 7, Tel. 634-454. Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 p.m.) Man Ray: sculptures and multiples (through July 31).

BRONZES BY CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN SCULPTORS, including works by Arturo Martini, Francesco Messina, Giacomo Manzù, Emilio Greco, Lucio Fontana, Gio Pomodoro and many others. The exhibit, organized by the Quadriennale d'Arte di Roma, will appear in Athens under the auspices of the Istituto Italiano di Cultura, at the National Picture Gallery (Vas. Konstantinou, opposite the Hilton Hotel, Tel. 211-010) from July 3-Sept. 15. For more information, please contact the Istituto Italiano di Cultura, Patisision 47, Tel. 529-294.

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.

SAILING

The Glyfada Sailing School, Glyfada Marina (Tel. 894-2115). Run by Mr. Karonis, National Olympic Sailing Coach. Four types of sailing boat: Optimist (8 ft.) 70 Drs. an hour, Zef (11 ft.) 120 Drs. an hour, Flipper (13 ft.) 140 Drs. an hour, Ponant (17 ft.) 180 Drs. an hour. Lessons provided free to those not qualified. A recognized diploma in sailing may be obtained after 10 to 20 hours of instruction. Open 10 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. daily including Sunday.

The Hellenic Offshore Racing Club, Papadiamantou 4, Tourkolimano (Tel. 423-357). Membership requires two regular Greek members as sponsors. Initial membership 2000 Drs., annual fee 1500 Drs. The Club has a Swan 36 for the use of members and students. Open daily 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m., 3-9:30 p.m.

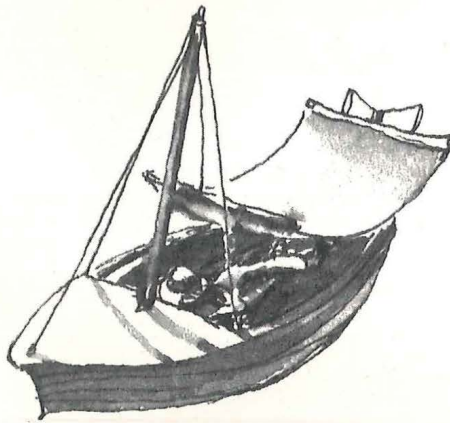
The Piraeus Sailing Club, Tourkolimano (Tel. 417-7636). Initial membership 300 Drs., annual fee 600 Drs. The Club owns a number of Lightnings, Dragons and Solinz for the use of members. Open daily, except Tues., 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.; Mon. and Wed. also 5 - 8 p.m.; open Sun. morning.

The Yacht Club of Greece, Tourkolimano (Tel. 417-1823). Membership requires

two regular Greek members as sponsors. Initial membership 14,000 Drs., annual fee 2500 Drs. Members of yacht clubs abroad may use the club's facilities for up to ten days. There are a bar, restaurant and mooring facilities. The Club owns a number of sailing boats for the use of members. Open daily from 9 a.m. to midnight. For information, phone Mr. Mersiniadis.

The Seahorse Sailing School, Glyfada Marina (Tel. 894-8503). Two types of sailing boat: Sangria (26 ft.) and Safari (27 ft.). A ten-hour course in offshore sailing costs 3000 Drs. for up to three students. Experienced sailors are given a short test before being allowed to sail on their own. Dutch, Swedish, German, French, English and Greek spoken. Open 9 a.m. to sundown daily including Sunday.

For information on chartering, contact the Greek Yacht Brokers and Consultants Association, Skra 94 and Thesesus, Kallithea, Athens, Tel. 956-3712.



BEACHES

Astir, Glyfada (Tel. 894-6461). Open 8 a.m. - 6 p.m. Adults 30 Drs., children 20 Drs., cars 20 Drs. Changing cabins, showers, umbrellas, tennis court, volleyball court, mini-golf, snack bar, restaurant, hairdresser. Bus: 84 (Ano Voula), leaving every 15 minutes from Vas. Olgas.

Astir Laimos, Vouliagmeni (Tel. 896-0211). Open 8 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Adults 50 Drs., children 25 Drs. Changing cabins, showers and umbrellas. Canoes 30 Drs. an hour. Restaurant and water-ski school. Bus: 89 (Vouliagmeni), get off at the terminal and walk for about 10 minutes.

Lagonissi (Tel. 895-8514). Open 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Adults 20 Drs., children 10 Drs. Changing cabins, restaurant and snack bar, showers and umbrellas. Bus: Sounion bus, leaving every hour (from 6:30 a.m.) from the junction of Leoforos Alexandras and Patisision.

Varkiza (Tel. 897-2402). Adults 20 Drs., children 10 Drs. Changing cabins, showers and umbrellas. Private cabins may be hired for 250 Drs. a day. Bus: 90 (Varkiza), leaving every 15 minutes from Vas. Olgas.

Voula A' (Tel. 895-3248). Open 8 a.m. - 8 p.m. Adults 10 Drs., children 6 Drs. Changing cabins, showers and umbrellas. Canoes 20 Drs. an hour, tennis courts 40 Drs. an hour. Bus: 84 (Ano Voula) or 89 (Vouliagmeni), leaving every 15 minutes from Vas. Olgas.

Voula B' (Tel. 895-9547). Open 8 a.m. - 7 p.m. Adults 10 Drs., children 5 Drs. Changing cabins, showers, umbrellas, volleyball courts, children's playground. Bus: 89 (Vouliagmeni), leaving every 15 minutes from Vas. Olgas.

Vouliagmeni (Tel. 896-0906). Open 8 a.m. - 8 p.m. Adults 12 Drs., children 6 Drs. Changing cabins, showers and umbrellas. Canoes 40 Drs. an hour, tennis courts 40 Drs. an hour. Snack bar. Bus: 89 (Vouliagmeni) or 90 (Varkiza), leaving every 15 minutes from Vas. Olgas.

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.

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.

HORSE RACING

Hippodrome, Faliron, Tel. 956-6511. Races every Wednesday and Saturday from 3:30-7:15 p.m. (These times may change, however, so check before going.) Prices: Pavilion, men 150 Drs., women 50 Drs.; Class I, men 50 Drs., women 25 Drs.; Class II, 20 Drs.

EXCURSIONS

The activities organized by the following clubs include excursions (some lasting several days) around the Athens area and to various parts of Greece, hiking, mountain climbing and some trips abroad. The reasonable prices cover room, board, transportation and, often, the services of a guide. Please contact the organizations directly for further information.

The Greek Touring Club, Polytechnion 12, Patisia, 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.

SOCIAL AND SPORTS CLUBS

American Club, Kifissia, Tel. 801-2987
Federation of Bridge Clubs in Greece, Amerikis 6, Tel. 625-510
Go-carting, Agios Kosmas, Tel. 981-3340
Panhellenic Gymnastics Club, Mavromateon & Evelpidon, Tel. 833-720
Sports Centre, Agios Kosmas, Tel. 981-5572
Table Tennis Federation, Menandrou 36, Tel. 538-022
Target Shooting Club of Greece, Stadiou 10, Tel. 322-4506
Underwater Fishing, Agios Kosmas, Tel. 981-9961
XAN (YM-YWCA) of Kifissia, Tel. 801-1601

CINEMA

The Apollon cinema (Stadiou 19, Tel. 323-6811) which presented Earthquake this Spring is playing Air Conditioning this summer. This is not a new Hollywood disaster film but a cooling system which is making possible something new in Greece: indoor summer movie-viewing. Beginning with The Passenger in June, the Apollon kicked-off a series of first run films. Films are listed in order of their anticipated appearances in the next few weeks.

HARRY AND TONTO — Harry (Art Carney) is a 72-year old retired English teacher who undertakes a picaresque journey across America with Tonto, his pet cat. A very warm and refreshingly human film. Carney received an Oscar for his role. Oscar-winning (but not for this role) actress Ellen Burstyn is the female lead. Directed by Paul Mazursky.

PHANTOM OF PARADISE — (To Fantasma Tou Paradisou) The Faust legend gone mad as it hooks up with elements of the *Phantom of the Opera*. A zany spoof on rock culture by director Brian de Palma with the evil 'Swan' played by Paul Williams who also wrote the music.

THE NICKEL RIDE — (Anatomia Enos Gangster) Robert Mulligan (*To Kill a Mockingbird*, *Up the Down Staircase*) directs his latest film starring Jason Miller.

Cinemas move out-of-doors in the summer and play re-runs of recent and older films. Most change their programs several times a week (usually on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) and have two showings a night beginning about 8:30 p.m. (or when it is dark enough). The Greek titles on the posters and in the newspapers often bear scant resemblance to the originals, so this list of films likely to appear in the Athens area this summer gives the transliterated Greek titles in alphabetical order, followed by the English title (the transliteration is phonetic, i.e. beta = v, etc.).

Antalen 31 (Adalen 31) A workers' strike in Sweden. Bo Widerberg directs.

Adelfos Ilios... Adelfi Selini (Brother Sun... Sister Moon) The St. Francis of Assisi story directed by Franco Zeffirelli.

Agapisa ena Kataskopo (The Tamarind Seed) Thriller love story with Julie Andrews and Omar Sharif.

O Anthropos ap'to Londino (The Black Windmill) Suspense with Michael Caine. Don Segal directs.

Apeili piso ap'ta Sidera (The Longest Yard) American football/prison flick. Burt Reynolds.

Aporitos Fakellos Odessa (The Odessa File) Jon Voight in the film of Frederick Forsyth's best-seller.

Enas Yperohos Kataskopos (Le Magnifique) Spy flick with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Enklima sto Orian Expres (Murder on the Orient Express) Agatha Christie's novel; all star cast.

Epiheirisi Ora Miden (Nada) Existential thriller by Claude Chabrol.

To Fantasma tis Eleftherias (Le Phantom de la Liberté) Satirical surrealism from Luis Bunuel.

Ferte mou to Kefali tou Alfredo Garcia (Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia) Sam Peckinpah's violent but striking film set in contemporary Mexico.

O Ipnaras (Sleeper) Woody Allen writes, directs and stars in this widely acclaimed comedy.

Harry Kraoun 99 kai 44/100 Nekros (99 and 44/100 Dead) Thriller by John Frankenheimer.

Hartines Heiropedes (The Paper Chase) American university drama. James Bridges.

O Horos ton Dieftharmenon (Les Valseuses) A French *Easy Rider*.

Hrysafi (Gold) Roger Moore in South African gold adventure.

Eime Periergi Kitrini (I Am Curious Yellow) Intellectual porno.

To Koritsi ap'tin Petrovka (The Girl from Petrovka) Russian-American love tale. Goldie Hawn, Hal Holbrook.

Lakomp, Lysien (Lacombe, Lucien) Nazi-occupied France. Directed by Louis Malle.

To Megalo Fagopoti (La Grande Bouffe) Suicide by eating. Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli.

Mia Fora sto Hollygount (That's Entertainment) American musical collage of the past.

Neanika Syndemata (American Graffiti) American nostalgia from the early sixties. Richard Dreyfuss.

Ntaizy Miller (Daisy Miller) Henry James' short novel directed by Peter Bogdanovich.

Periplanomenos Enohos (The Pedestrian) Maximilian Schell's glance at modern Germany and Nazi Greece.

Petaloudas (Papillon) Steve McQueen in supposedly true prison epic.

Movie-goers who wish to see 'art' films during the summer should check on the Ecran cinema (outdoor) at the corner of Zonara and Agathiou Streets about two blocks south of Leoforos Alexandras (Tel. 646-1895). The Ecran will carry almost the entire Studio Cinema series 'The Revolution Continues' shown this past year. The series contains documentaries from Chile, Cuba, Brazil, the United States (Attica) Russia and East Germany, as well as narrative films such as Shirley Clarke's *The Connection*.

Proti Selida (The Front Page) Newspaper-world comedy. Walter Matthau, Jack Lemmon.

Revolver (Revolver) Italian thriller with Oliver Reed.

Serpiko (Serpico) True police/drug story. Al Pacino.

Symmorlia tou Metro tis Neas Yorkis (The Taking of Pelham One, Two, Three) Hijacking a subway in New York. Walter Matthau, Robert Shaw.

Synomilia (The Conversation) Coppola's 1974 Cannes Winner. A chilling tale about electronic surveillance with Gene Hackman.

Synomosia tou Ouilmpy (The Wilby Conspiracy) South African thriller. Sydney Poitier.

To Teleftaio Apospasma (The Last Detail) Two U.S. sailors (Jack Nicholson, Otis Young) on a trip to Washington, New York, Boston.

To Teleftaio Taxidi (The Voyage) Love melodrama set in Sicily. Sophia Loren, Richard Burton.

O Thavmastos Kosmos ton Delfinon (The Day of the Dolphin) Family film about dolphins starring George C. Scott.

Thimame (Amarcord) Fellini's collage of childhood memories.

O Thyroros tis Nyktas (The Night Porter) A sado-masochistic love story. Dirk Bogarde.

Ti (What?) Roman Polanski's sex-comedy set in Italy.

Oi Treis Somatofylakes (The Three Musketeers) Richard Lester's spoof of the traditional tale.

Tsainataoun (Chinatown) Near perfect detective entertainment by Roman Polanski. With Jack Nicholson, J.J. Gittis, Faye Dunaway.

Tzompo 747 en Kindyno (Airport 75) All star disaster flick.

Vromiki Polis (Fat City) Boxing as a social metaphor. John Huston directs.

O Yiros tou Kosmou me Agapi (Around the World with Love) Cartoon, music by Demis Roussos.

Yperohos Gkatsmpy (The Great Gatsby) Fitzgerald's classic. Robert Redford, Mia Farrow.

Ypothesis Parallax (The Parallax View) Political assassination in California. Warren Beatty.

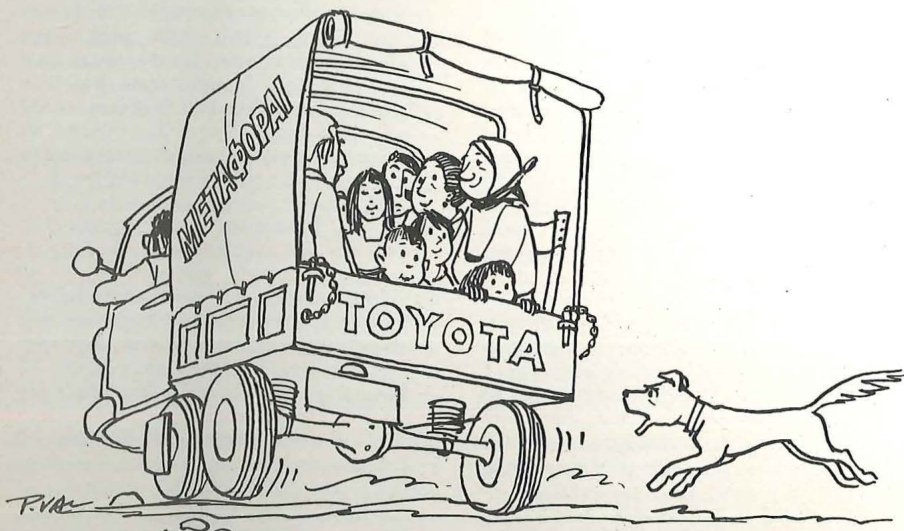
Z (Z) Costa-Gavras' political thriller about Greece.

Zarntoz (Zardoz) Sean Connery in an Orwellian-like future.

Zaria Poker kai Kati Allo (California Split) Gambling adventure. Elliott Gould and George Segal.

Summer Film Festivals in Europe:

BERLIN: June 27th - July 8th. EDINBURGH: August - September. GRENOBLE: June 29th - July 4th. LOCARNO: August. MOSCOW: July. PULA, YUGOSLAVIA: July. TRIESTE: July.



restaurants and night life

LUXURY RESTAURANTS

- 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. Yannis Spartakos at the piano with his Golden Trio; Bouzouki Show at midnight. *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 Nissia, 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 7-11:30 p.m.
- Tudor Hall, Constitution Square. Tel. 232-0651. The penthouse of the King George Hotel. Sophisticated but warm, beautiful Tudor decor with candelabra. Magnificent view of the Acropolis especially in the summer when they move most of the tables onto the terrace. Soft appealing music in the evening. Good international cuisine, excellent service. Entrees from 150 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.
- 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. There is also a table d'hote menu at 270 Drs., including service and taxes. Open daily from 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

A guide to restaurants on Corfu, Patras and Rhodes will be found on page 14.

- 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 'Michel' (harp, bass and guitar) create a most agreeable atmosphere. Pleasant bar. Expensive. Open daily from 12:30 - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

INTERNATIONAL CUISINES

- 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.
- 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

Hilton Hotel — Barbeque at the Swimming Pool every Monday at 8:30 p.m. The price of 295 Drs. includes swimming, a lavish self-service buffet and music for dancing.

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, summer garden at Pondou 40 (parallel to Mihalakopoulou), Tel. 779-3072. Joanna and Fotios, graduates of the Ecole de Tourisme, offer French and Greek specialties. The *plat du jour*

usually worthwhile; the Tabula salad is special; very good onion soup. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open 9 p.m. - 4 a.m. Closed Sundays.

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.

Mitichiko, 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.

Minion's Mini Grill, Patisson 13, Tel. 540-287. Bright, clean and efficient self-service cafeteria and coffee bar on the eighth floor of Minion Department Store. Ample seating space in the dining area and booth section; also a small veranda. Attractive choice of main dishes with daily and weekly specials. Wine, beer and liquor. Snacks, sweets, ice cream, and fresh fruit in season. All food and sweets (even *loukoumades* prepared fresh every morning) will be wrapped for take-home orders. Of particular convenience for hungry shoppers and office workers in the Omonia Square area. Prices reasonable. Use entrance on Patisson St. when store is closed. Open daily (except Sunday) from 8 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

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.

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.

Hickory Grill, Nireos and Posidonos Ave., Paleon Faliron, Tel. 982-1972. Highly recommended for a quiet and relaxing dinner or supper. Attentive service, pleasant atmosphere, simple but tasteful decor, rather limited but very good cuisine. Virginia ham steak 112 Drs., T-bone steak 150 Drs., salads with spicy sauces 24 Drs., crêpes for two 98 Drs. Open daily from 7:30 p.m. - 1 a.m. Terrace for outdoor dining in the summer.

Pizzeria Lido, Caravel Hotel, Vas. Alexandrou 2 (behind Hilton), Tel. 717-351. A pleasant mixture of tiles, copper and wood creates the warm atmosphere in this corner of the Caravel Hotel. You can sample any kind of spaghetti or choose from a variety of tasty and spicy pizzas. Prices range from 70 - 90 Drs. Open daily from 7 p.m. - 1 a.m.

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.

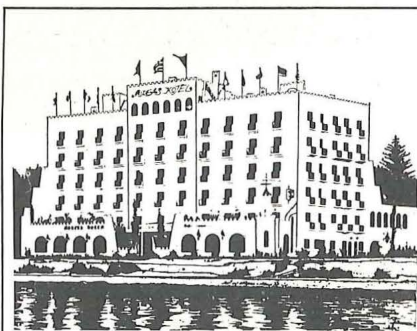
Corfu, Kriezotou 6 (next to the King's Palace Hotel). Tel. 613-011. A typical city restaurant in the centre of Athens (one block from Constitution Square) with very good Greek cuisine tending to emphasize the specialties of Corfu. Spacious wood panelled room, filled with businessmen and tourists. Quick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

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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.

Palala Athena, Flessa 4, Tel. 322-2000. A well known taverna in Plaka with picturesque interior and summer garden. Show begins 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 of the city. 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.

Taverna Pitsios (To Balkoni Tou Imitou). Pavlou Mela 3, Terma Karea (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 spicy 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.

Kavaleratos, Tatoiou 36, Metamorfosis. (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, Pafsanou 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.

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

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

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

O Nikos, Skopelou 5, Kifissia. Tel. 801-5537. On a road running parallel to the main road of Kifissia: turn right just before the Mobile station at Nea Erithrea. Excellent hors d'oeuvres: aubergine stuffed with walnuts and wrapped in ham, 10 Drs; eggplant salad,

11 Drs; stuffed vine leaves, 23.50 Drs. Entrees (mostly broils) from about 50 Drs. Open from 9:00 p.m. and for lunch on Sundays and holidays.

Vassilena, Etolikou 72 (Piraeus). Tel. 461-2457. An exciting eating experience in a renovated grocery store. Sit back and enjoy a parade of about 18 delicious Greek delicacies, brought to your table. Yiorgos, the son of the founder, successfully continues the picturesque tradition. No menu — one price: 150 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.

Tsolias, Metohi St., between Glyfada and Vouliagmeni, Tel. 804-2446. A typical rural taverna with tables in a garden. Green barrels store the tasty retsina which accompanies a great variety of appetizers and grills. Eggplant parmigiana 22 Drs., moussaka 27 Drs., shrimp with piquante sauce 45 Drs., country sausages 20 Drs. Open daily from 8:30 p.m. - 1:30 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 *giouvetsi*, shrimp with feta cheese and tomatoes cooked in an earthenware pot.

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

Mourayio — Tel. 420-631. The fish is flown in daily from Crete. Open daily from 10:30 a.m. - 2:00 a.m.

Ta Prasina Trehandiria — Tel. 417-564. Fish from Parga and Mytellini. Open daily from 11:00 a.m. - midnight.

Kanaris — Tel. 422-533, 417-5190. Established in 1922, it is one of the best known.

Open daily from 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 a.m. Zephyros — Tel. 417-5152. Besides *giouvetsi*, a delicious fish soup (*psaradiki*), lobster broiled in fresh butter sauce. Fish comes from Ermioni, Skiathos or Kavala. Open daily from 10:30 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Zorba No. 2 — Tel. 425-004. Famous for its large and delectable assortment of Turkish appetizers. The owner's two other restaurants by the same name serve fish as well. Open daily from 12 noon - 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Kuyu — Tel. 411-1623, 423-315. The cuisine is Greek and Turkish with some French dishes. Red snapper baked with shrimp, mushrooms and whiskey, a speciality. A great snapper baked with shrimp, mushrooms and whiskey, a speciality. A great variety of hot and cold appetizers, a rice-cheese soufflé and, for dessert, a delicious chocolate soufflé with *creme fraiche*. Open daily from 12 noon - 1:00 a.m.

Kaplanis — Tel. 411-1623. Under the same management as the Kuyu, this is a more elaborate restaurant. Soft background music. The same cuisine as Kuyu but at prices about 15% higher. Open daily from 12 noon - 1:00 a.m.

Aglamair — Tel. 411-5511. Incorporating several restaurants in one building and offering European and Greek cuisine as well as delicious pastries. Mrs. Hadzitheodorou is a very pleasant hostess. Open daily from 12 noon - 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Mavri Yida — (Black Goat or Marco Antonio) Tel. 427-626. A favourite rendezvous for yachtsmen, decorated in the style of a typical old taverna with 'frescos' by Mr. Kremos. Fresh fish arrives daily from Ermioni. The maitre is Marco Antonio. Open daily from 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.

BOITES

Those listed will probably remain open all summer, but check in case of last-minute changes.

Rigas, Kiristou 15, Tel. 324-6125. Dimitra Galani, Themis Andreadis and the orchestra of Kostas Papadopoulos in the summer garden. Show daily at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 150 Drs.

Arhontissa, Adrianou 134, Tel. 322-6015. The summer show features Viki Mosholiou and Manolis Mitsias. Minimum charge 125 Drs.

NIGHT CLUBS AND BOUZOUKIA

The following clubs should be open all summer, but the programs may change without notice. Check before going.

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. The show starts at 12:30 a.m. Closed Mondays. The summer show includes Phillipos Nikolaou, Poli Panou, Costis Hristou, Nelli Gini, Hary Klynn and others. Nikos Ignatiadis' orchestra. Fandasia, across from the West airport, Tel. 981-0503. Open daily from 7 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 12:45 a.m. Closed Monday.

Neraida, Vasileos Georgiou, Kalamaki, Tel. 981-2004. Dancing to the orchestra and entertainment by Marinella, Dimitris Kondolazos, Marina Pavlaku 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 200 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.

Harama, 11th-12th kilometre on the National Road to Lamia, Tel. 277-3686. Entertainers Vassilis Tsitsanis, Sotiria Bellou, Vangelis Filipeos, Mary Dalmas. Program begins at 11 p.m. Minimum charge unspecified.

Athinea, Syngrou Ave., next to the Hippodrome, Tel. 967-125. One of the city's best open-air night clubs, set in a beautiful garden with palm trees and appropriate light effects. Tents are extended over the area in bad weather. Very good continental cuisine. Alternating orchestras and an international floor show. Show time 12:30 a.m. Minimum price 350 Drs. Open daily from 9:30 p.m. Phone ahead for reservations.

CORFU

Akteon, on the outer edge of the *platia* in town, Tel. 22894. The menu is limited and the quality of the food only fair, but the view of the sea, Garitsa Bay and the old fortress is outstanding. Prices moderate. Open daily for lunch and dinner.

Aigli, Kapodistria St., Tel. 28841. The tables are set outside under beautiful arcades and large shady trees. Simple but good Greek food. Open daily 11 a.m. - 4 p.m. and 7 - 11 p.m.

BP, 12 km. from town at Dassia on the main Ypsos road, Tel. 93278. This unexpectedly attractive restaurant is located next to the BP station. It is spotlessly clean with an informal, contemporary, continental decor. Excellent steaks and chops prepared on charcoal grill; cheese tray; salads. Prices are low, the service is good, and the owner most accommodating. Phone for reservations. Open from noon until very late at night.

Chez Nikos, 22 km. from town at Nissaki. (No telephone) Very small outdoor taverna with lots of potted plants set among the tables. Great view of the sea. Food simple but outstandingly good. The French fries here are among the best to be had in Greece. Prices low.

Corfu Palace, at Garitsa Bay in town, Tel. 29485. Formal and very elegant atmosphere. Excellent continental food and Greek specialties. Justifiably expensive. (The hotel also has a bar and a grill room.) Open daily from 1 - 3 p.m. and 8 - 10 p.m.

Mitsos, 22 km. from town at Nissaki. (No telephone) A typical taverna built on the rocks jutting out to sea. The view is splendid, the prices are moderate, but the food is only fair. Some jukebox music. Open all day until midnight.

Naussika, 3 km. from town at Kanoni, Tel. 23023. The main attraction is the owner, who is quite amusing. A few Italian specialties are offered. The prices are a

bit high. Open only for dinner which is served in a vine-covered garden.

Number One, 3 km. from town at the Kerkyra Golf Hotel. This is strictly a discotheque and no food is served. The *chicest* place on the island for groovy dancing. Very crowded during the high season but reservations not accepted. This place is a must for 'girl watchers'.

Pipilas, 4 km. from town at Kondokali, Tel. 91201. Wide selection of Greek food and fresh fish served in the garden. Waiters extremely pleasant. Prices moderate. Open daily from noon until late at night.

Rex, Kapodistria St., Tel. 29649. Tables are placed along one of the typically narrow Corfiot streets called 'Kadunia'. Plain but fairly good food. Prices relatively low. Open from noon until late at night.

Ta Dichtia, 12 km. from town at Dassia, Tel. 93220. Good food served outdoors by the sea. Has a great Italian band for dancing. Reservations necessary. Expensive.



Tripa, 15 km. from town at Kinopiastes. A village food store which added tables a few years ago. Among tourists, it is now perhaps the best known eating place. Excellent Greek food — a variety of dishes brought to your table. Usually very crowded and you should make reservations. Prices moderately high. Open only at night, 9 p.m. - midnight.

Vachos, 22 km. from town at Nissaki. (No telephone) Fair food and moderate prices. The young, talented owner dances Sirtaki and other Greek favourites nightly. Open from noon until late at night.

Yannis, 6 km. from town at Perama. Decor very unattractive but there are tables on a large veranda with a nice view of the sea. Terrific fresh fish. Prices moderate.

PATRAS

Achaia Beach Hotel, 4 km. from town near Rion. A modern, cool dining room; a terrace facing the sea; swimming nearby. Lunch and dinner menus varied and well-prepared. Service slow. Medium to expensive.

Diakou, at Yerokomio, above Patras, with a spectacular view over the city, Menu varied, prices average. Open for lunch and dinner.

Eva, 4 km. from town on the road to Pyrgos. A seaside restaurant specializing in fish, but other types of food are available. Open for lunch and dinner. Expensive.

Evangelatos, Agiou Constantinou in the downtown area. If you are craving a full-course meal, this is the place to stop. A spacious, old-fashioned restaurant

with white tablecloths and good service. Their menu usually ranges from soups to desserts, with a good selection in each category. Unpretentious decor and prices. Open all day.

Kavouri, New Promenade, Patras (just beyond the Moreas Hotel). A taverna specializing in fish. Reasonable prices. Open for dinner only.

Koukos, in Koukouli, about 2 km. outside Patras. Lunch and dinner served in a beautiful garden. A varied, tastefully prepared menu (the specialty is chicken). Good service. The prices are moderate.

Maraletos, about 5 km. from town at Rion. Lunch and dinner served in a shady area near the sea. The chef, Mr. Maratilos, is considered one of the best in Patras. Menu varied and good (the specialty is a rich homemade ice cream). Medium to expensive.

Moreas Hotel, New Promenade, close to the downtown area, Tel. 424-541. A new hotel by the sea; swimming pool in the garden. Chic, sophisticated setting. The service is excellent, the Spanish-type decor attractive, the French cuisine fairly good. Moderately expensive. Open for a gracious lunch and dinner.

Psaropoula, in Aralovitika, 7 km. from Patras. A taverna. Meals served on a terrace overlooking the sea. Considered the best fish restaurant around Patras. Medium to expensive. Open at night only.

Touristikon, at Dassaki. A terrace-type cafe overlooking Patras. Serves *meze* (hors d'oeuvres) and refreshments only. Worth a visit for the view. Open all day.

Tzaki, in Proastion, on the outskirts of Patras. By the sea with swimming nearby. Well prepared food; good service. Medium priced.

RHODES

Anixis, Trianda road, Tel 92-312. Greek specialties. A good three-course meal with wine for about 300 Drs.

Casa Castellana, Aristotelous, Old City, Tel. 28-803. A steak house noteworthy for its decor (a medieval restoration) and food. A dinner will cost 200-300 Drs.

Deloukas, Kos St., Tel. 27-680. Veal 44 Drs., filet-mignon 84 Drs., special luncheon 50-60 Drs.

Kalyva, Trianda, Tel. 92-214. Specializes in semi-Turkish food, broils, fresh fish, *kalamaria*, etc. A meal is about 90 Drs.

Kon-Tiki, Mandraki, Tel. 22-477. A restaurant on a houseboat in the harbour. Main dishes about 80 Drs.

Maison Fleurie, Riga Fereou St., Tel. 25-340. A steak and fish house. A good meal should be about 150-200 Drs.

Norden Restaurant, Kos St., Tel. 25-627. *Chateaubriand béarnaise* 240 Drs., *fondou* for two people 290 Drs., special luncheon 75 Drs.

Number Fifteen, Kos St., Tel. 22-817. Shrimp 95 Drs., pork steak flambé 210 Drs., crêpes-suzettes 110 Drs.

Oscar's II, Vas. Marias, Tel. 23-247. prime ribs 99 Drs., chicken 50 Drs.

For seafood, try the following:

Kamiros Scala, seaside taverna at Kamiros. Keraki (Feraklos), seaside town near Malona.

Klimis, seaside taverna at Yennadion. Kolimbia, seaside taverna in the vicinity of Seven Springs.

Kuluvi, on the beach at Trianda. Seafood and meat.



our town

Does History Repeat Itself?

We were interested to see the 'For Sale' sign go down in front of the house of a determinedly royalist family in Kifissia a few weeks ago. Imagining that the real estate slump was over and that some democracy-loving shipowner had actually paid the asking price of 10,000,000 drachmas a *stremma* (a quarter of an acre), we decided to make discreet inquiries of the old gardener who for the last sixty years — that is, through Thick and Thin — has kept the hedges clipped in the shape of a crown discernible only to helicopters flying overhead in the direction of the Tatoi Summer Palace.

As we rounded the house, our curiosity was further aroused by an unmistakable odour of mothballs and the sight of laundry lines sagging under the weight of gold-braided uniforms and ermine tippets hung out for airing. The gardener immediately satisfied our curiosity by explaining that the house had not been sold and that, after a six-month self-imposed exile in Zurich following the December referendum that had rejected the King, the Vassiloglous had reoccupied their ancestral seat. Roused from their beds with dreams of kings dancing in their heads at 3:00 a.m. on June 4, they had been informed by a call from Athens that the amendment to article 111 of the Constitution, which would have barred members of the ex-royal family from holding public office, had been defeated in Parliament by a landslide vote of twenty-six to fourteen. The Vassiloglous had immediately booked one-way tickets back to Athens to prepare for the Royal Return.

We found Mme. Vassiloglou who, for the better part of ten years has been going around the house wailing, 'Ah, le pauvre garçon!', cheerfully unwrapping a hundred-odd silver bonbon dishes embossed with the thirty-drachma commemorative coin minted in honour of the Royal Wedding. Our attention was instantly drawn to a portrait of Venizelos, that *bête noire* of Greek royalists, hanging uneasily in the hall. Mme. Vassiloglou noting our dismay

explained that bygones were bygones and that Democracy would be the fashion *motif* of the Royalist Revival.

Mme. Vassiloglou said that, while Queen Frederika was meditating in India, she had been meditating in Switzerland and had just finished a hefty biography of Louis Napoleon.

'He was quite an obscure grandson of *Le Grand*, you realize, and everyone thought him an incompetent fool. Yet he returned to France in 1848, ran successfully for Parliament, spent a year gathering popular support about the country and was finally proclaimed Emperor in 1851.'

If our former king were indeed to return, run for office and win a seat in Parliament, how, we naively asked, should he be addressed in an Uncrowned Democracy? And how would Mr. Schleswig Holstein Sonderburg Glucksburg look in Greek on an election ballot? Mrs. Vassiloglou smiled indulgently. 'Well, in view of the fine showing of the Lakonians who voted so strongly for the King in December, I think it would be nice if the government allowed Constantine to retain his old princely title, Duke of Sparta.'

Noting that Constantine had assured the nation in one of his statements that if he returned to Greece he would not bring his mother with him, we asked Mrs. Vassiloglou if she was not chagrined by the idea of mother and son being separated. Mrs. Vassiloglou delicately sidestepped the matter of the disclaimer and reminded us that the constitution as it now stands does not discriminate against any member of the royal family, that Women's Rights is an important issue in the New Democracy and that another woman deputy in Parliament would be most appropriate.

'It was Queen Frederika after all,' she fondly recalled, 'who started the fashion of sitting up front with her chauffeur which was a great egalitarian step forward at that time.' (She started the fad of wearing sunglasses after dark, too, we recalled, which took such an alarming toll of elderly ladies in Kolonaki who tumbled by the score into potholes.)

At this point Mme. Vassiloglou

opened a jewelry box revealing an unostentatious diamond tiara. As she shut it up again, she murmured that she would store it away for A More Appropriate Time. Calculating the fine example of Napoleon III for whom it took three years to achieve the throne after his return, we mentioned that 1978 might be a promising year.

'In that case we shan't be here,' she said.

'Are you really so despairing of the future of the royalist cause?' we asked.

Mme. Vassiloglou drew herself up grandly. 'Certainly not! By then we shall be in Constantinople, which, after all, is where the Vassiloglou family originated!'

And in the meantime?

'Well, to begin with, the Royal Family has a backlog of at least 10,000 baptisms to attend to. There is still much to be done before Their return.'

Fighting Phobias

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

— Acts 17.22

Last month the thirteenth day fell on a Friday and it was commemorated here by the launching of a campaign against superstition. This was a concession to Western ways, for in fact the unluckiest day in Greece falls not on Friday, but on Tuesday the thirteenth, which was the day on which Constantinople fell in 1453.

Nicolas Madroukas, a Greek-American who for thirty-two years has been trying to 'liberate', as he says, 'superstition from the soul of the people,' has created a Central Committee of the Thirteen to Eliminate the Fear of Thirteen. He himself was born on Friday the thirteenth.

Greece shares with the West certain irrational fears such as those which claim that breaking a mirror will bring seven years' bad luck, that if three people light their cigarettes from one match one smoker will die (not so irrational these days), as well as those that involve a black cat crossing one's path and the spilling of salt. (Madroukas

considers the superstition about opening an umbrella inside the house to be sensible, however, since it may poke someone's eye out.)

There are, however, certain local superstitions which we believe (*pace* Mr. Madroukas) that foreigners might take into account in the spirit of 'not doing in Rome what the Romans don't do'.

Never leave bureau drawers or closet doors open as people will gossip about you. Don't spill oil. If you spill wine, put a drop of it on your finger and touch it behind your ear saying *gouri, gouri* in which case it will bring good luck. Don't cut your nails on Wednesdays or Fridays and *never* wash your hair on Sundays. Never leave scissors open or people will say bad things about you and never pass a cake of soap directly to someone else. Most of all, never compliment a baby in its presence without spitting on it — discreetly of course — to chase away the evil eye.

Meanwhile, we wish Mr. Madroukas all success in his campaign (knock on wood)!

The Little Red Terror and Other Fables

IN THE clever disguise of total frontal nudity (i.e. *Emmanuelle*), the 'powers of darkness' (a fashionable phrase in Junta times, now coming back into vogue) nearly brought Greece to its knees in April. The same Dark Forces of Evil re-manifested themselves last month in the shape of a little red book which, despite its title and appearance, has nothing to do with politics. What is more, an equally sinister book, written by a monk but having nothing to do with religion, will soon appear.

The first, *The Little Red Book*, is a manual for adolescents written by three Danes — an educator, a psychoanalyst and a sociologist. In a forthright manner, it offers information on a wide variety of subjects, such as classroom behaviour, student-teacher relationships, birth control, abortion, narcotics and other practical matters.

The publisher of its Greek edition, P.A. Vergos, announced that his object in bringing out the book was to fill a gap in the education being offered to our students. The Holy Synod of the Greek Orthodox Church, however, looked upon it quite differently. His Reverence, the Metropolitan of Patras, branded the book as an essay in anarchism and indecency, as an attack on religion, family and the State.

So the matter was brought to court and Mr. Vergos and E. Varika, who

translated it into Greek, were charged on five counts. The book, it was claimed, insults the honour of teachers and provokes student disobedience; leads the students astray; encourages abortion; gives information on the supply and use of drugs; and is generally anti-social. (Some of these charges have a familiar ring — about 1400 years ago Socrates was put on trial for, among other things, 'corrupting the youth of Athens'.)

The two-day trial was marked by a number of 'incidents'. The prosecutor in his speech declared, 'Anyone who attempts to undermine the traditional concepts of country, religion or family is a traitor. The book has been published only for gain and is backed by *the powers of darkness*, consisting of international criminals, dope-smugglers and dealers in white flesh.'

At this point the prosecutor was interrupted by shouts of 'Shame...' 'Down with the Junta...' etc. The courtroom, in an uproar, had to be emptied and two persons were arrested. The trial resumed and shortly thereafter the publisher and translator were sentenced to eight months in prison and the book was ordered confiscated. The defendants appealed their sentences and are now free. But *The Little Red Book* is not.

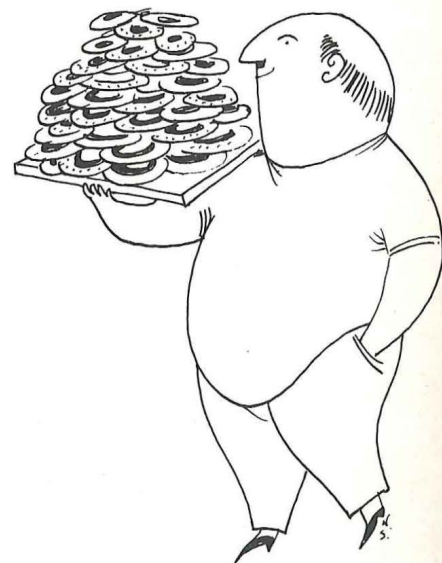
Although we are grateful to the Judiciary for shielding us from the seductions of *Emmanuelle* and *The Little Red Book*, we wish to point out

that this sort of thing has its limits. The future of the nation, of the family and even of religion might be just as seriously jeopardized if, in our present state of enforced (though blessed) innocence, we were to forget how to go about propagating ourselves.

Meanwhile, the other publication allegedly inspired by 'the powers of darkness' is about to surface after having enjoyed an underground reputation for some time. Written by a monk, Gymnasios by name, who lived on Mount Athos about fifty years ago, it includes 350 herbal prescriptions said to cure infertility, biliousness, heart disease and beardlessness in men. As a consequence of disseminating this information, the unfortunate Gymnasios was accused of misleading the people, expelled from Mount Athos, hounded, arrested, imprisoned and finally shut up in an asylum.

Kostas Spanos, whose well-known shop of rare books, 'The Gallery of Bibliophiles', is located at Ippokratous 23, will soon be circulating a limited edition of Gymnasios' prescriptions together with a biographical sketch. Referring to the recent public interest in 'exorcist' books, Spanos asks, 'Is this the result of the agonies and difficulties of life or because there are so many diseases from which men suffer?'

Perhaps the answer lies hidden in *The Little Red Book* but we hope that we, and Mr. Spanos, won't have to wait fifty years to find out.



Look Lillian, sesame bagels!

A Small Voice at Monte Carlo

WHEN THE news broke that Christina Onassis was giving away half her father's fortune to charity I decided to interview the young lady for *The Athenian* and find out more about how she intended to go about this gigantic giveaway gambit.

Discreet inquiries located her at Monte Carlo and, without further ado, I boarded the next plane for Nice. In Monte Carlo, I booked a suite at the Hotel de Paris at \$200 a day. Anything cheaper would have been incompatible with the prestige of this magazine which spares no expense on such assignments. The only trouble was, the Bank of Greece, with its customary generosity had only allowed me \$250 for the trip.

I would have to see Miss Onassis that day or the next morning at the latest and take the afternoon flight from Nice back to Athens.

From the hotel, I called Olympic Maritime and spoke to the assistant secretary to the secretary to Miss Onassis' private secretary and explained my mission. She said she would call me back and asked where I was staying.

'The Hotel de Paris, of course,' I said.

'Of course,' she said, duly impressed I hoped.

Ten minutes later she called back to say Miss Onassis was very busy and did not as a rule grant interviews but, since it was for *The Athenian*, she would allow me five minutes at eleven o'clock in the morning in three days' time.

I was delighted and appalled at the same time. Another three days in Monte Carlo would mean a hotel bill of about \$800 not counting meals. I needed more money. If I cabled the magazine, they would have to go through the Bank of Greece and I knew only too well that any resemblance between that venerable institution's Currency Committee and Speedy Gonzalez was purely coincidental.

As I pondered on my dilemma, I looked out of my window and caught sight of the portals of the famous Casino, right opposite the hotel.

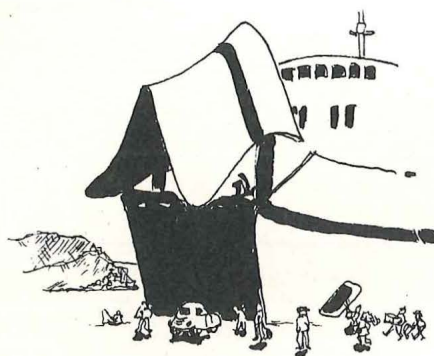
An idea began to germinate. I would try my luck at the roulette table. I had a high ESP rating. If I could guess a red or a black twice, my \$250 could become \$1000.

I rushed across the road to the Casino and bought \$250 worth of chips. I plonked them all on the Rouge and held my breath as the wheel turned, the

little white ball bounced around and finally dropped neatly into the number three slot. *Le trois, rouge et impair*, the croupier sang out. I now had \$500. I let it ride on the red. The next number was also a red one. I had my \$1000. I was about to pick up my chips and cash them when a small voice whispered hoarsely in my ear.

'Put a hundred bucks on fourteen.'

I looked around in amazement but there was nobody near me. And yet I had distinctly heard a voice. Who could it be?



'Never mind who I am. Do as I say. Put a hundred bucks on fourteen or you'll be sorry.' It was the voice again, a little hoarser, a little more imperative and exceedingly mysterious.

I could not help myself. I put \$100 worth of chips on the number fourteen. I nearly collapsed when the croupier sang out: *Le numero quatorze, rouge et pair*. I had won thirty-five times a hundred dollars or \$3,600 including my original one hundred.

'Now put it all on twenty-four.' It was the voice again. I hesitated. I had more than enough to live it up for three days in Monte Carlo and go on a week's binge at Saint Tropez as well. Why risk it all on another throw? But there was something about that voice I could not resist. It was as if the speaker were my partner and had an equal say on what I did with my winnings. I obeyed and placed it all on number twenty-four.

To cut a long story short, I soon amassed something like \$200,000 and when the voice told me to put it all on zero, I balked. But the voice became extremely angry. 'What's the matter with you?' it whispered gratingly. 'Haven't I done right by you so far? Do as I say, put it all on zero.'

Reluctantly, I obeyed my invisible

benefactor once more. I closed my eyes as the wheel whirled and when I heard the ball drop into a slot, I held my breath. *Le vingt-six, noir et pair*, the croupier sang out. I had lost everything.

I heard a 'tsk-tsk' sound in my ear and the voice again. 'Too bad old pal. We missed it by one hole that time. Well, so long old buddy.'

I was so furious I nearly cried. I felt like going out on the Casino terrace and planting a bullet in my brain. Except that I had no bullet—and to judge from my conduct, probably no brain either.

I left the Casino in a quandary. I had no money for a taxi. I had no money for anything. Not even a cup of coffee. How was I going to pay my hotel bill? How was I going to get to Nice, assuming I would give up the assignment and return to Athens post haste?

Suddenly I stopped. I was outside the offices of Olympic Maritime. Somewhere in there, Miss Onassis was making plans to give away half a billion dollars to the needy of this earth and there was I, without a sou to my name. What irony, what bathos, what crass injustice! And all Miss Onassis had to do to correct it was just dip into her till and hand me a couple of thousand dollars she wouldn't even miss. And all I had to do was go in there and ask for it as politely as I could. Who knew? Maybe my week in Saint Tropez would materialize after all!

A few seconds later I was in the office of the assistant secretary to the secretary to Miss Onassis' private secretary to whom I had spoken earlier on in the day.

I explained my predicament to her. I didn't say I had lost my money at the Casino. Nobody has any sympathy for people who lose their money at the roulette tables except other people who've lost their money the same way.

'Somebody stole my wallet,' I said, 'and I haven't a penny to my name. I don't even have the taxi fare to Nice and, assuming that I walk all the way there I shall probably die from hunger before the stewardess hands round the take-off caramels. If Miss Onassis could see her way to letting me have a couple of thousand bucks, I could stay on for the interview and maybe I could even return the money if I apply to the Currency Committee of the Bank of Greece on my return and Miss Onassis is prepared to wait for a couple of years until my application is approved.'

The secretary smiled sympathetically. She was a cute little chick and I wondered why she hadn't already been whipped away to the altar by some budding tanker tycoon until I remem-

bered that budding tanker tycoons only marry the daughters of older tanker tycoons.

'Have you reported the theft of your wallet to the police?' she asked innocently.

I tried not to look too guilty as I shook my head. 'What's the use?' I asked, 'the pickpocket has already spent it all at the Casino, even if they catch him.' I marvelled inwardly at my powers of invention.

'Well,' the cute chick said, 'I'm afraid that's your only hope because you certainly won't get anything from us. Do you realise that if we gave money to all the people who ask us for it, the entire Onassis fortune would be dissipated within twenty-four hours?'

'I thought that was the object of the exercise,' I mumbled, visions of my week in Saint Tropez sinking with the setting sun.

The secretary went on. 'Giving money away is not such a simple procedure. Several charitable institutions will have to be set up with boards of governors, executive staffs, teams of social workers and others whose job it will be to examine every request, investigate it and decide whether it is worthy or not.'

'With such overheads, will there be

anything left over to give away?' I asked.

'Of course,' she said. 'There's always something left over for the needy.'

'Okay,' I said quickly, 'I'm needy. All you have to do is slip a couple of grand in an envelope and hand it to me. You don't even have to mail it. That'll save some overhead. Do you know what it costs to mail a letter these days?'

She laughed. 'I'm afraid it's not so easy. Right now, we're going over a list of proposed charities to be set up. They cover a fantastic range of human misfortune. Such things as a Charitable Fund for the Families of Bow-Look-Outs Killed in Head-On Collisions, an Institute for the Orphans of Marine Engineers Lynched by Swimmers for Polluting Seaside Resorts, a Relief Fund for the Destitute Wives of Honest Shipchangers, a Bird's Nest Soup Kitchen for Unemployed Chinese Sea Cooks, a First Aid Station for Amateur Yachtsmen Run Down by 500,000-ton Super Tankers and a Decompression Hospital for Deepsea Divers Struck by the Deadly Mercedes-Benz.'

'Surely you mean just the bends.'

'Both,' she said. 'They're protected on land as well as in the sea. But there's no Fund for People Who've Had Their Wallets Stolen, I'm afraid.'

'And yet,' I remarked, 'they're the ones who need it most.'

'Anyway,' she said, locking her desk-drawer and rising, 'it's time to pack up and go home now. I usually have a bite at a cafeteria round the corner. Could I treat you to a croissant and some coffee before you begin your hike to Nice Airport?'

I shrugged. Even that was better than nothing.

When we left the cafeteria, I walked with her part of the way to where she lived. As we were passing the Casino, she suddenly stopped and grabbed my arm.

'Do you know,' she said breathlessly, 'I can distinctly hear a voice inside my head telling me to walk into that Casino and bet a hundred francs on number nine.'

I blanched. 'Pay no attention to it,' I almost screamed at her. 'It is the voice of the Devil! Don't go in there, I beg of you.'

'I can't resist it,' she cried. 'I must obey.'

I held on to her for dear life as I babbled the whole story of what had happened to me that same afternoon. I didn't mind admitting I had lied about losing my wallet if I could save her from that fiendish voice. But it was no use. She broke from my grasp and ran into the Casino. I dashed in after her in time to see her betting a hundred francs on the number nine at the nearest roulette table. Naturally, she won. And, in spite of my entreaties, she went on betting until she had amassed something like a half million francs which she subsequently lost, all in one go.

She cried all the way across the road and up the lift to my suite at the Hotel de Paris and all through a champagne and caviar supper I had served in the room.

When the time came for me to take her home, I said: 'When you make up that final list of charities for Miss Onassis, please have one for the 'Rehabilitation of Suckers Who Listen To Strange Voices At the Casino In Monte Carlo.'

She smiled ruefully and thanked me for my kindness to her. 'But what will you do with no money?' she asked. 'I have none either, but I could get an advance on my salary. Perhaps I could lend you some?'

I kissed her lightly and shook my head. I had just spotted the 'Atlantis' dropping anchor in the harbour, her sleek white lines silhouetted against the dawn sky. 'Mr. Niarchos has just arrived,' I explained, pointing to the yacht. 'My troubles are over now.'

— ALEC KITROEFF

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'This is the Balkans....'

CONSTANTINE Karamanlis had two goals when he again laid eyes on Greece from the ramp of the French Presidential plane which brought him back to Athens on July 23, 1974. The first was to revise the Constitution of 1952. The second was to disengage the country from what many considered to be the suffocating embrace of the U.S.A.

Insofar as the new constitution was concerned, it was unlikely that Mr. Karamanlis, whose New Democracy Party has 216 deputies out of a total of 300, would run into any serious problems. The new constitution was drafted, voted on article by article and finally ratified all in a record time of five and a half months. On June 11, 1975, it became the supreme law of the land. The only cloud that cast a shadow over the jubilation of the administration was the absence of the Opposition from the parliamentary benches. The Opposition had abstained from voting on the constitution because it considered the powers it vested in the President of the Republic to be so excessive that they could create serious problems for the democratic cause in Greece. The academician and deputy, Constantine Tsatsos, a personal friend of Mr. Karamanlis and chairman of the committee that drafted the constitution, chided the Opposition for refusing to participate in a democratic dialogue. 'Democracy called them to be present', he said in parliament, 'spitefulness keeps them out.' On June 20 Mr. Tsatsos was sworn in as President of the Republic having been elected by a vote of 295 to 210 in Parliament.

Before the new constitution was enacted, however, a parliamentary 'coup' occurred on June 4 during the debate on Article 111. The parliament was to consider a government-introduced amendment which would have forbidden members of the deposed royal family from holding public office. The hour was late, 3:00 a.m., and out of a total of 300 deputies forty were present. When the Speaker (the President of the Parliament) announced the amendment under consideration, a storm of disapproval rose from the government benches. The gist of the protest was that it would be improper to deny the members of the ex-royal family privileges granted to even the humblest Greek citizen. The amendment was

defeated by a vote of twenty-six out of forty.

The matter does not end here. The blame must fall on the Speaker of the House and the chosen representatives of the people. How could the Speaker allow a vote of such significance to the political future of the country to be held when less than one-seventh of the deputies were present in the chamber? And why did the majority of the deputies, aware as they were that the amendment might be discussed that night, prefer the comfort of their beds to their parliamentary benches? Under such circumstances, the twenty-six 'putschists' could, with the majority they had at that time, have awarded a medal to Papadopoulos and Ioannidis for their services to the nation. The incident did not go without comment, however, from the leadership of the New Democracy Party. Two days later, the Secretary General of the Party and Minister to the Prime Minister, Mr. George Rallis, declared, after holding talks with the 'rebellious' deputies, that he was convinced there was no question of a pro-royalist movement. Furthermore, responsible government circles repeated earlier official declarations to the effect that the early return of the former Greek king as a private citizen was considered inexpedient.

Politics, however, is a science of manoeuvres and the possibility of Constantine returning to Greece to lead his own party by the end of the year is not to be excluded. Such an eventuality would be awkward for all parties (save for the left) and particularly for the government's New Democracy which now attracts most of the right-wing support. Thirty-one percent of the country's electors cast their ballots in favour of the King in the December 1974 plebiscite. Faced in a future election with choosing between the King and Karamanlis, many will choose the former. With the votes of only two-thirds of the those who supported the monarchy in the plebiscite, Constantine's royalist party could well become the 'loyal opposition'! Thus, if the current Opposition's proposal for a decree to forbid the king from any political action is rejected, we may yet see Constantine tossing aside his princely robes, becoming the leader of a party or even Prime Minister. Perhaps even President of the Greek Republic!

'THIS is the Balkans. It's not a joking matter'. This phrase from a northern Macedonian song is surely understood by the Greek government. Early in July a mission consisting of the Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Bitsios, and the Undersecretary to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lambrias, will return from the Bulgarian capital. The Prime Minister knows that peace and friendship in the Balkan area are necessary preconditions to the progress of this country. The aim of Mr. Karamanlis's trips to our Balkan neighbours has been the establishment of a treaty, to include Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria, and to be based initially on bilateral agreements. (Asked about the participation of Albania and Turkey, Mr. Karamanlis replied, 'We will invite them. If they wish, they may join us.')

A delicate problem arises before such a treaty can be signed, however. Both Bulgaria and Rumania are members of the Warsaw Pact and follow Moscow's lead. Reports emerging from Vladivostok claim that the USSR and the USA have once again divided — Yalta fashion — the world into new zones of influence. If these reports are true, then the only way that the USSR could indirectly intervene in Southeast Europe, would be to allow, if not encourage, the two socialist countries to participate in such a treaty.

We are not in a position to know what the contents of a Balkan treaty would be. In all probability it would include economic and cultural exchanges between the member states; condemn interference in each other's internal affairs; and specify peaceful negotiations as the only means to resolve differences. The effectiveness of such a treaty of 'friendship and non-aggression', however, would be, inevitably, a legal and political matter. The populace is not interested in the name that will be given to such an agreement; they are concerned about the peace and progress it might bring. These then are the developments thus far on the Greek side of the Balkans.

— TAKIS PROKAS

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OF MUSES AND MEN

A PAINTING by the nineteenth century artist Nicholas Gyzis depicts a beautiful young lady in a maxi dress and flowing black hair writing in an open ledger with a long pen. The painting is entitled 'Historia'. Whether a lady or a muse, few terms have been more pompously abused in our day than history. A politician delivers a historic speech, meaning that it will go down in history. A measure he takes may be of historic significance or it could represent a historic necessity. In short, he makes history. And if anyone is in doubt, history will judge him. Alas, poor muse!

All this points to a series of misconceptions, deliberate or otherwise. In the first place, the politician seeks to package, label and market his words or acts with an authorized stamp of approval and excellence. So he chooses historic significance.

Then he seeks to dispel doubts about the wisdom of his acts. Therefore he has recourse to historic necessity.

Thirdly, he is dying to be remembered after he is gone. That is why he seeks to persuade his contemporaries that he will go down in history.

Finally, he thinks he has been unfairly treated by people around him. But he has a consolation: History will be the supreme court judge, fairest of them all.

And so the confusion goes on and on. Events are confused with what one or more observers discover about them. The observations are in turn confused with what one or more writers write about, using as a rule second hand knowledge. And lastly, someone occasionally believes that somewhere high up there is an eternal see-all, hear-all, know-all muse of history named Clio, who records our acts; so he appeals to her whenever it suits him. All these things are indiscriminately and liberally dubbed 'history'.

The problems faced by the historian in his task are surprisingly similar to those faced by the journalist. In fact, the historian can be described as a maxi journalist and the journalist as a mini historian. Both face the problems of what to write and how to write it, what to describe and how to interpret it. And for both the origin of their profession goes back to grandma's story telling, to ballads sung around the fire, to travellers bringing news from a distant

land. Herodotus was the father of both history and foreign correspondents.

The first problem historians face is one of content or subject-matter. Plutarch gave us lives of illustrious men. Carlyle considered history as revolving around heroes. Voltaire sought to enlarge the field by laying stress on civilization in general rather than on the doings of individual people. H.G. Wells, on the other hand, refused to worship heroes and in fact wondered why the content of history books should be limited to the last few thousand years of so-called recorded history, instead of going back to paleolithic men or even to paleozoic forms of life. Other writers have stressed the physical and social environment as a determining factor for human behaviour. In any case, the question of content is one for the historian or the journalist to decide — not the muse.

A second problem is one of source material. A lot of things happen but obviously not everything can be recorded. So there must be a choice, a selection, an abstraction. The rest is discarded, forgotten or simply lost. So again the choice of source material from what is available is one for the historian, or the journalist, to make from his own angle of observation — not for the muse.

The third problem is one of interpretation. A mere descriptive account, particularly of an intricate subject or one dealing with distant peoples or places, is often hard for the digestion of most readers. Seemingly unconnected events must be related to the time or place they occur before they can make any sense.

But let no historian or journalist claim he is a disinterested, detached, objective observer merely describing

what he observes. A historian or a journalist has a specific cultural background that colours his choice of material and his method of expression. Above all, he is an inseparable and very much involved member of society, himself an active participant in the drama he writes about. Involved in that elusive search for truth, he could be fair to his subject-matter, but that is not to say he could be objective.

The moral of the tale is that Clio cannot be held responsible for what is written on her scroll. It is the individual historian and the individual journalist who choose what to write, how to write it and how to interpret it. Otherwise, there is no objective archetype.

When all is said and done, it is still good advice to be historical, both for the leader and for the common man. It is a privilege indeed if a political leader can be a student of history at the same time. For it is certainly the only way he can consider his day-to-day actions in the broader perspective of the past and of the future. This is perhaps the sole technique whereby the multitude of his ephemeral actions can be minimized down to their proper insignificant proportions, while truly important decisions can be taken more responsibly with an eye for their future consequences. After all, that is the best lesson that can be learned from history.

In what was probably the most interesting published account of how Greece got into and out of a dictatorship, Panayiotis Kanellopoulos recently described how he has always felt equally at ease both in the limelight of politics and in the retreat of his private study, writing history. He said that even at the height of his political career, he would rise at four o'clock every morning to write a few pages of one of his now famous history books for about three hours before tackling the actual problems of running the country — a rare example of historian and protagonist alike.

— ANTONY M. ECONOMIDES

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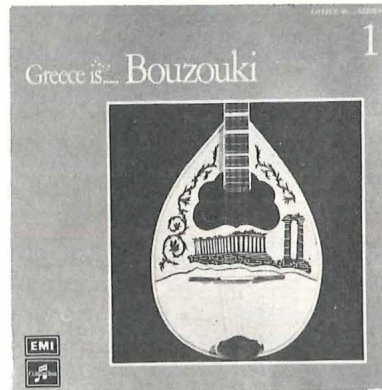
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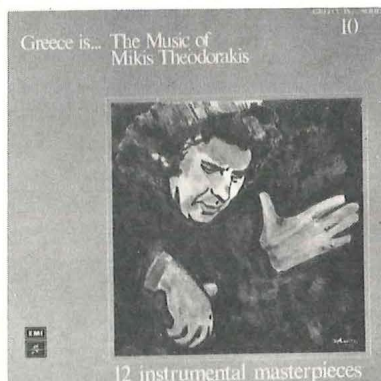
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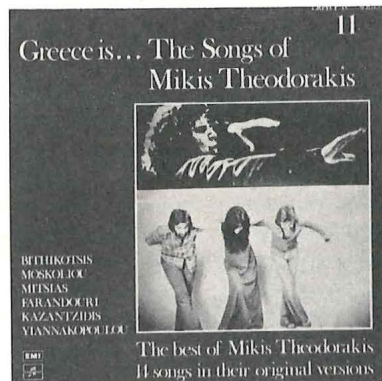
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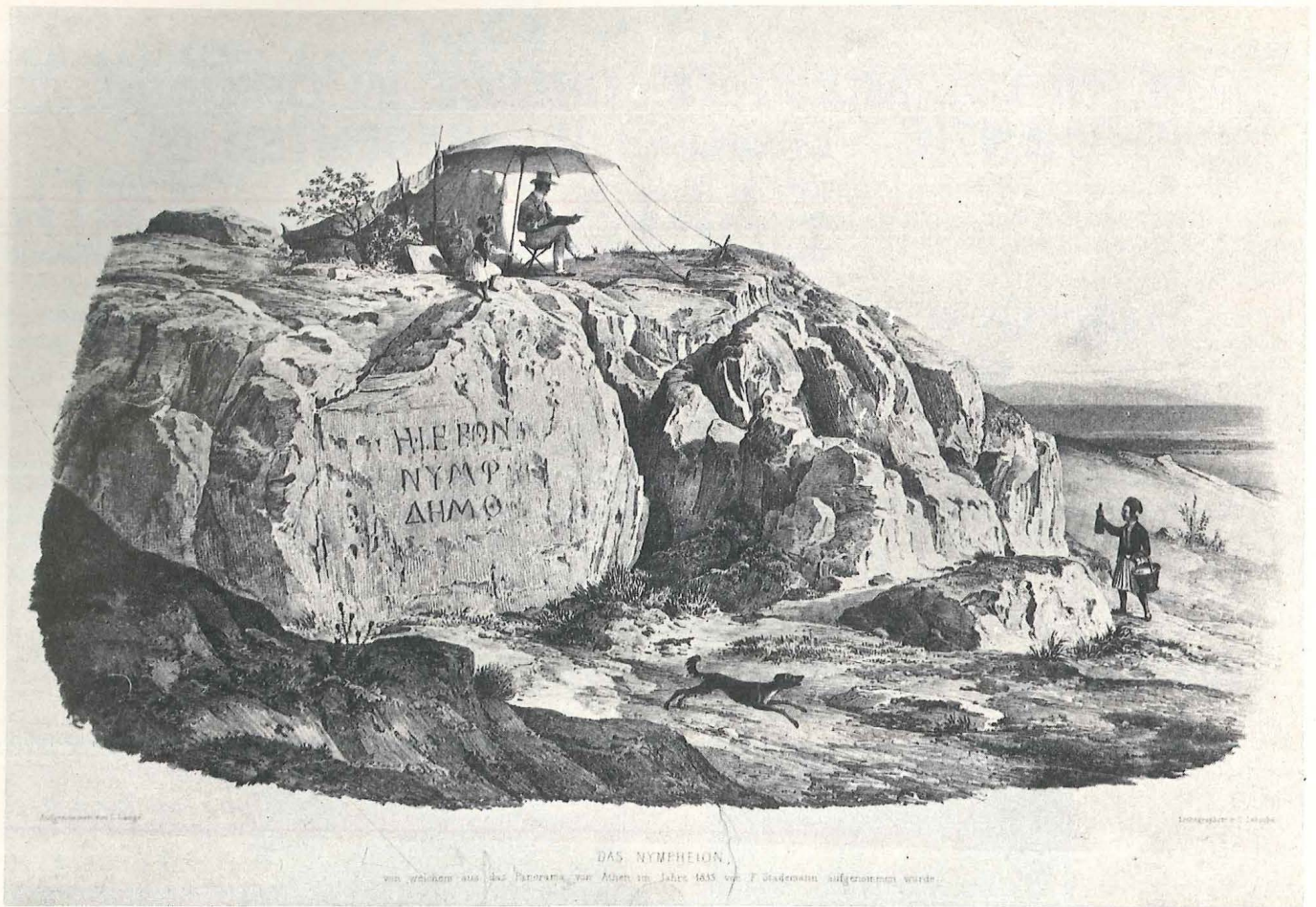
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THE HILL OF THE NYMPHS

The Feast of St. Marina will be celebrated once again on July 17 with a fair or panigiri at the Church of Agia Marina on the eastern slope of the Hill of the Nymphs, opposite the Acropolis, just below the Observatory. Gaily decorated stalls and booths will sell inexpensive icons and prints of St. Marina, the traditional votive offerings or tamata, various kinds of phylacteries, small bottles of holy water and oil, and a large assortment of candles of all sizes. Children clothed in black will accompany their mothers to the shrine for vespers. There the children's clothes will be removed and placed on a pile next to the miraculous icon of the patron saint. The children will be re-dressed in new, brightly-coloured garments brought along for this purpose. Although large numbers of women and children attend this panigiri, devotion to the saint is certainly not limited to this annual occasion. Throughout the year mothers, children and young married women visit the church.

PERHAPS only a few elderly people living around the Theseion district of Athens still remember how in the past women used to slide down the polished marble slab on the slopes of the historic Hill of the Nymphs. About fifty years ago the smooth, inclined rock, polished by generations of sliding women in search of a cure for barrenness, was destroyed when the Church of St. Marina was enlarged. Today the sliding is forgotten and mothers and children, the barren and the sick, call upon St. Marina for favours.

The hill received its name from a fifth century B.C. dedicatory inscription to the Nymphs carved on a rock now inside the garden of the Observatory. Which of the Nymphs were venerated on this hill is not known. It has been suggested that they were the Hyakin-

thides, the daughters of Erechtheos, who cared for the infant Zeus. In general, the Nymphs were divinities, marriageable women of inferior rank. Any cult associated with them would naturally be related to fertility and health. They were also regarded as protectors of children.

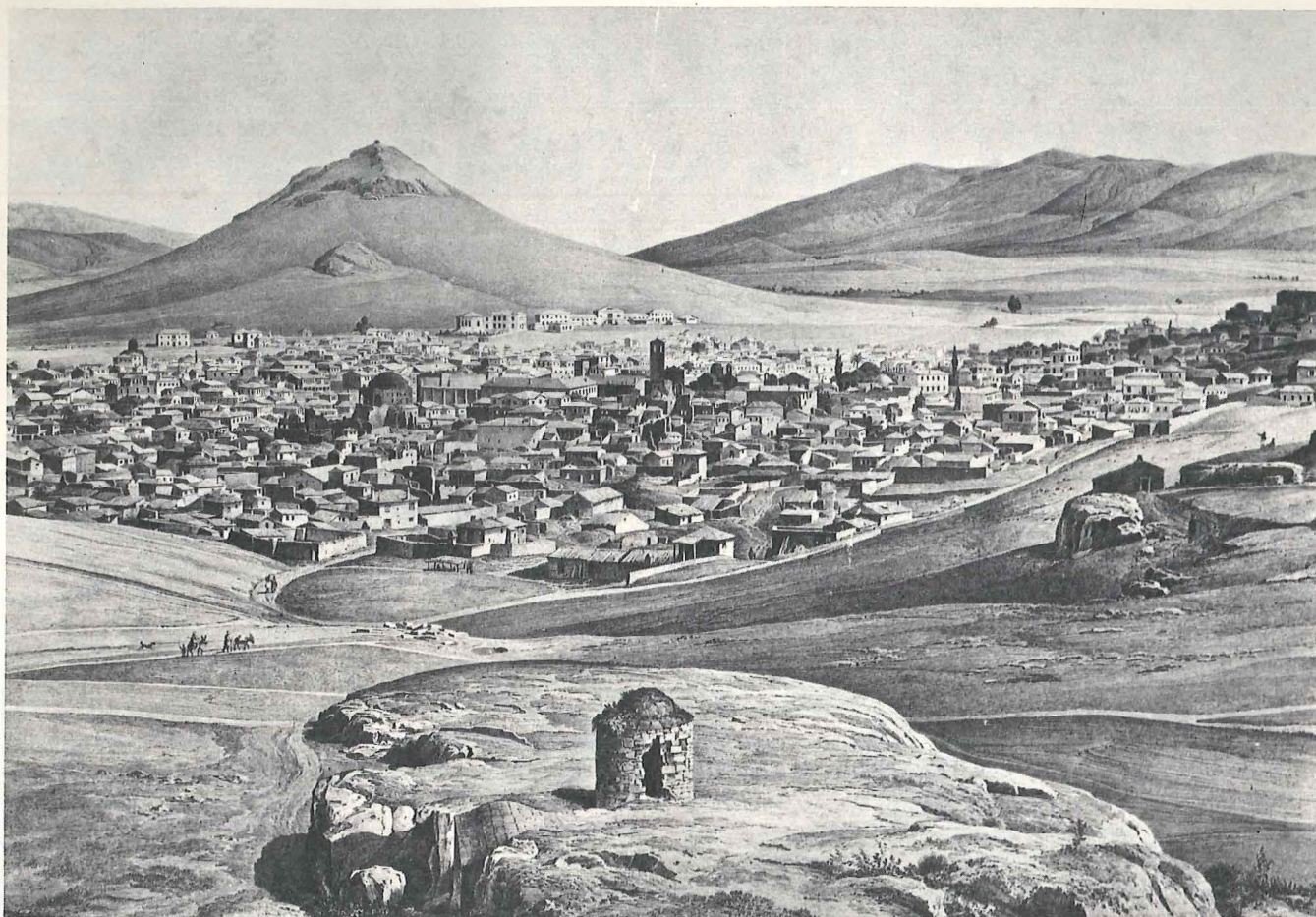
The slopes of the Hill of the Nymphs are covered with ancient foundations in the midst of which stands the Church of St. Marina, near the site of a former sanctuary. Traces of medieval wall-paintings in the cave-church testify to its antiquity, and according to E. P. Blegen, the Grotto of St. Marina was already a Christian church in the Justinian Era. It has been suggested by several scholars

that the devotion and piety expressed by women at the Church of St. Marina have pre-Christian antecedents. Unfortunately there is no literary evidence, except for the inscription, of an ancient fertility cult on this particular hill. The earliest literary evidence comes from the pens of nineteenth century travellers to Athens.

Climbing the Hill of the Nymphs and sliding down a smooth rock was a widely accepted practice among two categories of women: the barren who wished to become pregnant, and the pregnant ones who wished to have an easy labour. J.L.S. Bartholdy in 1803 mentioned that women cursed with sterility indulged in this activity. Three years later Edward Dodwell elaborated on the custom when he wrote that 'not far from the *kaki pethera*, or the Old Hag, there is a rock a few feet in height, on which newly married women sit and slip down, in order that they may be blessed with a numerous progeny of males. This rock is so much in fashion that its surface has taken on a beautiful polish'.

Around 1820 F.C.H.L. Pouqueville, the French Consul General to the Pasha of Yiannina, added that in the act of sliding these women invoked the Fates

C. Lebsche's lithograph of F. Stademann sitting on the Hill of the Nymphs sketching a panoramic view of Athens in 1835.



and the Fairies by saying: 'Have me fated too, You Fates of the Fates!' The nineteenth century Greek ethnologist, K.S. Pittakis, and Lord Denison both believed that the custom derived from an ancient cult in which, after sacrificing to Diana, under her attributes of Lucina, the women would bathe in a hollow scooped out of the rock and then slide down the smooth side of the rock from a height of several feet. Bayard Taylor in 1858 added that pregnant women would perform the same ceremony in order to ascertain the sex of an unborn child. The inclination of the body to the right or the left indicated whether they would give birth to a boy or a girl. In his learned dissertation written in Latin, *Athenae Christianae*, August Mommsen stated: 'At the church fifty marriageable girls were also present. They go there preferably on the seventeenth day of July on which day takes place the celebrated fair of St. Marina'. By the latter part of the nineteenth century, the practice had significantly declined 'on account of the hesitation or shame in view of the many Franks (foreigners) in Athens'.

If there had been a pre-Christian healing cult on the Hill of the Nymphs,

its transfer to a saint like St. Marina would be understandable provided that we identify her with the woman-monk St. Marina, rather than with the better known St. Marina of Antioch. Possibly a confusion of identity arose concerning these two at an early date.

The Greek Orthodox Church in general, and the Church of St. Marina in particular, venerate the third century Antiochene virgin-martyr, Marina, who killed a devil by making the sign of the cross. It is she who is commemorated on July 17 and icons portraying her killing the devil are widely displayed. The relics of St. Marina the Great Martyr are found in numerous places. Her skull is believed to repose in the Monastery of St. George in Edipsos on Evia, while a section of one arm, parts of her left hand and all of her right are said to be scattered in four different monasteries on Mount Athos. The Monastery of St. Stephen at Meteora claims her foot and some of her hair is venerated in the Church of the Nativity of the Holy Virgin in Korfietissa on the island of Milos. Still other parts are found in churches and monasteries on the mainland and islands. There is, however, nothing in her story to suggest any

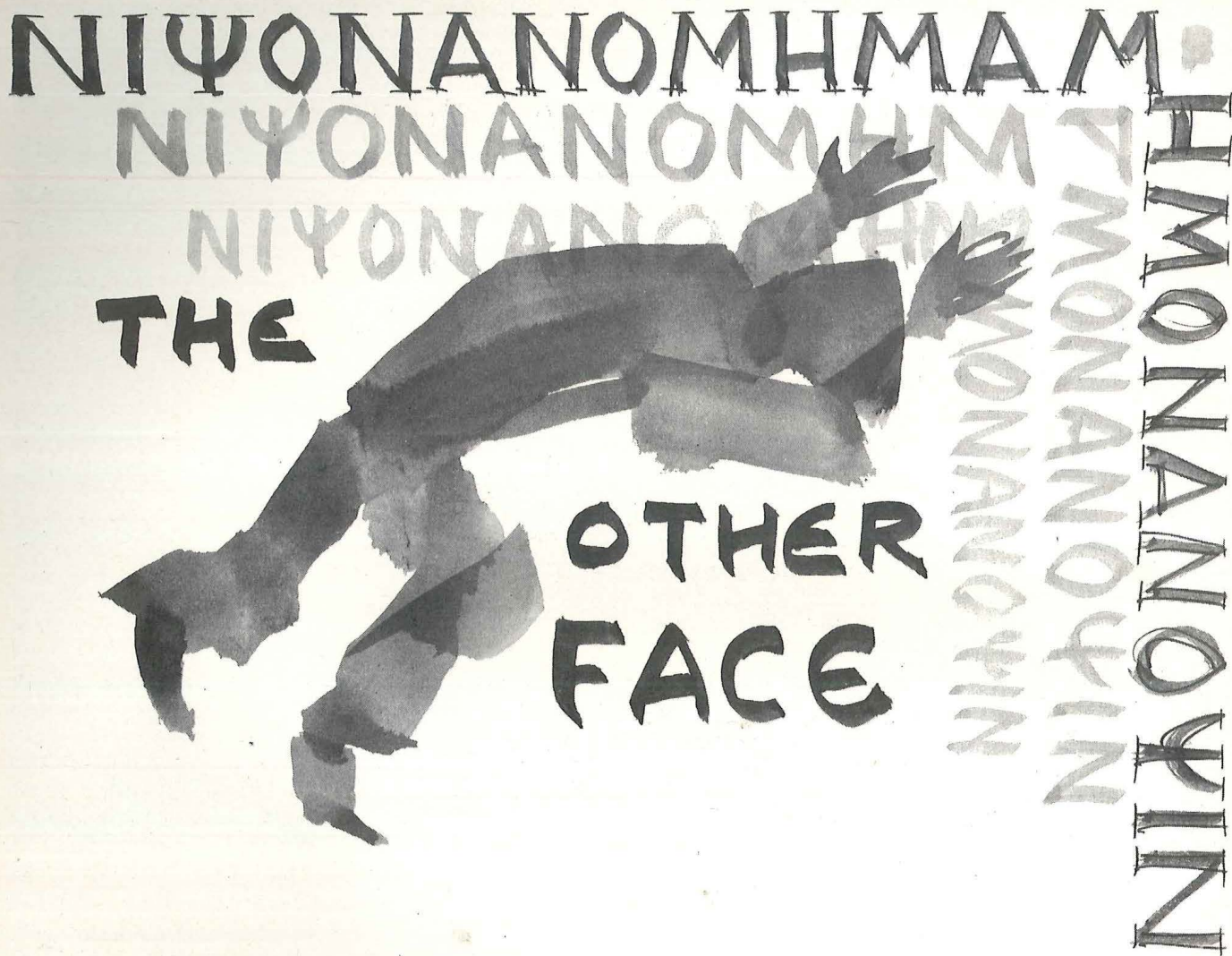
concern for either the sick or for children.

On the other hand, a woman-monk, Marina, is venerated by some of the Oriental Orthodox churches on August 21. The daughter of wealthy Christian parents, Marina wished to enter the ascetic life. She assumed male attire and joined a monastery where she became known as Marinus. On one occasion 'Marinus' was sent out on business and had to spend a night in an inn where a soldier also lodged. During the night the soldier slept with the innkeeper's daughter, but advised her to lay the blame on 'Marinus'. The innkeeper complained to the abbot who expelled 'Marinus' from the monastery. The innkeeper's daughter gave birth to a son; 'Marinus' cared for the infant, setting an example of piety, and the child in her charge was reared in devotion and asceticism. At length 'Marinus' died. As her body was placed into the grave, the secret of her sex was discovered and her innocence proved.

Although nowadays this tradition is generally unknown in Greece, there seems good reason to believe that it initially provided a Christian patron for an already existing cult centre and that the woman-monk, Marina, later became identified with the Antiochene virgin-martyr.

—OTTO F. A. MEINARDUS

Panorama of Athens in 1841 by Ferdinand Stademann. In the centre foreground is the dome of the subterranean chapel of Saint Marina built into the rock. The entrance is to the left.



Sketch by Nikos Stavroulakis

THE FACE of the man sitting next to him brought no memories at all, in spite of a nagging certainty that they had met somewhere before, that they had once been caught up in some intricate and unresolved relationship. Yet none of the man's features meant anything to him — they were very ordinary features anyway, except for the nose, which started smoothly enough, but suddenly protruded in an unnaturally large blob of flesh hanging like a loop between his nostrils. Yet even this nose with its striking appendage seemed completely unfamiliar to him.

The strange thing was that the insistent feeling of having met the man before only appeared when he turned his back to look out of the window — in other words, only when the face was hidden and the back of the neck visible, the whole back part of his head, the hair growing straight down from the top of the skull.

Extraordinary. His memory had never failed him before. When he was released after twenty years in prison, he had never gone wrong with any of the people he met. Running into old friends in the street, even casual acquaintances, he had always remembered who they were, every one of them. But in the case of this man sitting next to him on the bus, he was completely stuck.

And yet — whenever the man turned the other way, showing the back of his neck and his shoulders, whenever he moved his head, even slightly — something deep inside kept

saying that this was far more than an incidental acquaintance. At last he grew bold enough to ask:

'Do you know me?'

'No,' said the man, surprised.

He introduced himself: 'I rather have the impression I don't know you.'

The man introduced himself, too: 'Well, I'm quite certain I don't know you.'

'Perhaps I am mistaken.'

'I often make mistakes like that myself. But I really think we must be strangers, after all.'

'Please forgive me.'

'Don't mention it! You were quite right to ask me, rather than let it go on bothering you.'

And the man turned away once more. This time he turned completely, so that his whole back was visible, and the back of his skull as well, like a second face, intensely expressive, that filled the first man with a cold, shuddering feeling; another face, familiar, too familiar, staring at him insistently, rousing in him an irrepressible trembling, especially in the legs, which now seemed ready to follow this face-neck-skull as it receded further and further away; yet it had to be reached, approached at a distance of about six paces and all the while his eyes remained riveted to the man's back, as if drawn by a powerful magnet, and his sweaty hand, burrowing in his raincoat pocket, gripped the icy handle of a Smith revolver.

THE LOADED revolver had been handed to him at the traffic lights, and at the very last minute. They showed him the man from behind:

'That one over there.'

'The one with the rigid neck?'

'Yes. That one. A first-rate bastard. He shot at one of our men the other day; he still hasn't finished dying.'

He gripped the handle of the revolver and moved forward in the crowd. His hand went to work unconsciously, fumbling at the cylinder. The first bullet, the one that would hit the left side of the receding back, was hidden away in the cylinder. He released the catch and played about a little with the cylinder. He thought he could almost touch the little piece of lead that would soon bury itself in that unknowing back. He could already see the sharp jerking movement, the neck bending forward, the legs folding up, just before the second and third bullets were fired — and a fourth if necessary, all aimed at the same spot, left and centre, until the body crumpled up face down on the tarmac road.

'Our comrade still hasn't finished dying,' he kept repeating to himself. 'But you won't even have time to cry out, you bastard.' He hastened his step and came within six paces from the man.

'One filthy bastard less.' They had handed him this thought along with the revolver. 'One filthy bastard less.' This thought alone worked on his mind and urged him on to the future act. 'Filthy bastard,' he said, his tongue hitting against the dry roof of his mouth, behind his front teeth, as he watched the crowd dissolving. His hand held the revolver firmly, his index finger hooked around the trigger.

'Fil-thy bas-tard,' the words swelled up in him and now he was only four paces away, and he drew closer with a growl like an angry engine, only a couple of feet separated them now, and he whipped out the revolver and pulled the trigger furiously. There was no sound. He pulled the trigger again — chuff — and then for the third time, but still there was no sound. In a split second he saw the man's neck straightening up, ready to swivel round. If he didn't move fast, the man would turn around, bring out his own revolver and send him reeling to the ground. There was no time to try the fourth bullet. He lifted his revolver and brought it crashing down on the hairy skull. 'Ach!' He only just had time to hear a nasal voice cry out, then he dashed off to the left through the deserted street.

'SOMETHING wrong with you?' came the nasal voice of the man sitting next to him on the bus, who had noticed his livid face, the little tremors around his mouth, the sweat on his brow. 'Buses make me sick,' he managed to say, 'specially the back seats.' 'Do you have stomach trouble?' 'Yes, it does trouble me, now and then,' he admitted. 'Me too, when it's in one of its states, it gives me hell, damn it. I'll give you a piece of practical advice. Try taking five drops of lemon juice in the morning, before breakfast.'

His face gradually grew calm. As long as the man didn't turn his back on him again, rousing that awful feeling like a stone breaking up in his stomach, that feeling of numbness in the heart, that involuntary movement of his hand stealing towards his pocket, the way one sometimes fumbles mechanically for one's cigarette-lighter in the middle of a heated discussion — that very same movement made long ago, to the same rhythm, the same waves of responding emotion, in another forgotten life, lost in the very depths of his being, a life he wanted to be rid of forever.

'Don't turn the other way,' he was about to cry out, but a kind of incubus, a bad dream, strangled him and wouldn't let

his voice come out. 'Don't turn your new face away from me,' he thought he heard himself stammering, 'this face I've only just met, the fleshy blob hanging at the end of your nose — which is probably why your voice is so nasal, why your "n's" are so audible — "lemonnn-juice in the mornnning" — show me your real face, this new aspect of yours, no more the back of your neck which turns my gaze to stone and sends my hand fumbling into my pocket in search of a revolver to re-enact that failed attempt of long ago, show me your other face that will set my hand free to shake yours warmly, like a friend.'

He clasped the man's right hand: 'Glad to meet you,' he said in a voice that was hardly audible. 'Very glad to meet you indeed,' he repeated, more clearly this time. The other man stared at him, bewildered. But the insistent shaking of his hand seemed to help him recover. He managed to ask, with an effort: 'You?'

'Yes,' he confessed without hesitation. 'But I had to pay with a twenty-year sentence for another affair which I had nothing to do with. All the time I was in prison, it was as if I were paying for what I did to you — even though it didn't come off. Now that I've come to know your real face, I feel as if I'm paying off the last of my debt.'

An unutterable sadness appeared on the other man's face; a bitterness hovering at the corners of his mouth. 'You have seen my real face. But I will never know the face of your dead comrade. All that long struggle with death was in vain. He died a few days after I shot him. He often comes to me in my dreams, lying face down on the tarmac road, a shattered back only, the back of a man crumpling to the ground — never his face, never his face.' He had turned to the window again, perhaps to hide the tears in his eyes, or perhaps to avoid the first man's eyes.

The back of the neck was revealed again — that once rigid neck, all wrinkled now, stooping, faintly quivering, hanging limply until only the collar seemed to keep the head from rolling forward. 'All of us who got caught up in that business,' he continued in a colourless voice, still turned to the window, 'we're all stewing in the same juice.'

The man was silent now. Perhaps he was waiting for some sign of approval after what he had just said. As if in reply, the first man lifted his trembling hand and touched the back of the other man's head; he stroked his hair gently, following its downward fall from the top of the skull, he lingered across the wrinkled neck, then reached the collar; there his hand paused. 'A hair,' he said, 'there's a hair on your collar. Allow me to remove it.'

—MARIOS HAKKAS

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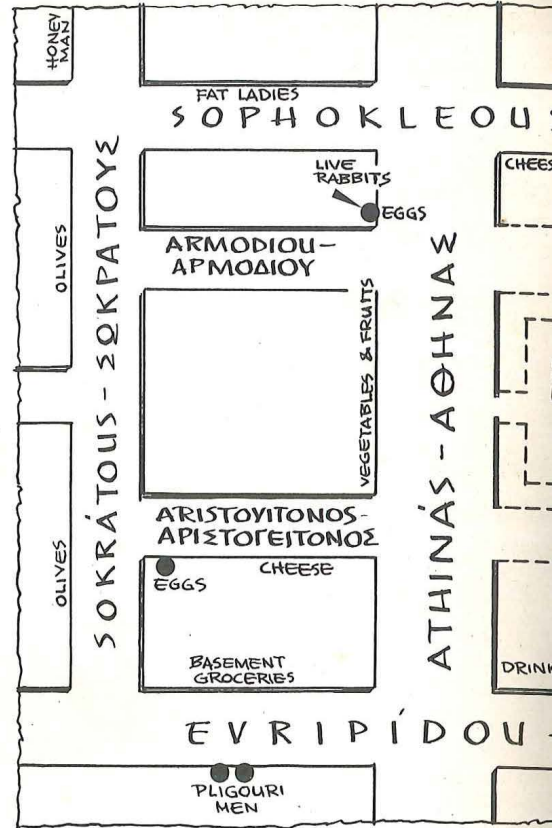
—Translated by Kay Cicellis

Marios Hakkas was born in 1931 at Makrakomi in Fthiotis, and died in 1972. He spent most of his life in Kesariani, a neighbourhood of Athens which appears in many of his stories. His first book — a volume of poetry — appeared in 1965. It was followed by two collections of short stories (*O Tyfekiophoros tou Ehthrou*, 1966; and *O Bides*, 1971) three plays (*Enohi*, 1971) and a kind of journal (*To Kinovio*), published posthumously.

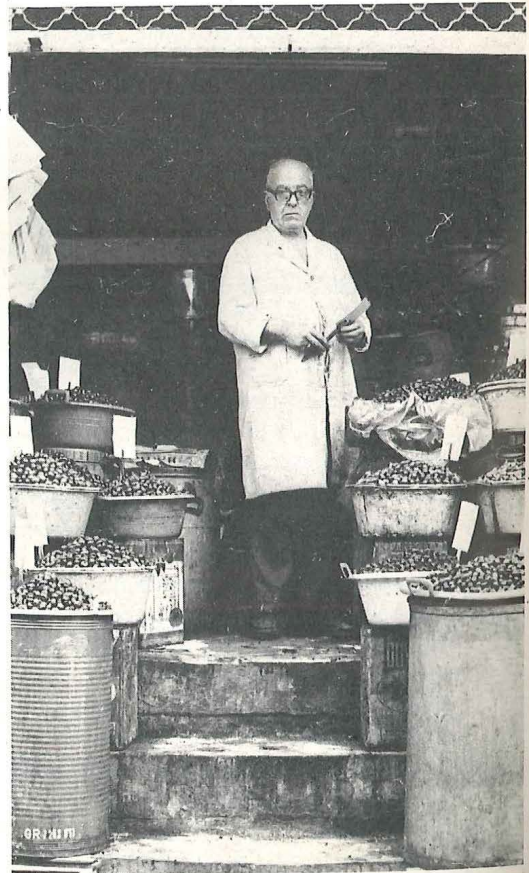
The background of *The Other Face* is the aftermath of the Greek Civil War (1944-49). The Greek title *Mi Monan Opsi* (Not Only Your Face) is taken from the palindrome at Agia Sofia which reads, in its entirety.

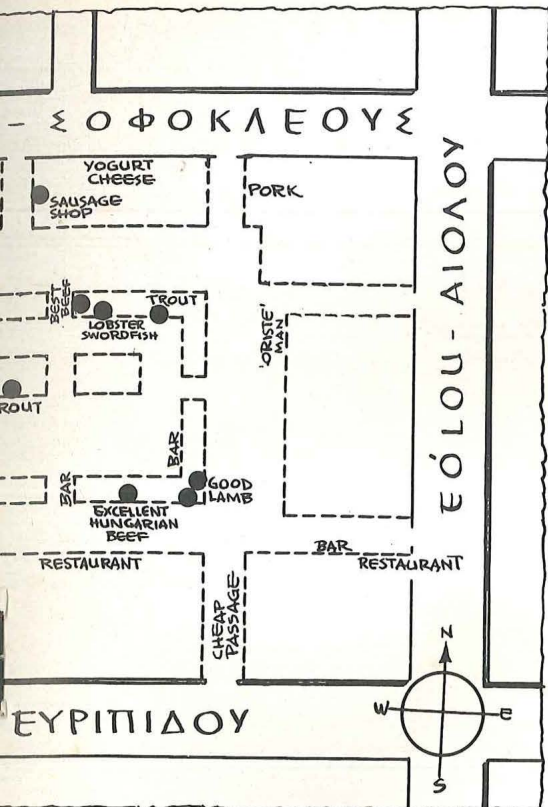
ΝΙΨΟΝΑΝΟΜΗΜΑΤΑΜΗΜΟΝΑΝΟΨΙΝ

'Wash Your Sins Not Only Your Face.'

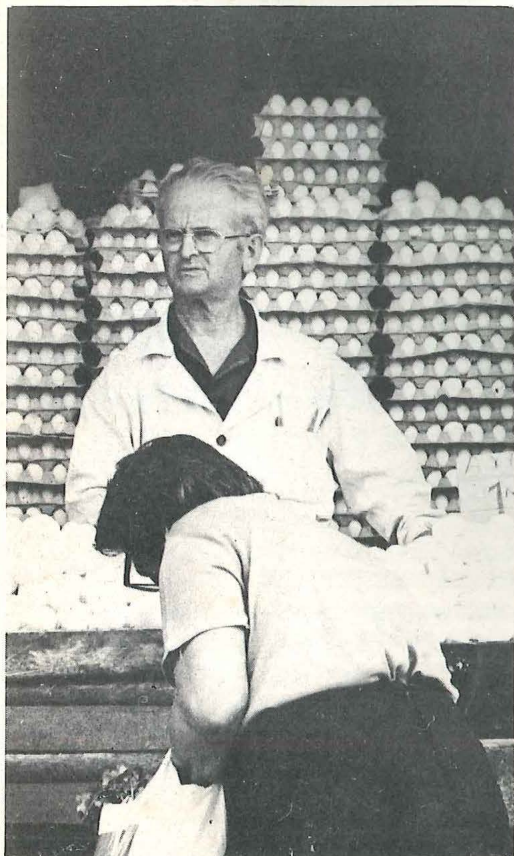


Sightseeing at the Cen





Shopping Central Market



EVERY major city in the world has one main area where one can find all the necessities of life, everything one needs to keep the house running smoothly. Major market areas in New York, London and Paris are well known but rapidly disappearing. In Athens, however, most of the central market place is intact and offers a wide variety of foodstuffs and household supplies. This basic area is on either side of Athinas Street in the rough rectangle formed by Sophokleous and Evripidou Streets on the north and south, and by Sokratous and Eolou (Aiolou) on the west and east. The focal point is the Central Meat Market, located in a late nineteenth-century roofed building on the east side of Athinas Street facing the remains of the vegetable market on the other side of the old Varvakion which burned down in 1944.

A central market area was included in King Otho's master plan for the city's development but it was not built until 1887 after the earlier one burned down. That earlier market was the Roman Agora, so it's not exactly a new idea!

Today the Central Meat Market building takes up most of the square formed by Sophokleous and Evripidou, and Athinas and Eolou. Its actual exterior is in places difficult to identify since all but the Athinas Street facade is masked by later buildings which cluster around it. The market area within these boundaries, however, is another matter. It is actually a hollow square covered by a roof. The square is bounded by two major corridors which run from east to west and are continuations of two small streets, Armodiou and Aristoyitonos, and a long north-south corridor (running parallel to Eolou) and the market's facade on Athinas Street. Entrances can be found at both ends of the east-west corridors (the eastern ones are rather obscure), at both ends of the north-south corridor, and in the middle of Sophokleous Street.

Let's walk through the market starting from the entrance at Armodiou and Athinas. On your left will be a coffee store. As you enter, a seemingly endless array of meat and chicken will assail your eyes (and your nose, too, if you go after 11:30 a.m. in the summer) for this market houses several score of competing butchers all of whom are constantly, and vociferously, proclaiming the superiority and quality of their wares. This Armodiou corridor contains mostly chicken and lamb. Some of the very best beef in the market, however, is to be found in a little passage on your right. (The same passage leads to the fish.) Fresh and frozen meat are

available with the general exception of chicken. Frozen meat comes from a variety of countries: Australia, New Zealand, Hungary, Argentina and East Germany, to name a few. New Zealand lamb and Hungarian beef are both of very high quality and seem to have less waste than their local counterparts.

Returning to the Armodiou corridor and taking the first left (which leads to Sophokleous) you will come upon a sausage shop to your right. This is, for my money, the best in Athens. I just don't like many locally made sausages and cold cuts but I find those sold in this shop to be all good — and I have tried at least fifteen varieties.

Returning once more to the Armodiou corridor, continue along until you come to the 'malevolent *oriste* man'. This gentleman, who greets you with 'Oriste', sells chickens (good chicken, too) in such a manner that the moment he catches your eye, you've bought one! Therefore, turn quickly down the north-south corridor and come to a halt. Behind you, at the exit to Sophokleous Street, are to be found the best pork sellers. Ahead of you is an array of the usual butchers and some good chicken shops. At the end of the passage, where it enters Evripidou, is the bargain area where you will find frozen mutton and the like at ridiculously low prices. Turn right into the Aristoyitonos (east-west) corridor and you will find at the corner, on your right, a very good stall for frozen beef and lamb. Beyond this, also on the right, is an even better place for Hungarian beef.

A good reason to buy frozen meat is that it comes in recognizable cuts: rib roasts, steaks, etc., rather than the usual shapes found locally which are determined solely by the past. Until very recently the only means available for cooking meat were open fires for grilling or the local baker's oven where meat was cooked slowly. Cuts not suitable for these purposes were not used. Another good reason to buy frozen meat is that the quality is exceptionally high.

Continuing along the Aristoyitonos corridor you will come to a little passage on your right. Go through it as it leads to the fish market located in the hollow centre of the square. If you like draft beer and *mezes*, you may be tempted to linger and have some at a nice little bar in this passage. The ambience is not quite what one has always wanted: there is an old knife sharpener from Oregon, a sweet little lady selling chickens and an 'appetising' display of hearts, lungs, and varia. If you like fish, however, this part of the market will be the highlight of your tour. Almost every imaginable



The market facade as seen from Athinas Street.



The cheerful owners of the sausage shop which may surpass all others in both variety and quality.



You need not go beyond the front door of this store to find the odds and ends on your shopping list.

kind of fresh and frozen fish can be found here at prices which are often remarkably cheap. Lobster (*astakos*), live crab (*kavouri*), crayfish (*karavides*), swordfish (*xiphias*), shrimp (*garides*), and fresh trout (*pestropha*), are just a few of the many varieties. Octopus (*oktapodi*), always frozen, squid (*kalamari*) and shellfish (hopefully not from the Piraeus area) are also available. Should you want to make bouillabaisse all the ingredients are here including the *Christopsaro*, or John Dory, which can be recognized by its huge head and greenish body which sports a large black spot on each side. There are also all kinds of scorpion fish which look like armoured dinosaurs but are a must in good fish soups.

The Central market is not only wonderful to photograph, it is also a great place to shop. There are, however, a few rules to remember. Go early in the day, since you will not want anything that has been standing around too long. Do not buy anything that does not look good to you. Meat should *not* be turning black at the edges from prolonged exposure to air nor should chickens have prominent dry spots. Fish should never have sunken eyes or a nasty odour. The best pork should be pale in colour and the best chickens should have dark, rich-looking livers (which is why they're on display for you to see). Don't forget to ask for *kotopoulo* when you want chicken; *kotes* and *kokkoria*

are for boiling and stewing. Do not be upset if the butcher includes a small piece of bone with the frozen meat when he weighs it, since it is permitted by law. All frozen meat, *regardless of cut*, costs the same for each type. For example, chops, legs and breasts of lamb are the same price per kilo.

Having bought your meat and fish, you should explore the rest of the area. Sophokleous and Evripidou, on either side of the meat market, are lined with cheese shops. Pick any one that seems to have a nice display — the quality is always high and the salesmen get a terrific kick out of foreigners, often serving them before scores of protesting regular customers.

Should you be interested in liquor, you can buy very nice ouzo and very bad brandy from Mytilene, sold by a variety of little men throughout the market area. You can also go to the northwest corner of Athinas and Evripidou and enter a little wine shop where you may have 'tastes' for very low prices. You may never leave.

Across Athinas Street is the main vegetable market where much of the produce is of very high quality. Sometimes the sheer number of fruits and vegetables is overwhelming. If you take along your children — a fine idea on any day other than Saturday when the place is packed and they are liable to be stepped on — be sure to visit the remarkable egg shop at the northwest

corner of Armodiou and Athinas. There you will find all kinds of live rabbits, chickens, pigeons and ducks. 'Of course, they're being sold as pets,' you may tell the children. The shop sometimes has puppies and peacocks which I certainly *hope* are for pets! Should you buy eggs (I've only gotten one bad one out of about 200 so don't worry) make sure they put lots of sawdust in the bag so that they are properly cushioned.



An egg shop offering, in addition to eggs, a live assortment of rabbits, peacocks and chickens. You may explain to your children that they are being sold as pets.

Sokratous Street, at the back of the vegetable market, contains numerous spice shops, a honey shop (bring your own bottle and you must buy at least a kilo), and many little groceries and shops selling all manner of plastic and paper goods. They sell toilet paper and the like in bulk. West of Athinas, Sophokleous Street is lined by strictly wholesale shops and by 'Ladies' of dubious mien all very obese and wearing short skirts and lounging in doorways. Given the location, I think these Fat Ladies, too, must be sold by the kilo. The connoisseur had best look elsewhere.

Before you leave the area, walk down Sokratous to Evripidou and turn left. All the olive and pickle shops you will pass sell only in kilo lots and you may not want that much. They are often remarkably cheap, however. Evripidou is packed with little underground groceries which sell all kinds of dried vegetables, beans, rice and the like. They are so much less expensive than packaged ones that the difference is often as much as twenty drachmas per kilo. Some of the beans are so colorful that you may buy them even if you have no idea of what they are or what to do with them! If worst comes to worst, you may put them in glass jars and use them



While at the agora, you may have your shoes repaired as you wait.

as decoration in your kitchen! Some of the best beans to buy are *mavromatika* (black eyed peas), *fakes* (lentils), and *barbounia* (can be used for chili). At two sausage shops (right next to each other on the south side of the street) you can buy *pligouri* (bulgur — which is parched cracked wheat). They are the only two shops in Athens which sell it, as far as I know, and it's really delicious as well as nutritious. It may be prepared in the same way as rice or other groats. Elsewhere in the magazine I have some suggestions for the preparation of *pligouri*.

If you've gone this far and bought some of everything, you are probably carrying, in those plastic bags conveniently sold all over the area, at least fifteen kilos of food! Now go home quickly before you buy anything else!

Remember you have just done what Athenians were doing at the turn of the century. The only difference is the relative absence of politics: in the first half of the century the market was a hot bed of radical activity and your purchases would more than likely have been wrapped in a tract that you would read when you got home. Now everything seems to be wrapped in sheets of *Athens News*, *To Vima*, and other newspapers. We hope, however, that you won't find your fish wrapped in *The Athenian*. If it is, turn to the cooking page to find out what to do with the fish.

— ALAN WALKER

Map by Paul Valassakis
Photographs by Margot Camp and Alan Walker

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THE SNOW-WHITE VILLA

Eight years ago Linda Dillaway-O'Connor, together with her children, Erin and Dana, Justine the Labrador, Euripides the cat and an imperilled mainland tortoise, moved into a magnificent relic of an old house on Corfu. The Durrell family, who inhabited it in the late 1930's, had called it, the 'Snow-White Villa'.

In this second part, Mrs. O'Connor continues her narrative impressions of the island and of the house which stood, as Gerald Durrell described it in *My Family and Other Animals*, 'decrepit but immensely elegant among drunken olives'.

(Part II)

OUR DAYS were ruled by the seasons and the calendar of church festivals. In autumn, we would leave our 'Snow-White Villa' to make trips by car to the south of the island for the trampling of the grapes, the harvesting of corn and pumpkin, for last swims over the warm sandbars off Kavos. We walked along the magnificent cliffs at Arkoudilas, around the deserted monastery surrounded by a flaming jungle of colour at the very southern tip of the island. One of my secrets is the existence of an enchanted, leafy tunnel running steeply for a quarter of a mile from the back of the monastery. It is so thickly overgrown that the brilliant autumn sunlight barely filters in. One may sit, high on a cliff, at the end of this tunnel and look out over one of the longest and most deserted beaches of the Mediterranean. The silence is unearthly and magical.

In autumn, the skies over Corfu are darkened by the flights of migrating birds. On any given morning at about four a.m. the Corfiots could be seen lying in wait, hiding in the natural blinds along the shores of the Korission Lagoon, behind the dunes, trees, and bushes, their cigarettes glowing in the dark.

In winter, my daughter, Dana, and I went mushrooming with Count T's wife, Trishia, or collecting wild greens, *horta*, with the women of the village. There were long evenings reading *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* aloud, with the cat Euripides, Justine the labrador, the children and I gathered around a brightly blazing fire.

I often rode my chestnut horse, Shah, for miles across the island, discovering hidden villages and magnificent old Venetian homes, long abandoned and overgrown, with clumps of wild flowers growing out of their sagging roofs, their lion-fountains and carved balustrades crumbling.

My son, Erin, would return from school in the afternoon mud-spattered and rosy-cheeked after a long walk through the olive groves from the tiny blue and white schoolhouse perched on the Katsarou ridge above Perama. His pockets were often stuffed with treasures. He would come bursting in, struggling to pull two or three tiny sparrows or a warm brown egg from his pocket. Collapsing on one of the wooden chairs in the parlour, he would begin to tell me about 'his ancestors', Achilles and Hector, and the dizzy flights of Icarus out over the Aegean, careering up into the sun! With his unmistakably Irish blue eyes and tousled blond hair, he might have

passed for a Dorian. This thought did not comfort him, however, and each morning before school he painstakingly wetted down his hair to darken it. Carefully examining the results in the mirror, he would assert triumphantly, 'Look now, Mama, don't I look more Greek?' Erin loved school, and went about the house singing the Greek National Anthem with enormous enthusiasm!

WITH spring came Easter and all the excitement of preparations and festivities. On Clean Monday, the first day of Lent, we flew the traditional kites and balloons from Yannis' terrace looking out over Pontikonissi and the monastery of Vlaherna. We made bows and necklaces for the baby lambs in the valley. The household bustled with spring cleaning, ladders were hoisted and the old relic emerged sparkling after being whitewashed.

On the morning before Easter, Corfu town overflowed with visitors who lined the streets and stood on table tops to catch a glimpse of the grand procession: the *papades* in their red, heavily embroidered silk robes; the



With spring came Easter and all the excitement of preparations and festivities. The 'Snow-White Villa' bustled with activity; ladders were hoisted and the old relic emerged sparkling after a whitewashing.

golden crosses and sceptres from the treasures of Agios Spyridon; the little patron saint himself, borne about the town on the shoulders of the Corfiots; the rival military bands in silver and gold helmets marching smartly in step, employing the time-honoured tactic of trying to drown out the music of the other, as they made their tour of the town. At eleven o'clock, the church bells would peal forth, as enormous earthen pots were thrown down from balconies and rooftops, after the 'first' resurrection. It was a clatter of crockery that could have been heard by God if He had not been deafened already.

Perhaps the greatest excitement of all that year was generated by the newly-acquired, shiny American-made street-sweeping machine, of which the Corfiots were immensely proud. It arrived with much pomp and ceremony to clean up the mess, drawing easily as many spectators as the Procession.

Following the ceremonies, church bells rang out across the island, favourite lambs adorned in flowers and ribbons were slaughtered on doorsteps and a cross of blood was drawn above each threshold.

That night our candles joined thousands of others on the Green at Corfu town—a sea of tiny lights joining together in a tremendous glow. Then came the boom of the cannon, the fireworks, the thousands of voices rising in 'Christos Anesti', as Easter burst over Corfu in a dazzling shower of coloured streamers of fire.

The feast did not end until Easter Sunday when everyone had eaten their fill of spicy lamb; spring salads of wild leeks, asparagus and dill from the grassy glens; cheeses and Easter breads whose crusts were stamped with ornate designs; *loukoumia* and *kourabiedes*. Stacks of bright red eggs lay ready for egg-cracking contests held around gaily laid tables in every village and house. In the countryside, lambs were roasted on spits under the olives, old-time fiddlers played, while the countrywomen, in embroidered bodices, aprons, and freshly starched bloomers, danced the handkerchief dance. In the village of Pikolatika, Grandmother Piccola reigned supreme with songs and stories, her old voice wavering and rising majestically above the general din. The children raced about the cobblestoned courtyard, trying to catch the *kaki Karamelitsas* which Uncle Bamba threw down from his upstairs window. One of their favourite games (and the source of much amusement for old and young) was their presentation of pine nuts to the oldest lady of the village who tried to



With blue eyes and tousled hair, Erin might have passed for a Dorian, but this thought did not comfort him. Each morning he wetted down his hair to darken it and asserted triumphantly, 'Look now, Mama, don't I look more Greek?'

crack as many as she could with her one remaining tooth! At nightfall, the men of the village sat about on the hard wood benches, smoked, and told stories. Among their favourites was the story of Odysseus, whose half-drowned body was washed up on the deserted beach at Ermones, eight miles across the island, two thousand years before. Mirthful laughter rang like crystal from the orange groves where the boys hunted sparrows with flashlights. Dana disapproved of these hunting expeditions. 'Mama, those little birds just sit there — like this!' She would stiffen her little body, squinch her eyes, and assume the air of a tiny wooden soldier about to be annihilated by a firing squad.

IN SUMMER, every hilltown held a festival and, because of the influx of tourists, we made excursions farther afield to the broad beaches and carved rock archways and canals in the north, or to the fishing towns on the east coast where the sea was crystal clear and olive groves ran down to the edge of the clean, pebbled beaches. Sometimes we went south to the peaceful beaches and tavernas at Messonghi to hunt frogs and turtles in the green river and to fish from the little wharf. Other times we went to the west coast which afforded splendid stretches of wild and deserted beaches, cliffs, rocky promontories, and monasteries. At Paleokastritsa, famous for lobster, we swam into grottoes to collect brilliantly coloured starfish, sea urchins

and sweet clams. Expeditions in Kyr Nikos' boat took us skin diving in the eerie grottoes and valleys of the lost mountain of Iliodoro, far out in the seemingly bottomless deep blue waters of the Gulf. Iliodoro is another of my secrets. Often, as I dived over the side of the boat into the sparkling water, I felt that beneath me must lie the ruins of King Alkinoos' splendid palace, swallowed up from the sight of the world when this mighty chunk of mountain broke off from the island in some cataclysm lost to the memory of time. Beyond, staggering geological cross sections of mountain hang over strips of white-sand beach. At Ermones warm springs bubble out of the sand, and above the tropical beach at Mirtiotissa, where a waterfall runs down the face of the rock cliff, banana trees and wild flowers grow out of niches in the rock. Farther up, the monastery looks out across the Ionian sea to the heel of the boot of Italy lost to view, much of the year, in a summer haze. This splendid beach is a half-hour's paddle by air mattress or five minutes by fishing caique from the broad, fine beach at Glyfada, with its several pleasant vine and bamboo-roofed tavernas.

Sundays in summer were always reserved for Agios Gordis and Theodore's taverna. I kept my horse, Shah, there during the hot-cold summer days, in a paddock behind Theo's pumpkin-corn-and-gourd-patch. In the afternoons we galloped up the beach or

swam in the pounding surf. All our friends on the island would congregate in time for the 'sunset watch' from the gaily painted terrace. There was an air of merriment and conviviality on those Sundays. The sculptors, Dickon Eames and Alex Costa from Paris, would be talking excitedly about Theodore's surreptitious addition to the terrace. For its sake he had gleefully spent two weeks in jail, a sojourn he described as 'free rent and a chance to study my driver's manual'. Hector, M.B.E. (Member of the British Empire), would be accompanied by his latest visitor, whose association with the publication of *The Pentagon Papers* forced him into a hurried, self-imposed exile sponsored by the *New York Times*. Another 'regular' was film director Mike Nichols' wife, Margo, who distinguished herself in my mind by having the aplomb to dump the flowered hat of an intrusive young woman into a salad bowl! Visitors and friends from the town, among them a number of Spyroses (Corfu abounds with Spyros, named after the island's saint) and their wives and children, joined us for plenty of heated conversation and Theodore's cold spaghetti. Sunday at Theodore's taverna was 'de rigueur'.

On special evenings, we went to the Achilleion Summer Palace built by the ill-fated Empress Elizabeth of Austria and later inhabited by Kaiser Wilhelm. Some of its rooms had been turned into a restaurant and an elegant small casino. I remember rummaging about one evening in empty wings and cavernous, never-quite-emptied closets, examining many a forgotten masterpiece of Wilhelmine kitsch art. An evening at the casino is particularly beautiful if one steps out into the garden to enjoy the splendid views over the island and sea. In the garden, massive statues of Homeric heroes stand among the trees in fin de siècle repose. The grandest of all is Achilles reclining in an exquisite death throes of Nietzschean inspiration, and carrying the dedication 'From the greatest of Germans, to the Greatest of Greeks'!

ALWAYS in summer our 'Snow-White Villa' was filled with visitors. It lent itself to long evenings beneath the grape and fuchsia vines which sheltered its broad terrace. When the full moon shone down luminously, seemingly just out of reach of one's hand, the house and its garden seemed to echo with snatches of old conversations spoken thirty years ago by Durrell and Miller. There is a timelessness—or rather, moments when



'Ingrid Bergman wouldn't be caught dead in this house,' film director Joseph Losey was told, as icy blasts blew under the door. He abandoned the idea of filming *My Family and Other Animals* at the 'Snow-White Villa'.

all times seem to coexist together—when one realizes that nothing has changed. This is perhaps the beauty of old houses which retain within them everything that has passed before—and the beauty, too, of an island whose magical landscapes, relics, ruins, and traditions all merge together in the present. The Corfiots say the night bird, the 'yonis', is unlucky but if ever again I were to hear its sweet, pure song — like a polished stone plunking into the clear waters of the lagoon — I shall weep with joy knowing that I have come home to the eternal peace that is Corfu.

During the last winter in the house I had some unexpected visitors. It was an exasperatingly wet and muddy winter day; the rain was coming down in sheets. I had been to the town for provisions and came sloshing up from the valley, knee deep in mud, to find five very elegant British gentlemen seated around the antique table in the parlour. One was film director Joseph Losey. I looked in horror at the sullied hems of their fine tweed trousers, their mud-spattered umbrellas and shoes, their soggy mustaches and sopping hats. The wind howled around the perimeters of the house, rattling shutters. The rain beat against the window panes and little rivulets of water had begun to run under the doors. Justine's paw prints were visible all over the floor. I feared that at

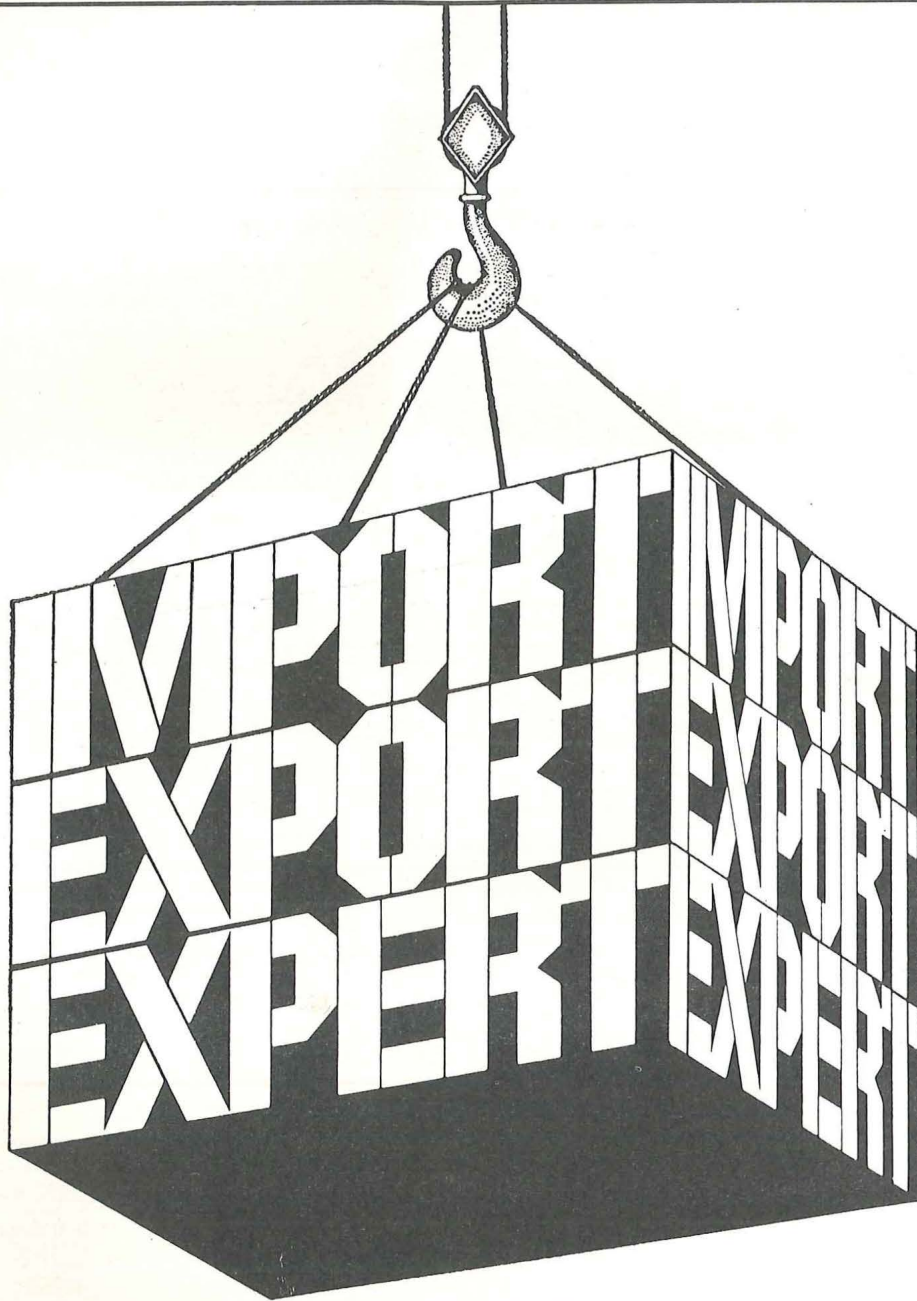
any moment the kitchen door would open and the children burst in, trekking water, mud, and strawberry jam.

Losey proposed to rent the house to film on location Gerald Durrell's *My Family and Other Animals*, with Ingrid Bergman in the role of Mother Durrell. As they waited for my reply, Losey painfully shifted his feet to avoid the icy blasts which were blowing in under the door and tried to look as comfortable as if he were seated in his London club. An unpremeditated 'No!' suddenly burst forth from me. 'Ingrid Bergman wouldn't be caught dead in this house. She wouldn't spend one hour in this house, one minute, one instant — not to mention two years!' This outburst on my part seemed to have the impact of a ridiculous *coup de théâtre*. We all laughed uproariously. Of course, I collected myself and made them tea, but, secretly, I knew I wouldn't give up living in the house for anything. In parting, Losey looked back with an amused twinkle. 'The idea was a good one. It's just that we had the *wrong actress!*'

As they disappeared into the olive groves, I looked down at my boots, still oozing mud, and felt that Mother Durrell would have been proud of me.

— LINDA DILLAWAY - O'CONNOR

Photographs by Eugene Vanderpool



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Photographs by Margaret Du Bois.

cinema

Documentary as Tragedy

THE THEATRE in Nicosia had been opened to the public, not just to a privileged few, on the night of the premiere of *Attilas 74*. Archbishop Makarios, one of the film's protagonists, sat upright, dignified and silent, next to the film's director, Michael Cacoyannis. When the house lights came on, the Archbishop, deeply affected, turned to the director and thanked him for a splendid and truthful film. The Cypriots who packed the house were equally moved by this cinematic testimony to their tragedy. The director, who refers to *Attilas 74* as a 'personal documentary', speaks of that evening as one of the most profound moments in his life.

Greek tragedy, ancient and modern, has concerned Cacoyannis throughout his artistic career. He has brought the tragic muse to the international screen in such films as *Electra*, *The Trojan Women*, *Stella*, *A Girl in Black*, *Zorba the Greek*, and breathed new life into ancient tragedy with his theatrical productions in Europe and America of *The Trojan Women*, *Oedipus Rex* and other dramas.

Michael Cacoyannis was born in Cyprus in 1922. Shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War, he moved to England where he studied theatre and directing. Cacoyannis, who speaks with a British accent and has a deep, pleasing voice, worked for the B.B.C. as an announcer for Greek broadcasts during the war. Too creative to be satisfied with announcing, he obtained permission to present a variety of dramatic programs. A brief career as an actor was abandoned when he began

to ask himself, 'Why am I up here on the stage pretending to be someone else?' and thus he turned to directing and producing. In post-war Britain, however, it was difficult to find suitable work in the theatre; disappointed, he came to Greece in 1953. In retrospect he sees it as having been a healthy move, one which forced him to come to grips with his heritage. In 1953 he made his first film, *Windfall in Athens (Kiriakatiko Xypnima)*. This was followed in 1955 by *Stella* which starred Melina Mercouri. It established him as a talented film director of international calibre as well as an unmistakably Greek artist.

In the past year, however, the tragic events in his native Cyprus, where many members of his family still live, have preoccupied his thoughts and feelings. It did not take him long to conclude that film was the best way to make his 'personal testimony'. With limited financial backing, but with the free services and cooperation of numerous individuals and organizations, he set out for Cyprus last September to begin filming.

'I'm not a war correspondent,' he explained to me in his fifth-floor apartment on Mihalakopoulou Avenue in Athens. To paste together a documentary collage of newsreels depicting killing and destruction was not his intention. He wished to capture the consequences of last summer's events in terms of the human suffering. A dramatic tragedy such as his 1962 filming of *Electra* involved careful planning. *Attilas 74* could not be mapped out in advance. Cacoyannis

spent some twenty days on Cyprus travelling throughout the Greek - Cypriot sector with a single cameraman, Sakis Maniatis. (Requests to enter the Turkish sector were rejected.)

Cacoyannis wanted his film to appeal to the audience's reason as well as to their feelings. Emotional scenes such as an exchange of prisoners alternate with discussions of the Cyprus issue — past, present and future. The responses of those interviewed are spontaneous, with Cacoyannis suggesting only the general areas and subjects that might be covered.

Attilas 74 is a valuable document, which does, indeed, testify to human suffering. It also provides a close-up view of Makarios who is revealed as a quiet-spoken man of dignity, courage, and compassion. Quick-witted and diplomatic, he responds convincingly to Cacoyannis' often purposely blunt questions. (Cacoyannis says that he has great admiration for Makarios although he does not agree with many of his views.) In one of the most haunting scenes of the film the Archbishop dispassionately relates the events of that fateful day when a Greek army unit, under orders from Athens, bombarded the Presidential Palace in an attempt to assassinate him. As he strolls through the rubble of the Palace, he points to the road in the distance where he secured a ride to eventual safety. As the soundtrack carries the radio broadcast announcing his death and Makarios' broadcast assuring the Cypriot people that he is alive, we see the Archbishop standing amidst the ruins, a dramatic symbol of the rebirth and regeneration

of that island that has survived countless invasions in its long history.

The film is well paced and varied. Scenes of anguish are kept brief, as in *The Trojan Women*. A funeral is shown as well as a wedding which takes place in one of the tent cities. There are crowd scenes such as those showing Makarios' return to the island and an equally striking scene at the archaeological museum. The camera pans over the display cases, now emptied of their treasures, and forcefully illustrates the invasion's disruptive effect on the nation's cultural and artistic heritage. (The contents of the museum have been stored in other parts of the island or sent to Athens where they are now on exhibit at the National Museum.) As in Greek tragedy, death and destruction take place off-stage.

The film has already appeared in Greece and will soon be ready for international distribution with narrations by Cacoyannis in French and English. The proceeds will go to the Cyprus Refugee Committee. 'I think a film can keep an open wound alive,' Cacoyannis comments in his usual precise and thoughtful manner. He has no specific idea, doctrine or argument to put across in his film. Nor does he have illusions about the power of film or art to correct the follies of the human race. '... strictly speaking, after *The Trojan Women* [written by Euripides about 415 B.C.] there should never have been another war. And yet it didn't stop anything. Even though there have been many wars, the play is still a marvelous document and still has an impact today. That is its strength, and in this sense I didn't think about my film's impact,' he relates simply and honestly.

Cacoyannis does not think of *Attilas* as a traditional documentary in terms of propaganda or persuasion. 'I'm just trying to show people. Let them draw their own conclusions. Naturally I'm hoping the conclusions will be logically correct!'

The key to a successful documentary is the ability to record events as they occur and Cacoyannis was fortunate to be frequently in the right place at the right time. Soon after his arrival he learned of a scheduled exchange of prisoners of war. The camera records the anguished expectancy on the faces of the crowd awaiting the buses carrying the Greek - Cypriot prisoners, the joy of those reunited and the despair of those waiting for relatives who did not return. In one scene a mother asks a returning soldier if he knows her son. The youth listens carefully but replies with a soft but final *ohi* — no. The camera has

recorded all we need to know; commentary is unnecessary.

One is moved by the sight of old women crying but often more stirring are shots of young children, many of them orphans, gazing unabashedly into the camera with eyes of innocence tinged with a profound awareness.

'When people are in dire straits,' Cacoyannis says, 'they talk — to strangers, friends or anyone — about things that in normal circumstances they would feel embarrassed to talk about.' In one scene a family dressed in black relates the death of a father and husband. A young man in his late teens begins to speak but breaks down. The camera remains focused on him and captures this spontaneous expression of grief. He does not shout or gesticulate. He simply emits a high pitched but soft sound of despair. 'He makes sounds no actor would dare make,' Cacoyannis explains, 'a deep voice that suddenly becomes like a bird's cry.'

The scene had reminded me of Vanessa Redgrave's expression of torment when, as Andromache (in Cacoyannis' *The Trojan Women*) she first learns her son must die. There is a close-up of her silent mouth. A soft moan rises from deep within her and slowly becomes a wail of penetrating intensity. In such a dramatic situation Cacoyannis feels he does not really have to direct the performer. He reminded Redgrave that she had to portray an experience she had never had and, hopefully, never would. 'But if you were in such a situation,' he advised, 'your very bones would scream!' Redgrave, who has children of her own, gave the scene a very personal interpretation. 'People say her voice was like a siren, but it was so genuine that from there on I didn't question it.' (Returning for a moment to the anguished young Cypriot boy's cry, he asks, 'Am I going to say that his voice is unreal?')

His early film, *Stella*, with Melina Mercouri and Yiorgos Foundas, included classical elements even though it was set in modern Athens. The film ends with a passionately in love but jealous Foundas stabbing an unfaithful Mercouri to death in the Plaka. The love relationship in the film is an absolute one that can only end absolutely. The killing is an act of love and Cacoyannis, now, would not change it. 'It was an attempt to elevate the film to a kind of tragic level. *Stella* had to die. In a way it's a women's lib film,' he remarks. 'I feel very strongly that *Stella* is a woman who is defying society. She doesn't want marriage.' *Stella*, he notes, is a one - man woman 'except that *the man* [in her

life] could change the moment he became oppressive.'

Zorba the Greek, Cacoyannis' 1964 film based on Kazantzakis' novel, received a somewhat angry welcome from Greeks here and abroad and criticism from many Athenian reviewers. In particular, there was an outcry against a scene at the end of the film in which a number of village women in black steal the possessions of Madame Hortense — Bouboulina — as she lies stiff and silent on her death bed. A Frenchwoman, who had been for many years the courtesan-in-residence in the village, she was nicknamed 'Bouboulina' by Zorbas (played by Anthony Quinn) in recognition of all the naval officers she had 'captained'. (Bouboulina had been a hero of the War of Independence who commanded her own ship, winning many battles against the Turks.)

Cacoyannis replies that he filmed the scene as Kazantzakis wrote it, and ponders the hypocrisy of those who object to the scene simply, he feels, because 'Bouboulina' is dead. 'There is this foreign woman living with them [the villagers] and although she was a figure of fun, nobody would enter her house and steal. But the moment she's dead, it's different,' Cacoyannis answers.

Cacoyannis had been a close friend of the Cretan writer at the time Kazantzakis was living in the south of France. He frequently attended the Cannes film festivals and sat with Cacoyannis. While watching the director's films, he would remark that he hoped Cacoyannis would someday film his novels.

Cacoyannis found the seven and a half years of the Junta debilitating because of the continual feeling of *waiting* to return to Greece. While he enjoyed working in theatre in Europe and America, he missed Greece. His anxiety affected his work to the degree that he thinks he could have been more productive had he not known he was prevented by circumstances from returning.

At the moment his time is consumed by the forthcoming international distribution of *Attilas 74*. He hopes eventually to film Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*, thus completing his trilogy of ancient Greek tragedy begun with *Electra* (1961) and *The Trojan Women* (1971).

Attilas 74 will not rewrite history, but Cacoyannis' eloquent testimony should awaken many not only to the immediate crisis in Cyprus but to the unceasing wars that plague mankind.

—ANDY HORTON

music

Musical Season Concludes With Memorable Premieres

ONE OF the joys of performing in Athens is the knowledge that nearly any work that the artist chooses to sing or play outside the rather narrow confines of the standard orchestral or vocal repertory will probably constitute an Athenian, Greek, or even Balkan première. The past month has seen three concerts — the first two at the British Council, and the third at the Hellenic American Union — which fall into this 'first time' category.

On May 27, soprano Mary Harborne, assisted by clarinetist Peter Goldberg and pianist Francis James Brown, presented a memorable hour of English folk songs, contemporary songs on Elizabethan texts by Gordon Jacobs (1895 —), and six German Lieder by one of the great musicians of the first half of the 19th century, Louis Spohr (1784-1859). Though widely acclaimed in his own lifetime, Spohr has since been eclipsed by his contemporary, Beethoven, of whose works he soundly disapproved, calling himself a disciple of Mozart yet at the same time publicly acclaiming Wagner long before the latter's rise to fame. His Lieder are musically reminiscent of Schubert, and address themselves to the same romantic themes, e.g. 'Oh had I wings through the blue of the air, How I would bathe in the scent of the sun. But all in vain. Hour by Hour flees by. I mourn my departing youth.' etc., etc.

Mrs. Harborne, whose lovely voice was matched by an elegant presence, brought out every nuance and subtlety that Spohr could have intended. Clarinetist Peter Goldberg experienced some difficulty with his instrument but otherwise gave us very commendable readings, particularly in the solo concertino by the classical Italian master, Giuseppe Tartini (1692-1770). Francis James Brown is a delightfully gifted keyboard artist, whose own composition, however, was not musically rewarding.

ON June 6th, The Athens Choral Group, admirably assisted once again by Mr. Brown, presented a concert version of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial By Jury*, in this the 100th anniversary year of its composition. In that this is the first of the G. & S. 'canon' of operettas, we have — as Mr. Harold Lynn, director of the program and

surely one of the world's authorities on these two Victorian masters of musical satire, explained — a quarter century of centenary revivals in store. As much as one may try not to like Gilbert and / or Sullivan — and I am a consummate detractor of their over-precious ditties — one cannot fail to be impressed by the skill with which they collaborated, and the perversity with which their lyrics and



tunes cling to the memory, days — even weeks — after a performance. Of particular interest was a first performance *anywhere*, since the 19th century, of a gracious madrigal, 'When Love and Beauty', from the lost opera *The Sapphire Necklace*, which Mr. Lynn revived for the evening's offering. Composed in the traditional sixteenth century Italian form for two soprani, alto, tenor, and bass, it was reminiscent of the finest Renaissance style exemplified by Marenzio, yet clearly and delightfully Victorian. All the singers were well-rehearsed and confident in their various arias, choruses, quartets, and trios, with special kudos owing to David Annand as the Learned Judge, Tim Cullen as the Usher, and Betsy King as the Plaintiff, in *Trial by Jury*.

ENDING a less than noteworthy season at the Hellenic American Union were two performances of what their bulletin termed 'new music' by the New American Musical Ensemble of Paris, directed by Stephen Robert Kleiman. Consisting of a pianist, clarinetist, soprano, plus the director himself, the group delved into the questionable musicality of contemporary composers of the likes of John Cage, Barney Childs, Lukas Foss, as well as the more established grandfather of American contemporary form, Charles Ives (1874-1954). Though I have performed a number of such works, including performances under the baton of Lukas Foss himself, I find much of the music of this genre to be tedious, if not ludicrous. All seem aimed at shocking the listener with new ways of producing sounds (or making noise) and, not content with the novelty of whatever innovation they are introducing, carry on mercilessly with the same narrow theme which grows increasingly uninteresting as time passes. The musicians themselves were not without merit, particularly soprano Gerda Hartman, whose 'Seven Epigrams' for voice and clarinet was pleasant to the ear and convincingly executed. Not so the rest of the evening. But until judgment has been passed on this whole school of music — generations from now — one should thank the H.A.U. for exposing us to it. At best we may understand better the wave of the future; at least we shall appreciate our conventional forms all the more.

—ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

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The Rebetika

REBETIKA are simple little songs sung by simple people.' This is how Ilias Petropoulos, one of the leading writers on the subject, chose to preface his collection of these songs (see *The Athenian*, May 1975). But the simplicity is deceptive, as Katharine Butterworth and Sara Schneider must have found in compiling the first ever English-language version of the *rebetika*, *Rebetika Songs from the Old Greek Underworld*.

The rebetic songs have a long history, the details of which are frequently obscured by censorship, systematic persecution of the *rebetes* and an official blind eye which continued to be turned until most of the great singers and composers were dead, their music watered down to slushy respectability, and the underworld traditions of which they sang largely defunct.

It is inevitable and sad that only now is serious attention being given to the music and songs that survive as moving evidence of the life of a unique substratum of Greek society. But even today, respectable taboos apparently apply: Ilias Petropoulos and Markos Dragoumis who write on the social and musical aspects of *rebetika* respectively are not attached to any university, and there is no hint so far that departments of social sciences or laography, at least inside Greece, are ready to follow their lead.

It is therefore all the more impressive that the initiative should have been taken by an independent group of Americans and Greeks who have collaborated to produce a book like *Rebetika Songs from the Old Greek Underworld* in English. Their starting point in doing so has been, as the two editors explain in their preface, that 'The appeal of these songs is that the conflicts they express are not exclusively Greek conflicts, they are everybody's; and they are still unresolved — in urban Greece as in urban America or urban Anywhere.' True though this is, the rebetic songs cannot be separated from the peculiar Greek flavour that permeates lyrics, music and dances alike. And that is what the first part of the book is about. Articles by Petropoulos on the *Rebetika* in general, by Dragoumis on 'The Music of the *Rebetika*', by Petrides on 'The Dances of the *Rebetika*' and by Papadimitriou on '*Rebetika* and Blues', are all aimed at helping the foreign reader find his

bearings in this world of hash dens, junkies, brothels and songs wherein historical figures like Socrates and Xerxes occasionally make bizarre appearances among the trams and hookahs, and death is still called Charos, a corruption of Charon in ancient mythology.

The comparison of *rebetika* and Blues is perhaps worth making to demonstrate how *rebetika* are not a unique phenomenon: knowledge of one underworld culture can help to put another in perspective. Beyond fairly broad comparisons, which give the foreigner some conception of what he might expect from these songs, there is no option, however, but to take the *rebetes* on their own terms.



Ilias Petropoulos provides a lively introductory sketch of the figures of the Greek underworld: the *manges*, who reckoned you hadn't lived until you'd been to jail; the *koutsavakides*, who wore their jackets over only the left shoulder so as to get at their knives more easily; the *hasiklides* who smoked hash through a nargile, or hookah, were contemptuous of any other drug (often including alcohol), and looked down on 'joints' as a cheap substitute; and the *derbederisses*, tough sexy women who got a kick out of watching the *manges* fight with knives to settle who should sleep with them.

The music of the *rebetes* is often complex, particularly to Western ears, as it was based on modes and scales completely foreign to the music of the West. Markos Dragoumis discusses various early influences on rebetic music and offers interesting musical examples — which can easily be picked out on the bouzouki, guitar or piano.

Although the actual melody line of a rebetic song is often straightforward, the artistry of the *bouzouki* or *baglamas* player lies in his ability to improvise *taximia*, the often long introductions in free time which finally lead into the

opening of a song. There is a complex lore attached to these and the *dromi* or modes in which they are played. The famous song by Vamvakaris, *Fran-gosyriani*, is in the *niavendi dromos* (the composer's favourite he tells us in his autobiography) and this dictates the kind of improvisation that must precede the song. Most of the *dromi* have Turkish-sounding names (*sambah*, *het-zaz*, *houzam*, *siirf hitzaskiar*) which suggests that the immediate influences on Greek bouzouki playing (whatever its earlier derivation) are Turkish or eastern.

It's easy to forget, when listening to records, the integral role of the dance in the music and singing of the *rebetes*. Ted Petrides, a leading exponent of Greek folk dance, describes in detail the techniques and steps of the four rebetic dances, the *hasapiko*, *zebekiko*, *tsif-teteli* and *karsilama*, and gives rhythmic examples which save hours of effort in disentangling the complicated 9/8 time of the *zebekiko*, and showing how it differs from that of the *karsilama*, also transcribed in 9/8.

There follows Sakis Papadimitriou's point by point comparison of *rebetika* with American Blues, and the last and by far the largest section of the book is taken up with the songs themselves.

The editors have explained in their preface that the translations have been provided to assist the reader whose knowledge of Greek and, particularly, Greek slang, is limited; and for this reason the Greek and English texts are printed side by side. The English versions are close renderings of the original, and little attempt has been made to offer songs. A hard core of Greek words which defy the most persistent translator is wisely glossed (*pallikari*, *taverna*, *baglamas* have no equivalents in English or American culture) and there follows a selection of more than fifty rebetic songs.

The songs themselves are cynical, full of despair and complaining, often parodying either traditional Greek folk song or the serious-minded concerns of the better-off. Others are erotic, others, such as the famous song about the *hasiklides* interrogating Charos, are about death.

Five or six hash smokers met up with Charos to ask him how the guys who love life make out in Hades.

They ask Charos about the facilities down below. Can they get hard liquor, have they ready cash, can they sing and play bouzouki and *baglamas*? Charos doesn't answer, and the song ends as they tell him,

Take two drams of Bursa hash and five of the scented mix and give it to our brothers to smoke down below.

Hashish is a constant theme in a great many of these songs and it is this which has always most bugged the authorities. The use of hashish was quite widespread in Greece until the early thirties, when the International Narcotics Agreement was drawn up. Before then, if a *mangas* was caught smoking he would spend a night, or maybe a couple of nights, in the cells and then he could go back to his old haunts. Police action was not systematic but took the form of harassment. Then things changed. Vamvakaris relates in his *Autobiography* that in the thirties those caught were beaten up until they confessed where they had got the stuff and who had been with them. These methods were, of course, effective, and a lot of *tekedes* (places where hashish was smoked) went out of business.

With the advent of the Metaxas dictatorship things became tougher still. Songs could not be recorded without first passing through the censor's office and any mention of hashish was expressly forbidden. (It still is, which is why you can only hear the original, unexpurgated versions of many rebetic songs on illegally circulated cassettes and on records made in the States.) At that time, however, the association of rebetic music with hashish and petty crime was so well established in people's minds, particularly among the police, that the bouzouki was outlawed. Bouzouki-bashing (by the police) became so prevalent that many *manges* took to playing the *baglamas*, which is a smaller instrument that could be concealed in a specially-devised coat pocket. Ironically, that was also the time when the bouzouki began its social climb. A great many phonograph 78's were made, and although they were mainly bought by café owners in those pre-juke box days, it seems that quite a few found their way into respectable apartments in Kolonaki.

Immediately before the war, Votanikos, a western suburb of Athens, became famous for the 'bar' opened there by Vamvakaris, Yannis Papaioannou, Karipis and Keromytis. Vamvakaris describes what it was like then: 'Every evening was pandemonium. That meant work, you see; a lot of work. All kinds of people came along. All the Athenian *crème-de-la-crème* was there. The whole of Kolonaki. They didn't sing, though, they just sat there.'

Vamvakaris is certainly exaggerating the extent of his clientèle, but the mixing (or non-mixing, since the 'aristos' didn't dance) of societies and values at Votanikos must have been something to see. The *manges*, of

course, were an aristocracy unto themselves, with their parodies of refinement and their cultivated vanity. Frequently a violent fight would start in the 'bar', or the police would come along and clear the place out. Vamvakaris doesn't record what the Kolonaki contingent thought of these interruptions.

No matter how strict the official condemnation of the bouzouki and *baglamas*, the great composers and singers never gave up playing in public. Even those who had their instruments smashed and ended up in jail would set to work carving out a *baglamas* from the bed post; and a lot of rebetic music was composed and first sung in prison.

The war came and although no more records were made before the end of the Occupation, the same singers and players kept on as before, performing to audiences which included enthusiastic or bewildered German and Italian soldiers. The German authorities presumably regarded *rebetika* as a suitable sign of decadence in a subject people and the only restriction they imposed was an eleven o'clock closing time, to conform with blackout regulations. Like the Greek police before them and the communists (briefly) after them, they tried to put the screws on performers and *koutouki*-owners to inform on their clientèle.

After the war the instruments and styles of rebetic music became popular on a wider and wider scale. Slowly deprived of its old associations, the

music became suitable to be played in drawing rooms and in *boîtes* in Plaka. The old *rebetes* had played as a matter of honour (a bad *taximic* could earn you a plate between the eyes), but after the war it became a question of money. Several of the old figures were pushed aside to make way for a new generation who produced respectable, happy tunes and lyrics, expunged of the stark, simple orchestration and the mood of introspective bitterness that characterise the true *rebetika*. A handful of composers, including Hadzidakis and Theodorakis, were successful, in the late fifties and early sixties, in producing a genuinely original development of the styles of the old *rebetika*. But no one, so far, has found a way of following this up in the seventies.

First persecuted and then rendered innocuous by the prevailing current of society and consistently reviled as defeatist by the Greek Left, the *rebetes* have never had a chance to speak for themselves, except through their songs.

Most of the great *rebetes* are dead or no longer performing. But there is hope at least in the increasing number of early records being re-issued, and in the work of those few people, Petropoulos, the editors of *Rebetika, Songs from the Old Greek Underworld* and a handful of others, who have made the effort to present an unsentimental picture of the lives and music of those not-so-simple people, the *rebetes*.

— RODERICK BEATON

BOOKS ABOUT REBETIC MUSIC

Butterworth, Katharine and Schneider, Sara, eds. *Rebetika, Songs from the Old Greek Underworld*. Text in English; songs in Greek and English; glossary. Comboloi Press, New York, June, 1975. 160 pp. About 60 Drs. (\$2.00 in U.S.)

Petropoulos, Ilias, *Rebetika Songs*. Athens, Pleias, 1975, 479 pp. 300 Drs. (See review, *The Athenian*, May 1975)

Vamvakaris, Markos, *Autobiography*, Athens, 1973, published privately by Angela Kail.

REBETIC MUSIC NOW AVAILABLE ON RECORDS

This list, though not complete, includes most of the recent re-issues of pre-war recordings and a selection of post-war rebetika.

MARKOS VAMVAKARIS:
Afieroma sto Marko (Dedication to Markos). Re-issue of original 78's made by the composer. (Minos)

Markos Vamvakaris. Sung by the composer. (Phonogram/Melophone)

Epitihies (12 hits). With Sofia Sideri and others (Music Box/Pan-Vox).

Markos Vamvakaris, 40 Hronia (40 years). Renderings mainly by contemporary singers (EMIAL).

SOTIRIA BELLOU:
Ta Rebetika tis Sotirias Bellou. Five records by perhaps the greatest rebetic singer still active, *Rebetika* of the 30's, 40's and 50's (Lyra).

KAPLANIS:
Ta Palia (The Old Songs). Sotiria Bellou and others sing songs of this lesser-known *rebetis* (Lyra).

YANNIS PAPAIOANNOU:
O Yannis Papaioannou Se Afthentikes Ekteleis (Y.P. in Authentic Performances). (Sonora).

Tragoudia tou Patera Mou (Songs of my Father). Papaioannou's songs arranged and performed by his son, Antonis. (EMIAL)

YORGOS MOUFLOUZELIS:
O Mouflouzelis Erhetai (Mouflouzelis is Coming). The second of two records where Yorgos Mouflouzelis sings his own songs and plays *baglamas*. Mouflouzelis can still occasionally be heard in performances. (Lyra/Zodiac)

VASILIS TSITSANIS:
To Xekinima (Where it all Started). An up-to-date version of post-war songs by Vasilis Tsitsanis, interpreted by younger singers. (EMIAL)

MARIKA NINOI:
Marika Ninou — Vasilis Tsitsanis. Tsitsanis sings pre-war songs by Ninou. (Philips/Phonogram)

PRODROMOS TSAOUSAKIS:
Prodromos Tsaousakis. Re-issue of twelve original recordings. (EMIAL/Margophone)

TSAOUSAKIS AND BELLOU:
Prodromos Tsaousakis-Sotiria Bellou. Songs of Tsaousakis, Papaioannou and others rendered by Bellou and Tsaousakis.

PAPAIOANNOU, BAYANTERAS, HATZICHRISTOS, KAPLANIS:
Tragoudia Tessaron Rebeton (Songs of Four Rebetes). Sung by contemporary singers. (EMIAL/Regal)

books

Juliet du Boulay

PORTRAIT OF A GREEK MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Oxford University Press, 1974. 266 pages. 600 Drs.

The focus of this book is one the continuity of tradition in village society which anthropologist Juliet du Boulay is well equipped to cover as she lived from 1966-68 in Ambeli, a mountain village in Evia (Euboea). The village, which consisted of thirty-three houses and 144 inhabitants, was extremely primitive, without electricity or running water. In the absence of a road (the old one had collapsed), there was no regular communication with the outside world and so the traditional way of life and thought was preserved.

Miss du Boulay lived as one of the village women. She did not sit in the *kafenion* with the men and discuss politics and other 'masculine' affairs but passed her time keeping house in village fashion, filling water jars at the fountain, gathering wood, making bread, visiting homes on name days and generally observing all the local customs and taboos. Her view of village life, however, is not one-sided because she saw men in their domestic role within the house and, as she herself admirably demonstrates, the house is the pivot around which village society revolves: The house as a physical structure is deeply linked with the identity of the family, for as the family is the principal and irreducible group of this society, so the house in which the family lives is the chief stronghold of those values which are basic to that society. The house therefore takes on many of the connotations of the family — the two words often being used interchangeably — and there are crucial respects in which it is membership of the house rather than the fact of blood relationship which defines the area within which these intra-familial values are most fully practised.

The village house may harbour several families as newly-married couples tend to live under the paternal roof until such times as friction between in-laws forces the couples and their children to set up their own house. The various generations living together make up the family of the 'house'. In this respect Miss du Boulay rightly differentiates between the Greek family which consists of an extended unit and the Western one which usually consists of a single unit. She also emphasises that it is the family, or the house, which makes up village society and that each member acts for his family rather than himself. Thus other houses in the village are seen

as rival or hostile forces. Secrets are kept within the home and children learn deceit at an early age. There is also much competition and jealousy between houses. Moreover, because of the central role of the family, each member becomes self-assertive and, as the author says, 'tries to make himself out a bit larger than he really is' outside the house. Loyalty to the family group comes before outside loyalties and for this reason friendships often do not occur from empathy but rest on convenience so that when this ends, the friendship does, too.

A fascinating section deals with the community's attitude towards religion and the customs and taboos which, bound up with the agricultural year, are grafted onto the ecclesiastical one. Although Orthodox thinking condemns spells, divinations and fortune telling, all of these are practised by the villagers for such things as cures or protection against the evil eye. Even sorcery is not unknown, especially for love potions.

Juliet du Boulay includes a discussion on kinship and the extended family. The ties of blood are so strong that marriage is not considered between second cousins and disapproved of even between third cousins. When a marriage does take place all the in-laws are regarded as affines and, therefore, they lie within the forbidden marriage relationship. (It would have been better if Miss du Boulay had provided a family tree to avoid confusing references to 'a man's brother's wife's sister' etc. — but this is a small criticism of a very fine book.) The ties between relatives living in different houses are not as strong as between those who live under the same roof, but these kinsmen can always be called upon to give help if necessary. An example shows how hard village life can be, for instance, on a woman without kinsmen: a widow who was ill with flu had to go out into the snow to collect animal fodder as she had no one to turn to for aid.

The role of women in village society is clearly defined. While the man is seen as the provider and the protector, the woman is thought of as weak, sensual and in need of man's greater intelligence to prevent her from going astray. Her place is in the house which centres


around the hearth and, therefore, around her. She is expected to conform to the image of a chaste and hard-working wife although her husband may have extra-marital affairs.

The role of mockery in the village is examined with great clarity. Behaviour may be constrained by mockery. To avoid the humiliation of being laughed at, the villager will go to great lengths to conform to the moral code, for mockery is so powerful that it can destroy reputations. (Young widows are a particular target.) Lying becomes inevitable in an effort to conform to this rigid code, to attack others, to defend kinsmen, to avoid trouble.

The village of Ambeli lives on subsistence agriculture and on the sale of resin. Originally it had large flocks of sheep and goats, but with the introduction of fertilizers the production of wheat increased and most of the animals have been sold. The methods of farming, however, are still antiquated as heavy machinery cannot reach the village and more and more villagers are emigrating or marrying out of the village in search of a 'better' way of life. Indeed, when Miss du Boulay went to Ambeli it was already 'a dying village community'. Two and a half years after her departure, five more houses had been abandoned, every child over thirteen had begun attending the secondary school in the nearest town, electricity has been installed and the old road repaired.

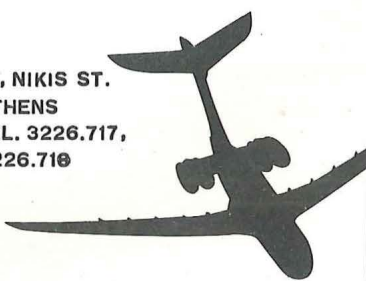
After giving a brief outline of the war years and their effect on the village, Miss de Boulay concludes her book with a lively section on gossip and the channels through which it seeps out from the family. It is an impressive and moving account of a way of life which is fast disappearing.


—P-A. MOUNTJOY



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art

At the Galleries

ONE PECULIAR element that united all the prints shown at a representative exhibition of graphics by artists of Hamburg presented by the Goethe Institut in early June was the avoidance of any real issue whether social, political or aesthetic. This exhibition, organized by the Lichtwerk Gesellschaft of Hamburg, will also be shown in thirteen German institutes located in Europe and the Near East.

Social realism is happily absent, but it is intriguing to see the precise dependence of almost every print on the work of some well-known non-German or German whose work survived despite Hitler's purge of the arts, if the artists were so fortunate as to survive themselves. Pop and Op Art experiments by Lausen or Marignier are not even variations on established forms and seem simply to restate what has recently been done elsewhere in different colours.

There is an almost deliberate avoidance of a real world; in this case, the real world of either Hamburg or Germany. In most shows this would not be a legitimate criterion for judgment but, insofar as the city of Hamburg and the various German institutes of the world have worked together to provide a representative show of one aspect of the cultural life of a German city, I think it is legitimate to ask what is meant by 'representative'.

The official brochure's introduction to the show stated that these prints represent the 'expression of individual freedom which has always been particularly highly regarded in Hamburg'. This statement becomes especially interesting in relation to another statement in the same catalogue claiming that 'Hamburg's graphic art has a significance of its own. The.... outcome of continuity within a development which has not undergone significant interruption since the turn of the century.' What is the implication? That Hamburg was a privileged island in the midst of the Hitlerian purges or that the 'interruption' caused by the purges was 'not significant'?

In the post-World War II period, German art in general and, in this case, the art of Hamburg in particular, does not seem to have been rooted in the experiences, whatever they might have been, of our century. This certainly does not mean that one should expect art to

reflect simply the horrors of war or even some deeper feeling of guilt — one needs neither of these. I am not quite sure what form this experience should take. I think that a comparison of the work of these artists with the work of artists in other countries, the U.S., for example, makes it clear that something is lacking in the former.

In the work of American painters from the 30's through to the 70's — from early Pollock to Rauschenberg, Stamos or Warhol — there is a definite thread of unity that is representative of an experience that can only be called that of the 'twentieth century in the raw'. All of the sombre, amusing, dark, trivial, frightening and meaningless aspects of our age are there in some sort of clear distillation. It is thus an art that is representative, both of itself and our age.

If there is anything representative in the show at the Goethe Institut, it is the sheer avoidance of genuine issue. It reflects a comfortably maintained distance from any real problems which is, after all, perhaps a characteristic to be expected of one of the most affluent societies of Europe. It declares an absence of contact with reality essential to art that claims to be 'representative'.

The Alcoa Exhibit at the Doxiades Institute represents the core of a larger collection of paintings that was acquired initially in 1966 from the Pittsburg Collection of David Thompson. Since then it has grown considerably as a result of new acquisitions so that today it includes the work of artists from over fourteen different nations. Despite its international character, which one might expect to be kaleidoscopic in its visual impact, the collection can be broken down into two basic groups of paintings. On the one hand there are the works of Corneille, Kriesburg and Chimes, whose representational art has been carried to a point of abstraction disciplined and controlled by both a sense of vision and intention: abstraction, that is, which leaves little to the workings of chance or the absence of mind. On the other hand, there are paintings that are abstractions in themselves — where reduction to a certain purity of purpose or intent is the main preoccupation of the artist. René Berger, in an excellent short essay printed in the catalogue of the show, anticipated what seems to have been a somewhat consistent criticism of the collection: that it is 'out of date' or 'already stereotyped'. His defense of the paintings as being representative of post-World War II developments in Expressionism, either abstract or rep-

resentative, is a valid but perhaps unnecessary apology in light of the paintings themselves.

Most contemporary painters have been burdened by an incredible demand that they be, besides creators, innovators constantly presenting something 'new'. The breakthrough in the art scene in Europe in the 19th century was the result of a valid attack and re-evaluation of the art of a civilization that had reached a dangerous point of stagnation. In the turmoil of European culture after 1850, everything seemed to change. It is of great interest that the first signs of the change that threatened the breakdown of every accepted institution are to be found, today, in the painterly arts. Impressionism and Expressionism reflect, at first tentatively, the collapse of an entire era that had considered itself beyond the reach of change. Now, after almost one hundred years, we are beginning to question not only the visual and verbal arts, but also the moral and ethical structure of our societies in so-called Western Civilization.

We have become almost obsessed with the need for change. What has always made great art great is the reduction of creativity to a paradoxical state in which the artist is aware not only of change but also of its essential bearing on the structure of reality. Yet he has always managed to catch a 'something' that is beyond change as such. It is that 'something' — universal and timeless — that is, in many cases, lost by many painters in our age and which is replaced by a quite banal over-stimulation of our jaded visual sense.

I find it hard to believe that the great masters of our age were capable of exhausting the possibilities of their own creativity and consequently I am not disturbed by the fact that Sugai, Chimes and Kreisburg seem to accept and to work quite comfortably within what we would once have called 'schools'. They explore areas of form, colour and personal experience with subtle and refined probings into areas that the masters had neither the time nor detachment to contemplate.

The Alcoa show is an exhibition of paintings which are rooted in the work of established and recognized geniuses of our age. But at the same time they have that element of vitality which proves them to be capable of standing as works in themselves and valid expressions of experience. A show such as this is a credit both to Alcoa and to the Doxiades Institute.

—NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

festivals

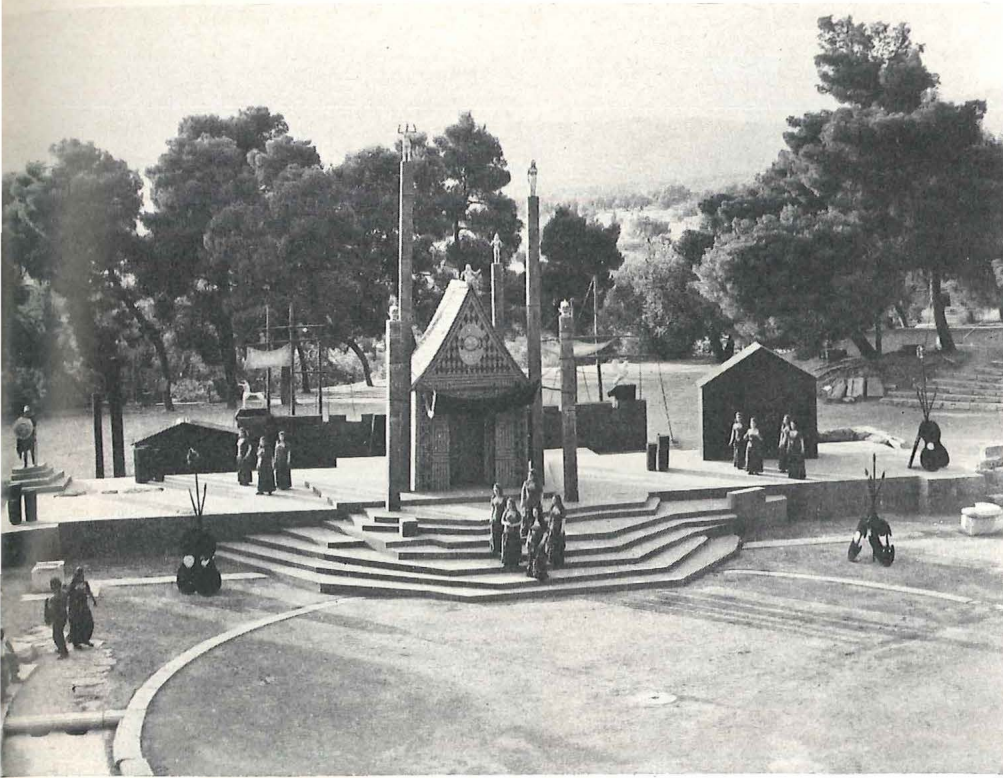
members of the chorus will appear on the various levels through irregularly-shaped and seemingly random openings in the cloth. To create the impression of paradise in the final scene, a powerful light directed at the structure will have the effect of draining all colour from the fabric of the backdrop and the costumes of the chorus so that everything will appear white. The complex lighting and the scaffolding which must support the entire chorus required collaboration with skilled architects engineers and electricians.

Costumes, too, must harmonize with the play and the theatre. In ancient times costumes were seldom changed. All the roles save for the chorus and an occasional extra were performed by three actors. The *dramatis personae* were identified by the stylized masks which covered the actors' faces. Vassiliou believes that today performers in ancient dramas should look authentic, but should also look human. In this year's production of *Faust*, Mephistopheles will not be the Devil in long red underwear with a tail, but will look rather 'Machiavellian' in a costume reminiscent of Renaissance Italy.

During the seven years of the dictatorship, Spyros Vassiliou notes sadly, the Festivals were 'nothing'. The atmosphere is now different and the Festivals this year will see the appearance of great performers, orchestras and ballets from abroad, as well as the reappearance of many talented Greeks.

Vassiliou is best known here and abroad as an artist, but one of his greatest joys as set and costume designer comes on opening night when he hears 'a very soft *ahhhh*' rising from the audience as their eyes fall on the scene before them.

— M.D.



A scene from a 1970 production at Epidauros of Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis* with costumes and scenery by Spyros Vassiliou.

SETTING THE STAGE

WHEN planning scenery for productions at the ancient sites, set-designers must contend with special problems. Spyros Vassiliou, who has created many sets for productions at the Odion of Herodes Atticus and Epidauros, explains that the long and narrow stage at the Odion has 'too much architecture' since the massive Roman walls enclose it on three sides. At Epidauros, on the other hand, the performing area is a circular open space without a stage or any structure which defines its limits. The character and physical layout of these ancient sites, as well as the dramas, must be taken into account when planning the sets for them, Vassiliou notes. The strength of the surroundings needs to be counter-balanced by strong scenery if the audience's attention is not to be distracted from the drama. For ancient tragedies in the Odion, the large wall can form the major part of any scenery and usually needs only a few additional props to suggest the play's location. At Epidauros, however, he 'adds architecture' — a hut, for instance, for Euripides' *Electra* or a few small structures representing buildings and boats for *Iphigenia in Aulis* — simple devices that suggest the setting and harmonize with the theatre and the surroundings.

Vassiliou, who has been creating sets for forty-six years, is designing those for Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*, which is being performed this year by the Athens State Orchestra (see *Festival Listings*). This work presented still more problems since the action takes place in medieval Germany, and the walls at Herodes Atticus had to be 'erased' if they were not to obtrude on the setting of the opera. Furthermore, the Odion does not allow for changes of scenery, so a single set appropriate to all scenes in the opera was necessary. Vassiliou has resolved the problems by contriving a multi-level steel scaffolding that supports a cloth covering. The one hundred



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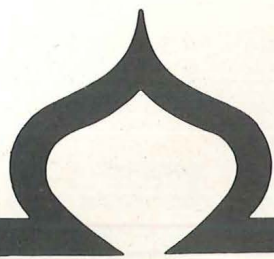
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fashion

THE DRESS MESSAGE

FOR MOST women new clothes are always a pleasure, but deciding what is 'chic' or 'in' can be a disaster, and determining the length a tragedy. Not so this season. The dilemma has been resolved. Choose cotton smocks or fantastically beautiful evening dresses, below the knee, mid-length or to the ankle. As long as it is a 'dress', it's just what you need right now.

Yannis Tseklenis, the renowned Greek designer, has done a collection that is feminine and flowing — the clothes rest lightly against the body giving the woman a freedom of movement that enhances her own natural grace. 'Women are dressing again,' says Mr. Tseklenis. 'Even young people who lived in jeans have a changed attitude about dressing up for late day and evening.' Especially appealing are the prices. But more about that later.

The general colours of the collection are sun-warmed or lightly washed,

rather than sweetly pastel. Tseklenis favours yellowed beiges, light browns taken from Greek vases, washed out mauvey purples and blues, and green, from pale to deep fern for backgrounds. Blue is almost grey or sometimes teal. Mr. Tseklenis does the controversial chemise — but with a difference. It is closer to the body, has an optional belt and shows the figure. An example of this line is a long sleeveless chemise in a mauve and turquoise Poiret 'trees and clouds' print. Tseklenis has also designed a group of elegant cotton suits in Poiret flower prints with mid-calf, bias-cut, full skirts whose jackets of varied shapes give each one a direction all its own. There is a ruffled peplum, a cutaway, a longer, sashed jacket, and a lean, pocketed jacket (this over a slim skirt to give it the right proportion).

And what has happened to the safari suit that Tseklenis has made famous over several years? In this collection it becomes a dress as well; a two-piece belted over-blouse dress in a silky-looking cotton polyester that can be had in a range of colours from burgundy through a creamy, pinky beige to a medium Dutch blue.

Clearly, it is the mid-calf length that intrigues Tseklenis. It dominates the

late day and evening dresses he's done in georgettes and cotton blends. These are reflected in a series of cluster flower prints against backgrounds of beige, green or navy. The same print is used on a deep, fern-green background for an outstanding, long georgette evening dress with flowing bias skirt that swirls away from an elongated cuffed over-blouse.

Now about the appealing prices. All the items of the collection are reasonably priced from 480 Drs. for a bikini, to 375 Drs. for a polo shirt, to 5,300 Drs. for an evening dress. Cotton daytime dresses are about 1000 Drs. and the famous safari suit, 1700 Drs. The collection is available in Athens at the main Tseklenis Boutique (Ermou 12 off Constitution Square), at the Tseklenis Tower Boutique, at the Tseklenis Boutiques in the Caravel Hotel shopping Gallery, and in the Apollo Palace Hotel in Kavouri. There are shops in Thessaloniki, and on Mykonos, Hydra and Crete.

Bettina (Voukourestiou 4) is where there is a dress for everyone. Pick and choose from a range that includes Cacharel, Callagan, Bercher 2, and Daniel Hechter.

From Cacharel there are full-gathered skirts in multi-coloured liberty

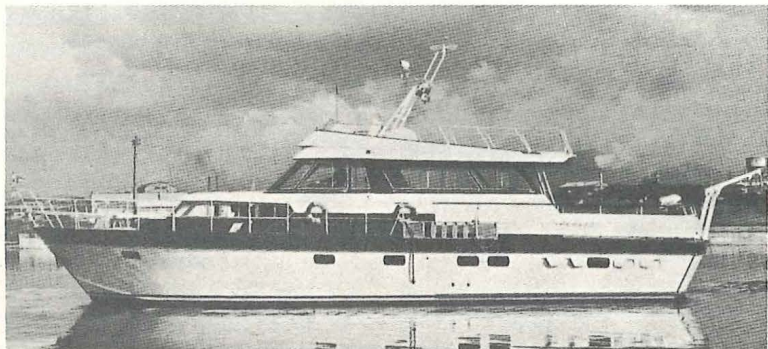
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prints with patch-pocket detail and front buttons all the way down. There is a choice of shades from rust brown to coral honey or blue lavender to burgundy as well as in flower-traced prints. There are fine cotton lawn blouses that coordinate and pick up the colours of the bouquets in the skirt. This ensemble is about 3,300 Drs. Also from Cacharel are a series of backless, halter-neck sun dresses in liberty prints. The halter-cum-sailor collar and the set-in waist are the unusual details of this number. These can be had in a white fern print on navy, white on black or black on ecru. Price: 2,800 Drs.

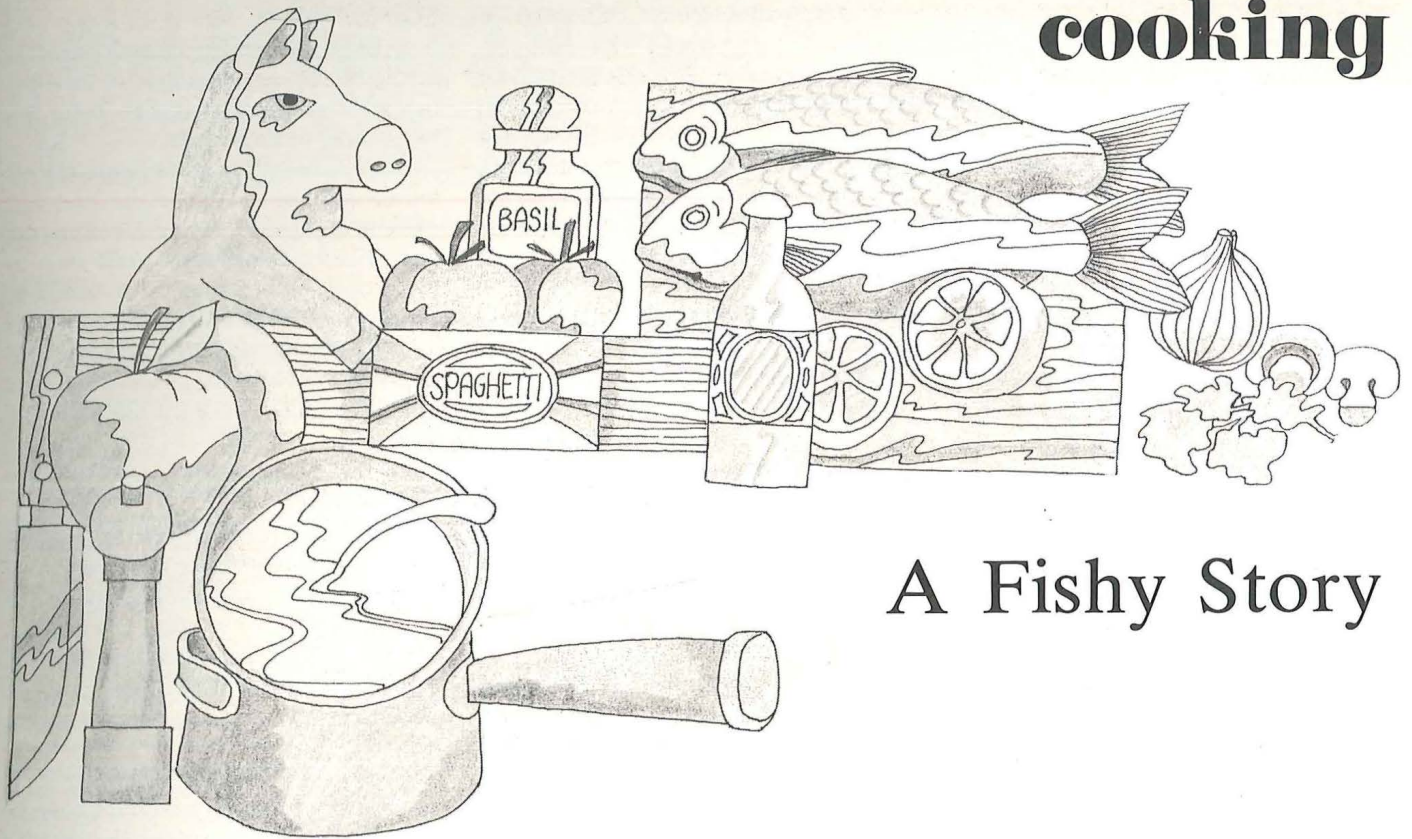
The Italian fashion firm of Callagan has chosen silky knits to highlight their summer collection. We especially liked the long, silky knit in navy that has a tennis V-neck trimmed in narrow white ribbing. This elongated skirt has short dolman sleeves and a matching long scarf for 7,200 Drs. Another spectacular from Callagan is a three-piece ensemble in pale khaki with multi-coloured dots for the bloused tank top over a long skim of a skirt. The trim of the neck and the tiny straps are in a multicoloured string knit that matches a short-sleeved, dolman sweaterlet with wide waist ribbing and three buttons. Price 9,700 Drs. Daniel Hechter refines the tennis look in a white crepe shirtwaist dress with shirt collar, short sleeves, and a flat, box-pleated skirt. The sleeve trim and Roman stripe at the hem are in coral or lipstick red. Another jewel is the most simple ecru crepe chemise imaginable. The creamy fabric falls from a deep yoke in front and back and can be worn belted or not. Price 3,350 Drs.

Although you could waltz 'barefoot through the park' in any of these dresses —what we found at J. Mouriadis Shoes may make you want to 'dress your feet' as well. If you wear a narrow width, you'll be glad to hear that their shoes and sandals cater to *slim and slender feet!* The colours in the summer collection are either vivid or fresh: deep apricot, pale leafy green, bright kelly green, a honeyed bone shade, sky blue, or the classic navy, white or black patent. All shoes range in price about 1150 Drs. J. Mouriadis is located at Stadiou 42.

To us there seems no other way to read it — the dress is 'the' message for summer 1975, with delicate, feminine shoes to match.

— NANCY L. KAPLAN

The fashions shown are from Tseklenis' Summer Collection.



A Fishy Story

THERE are quite a few important rules and proverbs associated with cooking which may not be very well-known but should be. This month's 'golden-nugget' is the following: Never, *never* apologize or make excuses for something that hasn't turned out quite right! The other night a young lady of our acquaintance produced a cake with the comment, 'Oh I'm so sorry, it just didn't come out right!' It did, indeed, look a trifle bizarre but we had no way of knowing how it was *supposed* to look. It tasted fine and we would have enjoyed it *had she not warned us about how awful it was going to be*. Almost anything you make can be passed off as an 'authentic' dish from an unfamiliar land. (Consider how many delicacies in one country would invite in another an immediate visit from the health inspectors, pathologists and veterinarians!) Furthermore, the most commonplace dish may sound exotic if referred to in another language.

Let us consider fish (*psari*), for example. Octopus, swordfish and shark sound downright frightening but *oktapodi*, *xifias* and *galeos* or *skilakis* sound interesting (even if *skilaki* means dog in Greek). Trout will do, conjuring up as it does images of running brooks but smelts should definitely be referred to as *marida*.

Here, then, are some *psaria* that you will find around Athens with suggestions on how to buy and prepare them. The *pligouri* goes very nicely with fish

(or meat and poultry, for that matter), and if you can't locate the two men in Athens who carry it have someone ship you *kasha*, which is essentially the same, from abroad.

When choosing fish, check to see that the eyes are clear, the skin glistening, the flesh firm. Your fishmonger may be prepared to clean it for you, particularly if he's not busy.

Swordfish (*Xiphias*).

If you have never had swordfish, you are in for a surprise. It is more like steak than fish. There is almost no waste at all so you are getting all you pay for, at about 115 Drachmas a kilo. It is sold in thick slices and a half kilo slice will serve two quite amply. With swordfish, the easiest way is the best: marinate the slice in lemon juice with a little black pepper for about three to four hours. Saute in butter for about five minutes on each side (until it flakes easily) and remove to a warm platter. Mix the pan juices with lemon or with dry white wine. If using wine, boil it down a bit in the pan to reduce. Pour over the swordfish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Trout (*Pestrofa*)

Most trout come from farms in Yiannina and is about sixty Drachmas a kilo. There are many *grande cuisine*

recipes for trout to be found in good French cookbooks, but simple pan frying is just as good and accents the taste of the fish rather than the sauce.

Clean the fish: Leave the head on but slit the belly and remove everything inside. Wash, making sure there is no blood near the backbone. Dip the fish in beaten egg and coat with flour or bread crumbs. Fry until done. (When the eyes turn white, the fish should be ready.) Turn only once and avoid breaking the skin.

Another simple method is to cook the trout in the oven. Place the breaded trout on a baking sheet liberally coated with melted butter. Spoon some butter over the fish and bake in a pre-heated (425F-215C) oven for about ten minutes, basting occasionally until brown. Lemon and parsley are the best accompaniment for both these recipes.

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Shark (*Galeos* or *Skilaki*)

Many people are prejudiced against eating shark even though *they* harbour no such prejudices against us. Both *galeos* and *Skilaki* are dogfish which are members of the shark family. *Galeos* are usually larger and run to a maximum size of 160 centimetres. It can be bought in the form of steaks which are of a beautiful white colour with red edges. *Skilaki* are smaller and are usually sold whole.

Remove the head by making a diagonal slice running from the top towards the tail. Do not cut through the bottom skin. In one motion, pull the head down and off taking the bottom skin with it. Clean out the inside, cut off the very end of the tail and cut the fish into rather large slices.

Both these fish are best marinated in lemon juice with any of the following spices: ground ginger, black pepper, ground cumin, red pepper or rosemary. Dip the slices in beaten egg, coat with bread crumbs or flour, and fry. You may serve it with lemon juice or simmer it in a tomato sauce for five minutes. If you used ginger in the marinade, you may add four to five tablespoons of chopped green onions to the pan with the shark and stir for about one-and-a-half minutes. Add about three tablespoons of soy sauce. Stir once again (adding a tablespoon of water or two if necessary).

Cover the pan and cook at the lowest temperature for about two minutes. Serve immediately. This is frequently accompanied by garlic sauce (*skordalia*) in Greece but the reason we have not mentioned it is *that we don't think it's that good* (heresy!!). Furthermore, its long-range fumes have a killing distance of at least fifteen feet.

Octopus (*Oktapodi*)

You are probably familiar with the usual octopus recipes, but here is one for a *meze* that may be new to you. Boil a one-kilo octopus (from which the head has been removed) in lots of salted water until reasonably tender for about forty-five minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water to cool. Chop into small pieces.

Prepare a sauce made of 350 grams of yoghurt *tis sakoulas* (yoghurt that has been drained and is thick, much like sour cream) mixed with two or three cloves of crushed garlic, one teaspoon of black pepper, one-half teaspoon of ginger, six tablespoons of chopped parsley, one teaspoon (or more to taste) of salt, and about one-half teaspoon of paprika. Stir in the chopped octopus. Place in the refrigerator for a few hours before eating. It's really quite terrific on crackers.

Bulgur (*Pligouri*)

Pligouri (parched, crushed wheat) is an excellent accompaniment to most fish, chicken or meat dishes. Here are two things to do with it.

Melt about three tablespoons of butter and one of oil in a pan and add one cup of *pligouri*. Stir until well coated and slightly translucent. Add two to three cups of water, stock or bouillon. Bring to the boil and simmer for two minutes uncovered. Cover and continue to cook at lowest temperature for twenty minutes. Turn off and allow to stand for ten minutes.

Pligouri salad

Place a cup of *pligouri* in a deep bowl. Add enough hot water to cover by at least an inch and allow to stand for half an hour. The *pligouri* will expand amazingly. Drain. Rinse with cold water. Squeeze out as much moisture as you can with your hands. (It will feel like hundreds of little sponges.) Place in a bowl and toss with the following: one finely chopped onion, one and a quarter cup of chopped parsley, two tablespoons of dried mint (or three tablespoons of fresh mint), four tablespoons olive oil and four tablespoons of lemon juice, salt and pepper. This salad may be served on lettuce leaves or tossed with half a head of shredded lettuce.

—ALAN WALKER

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Patriarchou Ioakim 5, Tel. 737-227

Credit Bank

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Mitropoleos 1, Tel. 322-1026 (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 7 p.m.)

National Bank of Greece

Kar. Servias 2, Tel. 323-6481 (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 9 p.m.)
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SUNDAY

EIRT 5:30 Kodiak... 7:30 Folk Songs and Dances*... 7:50 *The Captain's Daughter* (adaptation of Pushkin's work by the Italian Television Network)... 9:30 Sports*... 10:00 Greek Film*... Michelangelo (in Italian, from the Italian Television Network)

YENED 1:00 Folk Songs and Dances*... 3:00 Sports*... 4:00 Greek Film*... 6:45 Lucy Show... 8:30 Eyes on Sports*... 11:00 FBI.

MONDAY

EIRT 7:15 Sports*... 7:45 Queen Amalia*... 10:00 Famous Plays, usually from the B.B.C.... Labyrinth (Musical Program)

YENED 7:30 Salt and Pepper: Freddie Germanos interviews well-known personalities*... 10:00 Theatre*

TUESDAY

EIRT 6:00 Disneyland... 6:30 Animal Stories... 7:15 Sports*... 7:50 The World at War: Documentary dubbed in Greek... 11:30 Interviews with Greece's Foremost Artists*... 12:15 Hollywood Playhouse

YENED 7:30 Combat... 10:00 Foreign Film... Thrill Seekers

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 6:00 Pollyanna... 6:30 Discotheque... 7:30 Greek Ballet*... 10:30 The Seventh Art: A series of classic films: July 2: Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* (1924), July 9: D.W. Griffith's *Intolerance* (1916)

YENED 6:00 The Real McCoys... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 11:00 Spies

THURSDAY

EIRT 6:00 Shadow Theatre: Karaghiozi alternates with Barba Mitousis*... 6:15 Folk Dances*... 9:30 Kazantzakis' *Christ Recrucified**... 10:15 C'etait Hier (in French) alternates with Greek Historical Archives program... Ballet (of special interest to ballet lovers, usually presenting the world's foremost performers)... Manhunters

YENED 6:00 Rovers... 10:00 Comedy*... 11:00 The Interns

FRIDAY

EIRT 7:15 Cinema's Past (excepts from well-known films. July 4: *The Wrestler*)... 10:00 Round Table: interviews with prominent people*... 10:30 *Portrait of a Lady* (Henry James' famous novel dramatised; ending July 4)... 11:55 Classical Music

YENED 6:00 Cartoons... 8:30 The Little House on the Prairie... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood*... 10:45 Kojak

SATURDAY

EIRT 7:15 Jack London (in Italian from the Italian Television Network)... 7:55 History of Athletics*... 9:40 Foreign Film... Musical Presentation... Arsène Lupin (in French)

YENED 6:00 Documentary*... 7:00 Folklore Program*... 10:00 Greek Film*... 11:30 New People

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NATIONAL BROADCAST COMPANY — EIRT

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

News in English, French and German daily (except Sun. & holidays) on The National Program at 8:15 a.m., 1:10 p.m. & 9:45 p.m. and at 7:15 and 2:45 on Sun. Weather report on the same station in Greek and English at 6:30 a.m. daily and 6:35 a.m. on Sun.

THE ARMED FORCES RADIO — YENED

News broadcasts (1142 KHz or 262.7m) in English and French daily at 2:55 p.m. & 11:15 p.m.

U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO

AFRS broadcasts 19 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 programs 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 programs of American interest are broadcast (taped) when available.

VOICE OF AMERICA — VOA ●

VOA may be heard in Athens from 6 a.m. - 10:30 a.m.: 7.2 or 7.26 MHz (41m), 6.13 or 6.04 MHz (49m); 7 p.m. to 3 a.m.: 9.76 MHz (30.7m), 6.04 MHz (49.6m). Regular programming includes news on the hour and 28 minutes after the hour. *The Breakfast Show*,

Press Conference U.S.A., *VOA Magazine*, *Science Digest* as well as jazz, popular, and classical music programs.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION — BBC ●

BBC may be heard in Athens from 8 a.m. - 10:30 a.m. and 12 noon - 9:30 p.m.: 15.07 MHz (19.91m); 12 noon - 0:15 a.m.: 12.095 MHz (24.80m); 7:30 a.m. - 10:30 a.m.: 11.75 MHz (25.53m); 6 a.m. - 10:30 a.m. and 12 noon - 2:15 a.m.: 9.41 MHz (31.88m).

Broadcasts in Greek: 8 a.m. - 8:15 a.m.: 9, 7 MHz (31, 41m); 4 p.m. - 4:15 p.m.: 15, 11 MHz (19, 25m); 10 p.m. - 10:30 p.m.: 9, 7 MHz (31, 41m); 1:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.: 7, 6 MHz (41, 49m).

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

RADIO CANADA INTERNATIONAL ●

Radio Canada broadcasts the news in English and French alternately every 20 minutes from 8:30 a.m. - 10:30 a.m.: 41m. There is also a daily program in English from 12:20 - 12:59 p.m.: 16, 19, 25, 41, 40m; and one in French from 11:05 a.m. - 12:02 p.m.: 16, 19, 25, 41, 49m.

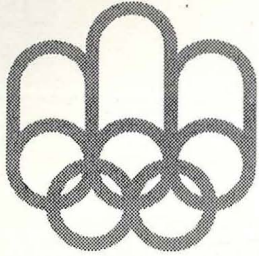
DEUTSCHE WELLE ●

News broadcasts in German every hour on the hour from 7 a.m. - 6 p.m.: 6075, 9545 KHz (49, 31m).

News broadcasts in Greek: 10 - 11 p.m.: 6075, 7235 KHz (49, 41m).

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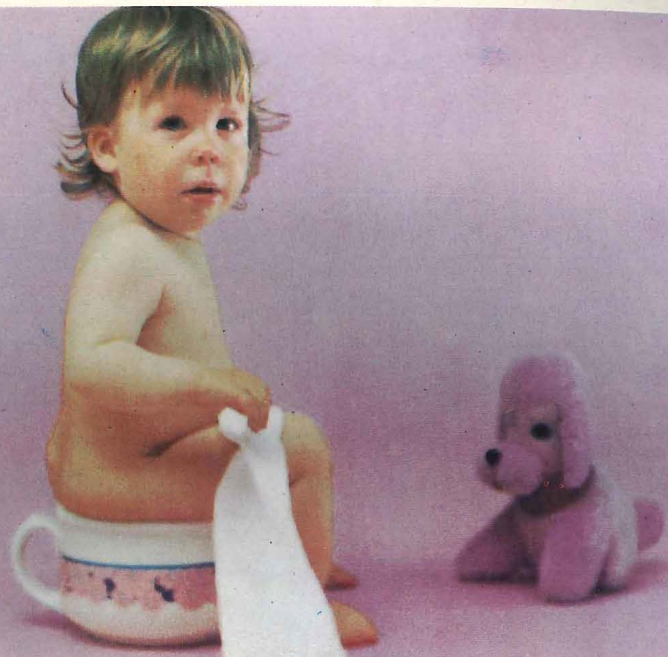


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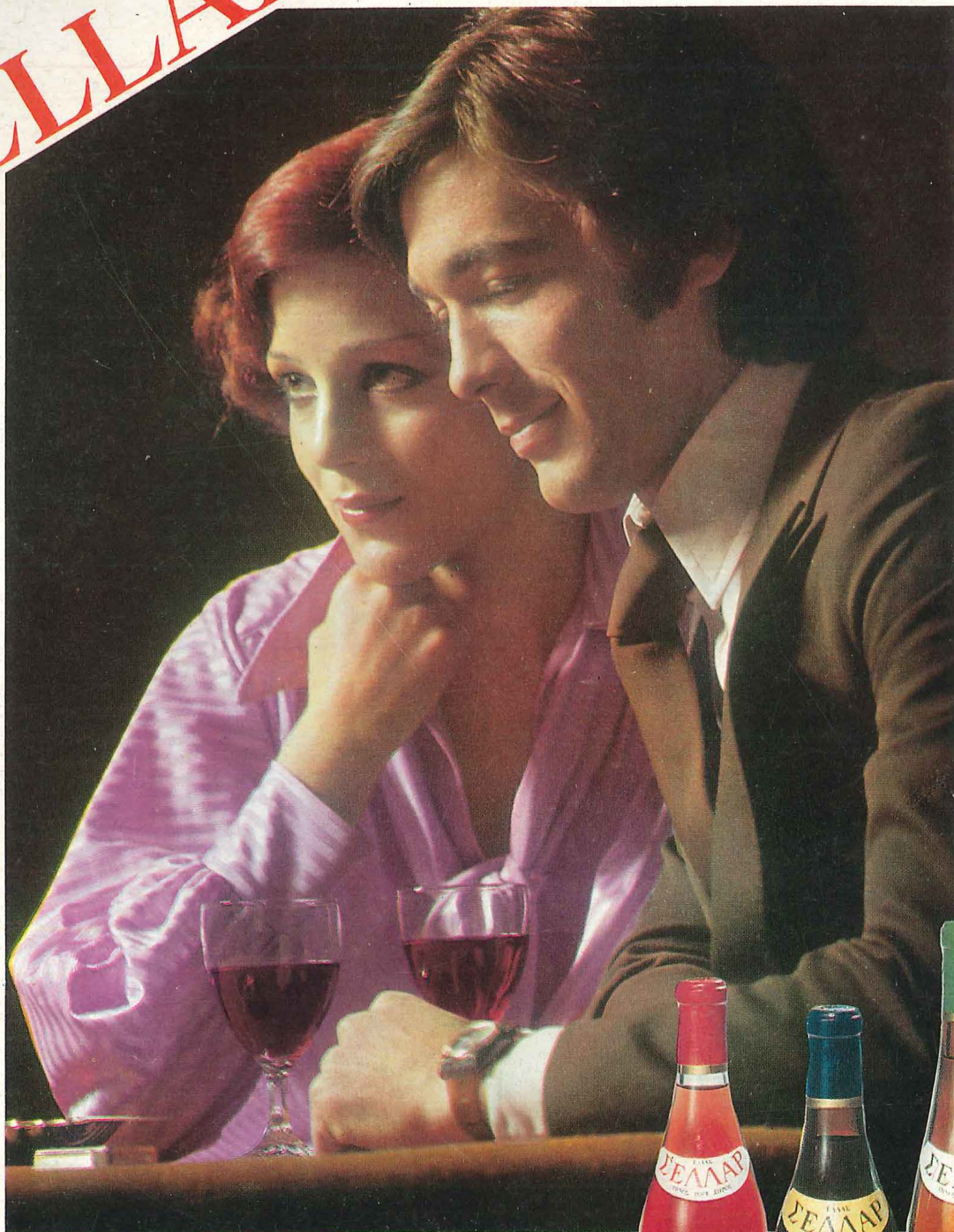
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