

August 1975

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ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly





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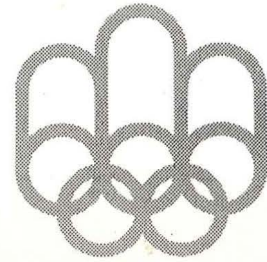
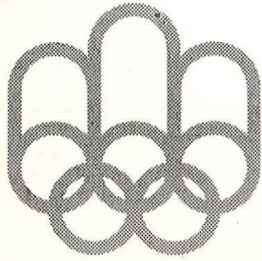


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festivals



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(open daily 9:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. and 6:00 - 9:30 p.m.); the Kavala National Tourist organization kiosk, Tel. (051) 22-425 and 23-339 (open daily 9:30 a.m. - 2:00 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 the performance, from 6 - 8:30 p.m.

ATHENS

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

Athens State Orchestra

August 4: Dimitris Chorafas conducting Bartok, Ravel, Schumann. Kyprianos Katsaris, piano.

August 18: Michel Plasson conducting Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.

National Theatre of Greece

August 16 and 17: Prevelakis' (1909-) *Lazarus*; Alexis Solomos, director.

August 23 and 24: Aristophanes' *The Clouds*; Alexis Solomos, director.

Moscow Stanislavsky Theatre Ballet

July 31 and August 1: Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*; V.P. Bourmeister, director and choreographer; Dmitri Kitayenko conducting the Stanislavsky Theatre Orchestra.

August 2 and 3: Suite from Khachaturian's *Gayane*, Strauss's *Straussiana*, Bizet's *Variations*; Dmitri Kitayenko directing the Stanislavsky Theatre Orchestra.

Prague National Theatre Opera

August 28 and 29: Bohuslav Martinu's (1890-1959) *Greek Passion* (based on Kazantzakis' *Christ Recrucified*); Vaslav Kaslik, director; Vlastimil Jilek, choreographer.

August 30 and 31: Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio*; directed by Premysl Koci.

Prague National Theatre Ballet

August 26: Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*; Petr Weigl, director; Ladislav Simon conducting the Orchestra of the Prague National Theatre.

August 27: Selections from Minkus's *La Bayadere*, Pugni's *Pas-de-Quatre*, excerpts from Delvedez's *Paguita*, choreographed by Boris Bregvadze; *Allegretto* from Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*, M. Adamis's *Genesis* (1968), choreographed by Z. Nikoloudi.

The Royal Philharmonic of London

August 10: Colin Davis conducting Berlioz, Beethoven, Sibelius. Gina Bachauer, piano.

August 11: Colin Davis conducting von Weber, Mendelssohn, Berlioz. Maurice Hasson, violin.

August 13: Colin Davis conducting an all Beethoven program. Vasso Devetzi, piano.

State Theatre of Northern Greece

August 7, 8, and 9: Angelos Sikelianos's (1884-1951) *The Death of Digenis*; Kanelos Apostolou director; Tatiana Varouti, choreographer.

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 through August 17. Children under ten years are not admitted.

August 2 and 3: Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, presented by the National Theatre of Greece. Directed by Alexis Minotis; starring Olga Tournakis and Alexis Minotis.

August 9 and 10: Sophocles' *Electra*, presented by the State Theatre of Northern Greece. Directed by Minos Volonakis.

August 16 and 17: Aristophanes' *The Birds*, presented by Karolos Koun's Theatro Tehnis.

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

The performances are presented by the State Theatre of Northern Greece and begin at 9 p.m. August 6 at Thasos; August 2 and 3 at Philippi: Menander's *Dyscolus* (*The Grouch*) directed by Mihailis Bouhlis, and *The Girl from Samos* directed by Panayotis Haritoglou.

Tickets and information: Tickets (50.30 Drs., students 25.15 Drs.) are available from the State Theatre of Northern Greece, Vas. Sofias 2, Thessaloniki, Tel. (031) 223-785 and 274-910

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*, directed by Minos Volonakis.

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.

OLYMPUS

All performances are by the State Theatre of Northern Greece and begin at 9 p.m.

August 2 and 3: Angelos Sikelianos' *The Death of Digenis*, directed by Kanelos Apostolou. In the Kastro at Platamona.

August 16 and 17: Sophocles' *Electra*, directed by Minos Volonakis. At the Ancient Theatre of Dion.

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.).

ATHENS FESTIVAL—SEPTEMBER

National Theatre

September 6 and 7: Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, directed by Alexis Minotis.

September 13 and 14: Sophocles' *Antigone*, directed by Alexis Solomos.

Thessaloniki State Orchestra

September 8: George Thymis conducting Mozart, Chopin, Dvorak, Bruno Gelber, piano.

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

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

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

THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly

Vol. II, No. 22, August 1975
Alopekis 20, Kolonaki
Athens 139
Telephone: 724-204

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PRINTED BY

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

PHOTO TYPESETTING

Fotron S.A.
(A. Lechonitis, Anap. Polemou 16)

Yearly Subscription Rates

Greece and Cyprus — 200 Drs.

Other countries: — \$9.

Air Mail: Europe — \$10.

Rest of the World — \$16.

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publisher's note

Attending a performance at the ancient theatre at Epidaurus is an exciting experience. As a hush falls over the audience, and the actors make their entrance and begin to speak, their voices are carried through the night with astonishing clarity. One's eyes automatically travel to the panoramic view of the countryside beyond; the genius with which the Ancients chose locations never fails to amaze. Epidaurus was not merely the location of a theatre, as Antony M. Economides explains in 'Snake Pits and Drama'. Nearby stood the Asclepieion, a sort of combination of Lourdes and Mayo Clinic.

The Colossus of Rhodes no longer exists but the island today has become another kind of colossus. Willard Manus, a writer who has lived in Lindos for many years, provides an intimate picture of the island in 'A Super star Centre'.

*On a recent visit to Athens, Karen De Crow met with a group of Greek and foreign-born women living in Athens to discuss, informally, the status of women in this country. What emerged was a confused picture, since most of the individuals perceived women's roles and developments in these areas quite differently. Women's rights is a growing issue in Greece and is evolving — as it should — in its own style and in response to the needs of this society, but the movement is bound to be influenced by developments abroad. Ms. De Crow holds a Doctor of Jurisprudence from the University of Syracuse and is the author of *Sexist Justice* (Random House, 1971). The Young Woman's Guide to Liberation (Bobbs-Merrill, 1971), as well as numerous other publications. In 'Daisy Miller in Mexico' the president of NOW, the largest and most influential group in the U.S. women's liberation movement, presents her impressions of the events at Mexico City where the U.N. Conference on Women was held.*

*Antonis Samarakis is one of Greece's most popular writers, known abroad for his many books which have appeared in translation, and notably, *The Flaw* which was recently made into a film. 'The Mother' is from his collection of short stories, *The Passport*.*

Our cover is by Paul Valassakis.

goings on in athens

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 Pergamon (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. -

Marathon Museum, at Marathon, about 42 km. from Athens. No telephone as yet, but the guards at the Tomb of the Athenians (Tel. 0294-55-462) can give information. Going from Nea Makri to the village of Marathon, the first sign points to a road on the right which leads to the Tomb of the Athenians, and further along a sign points to a road running off to the left which leads to the new museum, the Tomb of the Plataians, and some tombs of the Hellenic and Cycladic periods. In a building next to the Museum can be seen several excavated graves with skeletons preserved from the Hellenic and Cycladic periods. The museum itself houses finds from the whole Marathon Plain, ranging from Neolithic material found in the Cave of Pan to late Roman artifacts found on the shore. Open daily 8 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 3-6 p.m., Sundays 10 a.m.-1 p.m. and 3-6 p.m. Closed Mondays. The Tomb of the Plataians and the Cycladic tombs have the same hours.

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.

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, Tositisa 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 collec-

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tion 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.

AMERICAN COMMUNITY SCHOOLS OF ATHENS

Registration for new students for the school year 1975-1976 is scheduled for August 22, 25, and 26 from 8:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Registration will resume on September 2. For information please call 6593-200.

ART GALLERIES

ASTOR GALLERY (Kar. Servias 16, Tel. 322-4971). An exhibit of works by Greek women artists, in honour of International Women's Year (through August 10; closed August 11 until September).

GALLERY IOLAS-ZOUMBOULAKIS (Kolonaki Square 20, Tel. 608-278. Closed Sundays and Mondays). Two simultaneous exhibits: a group show of works by Dali, Fassianos, Finotti, Fontana, Max Ernst, Yves Klein, Matta, Ruscha (until September 1); drawings and graphics by Fassianos (until September 1).

GALLERY ORA (Xenofondos 7, Tel. 322-6632). Closed until August 25. Paintings by Sandandonis (August 25-September 20).

GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS (Kriezotou 7, Tel. 634-454). Closed Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 p.m. Oil paintings by Petros Papavassiliou (August).

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 etchings, paintings, sculptures by 12 artists (through August 31).

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 (Diogenes 12, Plaka, Tel. 322-6442. Open Sundays). Permanent group show.

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.).

BRONZES BY CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN SCULPTORS, including works by Martini, Messina, Manzù, Greco, Fontana, Pomodoro and many others. The exhibit, organized by the Quadriennale d'Arte di Roma, appears 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) until September 15.

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.

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.

August 6 Sotirios
 August 15 Maria, Mary, Panayota, Despina, Panayotis, Marios
 August 23 Alexandros, Alekos, Alexis, Alexandra, Aleka, Aliki

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS

August 15 The Assumption of the Virgin

DATES TO REMEMBER

August 1 Switzerland — Confederation Day
 August 20 Hungary — Constitution Day
 August 23 Rumania — Liberation Day
 August 30 Turkey — Victory Day

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.

ACTIVITIES IN PIRAEUS

DIMOTIKON AMPHITHEATRON KASTELLAS, Kastella, Tel. 425-498. *Tanasse* review from Bucharest (early in August); Greek folk song and dance groups; drama performances (until the end of August). Phone the theatre for more 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).

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 August 19, 20, 21, 22 (full moon).

DORA STRATOU DANCE COMPANY — Greek folk dances, costumes, instruments from various parts of Greece with Madama 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.

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.

ATHENS CENTRE FOR THE CREATIVE ARTS, Massalia 22 (Hellenic American Union), Tel. 629-886. ● Poet Jack Gilbert lecturing on *The Role of the Writer in the U.S.A.* (August 4). ● Melya Kaplan and Evri Tsakiridis directing *New Trends in American Dance/Theatre* and Francis James Brown directing a multimedia performance based on Euripides' *The Trojan Women* and Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* (August 6 and 7). ● Arthur Beer directing a new musical adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, performed by the Athens Centre Theatre Group (August 8). All events are at 8:30 p.m. Admission free.

OUT OF TOWN DIVERSIONS

The following is a list of *panigiria*, festivals and other diversions held in various parts of Greece in August. A *panigiri* is a religious celebration, in honour of a saint, which is the occasion for feasting, dancing, singing and general merrymaking. In some places, traditional local costumes are worn.

August 1. SKYROS: Horse-racing and an exhibit of Folk Art. Through August 10.

August 6. CRETE: *Panigiria* at Arkalohori and Anogia.

August 8. CRETE: *Panigiri* at Agios Myron, near Iraklion.

August 11. CORFU: Festival of Agios Spyridon, the Patron Saint of the island who is carried through the streets in a colourful procession. LEFKAS: A two-day *panigiri* at Agios Spyridon.

August 14-15. GITHION: Peloponnisis, about 46 km. south of Sparta: local festival with performances of ancient drama, dances, songs, as well as nautical competitions.

August 15. The Assumption of the Virgin Mary, a major Greek religious holiday. The most important celebration is on the island of TINOS, to which thousands pilgrimage in search of miraculous cures. There are also smaller festivals in other places. CORFU: at the village of Kassiopi it is observed with an *epitafios* procession similar to the Good Friday ceremony. HYDRA: a *panigiri* with folk songs and dances. LESBOS: a *panigiri* at the village of Petra, where a traditional food called *keskek* is served. PAROS: at the Church of the Panagia 'Ekatonpiliani' ('of 100 doors').

August 24. ZANTE (Zakynthos): Festival of Saint Dionysios.

RECREATIONAL

BEACHES

The following beaches are easily accessible from Athens by bus or car; the taxi fares run from about 100 Drs. (to Glifada) to about 200 Drs. (to Lagonissi).

Astir, Glyfada (Tel. 894-6461). Open 8 a.m.-7:30 p.m. Adults 30 Drs., children 20 Drs., parking 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.-8 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.-7 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 Patisson.

Varkiza (Tel. 897-2402). Open 8 a.m.-8 p.m. 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.-8 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 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.

YACHT RACING

The races are open to yachts ranging from a twenty-one to seventy-foot rating in the International Offshore Racing Classes. For further information, contact the Hellenic Yachting Federation, Xenokratous 15A, Athens, Tel. 323-5560. (The Piraeus Sailing Club will not sponsor the 'Ionian Rally' this year.)

August 21. The 'Andros Race' begins at 1400 hours off Faliron. The 160-mile course goes to Serifos, then via the Doro Channel to Andros. The return race, called the 'Ulysses Race', leaves Andros at 1430 hours on August 24, with the course at the option of each skipper. Sponsored by the Yacht Club of Greece, Tourkolimano, Tel. 417-1823.

August 30 through September 4. The 'Argosaronikos Race' starts from Faliron at 0900 hours. The course is to Poros, Spetsai, Hydra, Poros and back to Faliron. Sponsored by the Hellenic Offshore Racing Club, Papadiamantou 4, Tourkolimano, Tel. 423-357.

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, Kalithea, Athens, Tel. 956-3712.

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.

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.

CINEMA

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 Garsia (Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia) Sam Peckinpah's violent but striking film set in contemporary Mexico.

O Ipnaras (Sleepers) 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.

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. Among the films they plan to show in August are several old favourites: *My Fair Lady*, *Gone With the Wind*, and a *Tom and Jerry Festival*.

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.

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 Yorķis (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.

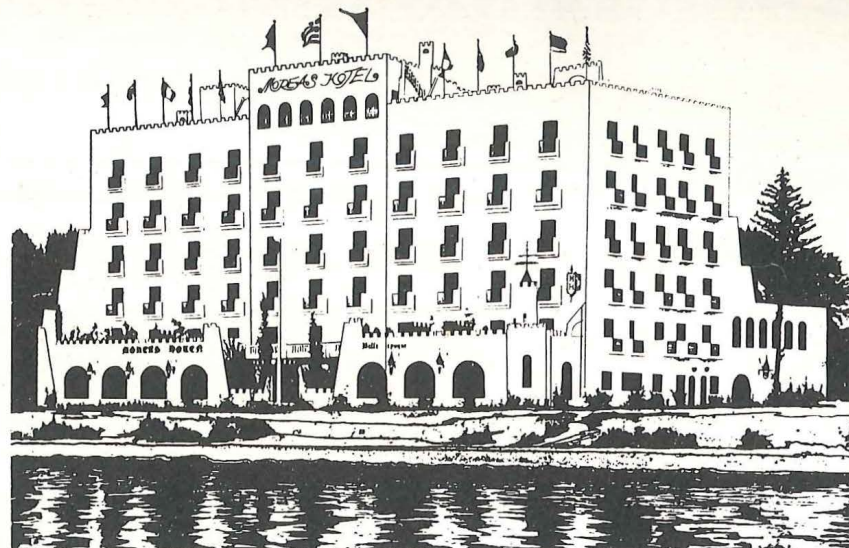
Ypothesis Parallax (The Parallax View) Political assassination in California. Warren Beatty.

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:
Edinburgh: August — September.
Locarno. August.



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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.

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.

The Asteria Taverna, in the Astir Complex, Glyfada, Tel. 894-5675. A lovely restaurant situated on a small illuminated bay where the waves literally lap at the legs of your table creating the necessary atmosphere for a sea-food restaurant. A display of a great variety of fresh fish, crabs, shrimp and lobsters from which to choose. A good selection of appetizers such as eggplant salad, shrimp salad, fried squid, etc. The prices are modest for a restaurant of this quality: lobster 495 Drs., swordfish souvlaki 100 Drs., smoked trout 75 Drs., red mullet 375 Drs. a kilo. Open daily for lunch and dinner.

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.

Bagatelle, K. Ventiri 9 (next to the Athens Hilton). Tel. 730-349. One of Athens' older international restaurants. Very pleasant environment, candle light, soft colors. The downstairs has a more rustic atmosphere and piano music in the evening. In the summer they move the tables onto the sidewalk. Accent on French food with a variety of dishes and good service. Entrees from 100 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

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).

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.

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.

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.

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. Sim-

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.

A guide to restaurants in Corfu, Hydra, Patras and Rhodes is on pages 13-14.

ple 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. Air conditioned.

Lotophagus, Aharnon 30-32 (on a cul-de-sac close to the railway station in Kifissia). Tel. 8013-201, 8010-046. Mr. and Mrs. Saliveros (he is a publisher, she a ceramic artist) are the owners of this restaurant set in a beautiful garden. The menu consists of delicious appetizers devised by Mrs. Saliveros and a main dish, home-made and seasonal, all served on Mrs. Saliveros's lovely pottery creations. The atmosphere is warm and carefree because the owners are the cooks and hosts. Frequented 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.

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

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.

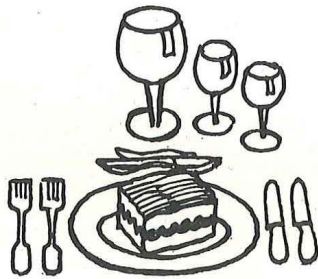
Moorings, Yachting Marine, Vouliagmeni (across from the Asteria Beach). Tel. 896-1310, 896-1113. Elegant atmosphere, soft stereo music in a modern setting with balconies overlooking a small picturesque bay. (Weather permitting we suggest that you ask for a table near the illuminated bay when making reservations) 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.

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

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

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.

Minion's Mini Grill, Patission 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 Patission St. when store is closed. Open daily (except Sunday) from 8 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

Al Tartufo, Posidonos 65, Paleon Faliron, no telephone as yet. Brand-new Italian restaurant serving a large variety of pasta, pizza and Italian meat dishes. Rustic interior and large terrace. An Italian chef ostentatiously performs the ritual of 'creating' the pizza. The *Tagliatelle alla Napolitana* (38 Drs.), *Saltimbocca alla Romana* (90 Drs.) and Italian salad (30 Drs.) were all tasty. Open daily from 7:30 p.m.

Mr. Yung's Chinese Restaurant, Lamahou 3, Tel. 323-0956. Variety of Chinese foods, all well-prepared. Special lunch: choice of soup and main dish with tea or coffee, 75 Drs. Open daily noon-3 p.m. and 7 p.m.-1 a.m. Air-conditioned.

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.

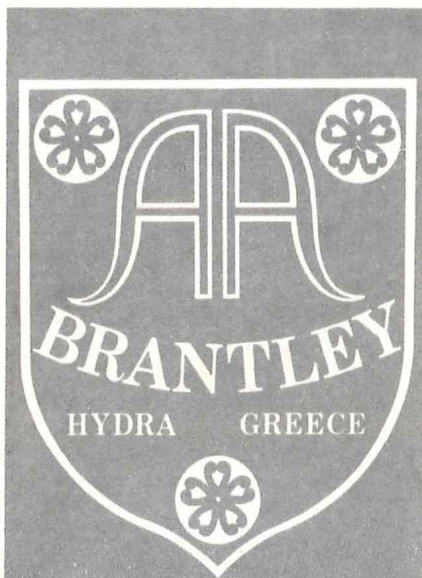
Gerofinikas, Pindarou 10. Tel. 622-719, 636-710. Taverna style, offering a great variety of Greek and Turkish specialties. Oriental desserts exceptional. Businessmen's luncheons. Moderately expensive. Open daily: 12:30 - 4:00 p.m., 7:30 - 12:30 a.m.

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.

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.



I

- Brantley's snack bar featuring Hydra's world famous ice cream special

II

- Cafe-bar Brantley — drinks of distinction served with indomitably pleasant style

III

- Beginning March Brantley's flair and care will again be demonstrated with the opening of Brantley's Barbeque

Palaia 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.

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

To Limanaki, at the end of Avras Street, between Kavouri and Vouliagmeni. Tel. 896-0405, 896-0566. Set on a hillock at the end of a small road, this rather plain taverna offers a splendid view and is recommended even in the winter. Excellent fresh fish, a few appetizers. Daily: 12:30 - 5 p.m., 8:30 - 11:30 p.m.

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

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

Kanakis, Lavriou Avenue 76, Liopesi (on the inland road to Cape Sounion). Tel. 664-2385. A well known country taverna in operation since 1910. Lovely summer garden and spacious rooms with rustic decor and a huge fireplace. Excellent slightly resinated kokinelli at 20 Drs per kilo. Starters include 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.

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

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.

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, Etoilikou 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.

MIKROLIMANO (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 Kavalla. Open daily from 10:30 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.

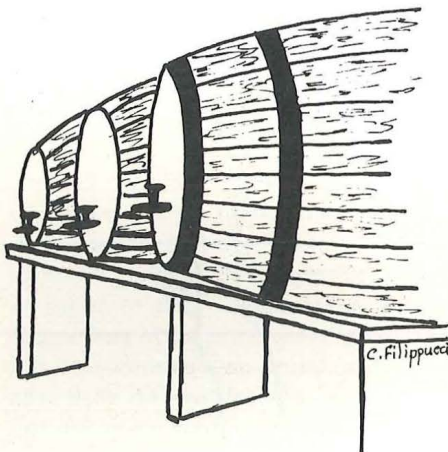
Zorba No. 2 — Tel. 425-004. Famous for its large and delectable assortment of Turkish appetizers. The owner's two other restaurants by the same name serve fish as well. Open daily from 12 noon - 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

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 specialty. A great snapper baked with shrimp, mushrooms and whiskey, a specialty. 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.



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 Philippos 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, Vas. Georgiou, Kalamaki, Tel. 981-2004. Dancing to the orchestra and entertainment by Marinella and other singers as well as the Swiss ballet of Raoul Lanvin. 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 Vasilis 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 groove 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.

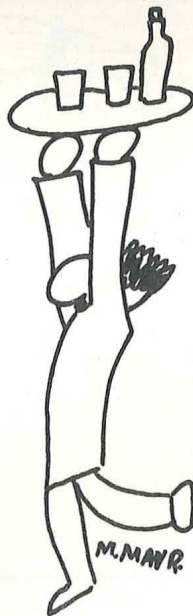
HYDRA

The restaurants and discotheques on Hydra are simple, informal places where reservations are not necessary. Most of them are near the port — the only sure way to locate them is to ask in that area.

- Brantley's I & II. Snack bars responsible for bringing good sense to Hydra in the form of shrimp cocktails, Margaritas and lavish service.
- Cannons. A very small family-size discotheque that can accommodate no more than twenty dwarves at once. Folk music alternates with James Brown.
- Cavos. A discotheque with good music and murals — and ventilation for the dance floor! Awesome view from a comfortable terrace.
- Dimitri's. A festive place where the food can't hurt one but the wine might. Nothing extraordinary in the kitchen other than family and friends.
- Dousko's. Ownership has changed, but the pine-and-wisteria-festooned square now occupied by Vassili's taverna is still known as Dousko. Enormous variety of food by local standards, but a snake sleeps in the wine barrel, so buy it bottled.
- Grafo. Griffins on a marble tower overlook this spotless taverna, and when Papa Niko cooks they purr. Unfortunately that is only in winter; summer yields the predictable lambchops, pork or chicken.
- Grigoris. Humble pie at rock bottom prices. Good, clean, honest food, with a flair for bean soups and *horta* (spinach-like greens) 'extraordinaire'.
- Halfway House. Great jukebox, marvellous meatballs and whitebait, and some of the best barreled retsina on the island. A haunt of the locals.
- Hydra Restaurant. The owner loves his food and strives to see that his clientele does too. Fish dishes — particularly the sole — are carefully cooked and admirably presented. Not cheap but worth the price.
- Lagondera. A discotheque which was once the Yacht Club and before that an *abatoir*, but nonetheless in the past a colourful hangout for the 'metaphysical jetset'.
- Lulu's. Long the home of surrealistic bacchanals and *moussaka* supreme. It's cabaret rather than food that counts here. Impromptu dancing, loud music, suitable food and general hysteria at reasonable prices.
- Jimmy's. A longstanding reputation for sinister cookery. Frequented by tourists.
- Katsika's. Expensive, insolent, and not

particularly edible, yet doing a thriving business.

- Marina. Located in the family garden at Vlichos, this is a secluded, simple taverna set in an excruciatingly beautiful landscape. Worth an afternoon's visit by boat.
- Nick's. Specializes in grills: liver and onions, pork, steaks, fish done properly and served promptly with no damage to the pocket. Catsup, tabasco and soy sauce available on request.
- Philipa. Long a *bakaliko* — a type of local store that sold groceries but also cooked on request. It has now become a taverna but retains its former atmosphere. Fish, beef and lamb on charcoal, robust salads, clear and pleasant retsina served under whitewashed pines.
- Panos. Long the site of Grigoris's flagrant madness, this taverna's outside is as lovely as a Cezanne, while inside there are celebrity-strewn graffiti among such



oddities as stuffed wolves. Whereas Grigoris once put 'How do you want to die — fish or meat?' on the menu, Panos, the new owner, is trying to erase that memory. Fair enough.

- Psaropoula. Beans, macaroni, squid, octopus — even lobster — with a smile. The smiles are genuine and the prices modest.
- Sirocco. The new owner of this discotheque works hard to please, with slides of New York, good prices and the biggest Kung Fu record collection this side of Hong Kong.

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. Maratlios, 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., fondue 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.
- The Seven Springs, on a side road between Afantou and Archangelos. Meat specialties, but the owners are breeding fresh-water trout which should be ready for the table in a year or so.

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.



our town

The Accused

IT WAS not so long ago that at least twice a day traffic along Leoforos Kifissias and Vassilissis Sofias between Psychiko and Constitution Square would be brought to a halt. After much whistling and arm waving to clear the route, the traffic police would stand aside as a black limousine surrounded by other cars and motorcycle police emerged from a side street in Neo Psychiko and made its way downtown. Were it not for its frantic speed, the motorcade might have passed for a funeral cortege. George Papadopoulos was on his way to work. Watching the procession in silence, people must have often wondered what went on in the mind of the man almost crouching in the corner of the back seat of that car. He never waved. Save for the salute from the police, people gave no sign of acknowledgment as he went by. They just stared.

Correspondents are now descending on Athens from all over the world to witness the trial of George Papadopoulos and his fellow conspirators for treason. What will not be on trial are the system and the society that produced men of their kind. What we are not likely to learn is what made them tick. We live in an era excessively aware of the psychological aspects of issues and events. Armed with masses of statistics on human behaviour and the jargon of the social scientists, we reduce human beings to skeleton images, and concepts to platitudes which we apply at random. Papadopoulos and Company were 'strongmen' and 'dictators', the coup was 'tyrannical'. Yet they were mere by-products of an era marked by a large amount of oppression and a Greek version of McCarthyism. When change began to appear in the 1960's many did not like it, and welcomed or tolerated the Junta because it seemed, at the time, preferable to the social disorganization which is an inevitable component of transition and development. While we follow the legal proceedings, we might ask ourselves about the social forces that produced the conspirators. We should remind ourselves of our own

individual responsibility and of the concentration camp psychology — the result of too many years of oppression, of abuse of civil liberties, and contempt of the individual — that paved the way for the Junta.

Ice Cream City and Other Athenian Resorts

IN THE desert heat of Athens, working people dream of their summer vacations, which, alas, last a mere two weeks. In Athens, however, there are easily accessible oasis-like spots of greenery where people gather at night to dine or to eat a sweet. Regardless of the hour, there are always lots of children about — and even more cats. Both are found mostly under tables but are often seen chasing each other around the tables and up the trees.

While certain parts of Athens are too well known, others are ignored by visitors to our city. Yet these unsung quarters offer the most genuine atmosphere to be found here. All evening entertainment here in Greece must have one end in view: to eat and drink, preferably out-of-doors. Perhaps the most popular and traditional outing is to the suburb of Nea Philadelphia, or Pagotoupolis (Ice Cream City), as it is known to middle class Athenians. Settled by Asia Minor Greeks in the exchange of populations in 1922, it became the new home of *kaimaki* ice cream. This Anatolian specialty is made from the top of the milk and is often spiked with *mahleb* which is related to mastic. The milk of water buffalo makes the best *kaimaki* and is flown down from Macedonia daily for this purpose. In Nea Philadelphia one can also find *irani*, a delightful cold drink made from squashed melon pips. All about the square and the park of Nea Philadelphia there are cafes serving *kaimaki* most of the night, as well as tavernas serving good, cheap food.

There are other quarters in Athens with their own character and their own specialties. One goes to Aigalio for ouzo and *meze*, to Ilioupolis for wine and chops, and to the nearby Ayis Yannis, up on the slopes of Hymettos, for rabbit.

Behind the site of the old Averof prison there is a green, breezy corner where they serve *ghida* (she-goat). The *Baraki* (Little Bar) is a pleasant place just below the fancy establishment on the top of Lykavittos. In general, though the slopes of Lykavittos, like the Zappion Gardens, are more favoured by lovers than by diners. But, then, both these activities are stimulated by a cooling breeze.

A Venus in Your Living Room

P AUSANIAS in the Second Century described at least 250 statues in the city of Athens. In the far-larger Athens of today only 101 are to be found in outdoor public places, according to a survey recently published by the Faculty of Architecture of the Polytechnic. Some solace is to be drawn, however, from the fact that eighty-four of these are more than life-size and that a number are gigantic. While the Kolonaki area is rich in nineteenth-century intellectuals, heroes of the War of Independence are by far the most popular subjects. Kolokotronis, by the way, is the only hero honoured with two statues, one in front of the Old Parliament and one in the Pedion Areos (Champ de Mars). The reason for this favouritism is no doubt due to the fact that Kolokotronis spent most of his life on horseback dramatically pointing out the enemy. In former days, Kolokotronis at the Old Parliament also served a utilitarian purpose as he pointed out the exact direction to the men's public lavatory.

This paucity of public statues notwithstanding, anyone, we are happy to report, can now have a full-blown Venus de Milo (or de Louvre) right in his own home without the Archaeological Service making suspicious inquiries, and, what is more, you may have them shipped back to Ipswich, Dusseldorf, Salt Lake City or wherever, with its blessings.

There are two exhibitions of plaster casts of ancient artifacts in Athens, one organized by the Ministry of Culture (at Filellinon 17) and another at the National Archaeological Museum (at

the Tositsa Street entrance). Since 1958 there has been a workshop employing thirty-five skilled artisans reproducing for the state exact replicas of ancient works. The originals are cast in molds and reproduced faithfully with every crack, pit and scar in place. With the cooperation of the House of Zolotas the exhibitions were recently enriched with exact copies of Mycenaean jewels which can also be bought and which begin at 500 Drs. for copper reproductions and rise to 6000 Drs. for gold ones.

You can buy 'off the rack', as it were, reproductions of the Marathon Boy, the Heads of the Charioteer of Delphi and the Poseidon of Artemision, an Aphrodite without a head, parts of the Parthenon frieze, Tanagra figurines and many others. The cheapest item is a copper replica of a ballot ball (140 Drs.) and the most costly a full-sized Venus de Milo or the Poseidon of Artemision for a very reasonable 30,000 Drs. A replica of any particular Old Favourite will be made to order upon request.

As far as we know, however, reproductions of Kolokotronis are not available. Greek patriots living abroad will have to produce their own if they want to have the old hero pointing out the enemy from atop a horse in their backyards.

Streakers Beware

THE explanations for what in late July began as a demonstration by construction workers and ended in a riot, have puzzled both the politicians and citizens who have been hard put to know where to lay the blame. It also puzzled several bystanders. In the spirit of not knowing whether to laugh or cry, we have decided to share some of their experiences with our readers.

Among the bewildered was our old friend, Kyrios Stelios, who suffers, along with his distress over the way the world has gone to the dogs, a severe case of myopia. Having broken his only pair of glasses the day before, he found himself on the day of the riot stumbling down to pick them up from his optician where they were being repaired. A few minutes before he arrived on the scene, his optician, Vassilis Stavrou, was busy fitting a nervous young lady with contact lenses. Stavrou's shop is just off Omonia Square. Unaware of what was going on outside, he dismissed the customer's complaints when she kept insisting that her eyes were stinging since he is accustomed to young ladies fussing when they are being fitted with lenses for the first time.

In a few minutes, however, his own eyes were stinging and tears began to

roll down *both* of their faces. Suddenly a tear gas bomb came smashing through the shop window. Mr. Stavrou and the customer fled to the street just as Kyrios Stelios arrived to pick up his glasses. In his usual acerbic fashion, he announced that the pollution was getting worse, the youth of today were wild and noisy, and that he had turned down his hearing aid to deaden the racket. Of course, he couldn't hear Mr. Stavrou's explanations that they were in the midst of a riot. The optician finally gave up and with a handkerchief over his mouth returned to his shattered shop and located our old friend's glasses. Kyrios Stelios put on his spectacles in time to witness a scene taking place at that moment in the square itself: an unidentified man, presumably a tourist, had removed his clothes and was frolicking in the fountain apparently oblivious to the drama approaching at that moment. We suppose the stripteaser must have expected *some* reaction from the gendarmerie but we can only speculate as to what he thought when several armoured cars drove up and began to pelt the area with tear gas bombs. According to Kyrios Stelios the man grabbed his clothes and ran. '*Kaloton kanane*,' said Kyrios Stelios, 'that's the way they should deal with all streakers.' We are still trying to convince our old friend that the fourteen hours of rioting were not the result of the police over-reacting to a hapless streaker.

First Lady to the Rescue

JOHN Koutsoheras, parliamentary deputy for Athens, has lately suggested that laws governing dowries be abolished. Calling the dowry a backward tradition which is an insult to the person who gives and to the one who receives, Koutsoheras argues that it contradicts the constitutional clause which decrees equal rights and obligations between men and women. The dowry, he says, is an offense to human dignity and belittles the civilization of this country.

During an interview later in the same month, the First Lady of Greece, Ioanna Tsatsos (who is also a poet, writer and sister of the late Nobel prize poet, George Seferis) objected to any changes in dowry laws at this time. Dowry laws protect the interests of women, she said, and so long as a man expects to receive payment for a woman, the laws should stand as they are. It is not laws that need alteration but the prejudices of men themselves.

The President's Lady at the same interview was asked what she believed

her brother would have thought of her becoming the First Lady of Greece. 'He would have laughed,' she said. 'He had a great sense of humour.'

The Good Shepherd of Florina

BISHOP Augustinos of Florina is one of those Jeremiahs who delight the good folk of this country by reminding us of how sinful we all are. A proposal before Parliament regarding automatic divorce is the reason for his latest telegraphed sermon. In brief, the proposal suggests that after eight years' separation, either party to a marriage can get a divorce automatically. In order to bring the full attention of our readers to the fiendishness of this proposal, we quote from the Bishop's telegram which runs to several hundred scorching words:

'Automatic divorce is supported by the social circles of the sinful city, the New Babylon of Hellenism. There is reason to fear that it will become a reality for our unfortunate country. Stop. Formal protest by the Church for well-known reasons is non-existent. Honourable Greek women, latter-day Penelopes, faithful to their marital vows, will experience the greatest bitterness of their lives when concubines are crowned in the central churches of Athens with their [the latter-day Penelopes', not the concubines'] true husbands. This is the final blow to the God-fearing mystery of the Christian wedding. Stop. The scandal will be enormous. In cases such as this the Church acts in the shameful role of panderer to the general corruption. If the Greek state wants to organize family life according to the examples of the corrupt centres of Western Civilization, then it should establish civil marriage for those who have ceased to believe in the Gospels and the sacred traditions of our people. Stop. The church wedding, as a mystery of the Orthodox Church, should remain where the *theanthropos* [Christ] placed it. The breaking up of this mystery by civil powers is an intrusion of Caesar's upon the things that are God's. Stop.'

An organization called 'Family Hearth' in general agreed with the Bishop, adding that the proposal was up primarily for the benefit of 'four or five interested deputies'. Since the 'Family Hearth' did not identify the 'four or five', the country has been burning with speculation. We have kept a careful list of all those nominated for the roles of 'interested' deputies and have arrived at the figure of 350 which is very impressive when one considers that there are 300 deputies in Parliament.

Daisy Miller in Mexico

The paradoxical aspects of the International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City were perhaps best expressed, unwittingly, by the Secretary General of the Conference (and Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations), Helvi Sipilä. In her closing address she noted the number of high-ranking women present, beginning with the Prime Minister of Ceylon and... the many spouses of Heads of States and Governments! The Conference served to underline the differences that separate nations and individuals in their approaches to improving the status of women. Here in Greece women's

liberation movements are just beginning to get off the ground, and we are somewhat cut off from the mainstream of the revolution which is already underway in other parts of the Western World. Among the leaders of these movements abroad is Karen DeCrow, the President of the National Organization of Women (NOW), who was in Mexico City to attend 'The Tribune', an unofficial gathering of 5,000. We asked Ms. DeCrow to cover the U.N. Conference for The Athenian and to provide our readers with her impressions, as one of the leading feminists in the world today, of the events in Mexico City.

DAISY Miller went to the United Nations Conference on Women in Mexico City. She learned many things.

She learned that not all women are feminists. She had known that before, from attending women's meetings in coalitions in the United States. But the austerity of that lesson in Mexico City was chilling.

A woman attorney from Colombia tells the Tribune that she has ten children, intends to have more, has had no abortions, and never intends to have any. There is loud clapping and much cheering. Another speaker at the Tribune screams how she is proud of her husband's name. Claps. Cheers. A woman compares abortion to Hitler's activities. She is hailed.

Daisy also learned that everyone in the world (female, male) hates people from the United States. She knew that before, from reading *Foreign Affairs* and *Time*. But it is different to feel it in person. For example, the moment you open your mouth to speak (therefore identifying your U.S. origins, even if your clothes are straight from the Mexican street market), they all hate you.

You explain how you marched tirelessly in anti-Viet Nam war demonstrations, even withheld your telephone surcharge in protest. It doesn't matter. They hate you anyway. So, you start to analyze all this hatred.

A woman from Guam, Gregoria Baty, explains how the United States International Women's Year Delegation has refused to recognise the Guam

territorial delegate to the conference. Guam, an American Pacific territory, 8,000 miles from Washington, D.C., is an important and strategic land base for the American military. Baty is told that Guam comes under the U.S. delegation. She is furious that the women of the western Pacific must be represented by Anglo - Saxon Protestants.

At a press conference held by three members of the U.S. delegation, Baty asks a question on 'development'. (The theme of the conference is Equality, Development, and Peace. Peace was taken up in an extremely nebulous fashion in the World Plan of Action adopted by the Conference.) Guam is gorgeous, she says. The next Miami Beach. Except *one - third* of the land is covered with nuclear bases. Surely a deterrent to tourism. The delegates (Patricia Hutar, Jill Ruckelshaus, Jewel La Fontant) say they cannot deal with that question. They refer it to a man from the U.S. State Department, who tells the woman that it is *an economic advantage to Guam to have military bases*.

At the press conference, the world press is asked, in English, if anyone needs a translator.

Daisy Miller also learned that the Ugly American (male) is not the only Ugly American. She sees Ugly American feminists. Since everyone in the world seems to hate Americans, it would seem, even to a casual observer, that Americans should not try to take over the meeting. Whether our ideas are better than everyone else's no one can tell, at least not until history is written.

We are certainly not going to get them across if we exchange 'let us tell you how fabulous it is for your economic development to have some nuclear bases on your beach' for 'let us give you the true word about ending sexism.' 'Women of the world unite. Listen to the Americans tell you what to do.' That will never do. And it didn't.

Taiwo Ajai, from Nigeria, says: 'It is presumptuous of any one to assume that women of the Third World are unable to articulate their own outrage on any issue which concerns them. As a member of the Third World, I repudiate this patronizing attitude and particularly the underlying intellectual imperialism. Women in the Third World do not need any more champions. We are bored and tired of all the Great White Hopes.'

Daisy learned that *macho* (loud, chauvinistic, insensitive, offensive) women are as unaesthetic as *macho* men, and, if we sincerely intend to change the way the world thinks and operates, we must, as leaders, stop imitating the leaders we now have.

The clearest lesson that Daisy learned from the conference is that almost everyone in the world hates Jews. Ms. Rabin (the wife of the Prime Minister of Israel) makes a speech. Most of the audience walks out. The speeches are government speeches, since the official delegates are all government chosen. Each deals, of course, with women's rights, but mainly deals with what her government would be saying at the UN headquarters. Many speeches deal with how terrible Israel is. And how we all love the PLO.

The Conference adopts, on July 2, a declaration calling for the abolition of Zionism. The vote is 89 - 2, with 19 abstentions. Israel and the United States are the only 'no' votes. And, Elizabeth Holtzman (a Democratic Representative from New York) is introducing a bill into Congress to prevent discrimination against Jews who work in multi - national corporations in the United States, since the Arabs are already demanding the firing of Jews in businesses with which they deal.

It is strange, indeed, that a conference organized to end oppression of one group—women—would make declarations against another. One cannot single out a group as a class for persecution and still have freedom. One cannot deal with discrimination at one level while advancing it on another.

Mexico is an odd place to hold a conference on women's rights. A standard male greeting to females one wants to know better is a long slurp. He

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follows this by rubbing his groin. Unescorted females are pawed and touched.

In hotel rooms, the 'Welcome to Mexico' magazine states:

'This year's cover pays tribute to the Mexican woman, since 1975 has been designated International Women's Year. Stunning 22-year old Ana DeSade who is pictured on the cover is an aspiring young movie actress, who has already starred in two movies. Ana is 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 110 pounds and has dark brown eyes. She speaks English and loves dancing, reading and walking.'

Most Mexicans have black hair, brown eyes, and brown skin. Almost every woman in the advertisements has blond hair, blue eyes, and white skin. The males in the ads are Mexicans.

Almost every female delegate to the UN Conference is wearing five pounds of makeup, and very fancy clothes and jewels. None of the male delegates to the Conference are wearing makeup; most have plain clothes. (A gratifying exception is the Chinese. They all look beautiful with their simple hair styles and clothes.)

Last spring I asked President Ford to finance an international feminist caucus in Mexico City to discuss strategies for legal and legislative change. According to Stephen S. Rosenfeld, of the *Washington Post*, Ford put the request in his pocket.

We could really use a world feminist legal conference. Under most legal codes in the world, the husband has the final say in all important matters affecting the family, including the exercise of parental authority. In May, 1975, the Law Lords in the House of Lords (England) held that a man cannot be convicted of rape if he sincerely believed that his alleged victim had consented to sexual intercourse, despite any protest she may have made. Four Arabs were recently charged with murdering a young bride because she was not a virgin on her wedding night. The prosecution said the girl's father, her uncle, the bridegroom, and his father made four different plans to kill her — by throwing her off a cliff, stabbing her, drowning her in a well, or drowning her in the Sea of Galilee. Finally, her father poured poisonous pesticide down her throat to defend the family's honour.

The Conference developed a Ten - Year World Plan of Action, covering education, employment, population control, the abolition of child marriages, and so forth. They did not agree on a general condemnation of sexism; nor

did they assert the right of women to control their own bodies. (The right to control one's own body was also missing from the statement of the World Population Conference last summer.) Miriam Dell of New Zealand assailed the plan as one under which 'women will become more effective cogs in a man-made machine.'

Nothing in the Plan is legally binding on any country. Each nation is left to work out the details in its own way. Another conference is tentatively scheduled for 1980 in Iran.

This conference brought to Mexico City 10,000 people including 891 official delegates from 131 countries and 1300 members of the press. The first intergovernmental meeting on women's rights was chaired by a man, Pedro Ojeda Paullada, the Attorney General of Mexico. The simultaneous translator into English said 'feminine' instead of 'feminist.'

Clearly, International Women's Year should last until sex roles are abolished. But we should not panic over the Mexico City scene. History, and intellectual and social development are, of course, processes.

As for the stupidity and yelling and authoritarian behaviour which goes on at UN Conferences and elsewhere — let us remember that although Sparta won the Peloponnesian War in 404 B.C. through military strength, few go in 1975 to visit Sparta. We all visit Athens, perhaps as tribute to reason and to democracy. Feminists can counter the oppression in all three worlds — Capitalist, Communist and Third — by creating the Fourth World, based on equality and reason and democracy.

Perhaps the error was that we all came to Mexico City looking for goodness and truth. We certainly did not find goodness, and there was not much truth either.

I brought back two souvenirs: a flowered basket, and a wedding picture. Running through the rain one evening, we saw a wedding procession about to enter a huge Romanesque cathedral. We followed. The Mendelssohn Wedding March and Spanish guitar music came over a PA system. During the ceremony the bride was tied to the groom with a rope, untied at the close of the ritual. Her family, his family, the Church, the rope — that bride will need more than an Equal Pay Act to make her free. I bought her wedding photograph from a street vendor for 15 pesos, and hung it on the wall, just to remind me.

— KAREN DE CROW

The Scales of Justice

IN ADDITION to the first anniversary marking the Junta-inspired coup in Cyprus (July 15, 1974) and the reestablishment of democracy in Greece, two events monopolized public interest last month: the conviction of Cavalry Captain Kotsaris for the murder of a prisoner at the racetrack during the first days of the April 21, 1967 coup in Greece, and the Supreme Court decision that high treason is an 'instantaneous' crime.

On April 21, 1967, the Junta arrested 700 persons, mostly leftists from the Athens area, and interned them at the racetrack on Syngrou Avenue. Among them was Panayiotis Elis. Four days later, on April 25, a group of prisoners left the building to which they were confined and proceeded toward a nearby fence which served as a latrine. Among the group was Elis. As the group was returning to the building he walked somewhat faster than the others and apparently stepped slightly out of line. According to the testimony of Elis's fellow prisoners, Captain Kotsaris at this point pulled out his service revolver, fired one bullet at almost point blank range, and killed Elis.

According to Kotsaris' testimony, the reason for the shooting was that Elis had started to run in an attempt to escape. (The forty-five year old Elis, who is said to have 'looked' middle-aged, was wearing bedroom slippers at the time.) The defense devised by Kotsaris' counsel, Mr. Alfantakis, collapsed as the trial progressed. (Mr. Alfantakis is an extreme right-wing politician who is defense attorney for many of the instigators of the April coup.) The question remained: How could Elis possibly have attempted to escape from the racetrack when it was being guarded by army units supported by three tanks?

The attitude of the young officer, symptomatic as it was of the climate prevailing at the cadet officers' training school and the 'education' to which he had been subjected, has shocked and distressed the nation. 'Now I can become a general,' he is quoted as having said to reserve officers in his Haidari unit after the shooting. 'I've learned how to shoot live targets, not dummies.' It is a disquieting thought when one considers that the nation's security was entrusted to individuals of

such mentality, a mentality that is not dissimilar to that shown by Lt. William Calley at My Lai. Cavalry Captain Kotsaris was sentenced to only eight years in prison.



THE GREEK Supreme Court has made its decision: high treason is an 'instantaneous' crime, not a 'continuous' one. As a consequence, the 104 men who collaborated with the Junta and accepted appointments as ministers during the seven-year dictatorship will escape prosecution. Only the actual instigators of the coup will stand trial.

In order to understand the issue, it is necessary to distinguish an 'instantaneous' from a 'continuous' crime. A single criminal act that is committed once and is not on-going is considered to be an instantaneous criminal offense. Theft and murder, for example, are 'instantaneous'. A continuous crime, by

contrast, is considered to be one which extends as long as the illegal act itself is protracted; kidnapping is an example.

In an earlier decision The Court of the First Instance declared high treason to be a 'continuous' crime. This was followed by an appeal by the Public Prosecutor Bletsas to the Supreme Court where the decision was reversed: high treason, it concluded, is an 'instantaneous' criminal offense. Ergo, the only crime committed was the initiation of the coup at dawn on April 21, 1967. Governments sworn in during the next seven years of the dictatorship were, therefore, legal!

A storm of protest was raised from the press and the Opposition benches in Parliament where it has been argued that the decision was directly contrary to prevailing public sentiment. Without suggesting that public opinion should dictate court decisions, they have contended that when such decisions appear illogical and prejudiced, the populace, inevitably, loses its confidence in the judicial system.

Although the 104 Junta ministers and deputy ministers have escaped prosecution, the trials do not end here and the instigators of the April coup were brought to trial. The general public, however, considers — rightly or wrongly — that in view of the Supreme Court's decision as to what constitutes a 'continuous' crime, Justice is prejudiced in favour of the Junta members. The people are not as yet in a frame of mind to accept the possibility that those who tyrannized, tortured, imprisoned, exiled and deprived them of their freedom may escape punishment. If they conclude that this may, indeed, happen, it could lead to serious consequences. If so, indignant citizens may pour into the streets of Athens once again as they did in November, 1974.

— TAKIS PROKAS

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THE MOTHER

A Short Story by Antonis Samarakis

SHE WAS ironing his trousers. The good pair. His Sunday best. At the very moment when she was concentrating on getting the crease just right, the woman from the corner store came up, panting — they said she had asthma.

'There's been a bad accident at Kalogreza! Haven't you heard?' the woman called from the street when she saw her ironing by the open window.

'No... I don't know what you're talking about. My Yannis...!'

'I don't know if Yannis was involved. My sister-in-law just telephoned and told me about it. Everybody in the shaft died instantly in the explosion!'

In her panic she left the hot iron on the trousers. Just as she had been working to make a perfect crease (because Yannis always teased her: 'Mother, you messed up the crease again. Let's see you get it right so I can say, bravo, Mother').

She left the iron and ran to the window.

'What else did you hear? Tell me! I'm going mad!'

'I don't know anything else,' said the shopowner's wife. 'That's all they told me over the telephone.'

'The two-to-ten shift was blown into the air. The shaft blew up and collapsed on them. Which shift is your Yannis working?'

'The two-to-ten,' she said, as if she were in a trance.

Just then someone shouted from the corner store that there were customers waiting.

'I'm going,' the woman told her. 'Take courage. He might have escaped.'

She went and picked up the iron, pulling the plug out of the socket. The material had been scorched on both sides, but what did the material matter now? The only thing that mattered was that tonight, Saturday, Yannis—her Yannis, her only child—was on the ten-to-two shift.

She threw on a shawl. She glanced at the picture of Yannis's father, and hesitated for a moment—should she tell him the news or say nothing? The father, calm and smiling, looked at her as if nothing were happening. Calm and smiling, just as he was when he had turned and looked at her in '44—August it had been, August 11—when the Germans had taken him out of the house. Their Yannis had just begun to crawl; he hadn't really begun to talk yet and could only say, 'pa-pa', 'ma-ma'. Then 'their' Yannis became 'her' Yannis because his father had never again crossed the doorstep. He was gone—lost. They had taken him and others off to

Germany, one person said to Buchenwald, another said Dachau. But what was the point—once people were gone, they were gone for good.

TO GET from Perama to Kalogreza she would have to transfer twice, take the Perama tram to the Piraeus subway station, then the subway to Omonia and from there the Kalogreza bus.

Once before she had gone to find her Yannis at work, but it hadn't been an emergency that time. It had been a year and a half ago when Yannis's uncle (his father's first cousin) was passing through Piraeus. The uncle had lived for many years in America. In a place called Detroit. She had hurried to tell her Yannis that his uncle would be in Piraeus for only a few hours and that after work, Yannis should meet him at the Hotel Macedonian, the one near the clock tower, second block on the left. The uncle was Yannis's godfather and would certainly have a nice present for him. Ten whole years had passed since he had last visited Greece, and he had been in a hurry that time, too. And in the end, when Yannis had reached the Macedonian—had broken his neck to get there as fast as possible—his uncle had given him one of those bottle-opening gadgets. Yannis had told her exactly what it was called, but she could never say it; her tongue got tangled up in the word.

Now she was going to meet her Yannis with her heart full of sorrow. She didn't know what she would find there.

In her anxiety to go, to rush to him, to get there in time—in time for what?—she forgot to take a handkerchief. Because she already had a cold and tears were also running down her cheeks, she was very upset about forgetting her handkerchief, and it seemed that everyone on the tram and train was looking at her as she wiped her nose from time to time or dried her eyes or did both, with the edge of her shawl.

'If I were a bird and could fly...' She repeated over and over to herself this line of a song she had liked when she was young, when there was no picture of her husband in the house, but her husband himself.

She couldn't wait to reach that ill-fated Kalogreza. When the train left Monastiraki for Omonia, she absentmindedly said aloud, 'If I were a bird and could fly.'

'Can't you stop that mumbling? You're bothering us,' remarked the man next to her. He was wearing a bow-tie and was holding an overstuffed black bag, like a baby, on his lap.

She shrank into her corner. She was so upset at being

scolded that the train passed Omonia and the next stop without her realizing it. She finally got off at the Attiki stop.

She came out onto Patisision Street, stopping once in a while to catch her breath—she had suffered from shortness of breath for years. She had to reach him as soon as possible. Her Yannis was waiting for her.

She counted the change in her purse to see if there were enough for a taxi. Altogether she had eleven and a half drachmas.

There was a taxi stand at Amerikis Square, and she went there to ask the fare to Kalogreza.

'I have eleven and a half drachmas,' she told the taxi driver in a low voice, as if she had done something wrong.

He told her it would be impossible. Kalogreza would be a long-distance, double-fare trip.

She stood, calculating her decision.

'Well, what if we go there, and Yannis pays?'

'Yannis?' asked the driver.

'My son!' she said in a manner suggesting that it was very strange for the man not to know who Yannis was.

'That's different!' agreed the driver, and opened the door for her.

She put one foot into the taxi and stopped. 'If my Yannis...?' she asked herself, not quite consciously, and at the same time she turned away from the taxi and wrapped her shawl tighter around her.

At the thought, 'If my Yannis...,' she felt a freezing sensation in her breast and low in her legs.

'It doesn't matter, I'll take the bus,' she said, and went on into the night.

IT WAS so calm at the lignite mine when she arrived that for a moment it crossed her mind that there had been a mistake, that the telephone call must have been about something else, not an accident at Kalogreza, where everything was so quiet, covered with the frost of a winter night. The minute she passed through the gate, however, she saw people in front of the guardhouse talking—a lot of people and policemen clustered together—and she saw parked cars with red lights on top, and she saw women and children.

She approached. Her heart was tied in a knot.

She stopped beside an injured workman who kept on talking and explaining as his wife hugged him tightly.

'My Yannis?' she asked, stepping between a man in uniform and another in a business suit, who smoked one cigarette after another.

They asked for the surname: on the two-to-ten shift there had been five men named Yannis. When she told them her surname, there was no answer. They only turned and looked at her, all those strangers. She noticed that the wife of the workman who had escaped held her husband even more closely.

'My Yannis...?' she repeated. It was a good thing that the uniformed man caught her in time or she would have fallen to the ground.

NO, she couldn't spend the night without her Yannis. Her hope now, her only hope, was to find him at the city morgue. If she were lucky, she would find him there, embrace him, warm him in her arms, just as the workman's wife was doing.

When they told her that Yannis had probably gone there, that they had perhaps taken him there, her heart stirred. If only there had been a miracle, and her Yannis had escaped from the depths of the cold earth! If only the earth had not swallowed him—all alone, unmourned, uncombed, unanointed. If only she could find him there, take him home,

bathe him, clothe him in his Sunday best—in the gray-green checked jacket and the freshly-pressed trousers with the crease she had just ironed perfectly for the first time. As for the singed places, she knew how to mend them nicely so they wouldn't show at all. And then she herself would take her Yannis tomorrow, Sunday evening, dressed in his Sunday clothes, just as she used to take him for a walk every Sunday evening when he was little. And now again she would take him for a walk, but this time she would return home alone. Tomorrow, Sunday, at dusk, alone, forlorn, and the following day, and the next, alone forever.

Her Yannis was not in the first group—he was not one of the eight survivors. They had written down the names, eight in all. The officer had the list, and he had read her the names, one by one, clearly, as if he were reading a roll-call. There had been ten others on the shift, eighteen in all. Among the ten who had not survived, four were already there at the morgue. The remaining six were down in the pit, curled up in the bowels of the earth like lifeless, futureless embryos.

'Your son is certainly not among the survivors. He is among the... among the others. Go and see if he is one of the four at the morgue. You see, they took them away quickly, and I didn't have time to make a list. If he is not among those four, well, it means he's among the six who are still below, buried by the collapsing shaft. Who knows how many days it will take to get them out of there. Three? Five? Ten? Perhaps never.'

THE ONES from Kalogreza?' said one of the two guards at the city morgue, the taller one who was holding a transistor radio and hunting for a station. 'We have them over there—second corridor to the right, first door on the left.'

She paused and looked at him. She looked at the other guard too, as if she were expecting them to show her the way. She had never been in a morgue before.

'Go by yourself,' the tall one said. 'Why are you staring at me? We've done our work. We laid them out and covered them with sheets. That's plenty, I think, considering how badly the city pays us. They pay us just about enough to cover them up, but not enough to uncover them every so often.' Furious at the thought of his low wages, he turned the transistor radio all the way up, and into the large empty room blared the music of a crazy shake.

'Turn it down,' said the other guard

'Why should I? Are you afraid it'll disturb our clients?' He turned toward her angrily. 'We've said all we have to say. Second corridor to the right, first door on the left.'

She went on alone. She felt a hollowness in her chest.

'Hey, lady' called the tall one, as she was entering the central corridor. 'Open the door and go right in. You needn't knock. Get it?'

She opened the door that the guard had pointed out: second corridor to the right, first door on the left.

She expected the door to creak—she thought at that moment that doors in a morgue would surely creak. The door opened smoothly, without a sound of any kind.

There were many tables in the room. High narrow tables. Only four were occupied, by the four from Kalogreza.

'They must be uncomfortable,' she thought.

The room was drab. And the light yellowish. A nasty yellow.

She went forward. Which one should she begin with? She hesitated, as if she were involved in a game of chance. Finally, she went up to the one against the wall.

No, the first one was not her Yannis. Very slowly, as if she were embarrassed, she drew down the sheet, uncovering the

head. It wasn't necessary to look at the face; she saw the hair. It was blond, very light blond. Her Yannis had brown hair.

No, the second one was not her Yannis. He had a moustache, the second one. Her Yannis did not have one.

The third? He was almost her Yannis, but the face was so disfigured that she could not say yes or no. The body was of Yannis' height. She left the face and went to the feet. She moved the sheet aside and took hold of the left shoe. They all wore the same boots. She pulled hard, but the boot didn't come off. She used all her strength; at last it came unstuck. She had pulled so hard that she almost fell over backwards. Then she took off the sock. No, not her Yannis. Her Yannis's middle toe was missing. When he was not quite ten, a firecracker had struck him there on Holy Saturday.

As for the fourth one, she didn't need to look a long time—the fourth one also had a moustache.

Then she felt her knees giving way but there was no chair in the room. With great effort she climbed into the fourth man's table and sat by his legs. Just as she settled herself she noticed the foot of the third, the one whose shoe and sock she had just removed. She had left the foot bare.

'He'll catch cold,' she thought.

She slid off the table, went over and put his sock and shoe back on. She arranged the sheet nicely, too.

She heard a clock strike—perhaps from a church? She counted the strokes from one to two, to three, to ten, to twelve.

'Midnight,' she thought, but at that moment she counted thirteen.

'I didn't know they could strike up to thirteen,' she said, speaking out loud now. 'When did the system change? So many things are changing every day in our little Greece!'

She sneezed and said, 'Excuse me.'

She usually said that when she happened to sneeze in front of other people. And there were people in this room. There were the four workmen lying on those four long tables. There were no others, no dead strangers, in the room. Only the four from Kalogreza.

Her Yannis—no, he was not among these four. She had uncovered them one by one. Since the light was not good, she had looked at them very carefully. Yannis didn't have the luck to be one of the four, so her Yannis had remained in the earth. Her Yannis, a piece of coal in a vein of coal.

She could not say how long she had been in the room with the four. Half an hour? An hour?

She climbed onto the third one's table. How strange—her tears had dried up. She had no more tears, only a cold—and no handkerchief when she left! She was about to dry her nose on her shawl, but felt ashamed. They were looking at her, all four,

since she had left their faces and eyes uncovered. She lifted the sheet, searched through his pockets, and found his handkerchief, rumpled and mended in two places.

'His mother mended it,' she said to herself.

She blew her nose and put the handkerchief in the pocket of her house-dress. Ah, the efforts she had made to wash and iron and mend her Yannis's handkerchiefs! His mother... their mother.

The longer she sat with the four of them around her, the closer she felt to them, closer and closer. They had no one there; their mothers were not with them. Weren't they...?

AT FIRST it seemed to her that she was dreaming about a lot of people who were surrounding her, all holding note pads and writing continuously....

But it wasn't a dream after all. When she opened her eyes—she had fallen asleep on the table—she saw all the men with note pads coming along the corridor, six or seven of them.

She got down from the table, almost snagging her dress on a nail.

'Isn't anyone here?' someone in the group asked loudly.

'I'm here.'

They clustered around her.

'We're reporters,' one said.

'We've come about the victims from Kalogreza,' said another.

'Who are you?' asked another.

'I? I am their mother.'

'Their mother?'

'Ah, their mother!'

'Really, all of these are your children?'

'All four?'

'My children.'

The reporters wrote and wrote. 'Unprecedented tragedy. Mother loses all four of her children.'

'Their names?' asked one.

She gathered up her shawl, went over to the first of the four and looked deeply into his eyes.

'My Yannis,' she said.

'The next one?'

She went to the second and stroked his forehead.

'My Yannis,' she said.

Then to the third. She lifted up the hand which had slipped off the table. 'My Yannis,' she said.

Then she went to the fourth and smoothed back the hair which had fallen into his eyes.

'My Yannis.'

—Translated by Robert and Despina Crist.



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THE SUPERS



A segment of the fortifications of towers and ramparts surrounding the Knight's old town that many architects consider the best of its kind ever built.

Photographs by Dimitri



A view of the Street of the Knights in the City of Rhodes. The light playing on the squares and streets transforms them into gold in the sun and grey-mauve in the shadows.

FOR SOME time now Rhodes has been the Majorca of the Aegean. Practically every cruise ship plying the eastern Mediterranean touches down there. In recent years as many as 150 charter and regularly scheduled flights arrived weekly from northern Europe and elsewhere. (A second airport, equipped to handle jumbo jets, is under construction and will make Rhodes the only resort island of its size to be served by two international airfields.) All things combine to make Rhodes a super star tourist centre: its medieval, walled city, its felicitous climate, its good beaches, varied scenery, and its swinging night life (a gambling casino, discotheques, boites, and nightclubs).

Last summer's panic over Cyprus produced Rhodes' first setback in tourism in a decade. The war scare frightened most visitors away at the height of the season. Many hotels and shops had to close for lack of business, a situation that was later exacerbated by the general business recession of 1974-75. The island went into a decline from which it has begun to recover only now. The tourists are back, but in roughly half the numbers that were seen during the boom years.

Rhodes, though, has known adversity before. Its people have survived much worse than the present tension with Turkey, which sits only twenty miles away — in full view of the island. The history of the island is a tempestuous one, full of the sound and fury of wars, pillages, occupations. 'I do not know in the whole world a more excellent strategic position, nor a more beautiful sky, nor a more smiling and fecund soil,' wrote Lamartine in his *Voyage en Orient* (1835). A succession of colonizers — Minoan Cretans, soldiers from Attica and the Peloponnese, the aggressive Dorians — fought each other over the island's favours. They were followed in later centuries by the Byzantines, the Knights of St. John, and the Turks, who wrested the walled city from the Knights in the great siege of 1522. For almost four centuries Rhodes was a Turkish province. Then the Italians were awarded the island as one of the spoils of World War I. In 1948, after having been liberated by British troops, Rhodes was once more united with Greece after a lapse of two thousand years.

AR CENTRE

Most of the modern sections of Rhodes were built by the Italians. Believing, in his final egomania, that he was descended from the Knights of St. John, Mussolini restored the old town and built the new as a seignorial retreat for his retirement. World War II and the defeat of the Italians put an end to that fantasy.

The Knights' old town is a large medieval quarter inside a fortification of towers and ramparts that many architects consider the best of its kind ever built. The heavy Gothic buildings overlaid with influences — Norman, Venetian, Byzantine and Tudor — from the Knights' native lands, fuse into a strongly masculine style suitable to the Knights. Light playing on the squares and streets transforms them into gold in the sun and grey-mauve in the shadows. The cobbled Street of the Knights, lined by the Inns of the 'Tongues' or ethnic groups, rises to the Grand Master's Palace. The Knights' compound also contains the old Turkish town, a labyrinth of narrow streets interspersed with mosques and minarets, markets, fountains, and shops. Once upon a time this section of Rhodes belonged to the Levant. There was a Jewish quarter with Sephardic tradesmen and craftsmen. They contributed to the bazaar-like atmosphere in which saddlers, blacksmiths and vendors of gooey sweets bumped shoulders with dealers in gold and silver. The whole life of the quarter was a *bouillabaisse* of spicy sights, sounds and smells which could be concocted only in the Orient.

Today, however, things have changed. The Jewish quarter is gone. Its four thousand inhabitants were deported to Auschwitz and liquidated when the Germans took over Rhodes after the capitulation of the Italian Fascists in 1943. The rest of the old town has gone honky-tonk. The boot-makers and blacksmiths have given way to an endless series of shops selling FURS PALSAR PULZE. The 'factory representatives' of Rhodian-made pottery have pushed out the tinsmiths and tailors. The waiters in 'typical' Greek tavernas address you in German and Finnish.

The Mandraki, the broad esplanade overlooking the old harbour of Rhodes and its three Byzantine windmills, no longer has its Colossus, but at its entrance are two columns adorned with

statues of the lovely gazelles of the island. Nearby are gardens ablaze with bougainvillea, hibiscus and oleander. In the evening you can sit at a waterfront cafe over an ouzo and watch the harbour catch the colours of the dying sun. ('Elsewhere the sun just sets,' someone has written. 'In Rhodes it is a drama in colour.') The harbour is a busy, sprightly place, filled as it is with charter and private yachts, tour boats and fishing trawlers. Traffic is heavy, jukeboxes blare, and the sport of tourist and native alike is to sit out under the stars and people-watch until the early hours.

Inevitably, the question is asked: what happened to the immense bronze figure of the Colossus? While there is no *accurate* information regarding its size, we know from ancient records why it was built, who erected it, and also some details as to its size. After Demetrios Poliorketes' unsuccessful siege of Rhodes in 304 B.C., the inhabitants, out of gratitude to their god, Apollo Helios, decided to erect some permanent memorial to the event. Having been presented by Demetrios with the engines of war used in the siege, the islanders sold these for 300 talents, and handed the sum to Chares the Lindian, who was charged with the construction of the 105-foot-high statue of the sun-god.

The Colossus took twelve years to build and stood for fifty-six years, until 227 B.C., when an earthquake tumbled it into the harbour. Money was donated by friendly powers to reconstruct the city and raise the Colossus. As so frequently happens in the Levant, the funds provided were spent upon other things, and the Rhodians, to escape reproach, made the excuse that an oracle had forbidden them to restore the monument. So it was that the fallen Colossus lay untouched for 900 years, a marvel to all who visited the island. It is believed that eventually the Saracens, after their capture of Rhodes, demolished the fallen statue and sold its fragments for junk. According to Gibbon, 'They [the massy trunk and huge fragments] were collected by the diligence of the Saracens and sold to a Jewish merchant of Edessa who is said to have laden nine hundred camels with the weight of the brass metal.'

Rhodes was, in the distant past, not only one of the birthplaces of mankind, but the cradle of the gods. Restless, seafaring and adventure-loving, the Rhodians, who were brothers to the founders of the Hellenic civilizations, took part in the siege of Troy under the great Agamemnon. The geographer,

Strabo, called Rhodes the most beautiful city in the Greco-Roman world. The young Julius Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius and Cicero all made carefree student visits to the sun island.

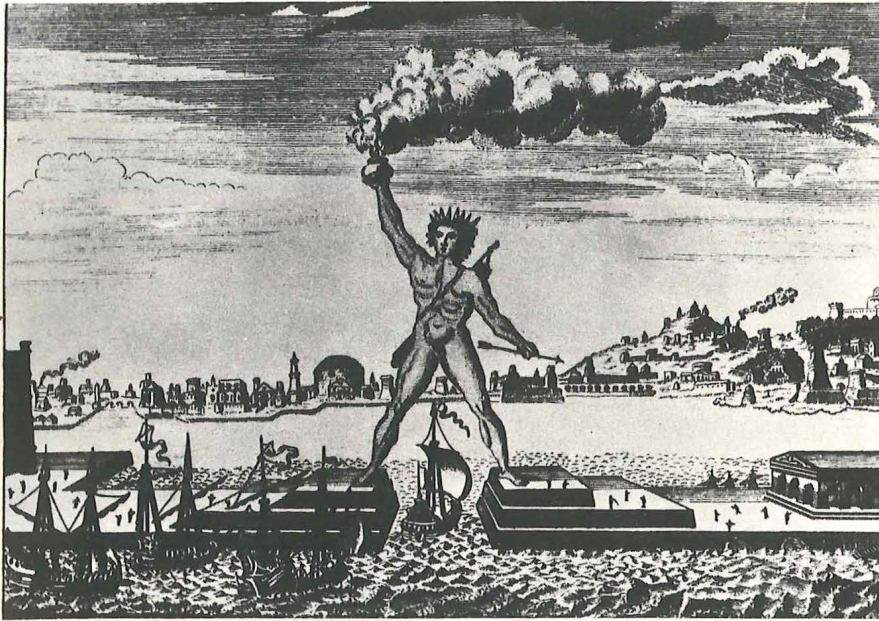
For most of this century Rhodes has been petted and pampered like a courtesan, prepared for a life of compliance and pleasure. The Italians did much to beautify Rhodes. They encouraged tourism, built a deluxe hotel (the Hotel des Roses) which now, alas, stands empty and forgotten, modern taste having favoured hotels in the unisex Scandinavian style. The Italians can also take credit for many of the gardens, parks and farms on the island, and for the first paved roads linking Rhodes to villages such as Lindos and Kamiros. They also restored many antiquities, though often with florid taste. At the same time, they delivered a vindictive blow to the Greek culture by suppressing ancient privileges, expropriating land, taxing inordinately, interfering with civil liberties and religious and educational institutions.

Alien rulers had tried to tear Rhodians from their Greek ways since the fifth century B.C. Today Rhodians still speak Greek, worship in Greek Orthodox churches, and keep many of their old Greek customs. While mass tourism has injected a synthetic strain into the bloodstream of Rhodes city, much of the rest of the island remains truly Greek.

Topography has helped, of course. The city is located at one end of the island and contains all but two of the island's 125 hotels. The tourist buses and rental cars trundle out on one of two roads. Most go to Lindos, on the east coast, some to Petaloudes (the Valley of the Butterflies) and to the ancient ruins of Kamiros on the west.

Beyond that, as far as organized tours go, there is nothing. Yet the island is sixty-five miles long, and its tallest mountain almost 4,000 feet high. Hidden treasure, if you are prepared to look for it.

Remember, only about half the roads are paved: the gravel is well maintained but formidably dusty in summer. South of Lindos, one is completely alone. Stop along the way and all is silence, except for the manic humming of the cicadas, a flock of goats tinkling past, their unseen shepherd chanting, 'Heyp, heyp, heyp'. Overhead a hawk may wheel hungrily in the sky. A breeze brings the scent of wild flowers and basil and a whiff of the Aegean. This vast section of the island is untamed and undomesticated. The people are tough and honest, the men masculine. The old



Inevitably the question is asked: What happened to the immense, bronze figure of the Colossus? While there is no accurate information regarding its size, the Colossus was thus envisioned spanning the harbour by an artist of the past.

life persists, superstitions abound (there is talk of demons haunting the hills), traditional remedies are bandied about, peasant remedies respected. (Cure for a cold: rub a clump of sage between the hands and inhale its aroma for a day.)

In Lindos one can also find much that is preternaturally beautiful, providing one can fight past the women in doorways peddling Aegean *schlock* (i.e. Rhodian pottery, Cretan sweaters, Mykonos shirts). The village, a car-free archaeological preserve, is full of specimens of the architecture of the Knights. The narrow, dung-stained, cobblestoned streets, with arched passages, and the Gothic houses with ornamented faces, are a living reminder of what a fortress-town used to be like. Many of the houses, built for members of the Order, have been restored by

their present occupants, mostly wealthy Italians from Milan, and by a sprinkling of writers and painters from the permanent foreign colony living in Lindos.

When I first arrived in Lindos fifteen years ago, few of the houses had electricity or running water. When my wife wanted water to wash dishes or laundry, she stepped to the cistern and hauled up a bucketful of rainwater. For drinking water, we would go down to the village square and fill a jug from the fountain. We cooked on kerosene, read by the light of lanterns, and slept on a *banka*—a wooden sleeping-platform. In those days houses rented for ten dollars a month, meat could be had only on Sundays, and bottled milk was as rare and expensive as champagne.

Today, all that has changed. Lindos has been discovered, along with Rhodes itself. Thousands of tourists pour into the village by tour bus every day and in their wake has come progress: we enjoy electricity and hot water, a wide range of goods in the shops, and a daily garbage collection. We even have a telephone and television set!

The popularity of Lindos has pushed the rents up to six and seven hundred dollars a month (in season), but it's still possible to find a reasonable pension or room in the village. Staples such as bread and cheese, fruit and wine are still cheap; the sun and sea are free, and the acropolis is right where it was 4000 years ago, poised 400 feet above the town on a stone slab jutting out into the sea. The visible remains of the temple date back to the time of Alexander the Great, when the acropolis was a

religious centre, one of the most important and impressive shrines in the Mediterranean. The Lindos acropolis is one of the superb vantage points in the Aegean.

On the drive from Rhodes to Lindos one heads through countryside which alternates between steep twisting hills and flat valleys and fields. Women working in the fields wear goatskin leggings as protection against poisonous snakes and painful thorns. One of the highest summits on this stretch is Mt. Tsambika, about which a legend still persists on the island. All the women who cannot have babies go barefoot up the mountain on the appropriate saint's day and spend the night praying. The children resulting from the pilgrimage are named either Tsambiko or Tsambika, depending on the child's sex.

Last year a group of some two-dozen childless Japanese couples made the trek up the mountain and evidently enough of them became pregnant over the winter for the word to go out at home. This year something like a hundred more couples are due in from Japan to have a go at the Rhodian rites of fertility. The question remains: How do you say Tsambika in Japanese?

Practically every stretch of beach on the east side of Rhodes has a small, thatch roofed, waterfront taverna. Here one can dine on fresh fish (expensive), drink ouzo or retsina (cheap), and watch the blondes from Scandinavia and Bavaria prance and play. Near Mt. Tsambika there is a beach where, as the Rhodians put it, 'the Swedes go nudist'.

All along this side of Rhodes are cliffs and headlands which some moviegoers will remember from *The Guns of Navarone*, filmed on Rhodes fifteen years ago. In fact, the star of the film, Anthony Quinn, owns some beachfront property at Cape Ladiko, about halfway between Rhodes and Lindos.

South of Lindos, the beaches are bigger and emptier, the tavernas fewer and further between. The extreme tip of the island is about an hour away. This is Cape Prassonisi, which lies just off the farming village of Katavia. The setting is remarkable, for the hills sloping down to the beach are covered with slate-grey olive trees, some dating back to pre-Christian times, and with grapevines and wheat fields and orange and lemon orchards. The air is clear and sweet, the beaches are white and silent. There is not another tourist or car in sight.

The western side of the island is the most rugged and dramatic: fierce, rocky hills, a hard surf crashing against

SHOPPING ON RHODES

Some goods on Rhodes are cheaper than on the mainland, thanks to the remnants of a duty-free status imposed on the Dodecanese islands after World War II. Scotch whisky, Hong Kong umbrellas and some English-made woollens are the best buys. Fur coats and tailor-made suits are relatively inexpensive. Unusual ceramics, jewelry and other handicrafts are to be found at Myrina, opposite the Chevalier Palace Hotel.

A visit to the *Looms of Lindos*, just off the main square in Lindos, is a must. An American, the late William Clow, revived the traditional handweaving craft in Lindos in 1964. The small factory he began is still producing dresses, bikinis, sports-wear, bedspreads, and material by the yard, under the direction of his wife, Mrs. Mary North Clow and her sister, Melissa North.

cliff-faces and barren beaches. Here the *meltemi* always blows and the olive and fruit trees are bent over, like aged men, from the force of the wind. Most of the island's tomatoes and watermelons come from this corner of the island, which is about as far removed from tourism as the mountains of Macedonia. Another former monastery dominates this coastline — Monolithos, perched on a rock looking across the channel to the tiny island of Halkis. To watch the sun setting from here in summer is to glimpse paradise.

Rhodes city offers aesthetic delights. There is a nifty little aquarium and several museums full of artifacts and relics from the glorious bygone days. Students of architecture will find much of interest in the old Turkish quarter. There is a nightly 'Sound and Light' performance under the Grand Masters' Palace, and a folk-dance show in the theatre out in Rodini Park (also the home of the local wine festival).

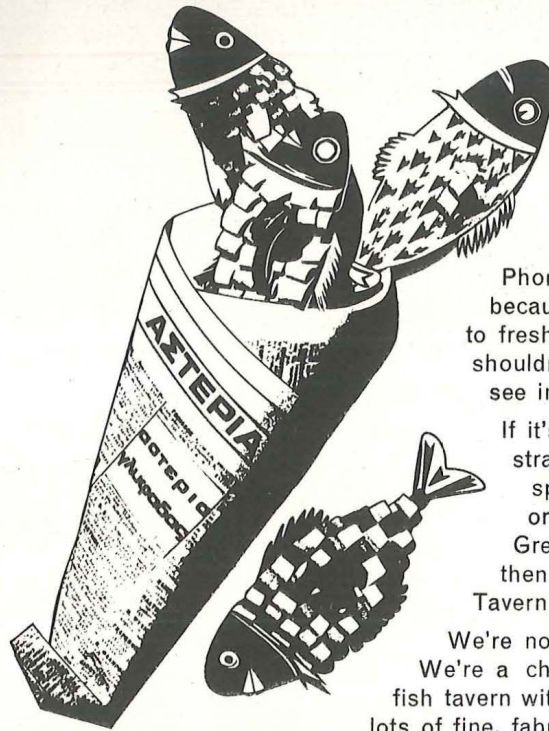
So much for the tame side of Rhodes after dark. Most tourists head for the gaming tables at the Grand Hotel, or to a nightclub to hear bouzouki music and to dance the boogaloo with a Viking goddess. Rhodes also has some raunchy sea-side cabarets, complete with B-girls and prostitutes, female and male alike. There is no question that Rhodes city has charm and ambience, a life force even though it may be something of a Luna Park. Everywhere music pours out from radios and jukeboxes and cassettes. The night sky glitters with billions of stars, the air is savoury with the smell of grilled fish and octopus. Children try to sell you chiclets, old men lottery tickets. The shopkeepers beckon, the restaurants have scrawled the price of lobster on their billboards and, out at sea, half a dozen cruise ships lie at anchor, gaily lit up with blazing electric lights like a fairytale city.

'The Knights of St. John, after eight years in exile, were finally given the islands of Malta and Gozo by Charles V of Spain as a new home for their Order,' writes Ernle Bradford in *The Companion Guide to the Greek Islands*. 'It is said that when they sailed across from Sicily in the autumn of 1530 and saw the barren limestone islands of the Maltese archipelago, they wept, remembering Rhodes. It is not difficult to understand their feelings.'

—WILLARD MANUS

A guide to restaurants on Rhodes will be found under Restaurants and Nightlife.

Something fishy at Glyfada?



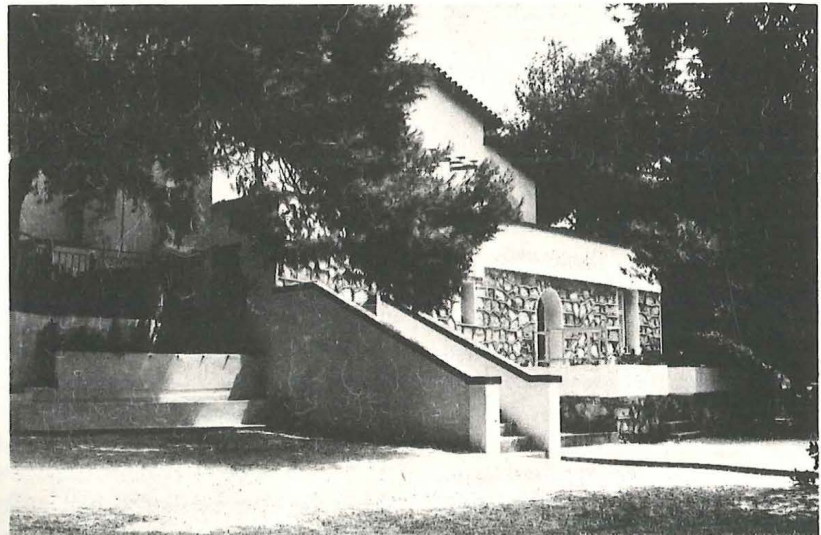
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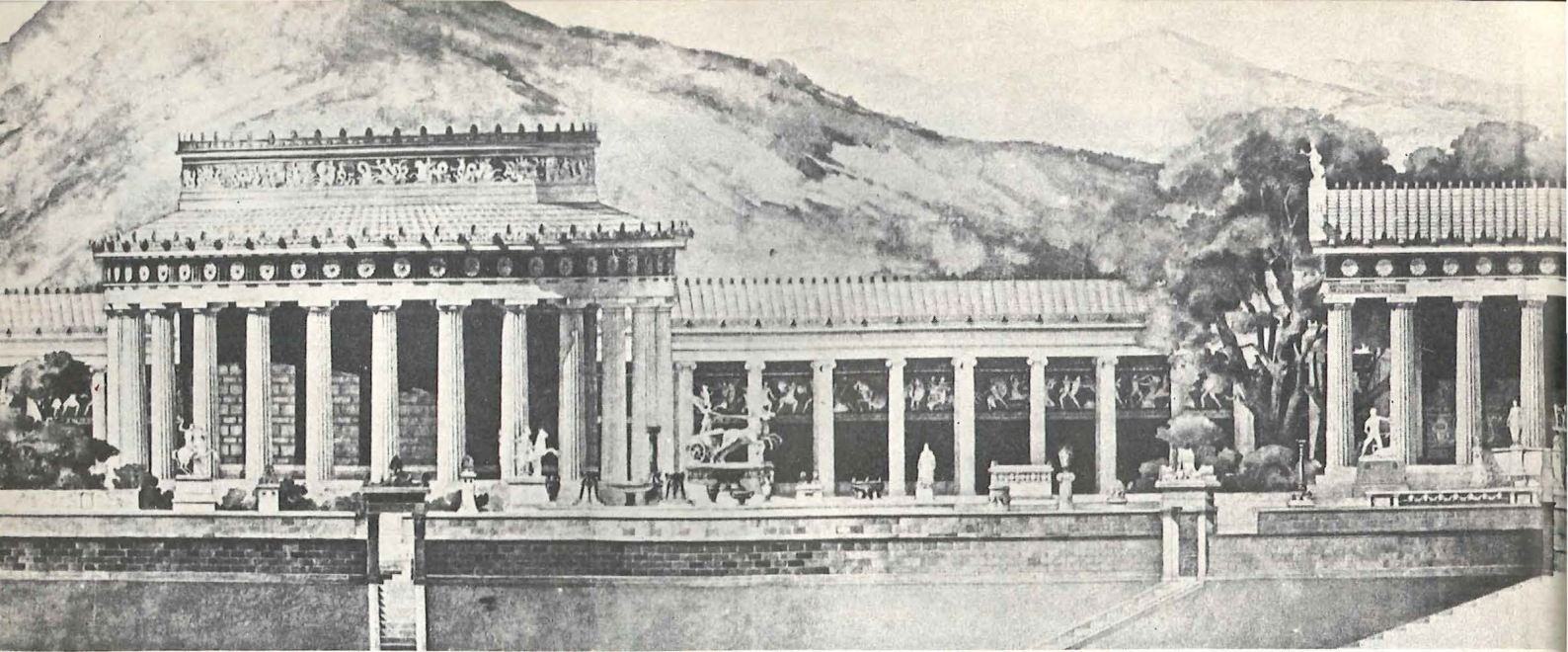
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SNAKE PITS AND DRAMA

TRAGEDIES by Sophocles and Euripides and comedies by Aristophanes are being reenacted this summer at the giant ancient amphitheatre of Epidauros. Hewn out of the mountains among tall pine trees by the architect and sculptor Polycleitus the Younger in the Fourth Century B.C., the theatre, with its fifty-five tiers seating about 14,000 spectators, is one of the best designed and preserved ancient Greek constructions. Its marvellous acoustics always delight visitors. The dropping of a coin on a marble slab in the centre of the orchestra, the rustle of the actors' costumes and even their whispers are clearly audible on the uppermost tiers.

The Epidauros Festival of ancient drama was inaugurated in 1954, principally to entertain a boatload of European royalty (enthroned as well as dethroned) then cruising in Greek waters. Organized since then for more plebeian audiences, it has provided a wonderful opportunity for the revival of ancient plays in their antique natural setting, at the very theatre where ancient audiences also witnessed them, not far from the kingdoms of Mycenae and Argos whose tales ancient dramatists often recount.

The plays, of course, are now performed in modern Greek to the accompaniment of tape-recorded music. Making a play appeal to an audience more than two thousand years after it was written is a difficult undertaking, indeed, and the thrill felt by audiences in our day is evidence of the success of Greek theatrical directors in reviving the literary treasures of bygone days. It appears to be much

more difficult to revive an ancient comedy than an ancient tragedy. The latter usually tells a story with an ageless message understood by people practically everywhere, whereas comedies usually carry messages based on ephemeral and topical humour not grasped by people at other times or places. Hence the changes, arrangements and compromises to which modern producers and directors sometimes resort in order to make ancient comedies truly entertaining. Karolos Koun's production of Aristophanes' *The Birds* (not *The Chickens*, as most modern Greeks like to think) has been one of the most successful and delightful achievements in this field, hailed in many countries where it was performed — even though it raised eyebrows and controversy when it was first performed in Athens.

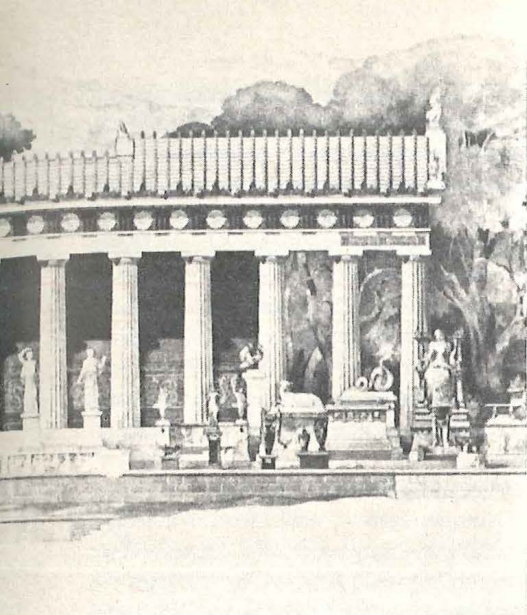
The techniques used by ancient dramatists, with the vital role of the chorus, the high emotionalism involved in acting, the appearance of a *deus ex machina*, etc., combined with the architectural design of amphitheatres, probably created greater participation of the audience and thus brought about better communication of the author's message than modern dramatists can hope to achieve. The distinction between the so-called real world and the world of the imagination was probably less clear in an ancient theatre than on the more sophisticated modern stage where the curtain symbolizes a sharp boundary between the two worlds. According to Plutarch, Solon the legislator is said to have scolded Thespis the actor for telling so many 'lies' in front of so many people. But great dramatists and actors often succeed in

making audiences wonder whether the world presented to them on stage might not be more real — by bringing out into the open their innermost thoughts and feelings — than the shabby lives they lead in day-to-day hypocrisy.

After all, precisely on account of this blend of the worlds of the imagination and real life, ancient drama constitutes one of the most complete and effective communications media, combining prose, poetry, music, singing, dancing and appropriate gestures, often by many actors at the same time, affecting emotions and intellect alike. Drama, at some very early date, must have sprung out of ancient religious ceremonies, with incantations, sacrifices and the reenactment of legends about deities. Religion played a dominant role in practically all aspects of ancient life, and this was inevitably reflected in the development of drama.

Hurried visitors to and from the Epidauros theatre usually bypass without a second look the nearby ruins of the Asclepieion, where the true everyday life drama actually took place in ancient times. The Asclepieion was perhaps antiquity's most famous combination of faith-healing shrine and fully-equipped hospital (a sort of Lourdes and Mayo Clinic put together) and, at least for those with a trained eye for archaeology, it is still one of the most fascinating historical sites in Greece.

The shrine was dedicated to the cult of Asclepius (or Aesculapius), god of healing. According to legend, a princess named Coronis was seduced by Apollo, gave birth to Asclepius in secret and exposed the child on a mountain near Epidauros, where it was suckled by a goat and guarded by a sheep dog. In time, the word spread around that the site possessed the virtue of healing the sick. A shrine to Asclepius was built at an unknown date many centuries before



A reconstruction of the Asklepieion at Epidaurus, from A. Defrasse and H. Lechat, Epidaurus (Paris 1895). This view shows, from left to right: the Tholos, the abaton or enkoimeterion, where patients spent the night, and the Temple of Asklepios.

Christ, and to this a sanatorium and thermal baths were later added. The whole place became fabulously wealthy thanks to the many offerings which those who were cured made to the shrine. To make the sojourn of the sick more agreeable, a stadium, a gymnasium and a concert hall were built in the Fifth Century B.C. and the giant theatre a century later.

The story of the Asclepieion is in a sense the story of medicine itself — an admirable blend of religion, magic and science. In the first place, the site was well selected for its pure and invigorating air, calm surroundings, rich vegetation and mineral water springs. Thus, drinking pure water and observing a diet of health foods in a pollution-free atmosphere were obviously a vital part of the treatment. But the physician-priests who ran the sanatorium-shrine placed faith-healing high in importance among their cure-all techniques. After attending a series of religious ceremonies, the patient was required to spend a night in the temple where Asclepios in person was expected to visit him in his dream. The following morning the patient would recount his dream to the priests, who — combining the qualifications of Dr. Freud and Dr. Kildare — would interpret it and prescribe the appropriate treatment.

That was the first stage in the treatment and it might have sufficed for easy cases. For more complicated ones, the patient — not necessarily a mental case — was required to spend another night on the premises, this time in a dark snake pit under the Tholos. As a rule, this shock treatment was enough to drive patients back into their wits. The snakes would apparently lick the patients' bodies or wounds; this was regarded as extremely effective treatment. The snakes used were a harmless variety abounding in the area. Known

appropriately as Aesculapian snakes, they were smooth, glossy and slender, uniformly yellow to brownish in colour, with a streak of darker colour behind the eyes. Allegorically they were said to symbolize self-revival.

The snake-pit technique was traditionally the highlight of treatment at the Asclepieion. In fact, the snake, wound around a staff, was Asclepios' trademark, and physicians now display it on their automobile windshields in the hope of avoiding an illegal parking ticket.

Thus psychosomatic medicine is not a modern discovery, as many people think. It was known and practised long before medicine — and human knowledge in general, for that matter — was departmentalized into a lot of specialties, with surgeons uninterested in the findings of psychiatrists, cardiologists ignoring the work of ophthalmologists, and so on. Basically, of course, the physician-priests of the Asclepieion relied for their healing techniques on suggestion and the religious faith of their patients. Presumably if the prescribed treatment failed to work, it could all be blamed on the patient's lack of faith in Asclepios. This was a distinct advantage which the Asclepieion medical men had over their modern counterparts. Nowadays such faith is lacking, even though a lot of it is still required in order to be cured in some modern hospitals — especially when the patient presents his health insurance card.

To help Asclepios in his miraculous cures, the priests also prescribed more practical treatment, using a great variety of locally grown herbs — the raw material for most modern drugstore prescriptions. It appears that the Asclepieion priests were familiar with many therapeutic as well as anaesthetic plants. The climax in the story of medicine came when they actually developed and used surgical instruments as well. Scores of needles, forceps and even syringes have been unearthed among the ruins.

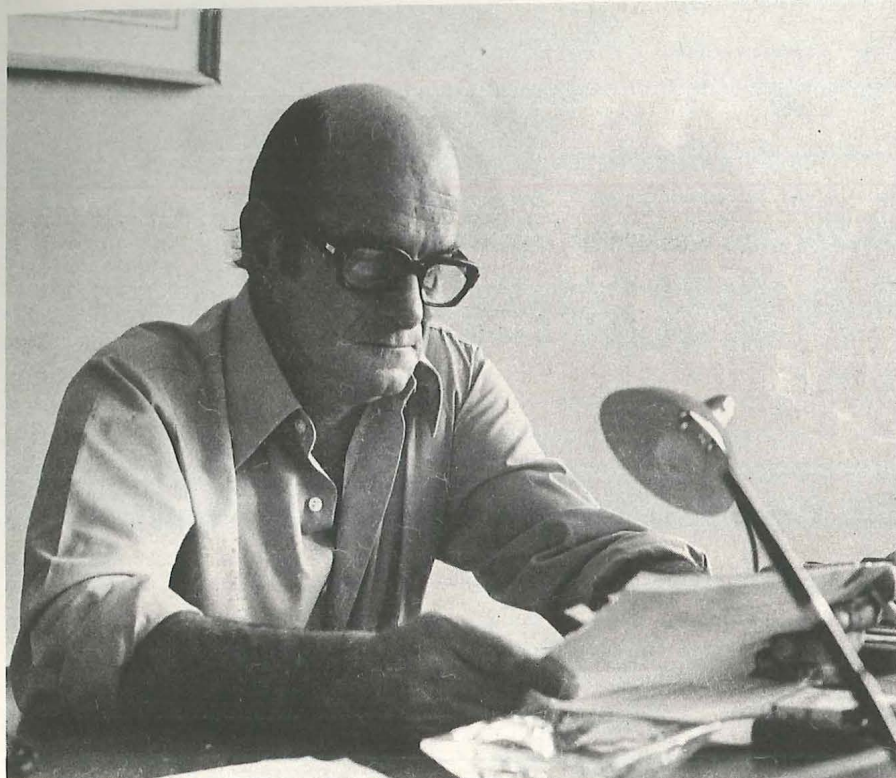
One story tells of an ancient monarch who wrote to the temple giving a long list of ills from which he was suffering and asking whether the god Asclepios could cure him. The priests, who studied his complaints carefully, invited him to come along, but on condition that he came on foot, slept in the open and ate only fruits and

vegetables. The king — who probably needed to eat less and exercise more — followed the advice and was cured of all his ills by the time he arrived at Epidaurus. Naturally he attributed his cure to the god and showered the temple with offerings. In fact, the fame and magic spell of the Asclepieion were so great that on many an occasion it was said of a patient that 'he arrived and was instantly cured' — even before going through the classical snake-pit (or perhaps in fear of it).

The local museum contains several inscriptions recounting in detail how paralysis, blindness, sterility, fractures or dislocations were miraculously cured. There is one tablet that an optimistic patient named Diophantes thought fit to draw up even before he was cured. A remarkable example of faith, the tablet reads as follows: 'O Blessed Asclepios! It is thanks to thy skill that Diophantes hopes to be relieved from horrible gout, no longer to move like a crab, no longer to walk upon thorns, but to have a sound foot as thou hast decreed.' We have no record of Diophantes' post-therapy condition.

Little is now left among the grass-covered ruins of the once famous Asclepieion to impress the visitors. Only the giant theatre — which incidentally was built in such a way as to enable the audience to face the magnificent buildings of the sanctuary in the distance — will go on thrilling spectators for many more years to come. The size of this theatre makes visitors (mindful of the lack of hotel rooms in the neighbourhood and heavy motor traffic to and from Epidaurus) wonder how it was filled with spectators in ancient times, where these spectators came from and how they were housed and fed between performances. It goes to prove, however, that an immense number of people actually visited the Asclepieion for treatment. Another mystery is whether the plays performed at the Epidaurus theatre in ancient times were regarded by the Asclepieion physician-priests as being merely a sideline entertainment for patients or as an integral part of the therapeutic process. If modern producers-directors-actors can solve this mystery, perhaps they will learn the secret of how to perform before fewer empty theatre seats in the future.

—ANTONY M. ECONOMIDES



SOLOMOS

THE EIRT building in Agia Paraskevi could be the setting for a Kafkaesque fairy tale. A huge, white, sterile structure, its grounds are unlandscaped and its interior is unfinished. Like Kafka's Joseph K. in *The Trial*, I wandered for over ten minutes through silent, labyrinthine corridors, leading to identical corridors lined with unmarked doors, until I was rescued by a secretary.

Alexis Solomos, a short, bronze-skinned man in his early fifties, sat behind a large desk in an unimposing office. 'This building was a mistake from its beginning thirteen years ago,' he observed. 'There are no facilities for a cafeteria and there is not enough studio space, although we have many corridors which can be used for nothing!' Alexis Solomos looked more harassed than when I had met him last year before he accepted his post as Assistant to the Director of EIRT, Greece's national radio and television broadcasting corporation. He glanced frequently at a large television set in the corner. Its sound was almost inaudible. The show he was monitoring was a version of a traditional Greek fairy tale recently filmed at the network's studios. As we spoke, he occasionally commented on the production with the critical eye of a director.

He had been invited to join EIRT, he explained, to improve the quality of the programs and to make them more 'mature and civilized'. Although many consider his job to be a thankless task, Solomos has, nevertheless, succeeded in bringing more intellectual and stimulating programs to the local television screen.

Greek television came into existence in the 1960's. When the dictators seized power, they immediately recognized the influence of television and set out to leave their imprint on it and to use it for propaganda purposes. The quality of programs was low, with heavy emphasis on war serials both locally produced and imported. The bulk of the news was dedicated to the activities of the members of the junta (although many believe that the effect of this intensive coverage was the opposite of that intended). During the Arab-Israeli War of 1973, a television viewer sitting through fifteen minutes of news showing the junta members cutting ribbons, making speeches, placing wreaths, was heard to quip, 'The bombs will be landing on Athens before they get around to telling us about the war next door.' Today there is a definite attempt to provide world-wide news coverage and intelligent documentaries produced here or abroad, as well as programs of broad, cultural interest.

'Of course a whole world of people with vested interests in television opened a war against the new directors

and against me, personally, saying that these new programs wouldn't work. Now, happily, the programs *have* worked and everybody seems to be satisfied. All the serials made here, for instance, have been based on *good* Greek authors. We have also presented many programs from the French, German and Italian television networks, and the BBC. We take the best that they produce.' During the past year television viewers have been treated to high quality series such as *War and Peace*, *The Portrait of a Lady*— and an Italian version of Jack London classics.

'We have also begun a retrospective of film classics. And we have created a two-hour theatre show on Monday evenings presenting complete dramas, live and taped. As a matter of fact, we are filming one at this moment in one of our studios. In addition we take filmed drama from foreign companies, the Shakespeare Festival Theatre, for instance.'

One neglected segment of the population, however, has been the children. Save for puppet shows, cartoons, contrived children's programs and British and American adventure series, which, it may be argued, have an indirect educational value for culturally deprived children, there are no special educational programs such as *Sesame Street*.

'We haven't arrived at this point yet in Greece. We have had many offers from nursery school teachers but none of the ideas presented so far have seemed worthwhile. I've seen many foreign programs, but unfortunately they cannot be brought here because they lack the special approach our children need. Some educational programs for older children are being planned for September in cooperation with the Ministry of Labour. I'm not very enthusiastic about this because... I prefer education to come through amusement which has a message.' Pointing to the program he was monitoring in his office, he observed, 'This fairy tale, for instance, is the first time that a children's story has been created here ... This one is a demotic tale that has survived in villages. We didn't want to do international stories like *Little Red Riding Hood*.'

The gist of a report submitted earlier this year to the government by Hugh Greene, the former director of the BBC, was that Greek television should be a private enterprise, free of bureaucracy, and not a state institution. 'Sir Hugh did not give us details... For instance, he did not watch any programs... but whatever I mentioned I wished to do with

television met with his approval. I took encouragement from our talks with Sir Hugh,' Solomos said. 'Of course what we must do is create a more visual and mobile presentation of shows. At the moment much of Greek television is static theatre or static talk. We haven't succeeded in creating a "live" approach. I also think our news broadcasting is very bad, but I haven't yet had any direct kind of responsibility for the news. I will soon turn my attention to this.'

SOLOMOS's immediate superior at EIRT is Angelos Vlachos, the noted writer and diplomat. 'If there is a program decision, I make it and then I tell Mr. Vlachos and if he agrees he signs the proposal. I cannot put my signature on anything. My job gives me no administrative power to sign, hire or fire people. But programs are done according to what I say, except when something is very expensive and then we must ask the Board of Directors.' EIRT is governed by an independent board composed of lawyers, businessmen and two government members.

'I'm not the only boss. If I were, I have seen enough in these past months to know what should be done. Unfortunately the organization of EIRT is such that decisions are not made quickly enough ... sometimes weeks pass before action can be taken. Thus I am always waiting for decisions to be made.'

In the absence of studies or surveys it is very difficult to measure, however, the reaction of the viewing public to the new programs. Televised versions of Shakespeare's plays with Greek subtitles may have no meaning for villagers, it has been argued. 'We ought to have a surveying service to do such work but we don't,' Solomos explained. 'We need many things. We need studios and trained personnel. We have some people who are very good collaborators and have good ideas, but wherever there is bureaucracy, I am completely unable to get things done. My freedom is very limited. That's why I'm not responsible for the mistakes that are made here. I haven't hired the people at EIRT, for example... I'm not too happy with the job as it now exists. I ought to have a dictator's power,' he added jokingly, 'and then we would move much faster.'

Nonetheless, that something new is stirring at EIRT is evidenced in the recent series based on Kazantzakis' *The Greek Passion (Christ Crucified)*, generally regarded as iconoclastic by the Orthodox Church which in 1954 declared it to be unsuitable reading for members of the faith. In a recent article

in *Tahidromos*, Eleni Kazantzakis, the author's widow, expressed her pleasure that the book, so unjustly criticized, is at last being seen by all Greeks, and commented favourably on Solomos's endeavours. 'The decision was a just and great step forward for Greek television,' she said. This is equally true of all the developments at EIRT.

The man who is largely responsible for these changes brought with him to EIRT a formidable background in the theatre and it is for his work in drama that Alexis Solomos is best known here

When Constantine Karamanlis asked Alexis Solomos to accept a position at the National Radio and Television Network of Greece, the actor, designer, scholar, and director replied, 'Mr. Prime Minister, I think you are throwing me into the Amazon to swim among the alligators while the natives are shooting me with poison arrows from both sides of the river bank.'

and abroad. A versatile director, he is equally at home in ancient and modern plays, tragedy and comedy; he has stubbornly refused to limit himself to one school, period or kind of drama.

Solomos first became involved with theatre as a student at Athens College. Karolos Koun, director of the well-known *Theatro Tehnis*, was then teaching English at the well-known private school and encouraged Solomos and his fellow students to participate in theatrical productions. Solomos later joined an acting company in Athens but eventually set off for England to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London where he directed his first play in 1946, an all-student production of Aristophanes' *The Assembly of Women (Ecclesiazusae)*. Solomos then crossed the Atlantic to study at the Yale School of Drama and in New York at the Dramatic Workshop under Erwin Piscator whose concept of 'epic' theatre had such a profound effect on a previous student, Bertolt Brecht. Solomos directed several plays at New York's Cherry Lane and other Off-Broadway theatres before returning to England to teach at the Royal Academy.

WHEN Solomos eventually resettled in Greece, he established himself as an independent director and producer. He worked with the National Theatre from 1950 to 1964 and later formed his own company, Proscenium. In addition to directing and

producing plays, Solomos has written on many facets of the theatre. He has published studies on Christian tragedy (*St. Bacchus*), ancient Greek tragedy (*What about Dionysos?*) and Cretan theatre. He has also written a collection of essays on the history of drama (*The Age of the Theatre*), and a book on comic theory is currently in progress. *The Living Aristophanes* is an important contribution to the critical tradition of comedy. In the introduction to this book (published by the University of Michigan Press in 1974), he wrote: 'What must be faithfully revived in contemporary productions is not the aspect, but the spirit; not a picture, but a vision.'

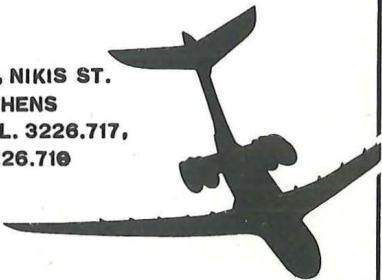
It is a 'living' Aristophanes that Solomos has presented to Greece and the world for almost thirty years. In his production of *The Frogs* much is done to give the play a contemporary flavour. Euripides appears on stage riding a motorcycle, Dionysos enters Hades in a brightly-painted fishing boat, bouzouki music is played at a taverna, and the chorus of frogs, outfitted with swimming flippers, waddles around the stage to music by the popular contemporary composer, Manos Hadzidakis (perhaps best known abroad for his music to *Never On Sunday*).

Adding a contemporary flavour to classical plays, however, may sometimes create other problems. In 1966 Solomos directed several productions of Greek drama at the University of Michigan. When planning Aristophanes' *The Birds*, it was decided by all involved that Bert Lahr, the sour-faced old ham actor, was just the right man to bring Aristophanes to life for an American audience. It soon became apparent, however, that Aristophanes would have

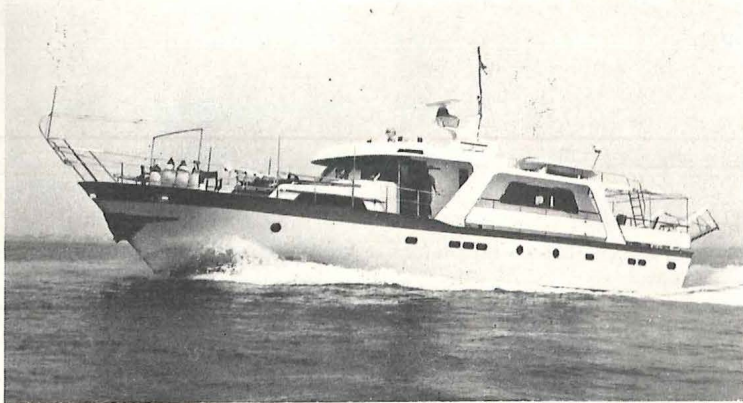
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to bend to Lahr. Having won fame for such roles as the Cowardly Lion in the *Wizard of Oz* and Gogo in the first American production of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* in 1956, Lahr was then enjoying national popularity for a potato chip commercial he had done for American television. He considered it only reasonable that he munch his chips during the performance, and threatened to quit if he were not allowed to do so. Although Lahr's attitude towards ancient drama was somewhat cavalier, his attitude towards matters of propriety was not. A puritanical man, he insisted on censoring many of Aristophanes' great, bawdy lines. 'What we produced', Solomos playfully lamented, 'was Aristophanes' *Bert* rather than *The Birds*.'

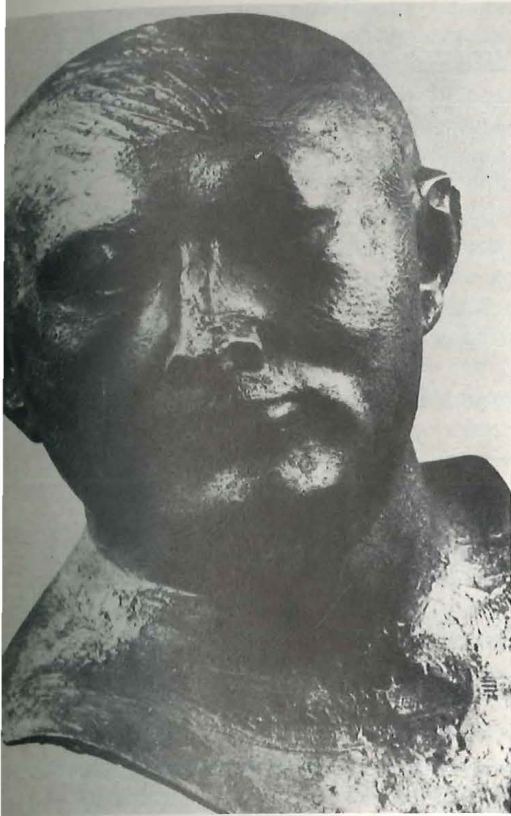
Solomos has directed every Aristophanes play except *Plutus*, and has revived or revised many of these at least once. 'It is difficult to breathe new life into an old production,' he noted. 'A revival is a little bit like a faded woman you have been to bed with many times. The virginity and sense of adventure are gone!'

EIRT may not have been exactly virgin territory when Solomos arrived on the scene, but it has no doubt provided the director with many adventures. Alexis Solomos has nonetheless found the time to remain active in the theatre. In the past year he has directed Aristophanes' *Frogs* and Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* for the National Theatre, translated and directed Brecht's *Drums in the Night* at the Kappa Theatre, and overseen four productions for the summer festivals: Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* and Euripides' *Trojan Women* which were presented at Epidaurus in July, Aristophanes' *The Clouds* and a modern Greek drama, *Lazarus* by Pandelis Prevelakis, which will be staged this month at the Odion of Herodes Atticus and Sophocles' *Antigone*, scheduled for September. As to his post at EIRT, Solomos says, 'I am here only as long as the government needs me. I care for this work, but I can't think I will be here always.'

Perhaps when the prolific actor, designer, scholar and director retires from television, he will add yet another book to his collection, a story about his experiences at EIRT. He may well call it 'A Kafkaesque Fairy Tale'.

—ANDY HORTON

Photograph by Eugene Vanderpool.



At the Galleries

THE PRESENT exhibition of Contemporary Italian Sculpture at the National Picture Gallery (*Pinakothiki*) is a striking example of how a serious collection of works can be presented in such a way that the worth of the exhibition itself is overshadowed by the poor display, a result of the absence of highly professional administrators.

The history of the National Gallery, like that of most institutions, is complex and heavily footnoted with intrigue, bureaucratic red-tape and ineptitude. All of this seemed a worthwhile exercise when, after so many years, the National Gallery finally became a reality and a means not only to preserve and exhibit some of the work of contemporary Greek artists, but also to provide artistic education to the public.

One need not dwell on the fact that almost all museums anywhere have internal problems. We are concerned with Greece, and in this country the prevalent attitude has been that a museum's function is something akin to a Pharaonic tomb. One is allowed to enter the public chambers surrounded by officious and uninformed guards; the mystery surrounding the objects in a museum is increased by old, dilapidated

and, usually, out-of-date information. One comes away more confused than enlightened and, what is even worse, the real treasures are invariably hidden away so effectively behind doors and barricades that even visiting scholars are often denied access to the materials of their own disciplines. How many, for example, are aware of the fact that the National Archaeological Museum has in its basement one of the finest collections of Egyptian art hidden from both the public and the general scholar's eyes?

The excuse for these conditions is found in the usual complaint of museum directors that there are insufficient funds or space for display. It is also likely that the directors themselves tend to adopt a condescending attitude toward the public. The public's general ignorance, presumably, is sufficient justification, in the minds of the powers that be, for the little with which they are presented. Seldom in contemporary Greece does one have a feeling that a museum represents more than a simple means of visually and physically bringing people in contact with the past by means of passive exhibitions.

There are, fortunately, exceptions to this general situation. For example, both the Benaki Museum and the Museum of Greek Popular Art have suddenly come to life in the last year. Hitherto obscured by crowding and confusion, their exhibits have gained significance by the isolation of important objects. Behind this new approach lies a genuine concern for presentation and preservation on the part of a serious and trained personnel.

Examples such as these indicate that there are in Greece qualified people who understand the significance of a museum as a valuable means to educate the public, that this is the reason for the existence of museums and, what is more, that their directors are appointed to serve these social needs. None of these people, however, appear to be among the directors of the National Gallery. This museum's potentially important function of encouraging and exhibiting the work of contemporary Greek artists is generally ignored. Moreover, it is shocking that these attitudes and weaknesses have been inflicted on what could have been a fine exhibition. More mystifying to me is that the Italians, who have an innate sense of *finezza* and good taste, would have let this happen.

The first overall impression that I received from the Contemporary Italian Sculpture Exhibit was that I had entered a large white-washed customs shed where imports were strewn over the

floor waiting for officials to label them. My second reaction was a weird affirmation of a personal suspicion that there is a plot on the part of short people to make tall ones bend down to their angle of vision (e.g., wash-basins, bathroom mirrors, the average chair). Almost the entire exhibition is below knee level! Those pieces that manage to get off the ground do so apparently only because of their size. One looks down on the portrait heads. A quite remarkable bronze cat by Giuseppe Mazzullo is on the floor in a corner — a quirk of sentimentality? Its erect tail brings it to a total height of sixty-five centimetres. The statue of a woman drying herself, by Pericle Fazzini, is one of several pieces that were initially conceived in terms of spatial domination. Yet there it was set so low that the face and delicate gesture of the arm were hidden. More than that — as if in fact to make sure that we didn't take it too seriously — it was surrounded by a jumble of other sculpture. A fine bronze by Medardo Rosso entitled 'Ecce Puer' was turned so that the vague, frighteningly effective caul over the face was completely lost. Consequently one also lost a sense of the peculiarity of Rosso's work. The real 'shocker', however, was Giacomo Manzù's 'Bambino con l'anatra' (Child with a Duck): to find the angle of conception one is forced to get down on his hands and knees!

Apart from the incredible appearance of the display itself — seemingly set up in a completely off-hand manner — the exhibition is made more obscure by the absence of numbers on any of the pieces or on the photographs in the catalogue. The catalogue, furthermore, does not even include photos of *all* the sculptures. Thus there is no means of identifying almost half of the pieces in the show.

The exhibition will continue through September 15. One would like to hope that those responsible for the organization will correct the more flagrant outrages in the presentation which is an insult to the public's intelligence.

— NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

Emilio Greco, Testa d'uomo (Head of a Man) in bronze, 1968.

Contrasting Contrasts

THE exhibition of paintings by Nikos Stavroulakis and drawings by Robert Dahncke seems to have been chosen to highlight the contrasts between the two artists. Where Stavroulakis is primarily concerned with colour, Dahncke is concerned with line; where Stavroulakis divides his canvas into large open spaces, Dahncke works with small enclosed spaces.

Dahncke has two major styles. The first, and most frequent, uses scrawled lines and irregular patches of colour to attempt to produce an effect of childlike naivete and spontaneity. Unfortunately, the freedom here is obviously deliberate, if not imitative. More successful were geometric patterns, seemingly derived from tapestry patterns recollecting those of some folk art, in bright clear colours. A few conventionally complex drawings in black ink completed the artist's selection.

Stavroulakis' highly individual style exploits Byzantine notions of colour in an original manner. He often uses bands of colour which blend gradually with adjacent areas. The central area of a picture frequently contains a cityscape or a figural motif, set into a continuous foreground and background. Several of the paintings are worked around certain areas of the spectrum — yellow/orange or blue/purple.

Notable among these paintings is *Seascape-Crete*, a colour study in dark blue and purple. The technique of colour blending produces an impression of Crete just after dusk. Though the colouring is strong to the point of harshness, the lack of visual interruptions creates the indistinctness of a humid seaside. In the same manner, *Jerusalem-Summer* shows a blurred city fading into a desert under the glare of sunlight. The predominant tones of yellows and oranges are used for both city and background, so that the city is seen as an organic part of the desert; it does not stand out as a separate entity, but reflects the shadings of its surroundings.

Another style used by Stavroulakis is reminiscent of some of Cezanne's landscapes. The objects in the paintings are articulated by combinations of short blunt brush strokes unified by blending colours which are related to the smooth background.

Jerusalem-Winter is one of these works. The city is created with a series of

short brush strokes in misty tones — blue, green, and earth colours predominate. This mixture of shades and the post-impressionist technique are an interesting, if not totally successful, departure from the artist's usual style.

One thing lacking in the selection of Stavroulakis' work was a sample of his woodcuts, which display a strong sense of line and an angularity that could not be deduced from this selection of his paintings. Their harsh strength, often violent motion, and generally unpromising tone would have served to give some ideas of Stavroulakis' versatility as an artist.

When contrasted with the work of Dahncke, or of many contemporary American artists, Stavroulakis' originality is pleasantly refreshing.

— CAROL POSTER

Symbiosis at the Union

IMITATION — Greek, *mimesis* — may always have been the name of the game. John Zervos's Athens Centre for the Creative Arts, which has offered a pair of four-week academic seminars for university credit during the past three summers at the Hellenic American Union has, in addition, been delighting summer-bound Athenians, local and foreign, with its extra-curricular *lagniappes*.

The latest two offerings were a two-man show at the Union's Kennedy Gallery in July of drawings by Robert Dahncke and oils by Nikos Stavroulakis — plus two performances of Arthur Beer's adaptation of *The Bacchae* by Euripides.

The pictures made a strange and hybrid symbiosis (a Greek word put into fashion by the friends of Patty Hearst). But odd couplings in small pots (to speak botanically) have produced interesting results since Mendel and even since the time of the *real* protagonist of *The Bacchae*, Cadmus, the Theban sower of dragon teeth.

Mr. Dahncke is a classicist, a draughtsman and a wit. Mr. Stav-

roulakis is a Byzantinist, a brushman and a mystic. As a painter, Mr. Stavroulakis is very much a professional. His subjects, which reflect his identity, are Crete and Israel, which he sometimes tends to hyper-impose. This is his personal symbiosis which at times may become repetitive. His attempt to raise his gouache technique to the more expansive medium of wax is displeasing in scale and metier. The hasty smear of paint, which hardly covers the canvas, is better suited to tempera. As an iconophile, he can scarcely be proud of these quickly-prepared, ill-finished works.

Mr. Dahncke is an architect who handles all métiers with professional competence whether he is doing a stylograph star-drawing (and its reverse) or a soft-edge wash drawing in coloured inks. He is a young and talented artist. He is also an international person and an artist to boot, and if he sets himself to work in oil or thin or thick acrylic, one could be reasonably sure he would produce paintings of high execution and finesse-finish.

The Bacchae is a supreme play that can bear every adaptation and interpretation. The performances by the Athens Centre Group were amateur in the best sense—with love. As the messenger, palace guard and loco-terrified shepherd, Mr. Robert Sugg was excellent, and at moments exquisite. He shone like a diamond among some very good and some large zircons. He acted; the others, less informed or, perhaps, less seized by the frenzy of the play, impersonated themselves. Since it was an interesting cast, as the saying goes, of characters, the effects were always interesting and sometimes coincided with the magnificence of Euripides' general connection of mind, heart and destiny. Mr. A. Ansen was very self-indulgent in the role of Tiresias. A self-impressionist comedian and scholar well-known in Athens, he was droll without being funny, though he made many children in the audience giggle which in itself was a talent exhibition of *Schadenfreude*. He was also self-important to the extent that his Tiresian eyes before, during and after his bombastic portrayal of the stoned-blind seer kept winking open and shut, not missing a thing but the point.

The performances were timed to start shortly after eight in the evening in

Since Nikos Stavroulakis is the Art Editor of The Athenian, we invited two critics to review his exhibition with Robert Dahncke at the Kennedy Gallery of the Hellenic American Union.

order to reproduce some of the conditions in which the ancients saw drama performances, which started at dawn and continued until dusk — three tragedies, a comedy and a satyr play being staged in one day, from full day to the late sun at full dusk.

The theatre used for the Centre's performances is situated in a small park attached to the church of Agios Nikolaos, just off Sina Street. Arthur Beer's adaptation of *The Bacchae* is perhaps the first play to have been produced in this minute theatre since it was built — a miniature version of the one at Epidaurus — early in the twentieth century. Halfway up Lykavit-

tos, the theatre overlooks pines and stones, with the mountains of Egaleo visible in the distance, and modern Athens in all its mad variety in between, softening and mystifying itself as the play unfolded its inevitability.

During its second term, the Athens Centre will continue to present concerts, lectures, mixed- and multi-media theatre and dance evenings — admission free — and all sure to be of interest and instruction.

— B. WINEBAUM

The program of August events at the Centre may be found in the Listings.

The Georgian Dancers

I FIRST saw the Soviet Georgian Ballet when it appeared in Washington, D.C. last year and I found their performance among the most thrilling I had ever experienced. Seeing them at the Kastella Amphitheatre in Piraeus brought it all back again. They were not as spectacular as they had been in Washington, but this may have been due to the hurried circumstances of their booking in Piraeus. (They replaced the Bolshoi dancers who were quarantined elsewhere shortly before their scheduled performance here.) The artistry of the dancers was not as apparent, and, perhaps accordingly, the choreography was not as inspired. Nonetheless, their precision, agility and grace were flawless and they have given consistently exciting performances

In many Slavic and Middle Eastern dances — and there are, of course, elements of both in Georgian dances — it is the male who gets the 'plum' parts: the most intricate steps, the leaps and the athletics are ritualistic expressions of virility and deftness which reflect the skill of the hunter and the warrior. The women's parts, on the other hand, are secondary and their characteristic delicacy and grace serve largely to counterpoint the male activity.

In Georgian dances, however, there is still a distinct contrast in masculine and feminine movement and style, but there is no upstaging of one sex by another. In fact, it is difficult to say which is more captivating, the muscular choreography of the men or the lilting adagios of the women. Here — and this is unusual in ethnic dance — we are more impressed by the contrasts and the aesthetics of form and movement than

by choreography in which movement is symbolic of traditional masculine and feminine gestures. This may in part be ascribed to the profound respect that Georgian women have traditionally commanded for being excellent soldiers. The over-lapping and equalization of masculine-feminine roles in their society tend to equalize their significance in the dance.

There are thrilling contrasts throughout the performance, as between the energetic, powerful pitch of the sword dance, and filmy, dream-like gliding of the women's dances. A man and woman court each other in a *pas-de-deux* in which the man's crisp, staccato steps beautifully compliment the woman's flowing, infinitely graceful movements. Simple melodic accordion accompaniment alternates with the heavily percussive. Rhythm, vigour, vitality pass into grace, subtlety, refinement, and back again.

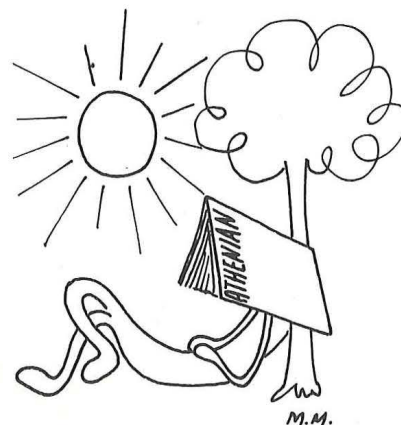
The Soviet Georgian Ballet is also among the most visually exciting dance troupes. When the theatre lights dim during the sword dance sparks fly as the swords clash furiously against each other. A visual feast in themselves are the costumes, which have been designed so that each movement is echoed or augmented by the line of the costume. The nearly floor-length sleeves on the women's costumes make the sweep of an arm look like the movement of a fish as it swims through water.

We should perhaps regard the mishap of the Bolshoi dancers as a happy accident. The Soviet Georgian Ballet totally dazzled audiences here and danced its way into our hearts.

—LILLIAN JARMAN

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theatre

The Death of Digenis

On August 2 and 3 at the Castle of Platamona and on August 7,8 and 9 at the Odion of Herodes Atticus, The Theatre of Northern Greece will present *The Death of Digenis* by Angelos Sikelianos, the poet who in the 'Twenties initiated a movement which he called "The Delphic Idea". By this he hoped to establish at Delphi a spiritual centre which would devote itself to presenting the whole spiritual and cultural tradition of the Greek heritage to the people of modern Greece, and thence, to the world. The immediate results of this movement were the two famous Delphic Festivals of 1927 and 1930 which were arranged and produced by him and his American wife, Eva Palmer, and became the prototypes for all subsequent Greek festivals. In *The Death of Digenis*, Sikelianos gave final expression to his vision of spiritual continuity which transcends any political or religious creed. As no translation of the *Death of Digenis* — nor even an adequate synopsis — exists in English, Platon Mousseos gives the background and an interpretation of the play.

THE *Death of Digenis* is the last play of Angelos Sikelianos, who was perhaps the grandest of all modern Greek poets. Written in 1949, it completed a trilogy inspired by the sufferings of mankind after a decade of fascism and despotism. It is a fierce cry for peace and freedom and for the founding of a Paradise on earth. Shortly before his play was published, Sikelianos was reading fragments of it to his friend Manolis Zormalias, a professor at Athens College, when he said, 'You know, with my *Digenis* I have come to realize that I know how to write in good Greek'. In this play he shows his poetic mastery of demotic, the language of the Greek people. More important from the point of view of dramatic conception is Sikelianos' Aeschylean attempt to realize his idea of *Megalo Theatro* (High Theatre); that is, in his own words, for the playwright '... to discover the deep roots of the people,



A woodcut by Spyros Vassiliou from the first edition of *The Death of Digenis*.

take their legends and like a visionary reveal to his nation its universal mission'. According to this, the playwright who aspires to *Megalo Theatro* is both a poet and a prophet. In this particular play three figures, Prometheus, Christ and Digenis Akritas establish a legendary continuity through the ages.

Digenis Akritas is the hero of a tenth-century epic cycle, a heroic poem of provincial origin containing demotic ballads, which is considered to be not only the earliest example of modern Greek literature but the first to express in popular language the modern Greek national consciousness.

Identifying Digenis Akritas with Jesus Christ, Sikelianos named his play *The Death of Digenis (Christ Unbound)*. Besides, Sikelianos believed deeply in Henri Gregoire's series (beginning in the 1930's) of studies interpreting the legend of Digenis Akritas. According to Gregoire, the Paulicians — a religious-political sect who were disciples most likely of Paul of Samosata though greatly influenced by the epistles of the Apostle Paul — chose Digenis Akritas as their mythical hero.

The heretical Paulicians were a restless and troublesome sect which arose in ninth-century Armenia and flourished along the borders of the Byzantine and Arabic Empires. Scorning priests, churches, icons and relics, the Paulicians were a kind of left-wing outcome of the Iconoclastic movement whose early form of Protestantism, which attacked the more elaborate forms of Orthodoxy, derived from Islamic practices. (Digenis, in fact, means 'of two races' and Akritas 'borderer'.) The Paulicians believed in a continuously revealed millennialism from which Sikelianos developed his vision of legendary continuity. Thus, in the Sikelianos version of the story, Digenis fights to free Jesus Christ from

his cross and the accretions of ritual to establish a paradise on earth devoted to the pursuit of freedom and peace. His greatest adversary, then, is the Byzantine Emperor Basil the First, the Bulgar-Slayer, who, fearing that his personal power as head of the church and the state is threatened, tries to eliminate the heresy.

In his play, Sikelianos observes the classical pattern of the three unities of time, place and action. The action takes place at the critical moment when Digenis, suffering from a long and fatal disease, confronts the Emperor Basil and Charon (Death). In fact the Emperor is the tool of Charon. A monk, Ilarion, who had been the tutor of young Digenis, is the first to arrive, sent ahead by the Emperor to persuade Digenis to return to the bosom of the official church. In so doing, Digenis is to be named Commander-in-Chief of the region. Digenis invites Ilarion to go into the chapel and prepare his last communion. He then welcomes the Emperor and his court of bishops, doctors and military dignitaries, all splendidly dressed in gold and silver. The Easter banquet follows, commemorating the resurrection of Christ. The dramatic suspense increases little by little since no one knows what Digenis' intentions are. Only when Digenis asks his followers to sing in praise of the late Emperor Michael, who was beloved by the people and murdered by Basil, does the imperial court become anxious. Ilarion returns to administer the holy communion to Digenis. Digenis seizes the cup and drinks all the sacred liqueur in one gulp. The court is horrified. Now with Christ's blood in his veins, Digenis recovers his strength and demands that the Emperor Basil and his court return from where they came. He then mounts his horse and repels the imperial army which Basil has hidden in the nearby swamps.

There a spear in the shape of a snake emerges from the bushes and stabs him through the side. Digenis is borne back and asks his wife to bring forth the shroud which Digenis, foreseeing his death, had asked her to weave. He forbids the women to mourn, and his coronation celebrating his triumph follows. His wife begs him to allow her to die before him so that she may welcome him at the gates of eternity. She lies beside him and, pressed by his arms in a fierce embrace, she dies. His death follows and Digenis' *pallikaria* lift them up on their shoulders and, in a triumphal march, sing in praise of peace and freedom and the restoration of the true faith.

The Death of Digenis is the most clear-cut and perfectly understandable poetic drama of Sikelianos, perhaps because the poet so identifies himself with his hero. Like Digenis the poet contemplates his own death and like him too, he comes to realize that the spirit of human freedom has survived. Sikelianos found the peace of his soul in witnessing the fierce resistance of the Greeks against the Nazi invasion and occupation.

For anyone interested in 'Popular Theatre' in its highest form, *The Death of Digenis* is the very best example to be seen. It is also a fascinating challenge for an inspired director.

—PLATON MOUSSEOS

music

A Faulty Faust

THIS year's Athens Festival got off to a less than auspicious start with a shaky production of Hector Berlioz's celebrated setting of Goethe's legend of Dr. Faust presented before a capacity crowd at Herodes Atticus Theatre on July 6th. One of the earliest and most successful of the 19th century renderings of this favourite parable of the struggle between Good and Evil, the Berlioz work failed in this current presentation to realize the great impact of its revolutionary innovation and style. The beauty of the composer's masterful blending of choral, vocal, and symphonic writing was there, but virtually all of the contributing forces detracted from the first night's performance which I saw.

At fault were conductor Dimitri Chorafas' indifferent *tempi* and indistinct direction, as well as a choreography by Milko Sparembek that was ludicrous to the point of embarrassment. Many of the dancers were commendable in their individual efforts, but what they were called upon to do should not have been allowed. The chorus was constantly behind the beat and its members at odds with each other. As usual they sang in Greek while everyone else was carrying on in French, providing an unnecessary distraction — and occasionally unintended comic relief — to the general flow of the work. Tenor Guy Chauvet as Faust had some

very lyrical moments, but for the most part his voice was pinched and rigid, with frequent lapses into falsetto at pianissimos. Frangiskos Voutsinos, the Greek-born baritone of international reputation, was a disappointment as Mephistopheles, owing to the failure of what appeared to be resonant sound to penetrate beyond the first few rows. The role demands a cutting, focused vocal production that jars the listener at one moment, and lulls him with calculated cajolery at the next. Unfortunately all we were given was a rather insipid, monotonous crooning, accurate but undramatic in the extreme.

Only Marina Krilovici among the three leading singers acquitted herself with distinction. As the pure and simple Marguerita, her soprano was at once lush and pure, ravishing and sensitive; her vocal monologue in scene seven of the Second Part was doubtless the musical high point of the evening. Kudos are also due to Dimitris Kavrakos whose short solo as Brander in scene six of Part One was as visually delightful as it was vocally satisfying. He is one baritone who has no difficulty in projecting his voice to the farthest reaches of the theatre with apparent ease. I am looking forward to the Prague National Theatre Opera in August.

— ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

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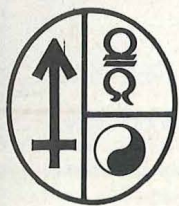
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Summer Records

DIONYSIS Savvopoulos has the irrepressible vitality of cartoon characters such as Snoopy or Tom and Jerry. The cover of his new disc, in fact, represents the maestro disguised in a variety of caricatures — most effectively as a furry, brown troll flourishing a tambourine. Since his early records, *Fortigo* (Truck) and *Ballos* (named after a folk dance), Savvopoulos has appeared in many guises: those of a Greek interpreter of Dylan, a cynical observer of life, a singer, guitarist, pop composer, folk composer, lyricist and even — rumour has it — a crazy guy discharged from the army on suspicion of mental deficiency. Whatever Savvopoulos' performance may have been as a recruit, his talent, when it comes to creating music and lyrics, and to singing and playing them himself, is not in doubt. His latest record, *Deka Hronia Kommatia* (Ten Years of Pieces) appeared this spring after nearly a year during which Savvopoulos gave no public performances and released only two songs on disc (see review in *The Athenian*, January 1975). The music on this record is not new, but a summing up of his unpublished output over the last ten years. Most of the pieces were taped at various times and then set aside as being, for one reason or another, unsuitable for release. The songs are connected by introductory remarks, like entries in a diary. Some songs are quiet, cynical and powerful; others have a rueful swagger. Finally, just to remind us that his tastes are, after all, catholic, Savvopoulos has included short sections sung by Domna Samiou and Sotiria Bellou, leading exponents of folk and rebetic music, respectively.

Another record which is also a collection of odds and ends is Markopoulos' *Anexartita* (Odds and Ends), which purports to present a selection of old Markopoulos songs that never found their way on to disc. Of the twelve songs featured, however, five have previously appeared on record. Nonetheless, any record which includes Xylouris singing the nonsense rant, 'Zavara Katra Nemia', Markopoulos himself presenting 'Ellada' (also known as 'Lengo-lengo') and Viki Mosholiou singing 'Alexandria', is well worth buying.

Nikos Xylouris can also be heard with Tania Tsanaklidou and Yannis Ritsos on a new album by Christos Leontis, *Kapnismeno Tsoukali* (Blackened Pot). The title is from a series of

poems written by Ritsos while in a political prison, on the island of Limnos during the winter of 1948-49, immediately following the defeat of the communists in the Civil War. The poems are at once idealistic and bitter. Leontis has contributed his most finely controlled music yet, treading safely between the pleasantly innocuous style of *Ach Erota* and the over-seriousness of his *Canto General* (his newest work, as yet unrecorded). Xylouris sings with his customary flair and is accompanied by Tania Tsanaklidou, a young singer who made a brilliant debut with Markopoulos on *Thiteia* and then ruined everything by going off to sing Theodorakis in a fashionable boîte.



Now Miss Tsanaklidou sings on this record with a depth and integrity that scarcely fall short of that first performance. The only blot on an otherwise excellent disc is the poet Yannis Ritsos, who, probably through no fault of his own, has been set up in the prompt box to recite his lines between the singing and, occasionally, over the singers' voices. Ritsos is a widely admired poet but the impact of a voice reciting clashes with the music and wrecks the composer's consistent, musical interpretation of Ritsos's poems.

The most original recent release has the provocative title, *Apla Mathimata Politikis Ikonomias* (Elementary Lessons in Political Economy). This was the brainchild of Yannis Negrepontis, a well-known left-wing poet able to exploit the poetic-satiric possibilities of the Greek bourgeois language. Two years ago he collaborated with composer Loukianos Kilaidonis to produce *Mikroastika* (Petit-bourgeoisie), which was immensely successful as a stage play. Negrepontis' intention is more serious this time, however. Ostensibly the target is no longer to mock the middle class, but to instruct the working class. Kilaidonis has again written the score but the simple, cheeky music has lost both the originality and satirical bite that made the earlier record such a success. The singing is by Kilaidonis who also plays the piano, supported by

Kostas Thomaidis, Pitsa Konitsioti and Alekos Mandilas.

Original is hardly the word to describe Vassilis Tsitsanis' latest record, *Skopectirio*, named after the ill-famed shooting range at Kaisariani which was where the Nazis executed Greek patriots during the Occupation. In recent years, he and Sotiria Bellou have performed there during the winter at a *bouzouksidiko* (bouzouki nightclub) called the *Skopectirio*. Tsitsanis is one of the last of the old rebetic, or underworld, composers, and perhaps the one who has adapted best to the changes in musical taste as the rebetic songs and the bouzouki which accompanied them were swallowed up and taken over in the post-war wave of 'light popular' music. Ace-bouzouki player and creator of many famous rebetic songs, Tsitsanis has now turned his hand to lighter things. *Skopectirio* — the record — has an all-star cast: Tsitsanis himself, Viki Mosholiou, Dimitra Galani, and Lizett Nikolaou. The singing and the recording are of the highest quality, but there is an unbridgeable gulf between the talents and training of Tsitsanis and those of the younger singers, and their attempt to compromise seems doomed from the start. As a result, there is an uneasy imbalance about this record.

Folk Songs and Music

Three new records of Greek folk music have appeared in recent months, adding to the already considerable variety of traditional Greek music available. EMIAL (Columbia) added another record to its popular series, 'Greece is...'. (There are sixteen of these records available ranging from Tsitsanis, Theodorakis and Xarhakos to folk music — and even instructions on how to perform popular Greek dances.) The latest is *Greece is... Folk Melodies from Crete*. Yannis Xylouris, the brother of Nikos, plays on the *Iyra* a wide selection of songs and dances which can be heard at local Cretan festivals during the summer. On another record, *Yevsi apo Ellada* (Soupçon of Greece), Kostas Roukounas, a well-known singer originally from Smyrna, sings songs of Asia Minor and mainland Greece; other singers and players offer a taste of island and Cretan music. Finally, Kostas Kontagiorgos sings a fine selection of music from Epirus and Roumeli on *Dimotika Tragoudia* (Greek Folk Songs). The instruments are those traditionally played in central and northwest Greece: the *clarino*, *laouto* (a kind of lute), and *daouli* (a large side-drum).

—RODERICK BEATON

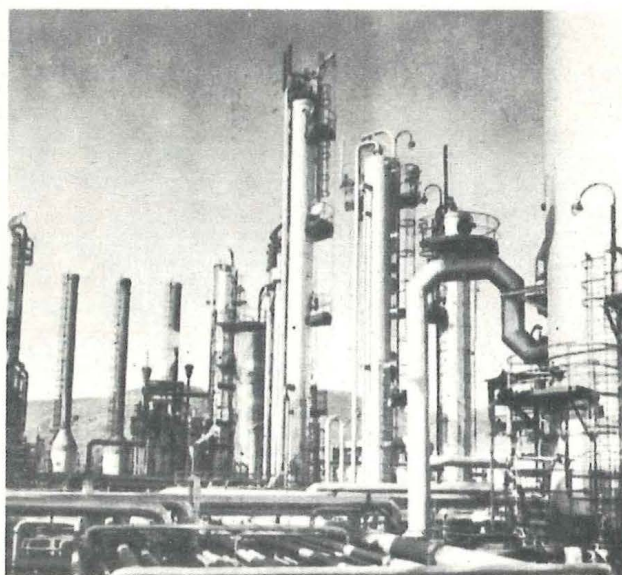
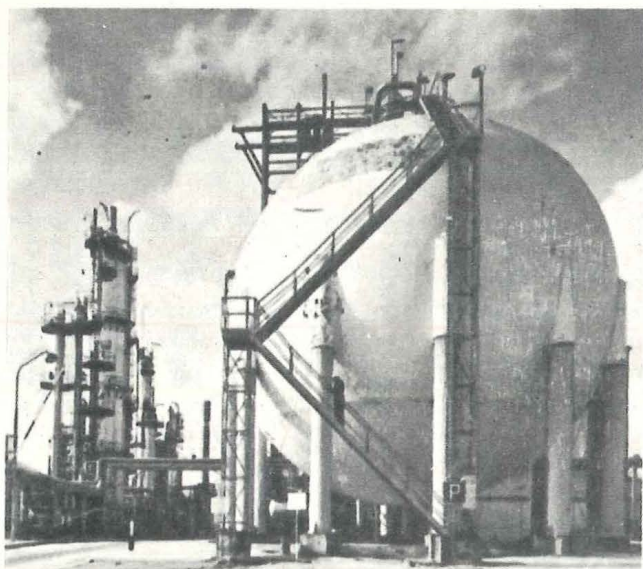
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What the Wooden Horse Said

Between 1969 and 1973 at least nine literary journals in North America and two in Britain devoted special issues or sections of issues to the work of contemporary Greek writers. Such interest abroad in modern Greek writing is largely a new phenomenon; it is particularly valuable to the English-speaking reader who wishes to follow developments in Greek literature. Not all the numbers discussed below are readily available but they may be ordered directly from the publishers.

JOURNAL OF MODERN LITERATURE, (Vol. 2, No. 2, 1971-72, Temple University. Editor Maurice Beebe) devoted a 326-page issue to Nikos Kazantzakis, the author of *Zorba the Greek* and *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*, among numerous other works. The scholarly slant of many of the articles betrays the difference between Kazantzakis, an oversized, literary figure in the nineteenth-century grand manner, and the present generation. He is the only Greek writer about whom an article could be written that is entitled, 'The Erotic Stoicism of Kazantzakis' or 'Kazantzakis and Bergson: Metaphysical Aestheticians'. The admiration and hatred aroused by Kazantzakis have been equalled by no other Greek literary figure — not even Euripides — and the result has been that he is almost impossible to place in perspective, particularly outside of Greece. The assumption has too often been made that Zorba is the best representative of the Greek tradition. If Zorba means a lot to Americans and western Europeans, however, it is because Zorba was written after more than twenty years' exile from Greece. During that time Kazantzakis was deeply involved in the intellectual problems of the West. The ideas, and especially the notion of the ego-centred novel which made Kazantzakis comprehensible and acceptable in the West, are foreign to the native Greek tradition. The poetry of the post-war years — whether good or bad — does not have time for the grand gesture or the introspective theorizing of the sage, Kazantzakis. It is marked by a searching urgency, an extroverted questing beyond the traditional bounds of classroom poetry or philosophy.

Of all these journals, BOUNDARY 2, Winter 1973, 539 pp. (State University of New York at Binghamton. Editors N.C. Germanacos and William V. Spanos) has the most to say, is most concerned about the foreign reader and provides the most information on the difficulties facing the Greek writer today. In a long interview recorded in 1972, Germanacos discusses the problems with three of Greece's leading prose writers — Stratis Tsirkas, Thanasis Valtinos and George Ioannou. As well as revealing a good deal about the work of these writers, the editors explain much about the continuing split over the two forms of the Greek language; the problems of identity for the hundreds of thousands of families who settled here after being uprooted from Asia Minor in 1922; the more practical difficulties of censorship and the inevitability that every word written in this country must have a political significance; and, finally, the question of whether or not it is possible to write an 'urban novel' in a society only now acquiring a middle class.

CHAPMAN, Vol 2, No. 4, 1973 (Trinity Gask, Auchterarder, Perthshire, Scotland. Editors W. and J. Perrie) includes seven poems by George T. Vafopoulos, translated by Kimon Friar. Several of the translations slip naturally into an idiom strongly reminiscent of Yeats. Vafopoulos has something of Yeats's hard, not-quite-romantic lyricism, a dramatic tone which is not merely rhetorical, and a quiet, far-sighted optimism which is not common in modern Greek poetry.

Another poet whose work is represented in most of these journals is Nanos Valaoritis. Valaoritis is the only Greek poet I know of who can translate his own work into English with complete success. (Some of the translations are by Friar.) Valaoritis is a poet who, although apparently ideologically committed, never gets caught in the trap of hysterical enthusiasm as many of his contemporaries do. MICROMEGAS, Vol. 5, No. 1, n.d. 43 pp. (84 High Point Drive, Amherst, Mass. Editor F. Will, Guest Editor Stavros Deligiorgis) contains a poem translated by Valaoritis which demonstrates what he can do with

imagery. 'C-Three' contains the following:

From the top of crenellated thoughts
I saw the whole of Homer clearly
As pebbles in transparent water...

This edition of MICROMEGAS was translated largely by Deligiorgis of Iowa University. It includes three excellent poems by Andonis Decavalles. (I failed to see, however, the connection between his poetry and a pretentious introductory note which begins, 'Success through failure — the characteristic of the nonteleological man — is Andonis Decavalles' persuasion. A *systeme entr'ouvert* to him is best projected...') The same issue includes poems by Vasilis Vasilikos (the author of *Z*), and a number of others by writers who fail to rise above the broadly facile political statement.

MADRONA, Vol. 2, No. 6, 1973, 80 pp. (Gemini Press, Seattle. Editor Charles Webb) contains a translation by Vasilis Zambaras of Seferis' well-known poem-sequence *Mythistorema*, in which the best things are frequently identical with the version in the *Complete Poems* by Keeley and Sherrard. There are also eleven poems of lesser-known poets translated by Friar.

AGENDA, Vol. 7, No. 1, 1969, 95 pp. (Editor William Cookson, Guest Editor Peter Levi, S.J.) is one of the larger and better British literary journals which frequently devotes special issues to the work of foreign poets. The Greek issue, for the sake of thoroughness, begins with the Homeric Hymns and stretches to Ghika's comments on the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo, inspired by Edward Lear's limericks, and an informative general article by Robin Fletcher on the 'Literary-Historical Background of Modern Greek Literature'. The seventeenth-century Cretan romance, *Erotokritos*, is represented in a brief prose extract, sadly translated in imitation of the Penguin *Homer*. Seferis' last series of poems, 'Three Secret Poems' is included, in a horrible version by Peter Thompson, inaccurately titled 'Three Private Poems'. Edmund Keeley and George Savvidis have contributed part of their translation of Elytis' great poem *Axion Esti*. D. I. Antoniou (the sea-captain who was a close friend of Seferis), Nikos Gatsos and Valaoritis are also represented.

Recently a group of six young poets, who happen to be friends but not a clique, got together to publish a volume of their work. With an introduction (in Greek) by Kimon Friar, the book, *Exi Poietes*, is a valuable witness to the cooperation of such very different

poets. ENGLISH GRADUATE STUDIES JOURNAL, No. 1, 1971, 95 pp. (State University of New York at Binghamton. Editors C.A. Coleman, Jr. et al.) has published the poems of the six, translated by various hands, together with Friar's introduction in English. Nana Isaia, one of the two women poets included, claims spiritual kinship with Sylvia Plath, and reading her brittle, loosely-connected poems, as they sprawl over the pages, is like watching someone sweeping a heap of broken glass across a floor and enjoying it too much to heave the lot into the dustbin. Katerina Angelaki-Rooke, whose poems also tend to be long, seems to be kneading — with a mixture of love and loathing — some damp, oozy substance whose very nature fascinates her, but which one feels will some day emerge perfected into some wholly unexpected form.

The same poets are also included in MANNA, No. 5, 1972, 63 pp. (21 Don Valley Drive, Toronto. Editor Lorne Shirinian, Special Co-editor George Thaniel) together with many others. The poems have been selected and, in many cases, translated by Thaniel, a Greek who has been established in Canada for the last ten years.

ARION'S DOPHIN, Vol. 1, Nos. 4-5, 1972, 125 pp. (P.O. Box 313, Cambridge, Mass. Editor Stratis Haviaras) contains a bewildering galaxy of thirty-five post-war poets. Among them are Manolis Anagnostakis, Andonis De-cavalles, Nikos Karouzos (a fine poet, often difficult to understand), Miltos Sachtouris, Takis Sinopoulos and Nanos Valaoritis; but many are little-known poets whose works are either disappointingly mediocre or have been badly translated. Most of the translations in this issue are by Greeks living in America, and it is a pity that in almost no case is the English version really satisfactory as poetry.

THE LITERARY REVIEW, Vol. 16, No. 3, 1973, 392 pp. (Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey. Editor Charles Angoff) contains stories by N. Gavriel Pentzikis — the Thessalonikian 'character' — George Ioannou, Triantafyllos Pittas, Sama-rakis and Vasilikos. Among a varied selection of poems, two by Takis Sinopoulos, translated by Kimon Friar, stand out.

Finally the CHICAGO REVIEW, Vol. 21, No. 2, 1969, 117 pp. (University of Chicago, Illinois. Editor Juliet McGrath) includes poems by eighteen post-war poets, all translated by Friar. Dinos Christianopoulos has a magnificently perverse poem on the destruction of Sodom, and there are excellent

poems by Sinopoulos, Sachtouris and Karouzos.

Returning from this inevitably cursory wander through the journals to the problems discussed by the novelists in Germanacos's interview, a short poem by the 25-year-old Jenny Mastoraki, as translated by Germanacos in BOUNDARY, is worth quoting. Untouched directly by the crippling effects of war and civil war, yet fully aware of them, Jenny Mastoraki seems to have found the right voice to slice through the whole

barrage of questioning and self-examination. At times it's a cheeky voice, but the *mot juste* is always perhaps a bit cheeky:

The Wooden Horse then said
no I refuse to see the press
and they said why not and he said
he knew nothing about killing,
and anyway he himself always ate
lightly in the evenings
and once in his younger days
he'd worked as a pony on a merry-go-round.

— RODERICK BEATON

Colin Spencer.

HOW THE GREEKS KIDNAPPED MRS. NIXON

Quartet Books, London, 1974. 202 pages.



'If they want Mrs. Nixon alive and well, all the Colonels will have to do is arrest themselves, then stay in prison until they come up for trial,' quips Manos, a young revolutionary during the Junta times. It's all part of Colin Spencer's wildly intricate plot, a bitterly satiric collage about the head-on collision of the Papadopoulos and Nixon eras.

The faces are familiar; the action is not. Written before the fall of both Papadopoulos and Nixon, *How The Greeks* lampoons and cauterizes the folly and danger of dictators, secret agents and foreign intervention. The period is middle-Junta when Papadopoulos and Pattakos played Laurel and Hardy in Greece ('Mr. Papadopoulos grunted, eyeing his immediate inferior glumly. He always had the original brilliant ideas and then bloody Stylianos trumped them.') while Nixon, Agnew and Rogers ruled across the Atlantic. Mrs. Nixon arrives in Greece to investigate the charges of

political tortures. Papadopoulos has arranged for a 'model' prison (a remodelled country chapel) to be shown, but the angry prisoners seize the First Lady and all hell breaks loose. Spencer cleverly weaves a gallery of minor characters (with a Dickensian ability to characterize people with names such as Lieutenant-Colonel Parsely, head of the CIA in Greece) through a labyrinthine plot that abounds in sudden switches. He also manages to keep the story moving at the pace of a Roman candle.

Spencer is known to a growing number of readers as a sensitive observer of modern love in novels such as *Anarchists in Love* and *The Tyranny of Love*. *How The Greeks* is not of the same importance or seriousness; nor, one suspects, was it meant to be. It is, however, an entertaining and disturbing book. Satire, black humour, porno and horror blend together in a form similar in tone and effect to *Catch 22*, a Woody Allen movie without Woody Allen, or a bleakly ironic etching by Goya.

Like Philip Roth's Nixonian satire, *Our Gang*, *How The Greeks* is unfortunately too dated to be of wide appeal. For those interested in Greece, however, Spencer's political parody is good reading. This English writer who was living on Lesbos when the Junta arrived and later returned briefly to Greece to research the book, has captured more of the spirit of the past seven years than many autobiographies and documentaries which offer undistilled reality. A good satire need do no more.

—A.H.

cooking

GREEK APPETIZERS

A QUESTION we are invariably asked by visitors is how to make some of the dishes — especially the appetizers (*orehtika* or *meze*) that appear in great variety at the beginning of most meals in Greece. Practically any Greek recipe can be made abroad either with imported ingredients or by using substitutes. For example, *filo*, the pastry used to make *tiropitakia* and *spanakopitakia* (cheese and spinach pies) and sweets such as *baklava*, is very similar to strudel dough, while thick, Greek yogurt is more like sour cream than its North American counterpart. If you cannot find ingredients for Greek dishes where you live, we suggest you contact the nearest Greek Orthodox Church. There is bound to be one nearby (believe it or not, there is a thriving Greek Community in Glasgow, Scotland) and they will no doubt have a source of supply.

There are many cookbooks to guide you through the mysteries of the local cuisine, but a new book, *The Foods of Greece* by Vilma Liacouras Chantiles (Atheneum, New York, 1975), is of special interest. Aptly subtitled, 'Food, Folkways and Travel in the Mainland and Islands of Greece', it provides recipes for the traditional dishes from all parts of Greece as well as the standard fare seen at most restaurants; a guide to Greek wines; notes on Greek history, culture and tradition; and terms and sayings related to food. (She lists twelve terms used to describe degrees and styles of over imbibing!) The book, available at major bookstores in Greece and in North America, is illustrated by the author and shows among other things how to fold vine leaves for *dolmadakia* (stuffed vine leaves) and the *filo* for *bourekakia* (the triangular puffs stuffed with cheese, etc.).

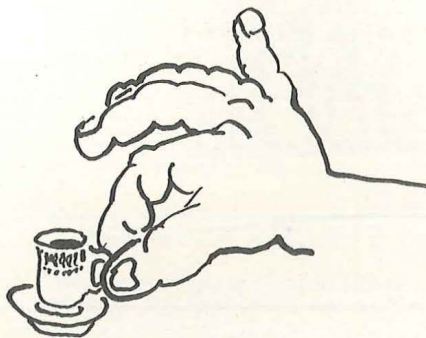
There are many variations on the following recipes, but here are Mrs. Chantiles's for a few of the appetizers you have been nibbling at tavernas, and instructions on how to make the Greek Turkish coffee to complete the 'mood'.

TZATZIKI (TALLATORI) (Herbed yogurt and cucumber)

To serve 3 or 4

- 2 cups (16 oz.) plain yogurt
- 1 medium cucumber, peeled, seeds removed, and diced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 to 3 teaspoons fine olive oil
- 1 tablespoon white vinegar
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh dill
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh mint
- Pinch of salt

Combine all the ingredients in a glass or earthenware bowl and chill to allow flavours to penetrate the cucumber. Serve as a dip, or on lettuce leaves as a salad, or with fried zucchini, eggplant or fish.



MELITZANOSALATA (Whipped eggplant salad)

To serve 4 to 6

- 2 eggplants (1 to 1 1/2 pounds or about 500 grams each)
- 3 to 4 cloves garlic
- 2 to 3 fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped or 3 canned, peeled tomatoes, drained and chopped
- Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
- 1 teaspoon crumbled, dried oregano
- 1/3 to 1/2 cup olive oil, more if necessary
- 6 tablespoons red wine vinegar, more if necessary

Bake the eggplants for 45 minutes in a 375-degree oven or in hot ashes. [Here in Greece the eggplant is usually placed directly on the burner of the stove but this is a bit messy.] Peel off and discard the skin, then chop the eggplant flesh while still hot. Rub a wooden or earthenware bowl with one of the garlic cloves, cut. Add the eggplant and beat with a wooden spoon — or, if available, use a wood mortar (*goudi*) to pound eggplants. Continue pounding or beating, meanwhile adding the tomatoes, a little salt and pepper, two to three cloves of garlic, crushed, and the herbs. Continuing to beat, gradually add the olive oil alternately with the red wine vinegar, if necessary; *melitzanosalata* should be thick and smooth. Serve cold with fish, meat, or fresh, crisp bread.

Note: You will have excellent results by whipping *melitzanosalata* in a blender. Another, milder eggplant dish

(excellent with meats) is *melitzanes pouré*, whipped with butter, salt, pepper, and a little milk after baking the eggplants.

TARAMOSALATA (Fish roe salad)

To serve 8 to 10

- 3 slices Italian, French or Greek bread, crusts removed, soaked in water and squeezed dry; or 2 medium potatoes, boiled and peeled.
- 5 ounces *tarama* (fish roe), soaked in warm water a few minutes, then rinsed and drained.
- 1 cup (8 oz.) olive oil of fine flavour
- Juice of 1 1/2 lemons.
- 2 tablespoons vinegar.
- 1 to 2 tablespoons water, if necessary.
- 1/2 onion, grated (optional).

Using an electric blender or electric mixer (or old-fashioned mortar and pestle), thoroughly blend the bread or potatoes and the *tarama*. Add the olive oil as slowly as possible, blending at a medium speed; add the lemon juice and vinegar, blending at a higher speed, plus a little water if the mixture forms peaks. Add the grated onion, if desired, then whip at high speed for a few minutes.

Note: The flavour may be mitigated to suit taste by adding more bread and potato; a too-salty taste may be adjusted by dropping in a few tablespoons of sour cream while blending. Leftover *taramosalata* may be stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator for seven to ten days.

KAFE (Turkish coffee)

- briki* (coffee maker [inexpensive and available all over Greece] usually enough for 2 or 3 cups)
- demitasse cups with straight sides
- Turkish coffee (no substitute)
- sugar
- a teaspoon

For the average drinker, *metrios vastos* (medium strong, minimum sugar, boiled) will be made like this:

In the *briki*, pour one Turkish cupful cold water for each cup prepared (the fewer the better because the *kaimaki* [froth] won't have to be divided). Measure one level teaspoon sugar per cup and add to the water in the *briki*, then one level teaspoon coffee per cup and stir into the *briki*. Place over a medium heat and stir until dissolved. Hold on to the *briki* and remove it from the heat as soon as it boils up. The *kaimaki* will settle down, and you can put it over the heat to boil up once or twice more for maximum *kaimaki*. If preparing more than one cupful, divide the *kaimaki* and fill the cups to the very brim (they won't spill over), then serve with ice water.

— ALAN WALKER

GRAB BAG

● Last summer we told you how to protect your thermos flask from breakage. Another problem arising with a thermos is that the stopper often comes out because of built-up pressure within the bottle. An easy way to prevent this from occurring is to attach one end of a small coil spring to the cork stopper and let the other end rest against the inside top of the cap as it is screwed on. If the bottle has a plastic stopper, use a piece of foam rubber or plastic sponge cut to fit over it. If you do not have a thermos and are about to take off for a day's excursion, fill plastic bottles (with tops that screw on or can be secured tightly) with water, fruit drinks, coffee, etc., and place them overnight in the freezer. They will remain cold most of the day as they defrost.

● Here is an excellent suggestion for camping enthusiasts: while in Greece, buy a *tsakmaki* (Mykonos Lighter) which costs only a few drachmas. Although generally considered a tourist novelty (we know of one French lady who places them on her coffee table as a 'conversation piece' — the last we heard she was thinking of having the metal part dipped in gold), they are very practical since they are primitive cigarette lighters which operate by a spark igniting punk. The punk is

actually the centre of a long, thick cord and will last forever. The flint is a standard lighter flint obtainable anywhere. The beauty of the thing lies in the fact that it is absolutely safe since it contains no fuels. Wrap it tightly in a small plastic bag and it will be ready whenever you have forgotten (or dampened) your other means of striking fire.



● You can avoid leakage from any of the small plastic bottles of lotion, shampoo, etc., carried along on your travels by first squeezing them before screwing on the cap. This creates a vacuum which holds in the liquid. (It is wise to save small plastic bottles for travel purposes to avoid having to carry along heavier and breakable glass containers.)

● Summer brings a surfeit of various 'wee beasties' which sometimes come in through drain outlets and lead householders to seal off drains. A word of warning which may save you thousands in repairs. Never completely stop a drain even if it will not be used. A friend of ours covered a drain in the bathroom floor and went away on vacation. While he was gone, a small water pipe developed a leak. The water, unable to escape, seeped through various floors and walls ruining the expensive parquet flooring. If necessary, cover outlets with a very fine mesh which you can buy either in plastic or wire screening.

● One of the most refreshing drinks for hot summer days is a long, frosted glass of iced tea garnished with a lemon slice. It is also one of the easiest drinks to make. Simply brew the tea your favourite way, doubling the strength. The secret is in the pouring! While the tea is still *hot*, pour it into a tall glass filled with ice cubes. This prevents the 'cloudiness' which plagues some hostesses we know.

● The next time a fisherman describes a fish that got away tell him it need not have happened if he had sharpened his hook by rubbing it over the striking surface of a match book!

— SPAGGOS

ATHENS SHOP HOURS

Category	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Commercial Shops, Dry Cleaners, Pharmacies	8am - 2:30 pm —	8 am - 1:30 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	8 am - 2:30 pm —	8 am - 1:30 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	8 am - 1:30 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	8 am - 2:30 pm —
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables	8 am - 3 pm —	8 am - 2 pm 6 - 9 pm	8 am - 3 pm —	8 am - 3 pm —	8 am - 2 pm 6 - 9 pm	8 am - 2 pm 6 - 9 pm
Meat, Poultry	7:30 am - 2:30 pm —	7:30 am - 2:30 pm —	7:30 am - 2:30 pm —	7:30 am - 2:30 pm —	7:30 am - 2:30 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	7:30 am - 2:30 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm
Fishmongers	7:30 am - 2 pm —	7:30 am - 2 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	7:30 am - 2 pm —	7:30 am - 2 pm —	7:30 am - 2 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm	7:30 am - 2 pm 5:30 - 8:30 pm
Bakeries	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm 5:30 - 9 pm	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm 5:30 - 9 pm	7 am - 2:30 pm 5:30 - 9 pm
Wines and Spirits	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am to 10 p.m.	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am - 3 pm —	7 am to 10 p.m.	7 am to 10 p.m.
Barbers and Hairdressers	7:30 am - 3:30 pm —	7:30 am - 1:30 pm 5 - 9 pm	7:30 am - 3:30 pm —	7:30 am - 1:30 pm 5 - 9 pm	7:30 am - 1:30 pm 5 - 9 pm	7:30 am - 3:30 pm —
Car Parts, Tools and Mechanical Equipment	7 am - 2:30 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm —	7 am - 2:30 pm —

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All banks in Athens are open 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Monday through Saturday. Those listed below are also open 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. Monday through Friday (for special services such as currency exchange) except where other hours are given:

Commercial Bank of Greece

Sofokleous 11, Tel. 321-0911
Venizelou 25, Tel. 323-6172 (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 8 p.m.; Sat. 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.)
Patriarchou Ioakim 5, Tel. 737-227

Credit Bank

Pezmazoglou 10, Tel. 324-5111
Venizelou 9, Tel. 323-4351
Kifissias 230 (in the A & B) Tel. 671-2838 (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 7:30 p.m.)

First National Bank of Chicago

Imittou & Ifikratous, Pangrati, Tel. 766-1205 (Mon. - Fri. 5-7 p.m.)

First National City Bank

Kolonaki Square, Tel. 618-619

General Hellenic Bank

Stadiou 4, Tel. 322-5338 (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 8 p.m.)

Ionian & Popular Bank of Greece

Venizelou 45, Tel. 322-5501 (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.)
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.)
Eolou 86, Tel. 321-0411 (Mon. - Fri. 6-8 p.m.)

Investment banks are open 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

ETEVA, Sofokleous 6 321-2701
ETVA, Venizelou 18 323-7981
The Investment Bank, Omirou 8 323-0214

The following foreign banks are open 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Algemene Bank Nederland, Paparigopoulou 3 323-8192
American Express, Venizelou 17 323-4781
Bank of America, Stadiou 10 323-4002
Bank of Nova Scotia, Venizelou 37 322-0032
Banque Internationale pour l'Afrique
Occidentale S.A. Filellinon 8 324-1831
Chase Manhattan, Vass. Sofias 2 735-311
Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, Stadiou 24 324-1562
First National City Bank, Othonos 8 322-7471
First National Bank of Chicago, Venizelou 13 602-311
Grindlays Bank, Syntagma 324-7015
National Westminster Bank, Filonos 137-139, Piraeus 452-2853
Williams and Glyn's Bank, 61 Akti Miaouli, Piraeus 452-7484

BABYSITTERS (AGENCIES)

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

YOUTH HOSTELS

XAN (YMCA) Omirou 28 626-970
XEN (YWCA) Amerikis 11 624-291
Agiou Meletiou 1 825-860
Kallipoleos 20 766-4889
Alexandras 87 and Drosi 646-3669
Patission 97 820-328
Kipselis 57 and Agiou Meletiou 1 825-860
Hamilton 3 820-328
Karitsi 322-8437
Panepistimiou 46 622-071

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 171

EMERGENCIES

For all emergencies (English spoken) 100
Fire Brigade 199
Coast Guard 108

LOST PROPERTY

14 Mesogion St 770-5711
Traffic Police (for items left in taxis or buses) 530-111

FIRST AID

Athens emergency medical & ambulance service (English spoken) 525-555
Piraeus 646-7811
Poison Control Centre 779-3777
Navy Dispensary (for US military personnel & dependents) 745-631

EOT (National Tourist Organization)

Central Office, Amerikis 2B 322-3111
Information, Kar. Servias (Syntagma) 322-2545

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POSTAL SERVICES

Most post offices in Athens are open from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.

MAIN POST OFFICE, Aeolou 100. 7 a.m. - midnight, Mon-Sat 321-6023

BRANCH: Syntagma Square 7 a.m. - 10 p.m., Mon-Sat 323-7573

BRANCH: Koumoundourou 29, next to National Theatre, 8 a.m. - 7 p.m., Mon-Sat 549-568

This branch handles all parcels weighing over 1 kilo (2.2 lbs). Leave packages unwrapped until after inspection at the Post Office.

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Civil Aviation Information, East Airport 979-9466
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Air India, Filellinon 3 323-4027
Air Zaire, Filellinon 14 323-5509
Alia-Royal Jordanian, Filellinon 4 324-1342
Alitalia, Venizelou 9b 322-9414
Austrian Airlines, Filellinon 4 323-0844
British Airways, Othonos 10 322-2521
Balkan Bulgarian Airlines, Nikis 23 322-6684
Canadian Pacific, Kar. Servias 4 323-0344
Cyprus Airways, Filellinon 10 324-6965
Egyptair, Othonos 10 323-3575
East African, Stadiou 5 324-7000
ELAL, Othonos 10 323-0116
Ethiopian Airlines, Filellinon 25 323-4275
Gulf Air, Nikis 23 322-6717
Iberia, Xenofondos 8 323-7524
Iraqi Airways, Ath. Diakou 28-32 922-9573
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Malev Hungarian, Venizelou 15 324-0921
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Syrian Arab, Panepistimiou 49 603-369
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TWA, Xenofontos 8 322-6451
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Central Mainland 861-7954
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Delphi-Amfissa-Itea 861-6489
Evvia 874-915
Halkis-Edipsos-Limni 874-915
Kalamata 513-4293
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Pyrgos 513-4110
Sparta 512-4913
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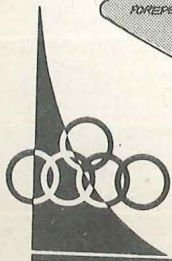
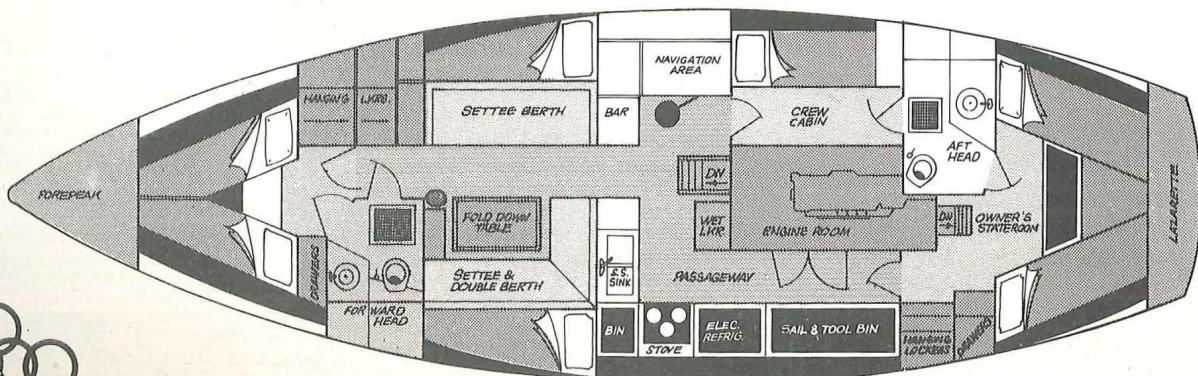
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television

EIRT broadcasts the news in *dimotiki* at 7:00, 9:00 and at sign-off. YENED broadcasts the news in *Katharevousa* (a more formal Greek less comprehensible to Greeks and foreigners alike) at 5:30, 9:30 and sign-off, and usually presents a summary in English. Programs in Greek are followed by an asterisk(*)

SUNDAY

EIRT 5:30 Born Free (in Greek) ... 6:00 *The Count of Monte Cristo* (in French)... 7:30 Folk Songs and Dances*... 9:30 Film*... Sports*... YENED 1:00 Folk Songs and Dances*... 3:00 Sports*... 4:00 Greek Film*... 5:45 Puppet Show*... 6:45 Lucy Show... 9:15 Eyes on Sports*... 10:00 Light Music (songs and dances)*... 11:00 *The Forsyte Saga*, the famous British television series based on Galsworthy's work.

MONDAY

EIRT 6:30 Fairy Tales*... 7:15 Sports*... 8:10 Sites and Cities, Present and Past (program about different areas of Greece)*... 9:30 Queen Amalia*... 10:25 Famous Plays from here and abroad, in Greek and other languages.

YENED 8:00 Salt and Pepper: Freddie Germanos interviews well-known personalities*... 10:00 Theatre*.

TUESDAY

EIRT 6:30 Disneyland... 7:15 Sports*... 8:05 Hollywood Presents (old short films)... 10:50 *The World at War*: Documentary dubbed in Greek... OSS (British adventure series)

YENED 6:00 *Captain Scarlet* (puppets)*... 7:30 *Combat*... 10:00 Foreign Film... Thrill Seekers.

WEDNESDAY

EIRT 6:30 *Black Arrow* (in Italian) ... 7:50 Interviews with Greek musicians, painters, artists* ... 10:30 *The Seventh Art*: a series of classic films ... *Labyrinth* (Musical program).

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

THURSDAY

EIRT 6:30 Shadow Theatre: Karaghiozi alternates with Barba Mitousis* ... 6:45 Comedy: American Films ... 9:30 Kazantzakis' *Christ Recrucified** ... 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 6:30 Fireball: children's stories (until mid-August)* ... 10:00 Round Table: interviews with prominent people* ... 10:30 *War and Peace* (in French) ... 11:20 Interpol Calling ... 11:50 Classical Music.

YENED 6:00 Cartoons ... 7:45 *The Little House in the Prairie* ... 10:00 *Our Neighbourhood** ... 10:45 *Kojak*.

SATURDAY

EIRT 6:15 Tom Brown's Schooldays ... 7:50 Jack London (in Italian from the Italian Television Network) ... 9:40 Foreign Films: (August 9: *And Quiet Flows the Don*, part I; August 16: *And Quiet Flows the Don*, part II) ... Musical Presentation ... *Arsène Lupin* (in French), from August 17, replaced by *Policewoman* (English).

YENED 6:00 Documentary* ... 7:00 Folklore Program* ... 10:00 Greek Film ... 11:45 *New People*.

radio

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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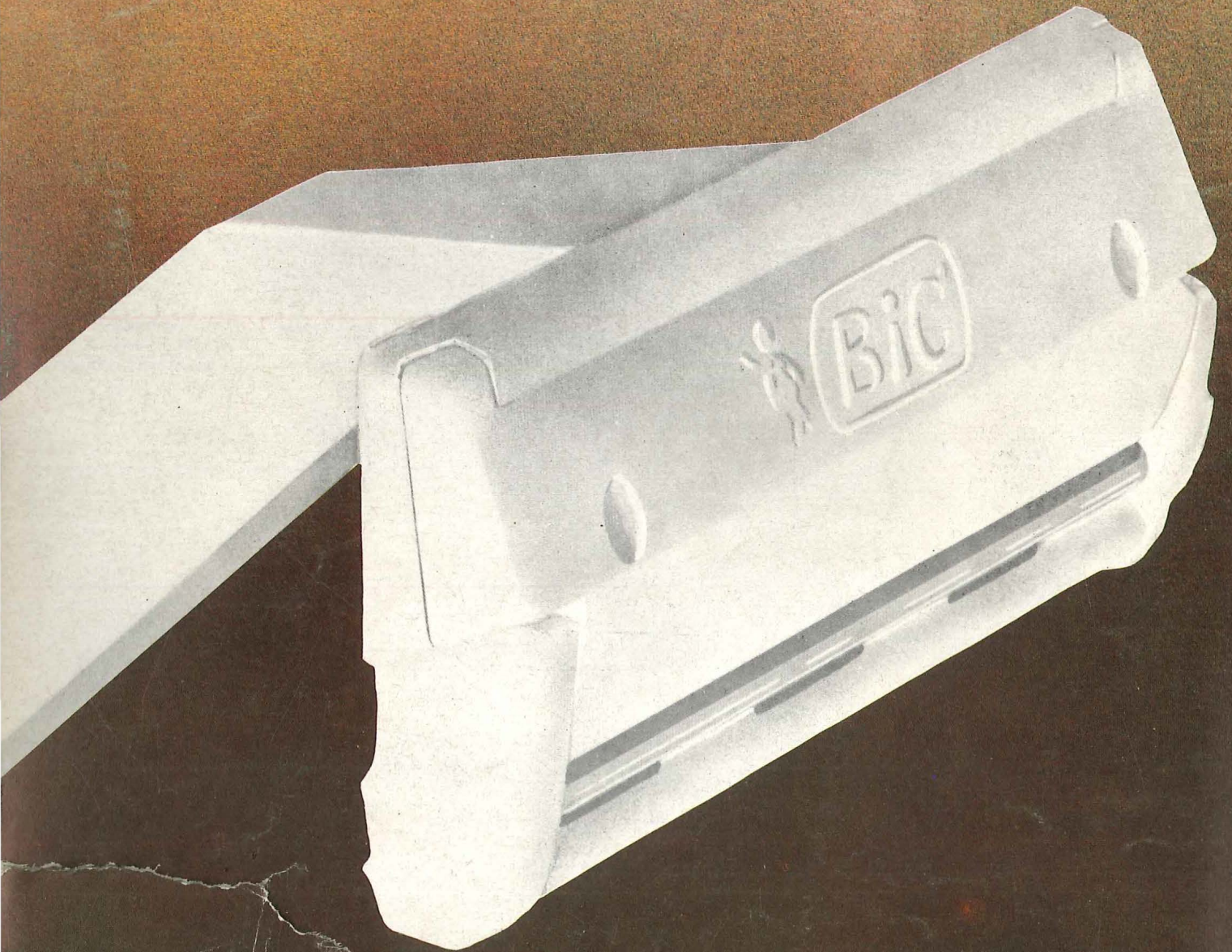
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